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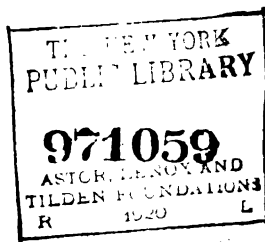
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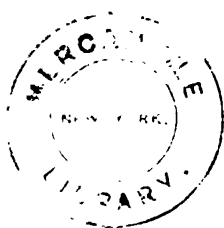
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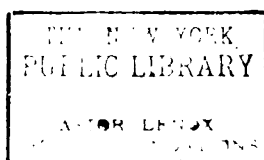
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A GLIMPSE OF OLD CHRISTMASES.

BY G. A. DAVIS.

A THOUSAND years ago, in Britain, the heathen festival of the Winter solstice faded away into the feast of Christmas. The white-robed march of Druids around the sa-

cred oaks, and the cutting of the mistletoe for Baal, the sun-god, passed by; and in their stead came the chanting processions of gray monks, the uplifted cross, and the



singing of masses for "the white Christ." So our English Christmas—for is not that old England ours?—was born. "*Christ's masse*," as even Protestants and Puritans the most rabid have not refused to call it, was kept with liturgy and light and song, and not without traces, too, of the old faiths of Britain and Anglo-Saxon; for the mistletoe still held its place with holly and ivy in the hall, if not in chapel, and the Saxons, in their time, lighted up the festival of Christ's birth with their great Juul fires, kindled now for God instead of Thor. The old customs of the perished sun-worship lived on through the picturesque and splendid pageantry which grew up around the day, and were interwoven in song and legend:

"Welcome be Thou, heavenly King,
Welcome born on this mornnyng,
Welcome for whom we shall syn
Welcome, Iule!"

England was "merry England" in those Middle Ages—merry in spite of wars and feuds and ignorance and oppression, and all the grim and sombre tragedy of men's daily lives; for there was a childlike temper in the time, and a splendid superabundance of animal spirits laughs and rollicks with fitful outbursts through all those darkest chapters of history. A passionate demonstrativeness characterized religion and love and hate, dressing every sentiment with vivid color and dramatic action, so that reading back the history of old Christmases is like turning the leaves of a missal, to find every page blazing with scarlet and purple and gold and blue, arabesques and flowers and twisted foliage, saints and dragons and doves, writhing in inextricable coil around the central strip of black-letter, which tells the gospel of the Nativity—just the same story that we read to-day, in cold type, upon unilluminated pages.

Whoever has stood in the banqueting-hall of an old Norman castle, dismantled of its banners and trophies, its ghostly limned tapestries and dull gleaming shields, or of some manor of later date, whose beams and rafters of blackened English oak were freshly hewn when the Wars of the Roses raged, can scarcely have failed to people those dim spaces with the ghosts of old revelers; to have seen the blaze of roaring fires sweep up the vast tunnels of the old chimneys, and the flickering light of cressets and sconces flare upon the holly wreaths round shields and scutcheons, and upon the brave colors that burned upon the knights' surcoats and the ladies' robes, the "purple and pall," wherein old ballads comprehensively dress their maidens. And with the word "Christmas" what snatches of song burst upon the night!—carols of wandering waits, out in the moonlight and crisp snow; the jester's wild bursts of rhyme and laughter; the roaring chants of the mummers; the "*Gloria in Excelsis*," pealing from the cold chapel, where the painted saints keep watch from window and wall over the Norman dames and crusading barons, cross-legged on their altar-tombs—and the chorus of shout and carol that ushers in the rolling Yule-log, and greets Master Cook with his mighty burden of the boar's head!

Let us hear the waits first, as they pipe under the castle-walls, and with lutes and viols and hautbois, sing in the midnight before Christmas Day. To-night no ghosts can walk, and no evil things be abroad—

"The bird of dawning singeth all night long;"

in their stalls, the cattle are kneeling as before the manger, and the bees, swarming in their hives, hum their

own small carols in cold and darkness, while the waits sing without:

"When Chryst was born of Marye fre
In Bedlam in that fayre cyte,
Angellis sangen w' mirth and gle,
In excelsis gloria!"

"Herdmen beheld these angellis bright,
To them appeared w' gret light,
And seyde Godde's Sone is born this night,
In excelsis gloria!"

Then, in a merrier key—

"Nowel, Nowel in yis halle,
Make merye, I preey yu alle."

And—

"I am here, Syre Christmasse
Welcome, my lord Syre Christmasse,
Welcome to us all both more or lesse,
Come ner, Nowel!"

Noël, the old Norman-French for Christmas and for carol alike, had become Anglicized and as common in old songs and carols as the good Saxon name, or as the Scandinavian Yules. It was not only at this season that the waits sang, nor was their song only of "Nowel." In the fourteenth century they are rated among the court-retainers, minstrels who served also as watchmen, patrolling the streets at night and calling the hours with the music of hautbois. Rymer, in the reign of Edward IV., writes of "a wayte that nightly from Mychelmasse to Shrove-Tuesday pypethe the watche within this courte fower tymes; in the Somere nyghts III tymes, and makethe bon gayte at every ehambere-dore and offyce, as well for feare of pyckeres and pillers. . . . Also, this yeoman waight, at the makinge of Knyghtes of the Bath, for his attendance upon them by nyghte-time, in watchynge in the chappelle, hath he to his fee all the watchynge clothing that the knyghte shall wear upon him." Gradually the name of these court-watchmen has grown to bear its modern meaning. The song of the waits which survives, in tradition, and here and there in actual custom, is the carol-song of Christmas Eve, the Norman Noël. In England and Scotland one may hear it still, an echo lingering on from the songs of centuries long silent.

With the waits came the mummers, wandering masqueraders who, by the light of the Yule-log in the oaken-raftered hall, played the time-honored legend of St. George and the Dragon. The mighty log, trunk of some ancient oak that has spread its wide-armed shadow over generations of Saxons and Normans, has been dragged in with pomp and circumstance; the minstrels march before, welcoming and heralding its coming with harp and psaltery, and the old vaulted roof rings with shouts and carolings, and the uproar and laughter of a motley host, swarming like bees about the old forest king. In the huge recess of the fire-place lies the charred heart of last year's log, devoutly kept a twelvemonth that it may kindle the next Yule-fire. So long as it was safely stored in cellar or vault, our fifteenth-century baron firmly believed in the security of his castle from fire and brand—a simple and satisfactory system of insurance. The cold embers are kindled, the flame creeps and licks around the crackling bark—and lo! up the black throat of the chimney leaps the fiery spirit of the concentrated sunshine and sap and growth and glory of five hundred English Summers! Then is the huge Yule-candle lighted to burn over the Christmas feast on that mighty board, where belted baron and *dame châtelaine*, vassal and priest, knight and maiden and sleek little page, all meet and sit down together in a goodly company, divided only by the strict etiquette of the salt.

A clear space in the hall for the mummers, and in they swarm—St. George on his prancing hobby-horse, the Dragon rolling and wallowing in his bulk of painted pasteboard; the Turk, whose turban represents in the drama that whole race of "misbelieving dogs" accursed by the mediæval Christian; Mince Pye and Father Christmas, with holly and mistletoe, and the Doctor, whose pills are to resuscitate the slain hero of this "very tragical mirth." These are the crude precursors of our nineteenth-century stock companies and wandering stars: this boisterous horse-play, and its "local hits" at the pagan Saracens who were being slain in earnest by devout Crusaders in far-off Syrian fields, supplied to our ancestors the emotional excitement which we seek in Irving and Bernhardt. The Englishman of the Middle Ages reveled in "mysteries" and miracle plays given under the sanction of the Church, in rough Christmas mummings or maskings—wild, grotesque brawls which Henry VIII. vainly tried by edict to suppress, but which flourished almost to the present century, and are not yet extinct; and in the exquisite and poetical "masques" to which Milton and Ben Jonson lent their later-born inspirations. Little poetry lurked in the rough-and-tumble drama of St. George, played, doubtless, by retainers whom the Christmas Saturnalia set free to exhibit their wit and humor in the baron's hall, with no other restraint than that imposed by the Lord of Misrule. This functionary, from Christmas Day to Twelfth Night, was supreme ruler as well in the King's court as "in the house of every nobleman of honor or good worship," and what his powers were, and how unlimited his authority, may be judged from this fragment of the articles drawn up at the Manor of Wooten by its master, the Right Worshipful Richard Evelyn, some three hundred years ago:

"*Imprimis*, I give free leave to Owen Flood, my trumpeter, gentleman, to be Lord of Misrule of all good orders during the twelve days. And also I give free leave to the said Owen Flood to command all and every person or persons whatsoever, as well servants as others, to be at his command whensoever he shall sound his trumpet, or music, and to do him good service, as though I were present myself, at their perils. . . . I give full power and authority to his lordship to break all locks, bolts, bars, doors and latches, and to fling up all doors out of their hinges, to come at those who presume to disobey his lordship's commands. God save the King!"

This was in the reign of Charles I., and we may well believe that an earlier century saw this twelve-days monarch no less despotic in his rule. With him came the morris-dancers, with their dresses sewn with jingling bells, and the motley performers in the Fools' Dance, capering with baubles and bagpipes; and for his wild Prime Minister, one may imagine the Fool himself, the jester, half idiot and half madcap, "in person comely, in apparel courtly, but in behavior a very ape, and no man." "Give him a little wine in his head," says Lodge, in the "*Wit's Miserie*," "and he is continually fleering and making of mouths; . . . he danceth about the house, leaps over tables, outskips men's heads, trips up his companion's heels, burns sack with a candle, and doth all the feats of a Lord of Misrule in the country."

What was the Christmas dinner of our baron? His guests and retainers—of mightier appetites and stronger digestions than our age can muster—sat down, at the hour of 10 A.M., to a long oaken table in the vast oak-raftered hall, to feast upon huge chimes of fresh and salted beef, on fowls, fish, venison and strange compounded dishes, any one of which would—if ancient recipes may be credited—insure years of dyspepsia to a modern diner. The master of the feast presided, seated with his family on a canopied dais, at the head of the

long board; near him, according to their rank, were ranged the honorable guests, and below the huge wooden saltcellar—the line of demarcation—sat the vassals and retainers, and the strolling minstrels and mummers, the jugglers and tumblers, who filled up the pauses in the long banquet with songs and feats of skill. Oxen by the hundred, sheep and swine by the thousand, and fowls, wild and tame, in numbers to correspond, have died to furnish forth the feast. Ale and wine and hypocras, with the great Christmas bowls of wassail and lamb's-wool, flow like water for thirsty throats. There are mountains of fish, custards and tarts, great pasties baked in crust, which old cookery-books style "the coffin"—"subtilties," as these early confectioners called their stately erections of jelly and sugar, molded into designs and allegorical figures, which were to furnish themes for the wit and perspicacity of the guests; there is the huge smoking dish of frumenty, or furmety, without which no Christmas board could be complete, mixed of wheaten grains, broth, and milk of almonds, and the yolks of eggs, "boiled"—so the ancient recipe directs—"and messed forth with fat venison or fresh mutton." And supreme among all dishes is the boar's head, solemnly served to the sound of trumpets and the jubilant carols of the minstrels. A long train of nobles and ladies follow its triumphant entry, borne aloft by the sewer on a great golden dish, its grim proportions wreathed with rosemary and bay, roasted pippins and oranges between the tusks; and as he marches in, the jolly sewer roars forth his song against the flourish of trumpets and the sweeter clangor of the viols and harps:

"*Caput apri deferro,
Reddeus laudes Domino!*
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio!"

Less in importance than the boar's head, but served with peculiar honors, nevertheless, comes the peacock on this Christmas menu. The royal bird appears in his own feathers, having been delicately flayed, roasted and returned again into his natural coat; and with gilded back and all the iridescent glories of his train spread aloft, he is borne in by the fairest and most distinguished dame among the company, and followed by a long line of ladies, to be carved by the hands of the host himself. Stuffed with sweet herbs and strange spices, basted with yolk of eggs and drenched in gravy made from "three fat wethers," this stately dish was, as one may suppose, a toothsome one to the mediæval palate.

Later in date comes the mince or mutton pie—abjured by good Puritans, together with so many more of the pleasant things of this world—and the plum-pottage, precursor of the flaming plum-pudding of English Christmas dinners. Why the savory pie alone should be selected for such fierce denunciation by Roundhead saints we know not, but in treading down all Christmas usages, their enmity seems to have been expressly directed against this. As the years rolled up their ranks and the centuries grew, very much of the mirth and splendor of Christmas died away, with all the rest of the pageantry of daily life. Puritan rule drained most of the color of our historical pictures, and the old gorgeous Noël turns as gray as their own sad-colored garments. Christmas, even in the time of Pepys, seems to have been a tame affair enough—witness the secretary's domestic manner of celebration:

"Christmas Day (1663). To dinner alone with my wife, who poor wretch! sat undressed all day till ten at night, altering and

stirred the hearts of the pilgrims on Cape Cod on that first Christmas Day of their self-banishment? They were more or less than human, if some memory of the old chimes in the parish church had not rung through the storm of wind and sea, and brought a tender sorrow with it—even for the Babylonish garments of prelacy. At least, we may be sure that the women—poor souls!—shut up in the wave-tossed prison of the *Mauflower*, fought sore with the demon of homesickness, while their stern husbands and brothers were grimly toiling on land.

"Munday the 25th day we went on shore, some to fell tumber, some to saw, some to rive, some to carry, so that no man rested all day; but towards night, some as they were at worke heard a noyse of some Indians, which caused us all to goe to our Muskets, but we heard no further, soe we came aboard againe, and left some twentie to keepe the court of gard; that night we had a sore storme of winde and rayne.



KEEPING THE COURT OF GARD.

lacing of a noble petticoat; while I by her, making the boy read to me the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, and *Des Cartes's Book of Music*."

What a companion picture to the noisy banquet in the old baronial halls!—to the goodly company who laughed and rioted, and sang their merry Noël songs in stormy choruses that drowned the wind's "whudder" over icy moorland and round castle-wall—to all the blaze of color, and the glow of Yule-fires, and the half-barbaric mirth of bearded lords and battle-scarred barons, and trim knights newly spurred, who kissed blushing Maud and Cicely under the waxen-starred mistletoe!

"The knights' bones are dust,
Their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Gone is all the pomp of color, all the stir of life; the jester's pranks, the minstrels' song, the shout of the mummers, and the mock majesty of the gay Lord of Misrule. In the ruined shell of the Norman castle not a rag of tapestry clings to the battered walls, and only dust and ashes lie around the cold hearth-stone; and if the voice of Christmas mirth rings still through the old manor-hall, it is only as an echo from which the richness and the childlike spontaneity have gone—for the hearts of men and women, with the world, have grown older.

wonder if no yearnings after the fleshpots of Egypt



THE JESTER.



SECRETARY PEYTS AND FAMILY.

"Munday the 25th being Christmas Day, we began to drinke water aboorde (!), but at night the Master caused us have some Beere, and so on boord we diverse times now and then had some Beere, but on shore none at all."

So wrote Master Mourt in his "Relation" of that year, 1622; and when his bald and simple narrative fails us, it needs no lively imagination to fill out the picture. For weeks they have fought their way along that bleak New England coast, in bitter wind and furious storms of sleet and snow, sea and shore alike marshaling the forces of nature against them. "Some of our people that are dead," he says, "tooke the originall of their death here," in their dreary beating along the bays and inlets between Providencetown Harbor—the real scene of the first "Landing of the Pilgrims"—and the final settlement at Plymouth, where Christmas Day finds them at their stern task. The low, barren shores, the gray rocks beaten by the raging Winter sea, the driving snow stinging them, the fierce wind, like a living, savage creature, fighting against them, and then the "noyse of Indians" ever and anon coming to them through the howl of the storm, and the phantom of a "salvage man" looming through every snow-wreath—this is the background to their Christmas. And in the ship's cabin huddle the women, weak from sickness and the dangers of the sea; and the

little children and babes new-born—"Oceanus, born at sea"—the child of Stephen Hopkins and Elizabeth his wife, and the little Peregrine, whose eyes opened in sight of New England shores. What heartsick memories of English lanes and holly-hedges, of ruddy old brick farm-houses with the snow powdering their thatched roofs, of glowing fires curling up the wide chimneys, and old home faces in the chimney-corner, and sweet church-bells and quiet churchyards, where the dear dead lie calmly, safely in the shadow of the belfry—what pictures of all these lost things come and go, and fill with phantoms the cabin of the *Mayflower*!

These are some of the pictures of old Christmas—the festival of Christ's nativity—most familiar to the fancies of English-speaking men and women. Nothing in our day seems quite so picturesque or suggestive, but who can tell what glamour five hundred years may not throw around the meagre celebrations of the nineteenth century, and what may not be written and painted about the quaint and curious customs of 1888?

"The old order changeth, giveth place to the new."

But Christmas will be Christmas always, and the angels still sing, when we are silent: "Unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."



A LITTLE MAYFLOWER.

VERESTCHAGIN, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN PAINTER.

BY P. J. POPOFF.

VASILY VASILIEVITCH VERESTCHAGIN, the famous Russian artist, has come to the American metropolis to exhibit his remarkable gallery of paintings. Verestchagin belongs to the realistic school of art, and truly may be regarded as the best and strongest representative of that school in our time. He renounced the notion that the artist must obey only *the idea of the beautiful* in a narrow sense—that is, that he must please only the public in general: charm their eyes and lull their senses. Verestchagin's conception of the idea of the beautiful is far broader and loftier than this. He holds that the artist must help to elevate and ennoble our race, and that, therefore, he must charm our eyes and warm our hearts only by what is really beautiful and good; and, if need be, he must depict in all their truth things which are actually dreadful; moreover, he must be a true interpreter of the various phenomena of human life, and, besides, he must always appeal to the better and nobler side of human nature.

Such is the view of the famous Russian painter, and, apparently, the common sense of mankind ought to sustain him. In nature there is light and darkness, heat and cold, life and death, and so it is in human life: there are virtues and vices, things that are good and noble, and things that are bad and mean. In some cases man's character appears indeed divine, and in other cases it fully justifies the classical adage, "*Homo homini lupus*" (Man is a wolf to man). Now, is there any reason why the artist should limit himself exclusively to the brighter side? And does not such *limitation* necessarily imply a *narrowness*?

Both Verestchagin and McGahan (the famous American war correspondent) took an active part in the late Turk-Russian War. Both of them were in the thick and thin of many a battle, witnessing the deeds of valor and of cowardice, the agony of death and manifold horrors, of a battlefield. The sympathies of both of them were equally aroused. Now, when McGahan presented masterly pen-pictures of the Balkan horrors he had seen, every reader was affected, and every voice praised the courageous and truthful correspondent. But when Verestchagin had, with the pencil of a master, transferred to canvas some of those Balkan scenes, many condemned the artist, as if there could be two different truths about the same subject—one for the correspondent, and another for the artist. Happily, Verestchagin is one of those courageous characters who cannot be intimidated even by united clamor of the narrow-minded connoisseurs of all countries, and his rapidly growing popularity on both sides of the Atlantic plainly shows that the public at large are beginning to share his view.

Verestchagin himself is a very interesting subject of study. He belongs to that group of grand Russians who command admiration of the civilized world. Turgeneff, Tolstoi, Gogol and Dostoevsky in literature, Skobelev in war, Piragoff in surgery, Mendeleyeff in chemistry, Prjevalski in travel, Rubinstein in music, Verestchagin and Makovsky in painting—these Russians know no frontiers, and by virtue of their sterling worth they became, as it were, a common property of the world at large.

Verestchagin is above medium height, well-built, and broad-shouldered. He has a large and finely turned head, with an ample forehead, increased by bold prominence. His somewhat aquiline nose, the dark, piercing eyes, and the long, flowing beard give him an aspect not

often found in this country. He dresses neatly, though very plainly, and a large soft silk scarf tied into a bow is the only artistic deviation from the conventional style. Any one enabled to enjoy a friendly conversation with the Russian painter will certainly pronounce him a true artist, an extremely interesting character, and a typical Russian. I might call him as well a true patriot. There are few men who traveled and learned so much as Verestchagin. He studied his subjects, not from a beautiful distance, as most artists do, but risking his life a hundred times. No artist ever studied his subjects under such circumstances as Verestchagin. His travels were indeed campaigns beset with manifold dangers. He is not only a great painter, but also a hero, as our readers will admit.

Verestchagin belongs to a noble family of the Novgorod Province. Like most Russian nobles, his parents left their children in care of their serfs and hired tutors. So it came about that the nearest and dearest person to the child Verestchagin was his aged nurse Anna. In his autobiographical sketches, he tells us that he loved her more than anybody else in the world—more than father, mother and brothers. Among the friends of his childhood was an intelligent old hunter, to the stories of whose adventures the future artist-traveler was never tired of listening.

The boy Verestchagin was sent to the Naval School of St. Petersburg. In due time he finished his studies, and then made a cruise on a man-of-war. But strong artistic tendencies put a speedy end to his naval career. With the ardor of a true genius he devoted all his time to his pencil and brush. He made remarkably rapid progress in his chosen field. But he could not be kept long in the narrow limits of the Academy of Arts, nor could he be forced to give many long years to the study of the old masters. Verestchagin has an original and independent mind, and he could not but follow his own peculiar bent.

At the age of twenty-one, when Verestchagin had learned already to use a pencil and brush, he went on his travels. The Caucasus was the first region explored by the artist. He had no predispositions or prejudices. He was ready to sketch and paint any new scenes that appeared to strike his eyes and imagination, or move his heart. Thus the religious festivals of the Mussulman Shiites, which have particularly impressed him, were his first studies on canvas. And from his first steps, or, rather, from the very first touches of his brush, it was evident that Verestchagin's subjects would not be commonplace. What would strike a true poet was also the artist's choice. Thus, in his "*Memoirs*," he describes the scenes observed by him at the very beginning of his travels: "It was already late in the evening when I reached Shusha. Nothing was to be seen but the dark outline of the walls of the town, which is built on a steep and lofty mountain. I had not yet reached the top when I noticed a bright light over the town, and a great noise reached my ears. The nearer I came to the town the stronger was the light, till at last it seemed like a fire, and the noise was recognizable as the murmuring of many thousands of voices. I passed through the narrow gates of the fortress, and a wild and unique picture, such as I had never seen before, presented itself to my eyes. The whole market-place was literally filled with people, some shouting as if they were mad, others merely looking on. Tartars, in groups of perhaps a hundred,

formed lines and danced hither and thither in the marketplace, with wild cries, holding each other by the girdle with the left hand, while with the right they brandished a stick above their heads at every leap. There were three of these groups. Boys, dressed in motley rags and skins with the hair turned outward, danced before them, making grimaces and yelling all the time, striking Turkish drums and plates of copper. Mollahs, who direct the proceedings, stimulate the dancers with voice and gesture, and push about and revile the people; and some distinguished bey, or noble, apparently the master of the ceremonies, moves backward and forward in the crowd, brandishing his sword with loud imprecations. The noise is swelled by the chattering of the spectators, the neighing of horses, etc. The scene is lit up by the huge naphtha-torches—that is, rags, in baskets of open iron-work, which are constantly moistened with the naphtha. Hundreds of these flaring torches are held aloft on long poles in the rear of the dancers."

The subsequent appearance of some self-tormentors still more enhanced the scene of fanaticism and wildness, and the young artist could not resist transferring his impressions to canvas. From this, however, we must not conclude that Verestchagin intended to strike with his subjects. The truth is that he painted only the things which have more or less powerfully struck himself.

In the Caucasus, too, Verestchagin had studied the Russian sectarians whom he had masterly described in his "Memoirs." One may be at a loss to account why these simple-minded Duchobortzi and Molokanes are so severely persecuted by the lay and clerical authorities of Russia.

From the Caucasus Verestchagin went to Central Asia (in 1867). His official position was that of *attaché* to the Governor-general of Turkestan, General Kaufmann, who left the artist at liberty to travel where he pleased and to draw and paint what he pleased. His travels and studies there were beset with great dangers, but the artist was dauntless. He arduously used his pencil and brush, when he found the things of an extraordinary interest, and he did not hesitate to resort to his sword and rifle when his own life or his comrades' lives were in danger. It was the scenes of Central Asia, masterly transferred by his brush to canvas, that made Verestchagin's name known all over the world. And it was in Central Asia that for the first time the painter distinguished himself as a brave soldier. At the head of a Russian detachment, Verestchagin dashed upon a far superior force of Turkomans, drove them off, and thus saved himself and the residents of a town from certain butchery. For that deed he was made Knight of St. George.

Verestchagin had thoroughly explored the Russian possessions in Central Asia, studied the life of the numerous tribes, wrote his remarkable "Memoirs," and sketched the types, the things of interest and the war scenes. His reputation should have been firmly established by the results of his Asiatic trip alone, and yet that was only the beginning of his remarkable career.

In Central Asia the painter examined the slave-caravansaries. The price of slaves varies according to the season and the larger or smaller supply. In Autumn the trade is generally brisk. In the town of Bokhara, for instance, one may find at that time from 100 to 150 human beings exposed for sale in each of the caravan-saries. In war-time one may buy a slave—a prisoner, of course—in Khiva, Bokhara and Khokand for from ten to twenty dollars. The supply of men is generally greater than that of women, for the Turkomans, who are ready to sell the men, generally keep the

women for themselves. A young and beautiful woman will command as much as five hundred dollars. Large prices are also paid for boys, for whom there is a great demand throughout Central Asia. The Russians have greatly diminished the slave-trade in Central Asia, for they freed all slaves found in the territories they annexed, and intimidated the slave-traders beyond their frontier. As the inhabitants are convinced that the Russians may come any day and free all the slaves, the oppressed there begin to live in hope. And that other class of slaves, who are not generally so called—the mothers, wives and daughters of the barbarians of Central Asia—begin to feel the beneficial influence of civilization brought there by the Russians. Verestchagin narrates of a characteristic complaint of his Turkoman landlord: "'The end of the world is coming,' he cried, with a gesture of despair. 'How so?' 'Why, what else is one to expect when a husband can no longer correct his wife? If you beat her, she threatens to go to the Russians.'"

The Russian painter also ably described a *Kalendarkhan*, or asylum for the professional beggars, and gave us splendid pictures of the *divanas*, or members of that curious institution. Any one who prefers an idle life to labor may become a *divana*, or licensed beggar. Those who are unmarried live together in a *Kalendarkhan*, and married people live in separate houses. Each new member on entering the brotherhood receives a special uniform—a red cap of conical shape, embroidered with wool and trimmed with sheepskin; a broad girdle, and a gourd to receive alms: generally rice or bits of meat, or copper coins. The rest of the clothing of the *divana* is his own, but it has to be made in a prescribed fashion. The robe must be covered with patches; and some beggars are perfect masters of the art of making up a motley dress of startling colors. The holiday suit of a *divana*, with its multitudinous scraps of every hue, would charm the eyes of many a lady trying to excel in the queer art of making crazy-quilts. In every street and every bazaar *divanas* are to be seen—sometimes alone, sometimes in groups—some performing as solos, others bellowing in chorus. In the evening, the *divana* returns home, takes off his uniform and empties his gourd. Then he seats himself by the fire, tells his adventures, listens in turn to his comrades', smokes opium, drinks his tea or *kuknar*. The latter is a beverage prepared from poppy-seed-cases. The *kuknar* completely intoxicates him, and under its effects he will sleep till morning rouses him to renewed activity. Nearly all the *divanas* are confirmed drunkards and opium-eaters.

Verestchagin says that if the question were asked, Where are houses most quickly built? he would answer, In Central Asia. All the towns of Central Asia are built of clay, which becomes so hard that the houses in that dry climate last a very long time. Indeed, it is only since the Russians' invasion in Central Asia that some of the wealthier householders have made up their minds to substitute panes of glass for lattice-work covered with oiled paper, which used to serve them as windows. It is also under Russian influence that the Asiatics begin to make windows facing the street, while formerly their windows looked always only in the courtyard.

Under touches of the master-hand, there appear before us the typical representatives of Central Asia, such as Uzbeks, Kirghizes, Nogais, Kashgars, Afghans, Arabs, Jews, Hindoos, Gypsies, Kalmucks and Chinese. And of each of these people the artist gives an interesting account. A Kalmuck, for instance, a happy husband of two wives, thus defended polygamy: "We cannot live

with one wife; the consciousness that she is the only one makes a wife capricious and disobedient; but as soon as there are two of them they become much more obedient, for each knows that I shall love her less than the other if she does anything to displease me."

The painter-traveler tells us, also, that the Sarts and Kirghizes are passionately fond of quail-fights. They catch quails and feed them up for fighting-matches, on which, of course, wagers are laid. A well-trained bird sometimes commands one hundred dollars.

Verestchagin gives a masterly pen-picture of the Chinese town of Tohugutchak, now depopulated by the Dunghan rebels: "As you approach the town, it is hard to believe that it is empty; you cannot help hoping to meet some human being, if it be only a robber. But not a soul is to be seen anywhere. The houses are for the most part uninjured, and also the paintings on the walls and on the wooden lattice-work of the windows. Potsherds and fragments of articles of every conceivable kind were lying all about—vessels of iron and clay of all sizes, a quantity of copper coins strung on a string, dresses, caps, plaits of hair, shoes of all sizes; the clumsy shoes of Dughans

and Kalmucks side by side with the miniature slippers of Chinese women. I put a pair of extraordinary small slippers in my pocket, as a memento. But, above all, skulls are to be seen lying about everywhere. The town is like a vast tomb, and the whole impression it produces is terrible. I wandered about for several days without being able to accustom myself to this stillness as of the grave, and to the sight of all these streets, temples, theatres and squares standing forever empty.

"The gate of the fortress, which the besiegers had blown in, is still tolerably strong. Near the gate is to be seen the entrance into the subterranean gallery by which

the besiegers, after a long and tedious investment, made their way into the fortress. Then began a merciless butchery, in which no one was spared. Skulls and bones lie literally in heaps against the walls, here and all around the fortress; at many points—*e.g.*, by several of the gates—the skulls were piled up to a great height. In the fields about the town, too, lie skulls; as far as the eye can reach, skulls, and skulls, and again skulls. The wolves and the jackals have already done their work; the ravens are still engaged in picking the bones clean, for the rain and the sun to bleach.

I had enough to occupy me: from the governor's palace to the simple little houses of the common people, all dwellings were habitable, all were painted, all decorated with pictures, sculptures, bass-reliefs, flowers, dragons, etc. For three whole weeks I lived with one Cossack and one Tartar in a wretched cabin outside the walls of the fortress, and every day from morning to evening I roamed about, looking at everything, drawing and painting. Occasionally a wild goat would stray into the courtyard where I was at work, stand transfixed with astonishment, and then rush off at full speed into the steppes."



VASILY VERESTCHAGIN.

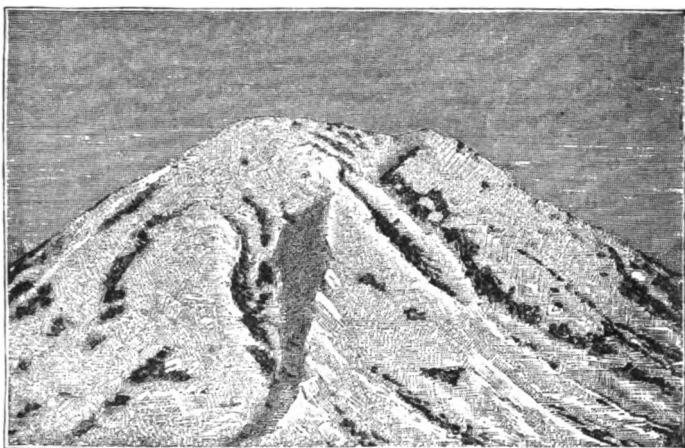
At the end of the year 1870, Verestchagin left Central Asia and settled in Munich, in order to put his impressions together. The result of three years' work was a considerable and remarkable collection of pictures of Turkestan and its wars, which at once raised the Russian painter to the rank of masters of the first magnitude. Those pictures are now in a public gallery at Moscow.

Having finished his Turkestan pictures, Verestchagin started once more on his travels. This time he visited India, and was accompanied by his wife, who made notes while he painted. This trip, which lasted two years, cost the painter a fortune. He employed a score of bearers,

made presents to the high authorities and the lamas of the convents he visited, and bought a large quantity of articles of interest.

Verestchagin wanted particularly to make some studies from nature of the highest summits of the chain of snow-mountains, so he ventured to ascend Djongri, though people had warned him of the great difficulties, and even grave dangers, of such an undertaking in the month of January, when the snow sometimes fell in a single night to the depth of twenty feet. His brave wife followed him. In some places the road was so bad that the guides dragged up with ropes those who followed. The travelers stopped for the night at a height of 11,000 feet, under large trees whose dry leaves strewed the ground. A great deal of snow fell during the night, and the Verestchagins put on their high boots. The further they advanced, the rockier became the road and the deeper lay the snow. They had with them only their hunter and the coolie who carried the paint-box, while all the others tarried far behind.

"We climbed Mount Leptcha," wrote Mrs. Verestchagin, in her "Memoirs," "till we came to an open space. It is a very uncomfortable halting-place. We are tormented by hunger and thirst. A little sherry still remains in our traveling-flask, and, mixed with snow, revives somewhat our exhausted strength. We call aloud very often, and for some time keep firing off our guns and pistols, in order to summon the bearers, who are lagging behind. No one answers, no one appears. I once more give my hand to the huntsman, and climb, as best I can, over the thick snow. Verestchagin soon exhausted his remaining strength, and declared that he could go no further. We had already attained an altitude of 14,000 feet. The huntsman fires off his gun close to a piece of dry rag. It catches fire; we all blow it until the sparks fly; and soon we have a good blazing fire. Warmed and rested, we determine to press forward to the hut, from which we are now not very far. We resume our journey, but after a few steps I sink fainting on the snow. Verestchagin has since told me that he thought I was dead. We return to the fire, and send back the huntsman to search for the coolies and order them to bring the cushions, the wrappers for the night, the chest of tea and the provisions. He promises to fulfill his commission punctually, but we neither see him nor hear of him again. Our position is critical. While our clothes are covered on one side with a crust of ice two inches thick,



THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT DJONGRI.—BY VERESTCHAGIN.

on the other they are scorching. The cold is really terrible. We beseech the last remaining bearer to go off and look for the others. He refuses absolutely. The promise of a large gratuity can alone persuade him to go back and send us some of his comrades, with the most necessary requisites for an encampment and some food.

"He then departs, like the other, and we see no more of him. We now find ourselves suddenly alone, and in the midst of a most profound silence. The cold becomes more and more intense every moment. I am amazed that in this terrible situation Verestchagin is still able to observe the changes in the light and the clouds which float above us. 'Another time,' he remarks, 'I shall come here in a completely vigorous condition, and shall study these changing shadows and these effects of light, which are only visible at such a height as this.'

"This night, whose horrors I shall remember to the last day of my life, ended at length. During the whole morning no one comes up to us. It was now past mid-day; we were still sitting in the snow waiting for our servants. Hunger and cold were making themselves more keenly felt. Verestchagin determined at last to go himself in search of our men. He put on his frozen boots, and set out bravely to walk. But he had overrated his strength, for he had not made ten steps before he was obliged to stop to take breath. And now I am left absolutely alone. I turn over on the other side, and cover myself up as well as I can. The snow continues to fall, and extinguishes the little fire that we have kept alight with such difficulty. It will be impossible for me to keep

from freezing much longer. I raise myself up; I endeavor to pull on my stiffened boots, but I cannot possibly get in my foot further than the heels. Thus I can only move very slowly. By good luck a coolie just then comes to my assistance with a little food. He tells me that the *sahib* (master) is coming soon himself. And in fact my husband soon shows himself, not on his own feet, but carried on the back of another coolie."

Under such difficulties the brave Russian painter studied and sketched his subjects. Time and again his artistic ardor had warmed him up to the level of true heroism. We will relate here another instance of his extraordinary courage.

During the late Turko-Russian War, Captain Skrydloff, who some three years ago made a visit to New York City on the Russian man-



MOUNT KANTCHINJUNGA FROM DJONGRI.—BY VERESTCHAGIN.

of-war *Strelak*, had been detailed to attempt to blow up a Turkish armorclad frigate upon the Danube. Verestchagin would not miss the opportunity of witnessing so striking a scene, and Skrydloff was willing to oblige his former comrade—for they had been fellow-students at the Naval Academy. When the torpedo-boats were ready, a chaplain offered a prayer, and then those who were going embraced those who remained behind. When the painter embraced General Skobelev, the latter whispered: "Happy fellow, to be able to go with them! How I envy you!"

A number of the torpedo-boats started on their perilous mission to lay torpedoes a rifle-shot distance from the Turkish men-of-war, and in full view of the Turkish bank. The sun rose, but the work was not yet done.

"We had scarcely come out from behind the first island," relates Verestchagin, "when smoke rose near the sentry-box on the opposite bank. A shot fell; then a second, a third, and more and more the further we went. The bank was not far off, and we could see clearly the soldiers running hither and thither in confusion. Fresh riflemen soon came up, especially Tcherkesses, who rained upon us a regular shower of bullets."

From the direction of Rustchuk a Turkish steamer began firing on the Russian flotilla, and Skrydloff was ordered to attack it. He took up his position in the bow, where he could keep his eye on the helm and the bow torpedo. To Verestchagin he intrusted the floating stern torpedo. All put on cork belts. The steamer came on. Skrydloff steered straight at her, and with all the speed of her locomotive the little *Shutka* (Joke) rushed upon her. This was a supreme moment when the men on both sides were preparing for death. But our heroic artist had still another mission to perform. Even then he studied all around him, storing his precious impressions.

"What confusion there was!" he tells us—"not only on board the ship, but also on the bank. The riflemen and Tcherkesses on the bank rushed headlong into the water, in order to deliver their volleys as near as possible. The bullets rained down upon us; the whole bank was enveloped in dense smoke. On the deck of the steamer the crew were in great consternation. Their heavy guns gave us a salute that made the poor *Shutka* reel in her course. I took off my boots, and advised Skrydloff to do the same. The sailors soon followed our example. The fire became unbearable. The sailors crouched at the bottom of the sloop. At last we were quite close to the steamer. Suddenly I saw Skrydloff, who was sitting at the helm, draw himself together—he had been hit by a bullet, and was almost immediately hit again. Our engineer, looking very pale, had taken off his cap, and was praying; but at this moment he took courage and, drawing out his watch, called to Skrydloff, as we were on the point of delivering our blow, 'Nikolai Larionovitch, five minutes past eight.' In spite of the danger, I observed with curiosity the Turks on the steamer as we came close up to her. They stood there as if turned to stone, their hands raised and stretched out, and their heads bent down toward us. The *Shutka* turned, came slowly alongside the hull of the steamer, and touched her with her torpedo-spar. At this moment there was the deepest silence among us as well as the enemy; still as death, we waited the explosion."

The explosion, however, did not follow, for the conducting wires were cut through by the bullets. The situation of the *Shutka* was critical, for the Turks recovered their presence of mind and poured a worse fire than ever upon the Russians. The *Shutka*, pierced through by the bullets, began to fill with water.

"Supposing that we were going to the bottom the next moment," says the artist, "I stood up and put one foot on the gunwale. Then came a violent crash under me, and a blow on my hip—such a blow as might have come from an ax. I fell headlong, but got up again directly."

The *Shutka*, however, escaped, though on its way she nearly met a Turkish ironclad. Not one of the Russian sailors was wounded. Skrydloff and Verestchagin, the heroes of the day, were sent to a hospital, where they were laid up for ten weeks. Then the painter hurried again to the front, and again he was seen where the bullets fell thickest. He was with Generals Skobelev and Gourko in the infantry engagements at Plevna and in the Balkans, and he took part in the entry into Adrianople at the head of the cavalry detachment of his friend General Strukoff.

Verestchagin's desire was to see what war really meant, and then to paint it as he saw it with his own eyes. He had had many occasions of studying the famous "White General," and in his "Memoirs" he described that general as skillfully as he painted his war pictures. Speaking of an engagement at the Shipka pass, the painter said: "I have often been under heavy fire, but never before had I experienced such a murderous rain of bullets. Even the fire at the torpedo attack on the Danube does not seem to me to have been so heavy. The Turks opened upon us at a close range. Hundreds of men and horses fell. I was on Skobelev's left hand, and I confess that the clatter of the firearms and the whistling of the bullets made one rather anxious. A man could not help thinking, 'You will be knocked down directly, and then you will learn what you wanted to learn—the meaning of war.' I remember, however, that in spite of this I could not refrain from watching Skobelev."

Verestchagin plainly saw that the "White General" did not bend his head in the least; his face was quiet, and he was striding along with his customary careless walk, and when the others ran, the general seemed to go slower and slower. When a turn in the road gave them a shelter from the Turkish bullets, Verestchagin asked Skobelev: "'Tell me, honestly, have you really so accustomed yourself to war that you no longer fear danger?' 'Nonsense!' he rejoined; 'they think that I am brave, but I confess that I am a coward. When I go into action, I say to myself that this time there will be an end of me. I have made it a rule never to bend down under fire. If you once permit yourself to do that, you will be drawn on further than you wish.' It pleased me to hear such confession, for after it my own character seemed less timid."

Verestchagin saw war face to face, studied its meaning, and truly and fearlessly put his impressions on canvas. Many say that his war pictures have a horrifying effect. General Werder, German Military Agent at St. Petersburg, declared that every one of Verestchagin's pictures ought to be destroyed. But the public at large wish to know the truth about war, though be it adverse to the aims of those high in authority; and for this reason Verestchagin's pictures have been received with the greatest interest in the different countries of Europe. When the writer of these lines spoke to the painter about the horrifying effect of his pictures, he answered, in substance: "Did I want to horrify the public? Not at all. My sole aim was to paint war as I saw it. If it is horrible, I could not help it, for I did not invent it. Nor did I endeavor to select the most horrible scenes of war. I passed by many a scene which made me shudder myself, though I am pretty well hardened to war. This idea of horrifying is, indeed, childish. Men fought against each

other for centuries before us, and for centuries they will fight after us. Man is yet too much of a beast to get along without fight. The arrangements for battles I took part in have always suggested to me a hunt for some wild beast. Some men are sent there in order to drive out the human game; others are stationed here, with the instruction to strike when the game approaches. Just like in a regular hunt. And what is still more curious, men become excited in battle just about as they are during a hunt. However, it is extremely important that everybody should know *what war means*."

While conversing with Verestchagin, the writer gathered some remarks of great interest.

"I took part in battles and war passages," he said, "that no other painter or correspondent did, and I think it was natural that when I put on canvas some of my impressions, my pictures found some dissatisfied, others pleased, and all surprised. As to why I painted my war pictures, I must say I could not help it.

"As a painter, I aimed at producing on the spectators the same impressions I have lived through myself. The more impressive is the painter and the higher is his intellect, the more complete will be his pictures.

"The artist cannot be enslaved exclusively either by the idea of the absolutely beautiful or the idea of absolute truth, for the reason that neither exists separately in the world. In man and nature everything is complicated. Impressions received by the senses contain something beautiful, while impressions of the mind bring something true.

"A painter must not only study the *technique* of his art, but also develop his mind, in order to be able to draw a true conclusion from many separate facts. It is difficult to catch a type or a scene from nature, but it is still more difficult to embody in the types and scenes a living idea. And that is the reason why there are so many talented copyists from nature, and so few painters reproducing ideas on canvas. Types and scenes are but a mere *study*, and it is only when they convey some idea that they make a *picture*."

HILLS AND DALES ON THE OCEAN.

We have all been taught to believe that the ocean, after allowing for tide-waves and wind-waves, has a level surface; that there are no hills or valleys on the waters.

M. Bouquet de la Grye has disputed this—has, in fact, demonstrated its fallacy. If we take a U-shaped tube, with distilled water of equal temperature on both sides, the two surfaces will be perfectly level; but if one side contains a liquid that is denser than that on the other, more of the lighter liquid is required to balance the heavier, and therefore the lighter will stand at a higher level. If fresh water is on one side, and salt water on the other, equilibrium can only be established by the fresh water standing a little higher than the salt. The like must happen if we have a uniform liquid, as regards composition, but of unequal temperature.

Such variations occur in the ocean. Where rivers are pouring large quantities of fresh water into the sea, and where icebergs are rapidly melting, the salinity is proportionately lower than at other parts. The temperature also varies, and therefore an equilibrium can only be attained by variations of level; the lighter water must stand higher than the denser, whether the difference be due to temperature or salinity.

Thus, in crossing the warm Gulf Stream, a ship sails uphill on entering, proceeds thus to somewhere about

the middle, and then descends. In this respect it resembles a flowing river, which is similarly crested toward the middle of the stream; it is also like a river in being higher at its source than at its *embouchure*, as its temperature gradually declines in the course of its northward progress.

FAIRIES.

BY ATTIE PIGOTT-CARLETON.

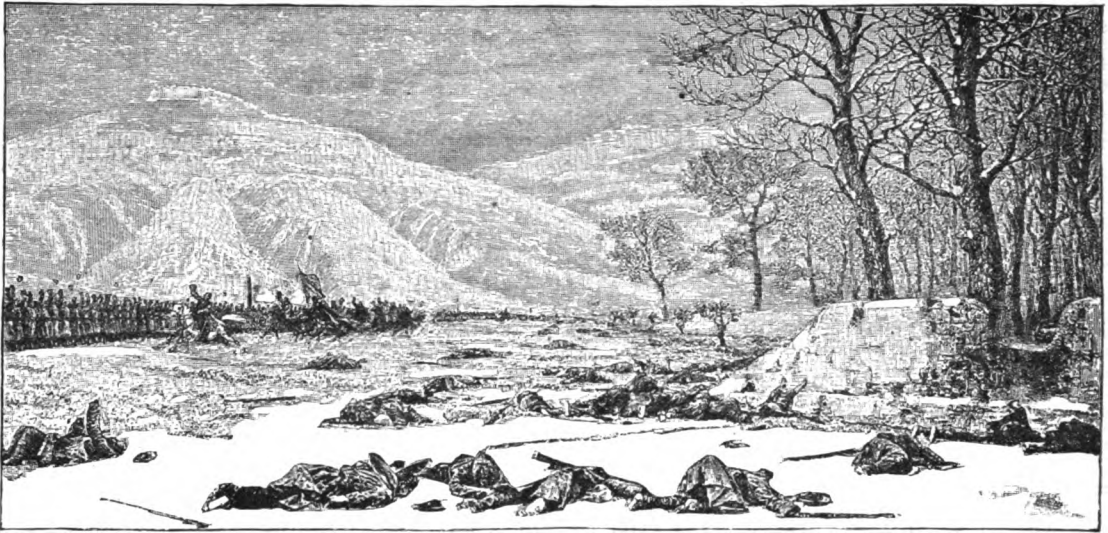
FAR from our lives in seeming,
Far beyond sound or sight,
Yet in our waking dreaming
Visiting us by night;
Hiding from gairish noonday,
Shrinking from jest and jar,
Gliding a-down the moon-ray,
Beckoning from the star;
Into the chamber trooping,
Sad where we sit and still,
Over our bowed heads stooping,
Wooing us to their will!
Floating around the embers,
Haloed with glowworm sheen,
Wreathing translucent members
Robed in transparent green.
Gathering ever nearer,
Mystic messenger-elves!
Bringing back clearer, dearer
Dreams we have dreamt ourselves;
Chiding mid sweet caressing,
Cheering our craven mood,
Blending reproach with blessing,
Working us grace and good!
Freeing from dullard doubting,
Clearing our eyes to see,
Morbid misgivings scouting,
Telling of things to be—
Loveliest things all stainless,
Fathomless joys all pure,
Perfected lives all painless,
Pardon and peace and cure!
Vowing earth's saddest stories
In gladness shall issue yet,
Throwing earth's hidden glories
Eternity's gems are set,
Singing, the fairy legions
Drift beyond sight or sound,
Winging to wondrous regions,
Where shall our quest be found!
Eden, the kingdom olden,
Eden, the ever-new,
Guardeth each vision golden,
Even till all come true!
Sought we by sun and starlight?
Strove we mid flame and ice?
Lo! in the Fair Land's far light,
Love, which is Paradise!

DEGREE DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY R. E. JOHNSTON, B.A., CORPUS.

THE Mathematical Degree Day at Cambridge is not likely to lose in this generation the features that have hitherto made it one of the most striking high-days of the academical year.

The ceremony of granting degrees is always fixed for the last Saturday in January, the class-list being read out in the Senate House on the previous day. What a time of excitement that is! For several months the chances of well-known men have been canvassed and scrutinized by every clique in the Varsity. The man who is intimately acquainted with any of the best candidates revels for the time in the brilliance of reflected glory; and the question whether Jones of Trinity or Brown of John's is



SKOBELLEFF AFTER THE BATTLE.—BY VERESTCHAGIN.—SEE PAGE 7.

likely to be Senior arouses far more interest than the fate of the Government during the forthcoming session.

But "the Tripos" is over; that momentous Friday has arrived. Let us transport ourselves to the classic town, and try to realize the scene. The time is 8:45 A.M., and the list will be read in the Senate House at 9 A.M. Let us mingle with the crowd that is flocking through the massive gates, up the steps, and through the doors on which the list will be affixed after it has been read within.

Inside, we find ourselves on the marble pavement of a large and handsome building. In shape, the hall is oblong. Along the side walls are ranged a few fine statues; at the end of the floor is a raised dais covered with crimson cloth, but untenanted at present. All around the building runs a wide gallery, the front of which is formed of a heavy and very strong balustrade of dark carved wood. The ceiling is handsome, and the whole building has an air of solidity and dignity which is very impressive. A noticeable feature is that there are scarcely any seats visible, the whole floor is bare, and only a few forms are stacked against the walls.

The place fills rapidly, and before the appointed hour several hundreds of men are present. The gallery at the end is the only one occupied to-day, and there we find a bevy of ladies seated—mostly students of Girton College, who have come to watch the proceedings. In the centre of the ladies stand two or more of the examiners, with the lists in their hands.

The bell of St. Mary's clock begins to boom forth the strokes of nine. A sudden hush falls upon every one, and as the last stroke dies away, one of the examiners calls out, in the loudest tones he can command, "Senior Wrangler"—say—"Smith, of John's."

In a moment the scene is changed—the pent-up feelings of the crowd break forth in vigorous cheers, the John's men are frantic with joy, and Smith's special chum rushes off at top speed to bear the tidings to his happy friend.

But there is more to come, and as soon as the cheering has ceased, the voice of the examiner is heard again. "Second Wrangler, Jones, of Trinity; Third, Brown, of Pembroke," and so on through the list. The highest names receive each a cheer, and the hum of voices bursts out again as the last is read.

But the proceedings are not over. When the names have been read the scrimmage begins. The examiners and ladies in the gallery drop down some copies of the printed list to the mob below. Every man wants a list, and there are only a few, so the whole crowd surges forward, and struggles eagerly to catch the fluttering paper. Gowns are torn and caps lost or smashed in the mêlée, and scarcely one of the papers reaches within six feet of the ground entire. A dozen hands clutch at the frail document, and it is torn in shreds. This lasts about a quarter of an hour, and then all is over. By half-past nine the Senate House is deserted, and two hours later the evening papers publish the result in the streets of London.

The excitements of Friday over, Saturday comes apace, the flight of time made more rapid by many a jovial dinner in celebration of the coming event.

It is an astonishing fact, but undoubtedly true, that during the few short hours which elapse between the reading of the list and the conferring of the degrees a whole army of visitors contrive to reach Cambridge. The ceremony of Saturday does not begin till one o'clock, and by that time the Senate House is crammed with a far larger number than it contained the day before. Foremost in the scene is the crowd of men who are to be dubbed B.A. They are standing about the floor of the Senate House, each wearing his white rabbit-skin hood, and chatting decorously with his acquaintances. Beyond them is a wooden bar, and inside the bar are rows of seats. There are seated the friends of the successful candidates. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers,



CAPTAIN SKRYDLOFF.

and last, but by no means least, *fiancées* of the new B.A.'s are there, to the number of perhaps 500. On the raised dais is set a stately chair, with a footstool in front, and at the back a row of other chairs. Of course there are many officials fitting about, all clad in the gown and white silk hood of the M.A. degree.

But the proceedings would not be *comme il faut* if there were not present a large array of undergraduates. To the spectators these gentlemen seem to have taken leave of their senses with one consent. They pour into the Senate House during the half-hour preceding the appointed time, and the large gallery is wholly reserved for their use.

Here there are no seats, and every available space is

they happen to think of. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Bright and Sir Stafford Northcote are cheered over and over again; then "the ladies in blue," "the Don with a red face," and, in fact, everybody but the Proctors.

Of course the Proctors are there, each escorted by a body-guard of two stalwart men, known as "bull-dogs," and dressed in brown-cloth capes, with rows of brass buttons to make them formidable. By-and-by there is a lull in the pleasantries of the gallery, and some person says, "The Vice is coming." Then enters the Vice-chancellor (the "Vice" he is always called), preceded by the two Esquire Bedells, each bearing a large silver mace. As this dignified procession passes up the floor it is an



SELF-MUTILATIONS AT THE FUNERAL OF HUSKIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY VERESTCHAGIN.—SEE PAGE 6.

cramped. Early comers secure the places next to the balustrade, and for a little time they can see what is going on in tolerable comfort. But fresh detachments soon arrive, and as the new-comers cannot see through those in front, the first row lean down on the top of the balustrade, the next deposit themselves on the back of those, and two or three rows more on the top of these. Altogether, there is a living mass of perhaps 1,200 men crowding one on top of the other, till it seems as if the railing must give way, or the whole mass tumble headlong over it. Of course the spare half-hour must be whiled away, and how should a crowd of undergrads accomplish that without noise? They whistle in chorus popular tunes, they cheer each other, and anybody else

opportunity too good to be lost. The whole mass of undergrads mark time with their feet, and whistle "Tommy, Make Room for your Uncle." Meanwhile the Vice-chancellor bows to the Proctors, and seats himself in the big arm-chair, while the undergrads sing:

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?"

And now the "congregation" is legally constituted. One of the University officers reads over the names of those to be admitted to degrees. His voice is quite inaudible, and the gallery keeps up a constant fire of chaff, throwing down halfpennies in showers to persuade him to "speak up." In fact, throughout the proceedings no

one hears a word of what is said except the candidates. These are now brought forward by the Prælectors, or Fathers, of the different colleges. Each man takes hold of one finger of the Prælector's left hand, and so four at a time are brought up and introduced to the Vice-chancellor. After all have been introduced, they must come up again. This time they are not in order of their colleges, but in the order they hold in the class-list. Kneeling on the footstool before the Vice-chancellor, the candidate places the palms of his hands together, the Vice puts his own hands outside those of the suppliant, and admits him in these words: "Auctoritate mihi commissa, admitto te ad titulum Baccalaurei in Artibus designati, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti," and the man rises a B.A. Of course, the undergrad has something to say. A popular man is cheered to the echo, and if he has performed any athletic feat, the fact is not forgotten; he is greeted with cries of "Well rowed!" "Well run!"

As the long *queue* of white-hooded bachelors diminishes the interest seems to increase, and by-and-by it is found to culminate in the last man of the Tripos. He is known as "the Wooden Spoon," and somehow is nearly always a popular personage. While the other degrees are being conferred a string is passed round from hand to hand along the gallery, until it can be drawn tight across the hall. From this is suspended a huge wooden spoon, ornamented with bows of Cambridge blue and the arms of the college to which the recipient belongs. Gradually this is lowered, amidst deafening cheers, till, just as the last of the Junior Optimes leaves the Vice-cancellarial stool, it is dropped within his reach. The owner must be prepared to seize it quickly, and as he cuts the string and shoulders his trophy, it would be hard to say whether the first man or the last in the list gains most applause.

After this the interest is gone. A few men have to receive degrees, the results of other examinations, but the Mathematical degrees are all conferred, and within an incredibly short space of time the Senate House is empty, and for another year the great "Degree Day" is over.

THE RABBIT PEST IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE rabbit pest is the greatest evil that has afflicted the Australasian colonies, and perhaps no greater evil has ever come upon any country. To eradicate it from New Zealand has been the constant aim of the Government and people, and the ways and means devised and put in operation to this end have been numerous and ingenious. A rabbit department has been established in the Government, with a superintendent in charge, local boards have been created, and private enterprises set on foot, all having one common object in view—the extermination of the rabbits.

The sheep farmers of New Zealand were principally from England, and were fond of the ways of the Old Country, and it is said that rabbits were introduced for the chase—a popular amusement of the Old World. But it is of little consequence now as to why or how the rabbits were introduced; it is certain that they came. They were brought from England and Scotland and from Tasmania, and were turned loose upon the country. There were several kinds—the silver-gray, the silver-brown, and now and then would be found the black and the white furred, but all belonging to the great rabbit family, and destined to be seen and felt in New Zealand. When it is considered that rabbits breed from six to twelve times a year, the enormous increase that came from the rabbits first introduced is not surprising. It is certain that

nothing could so overrun a country since the locusts of Egypt.

It is difficult to estimate the great damage done to this young colony by rabbits. The pests have eaten out the ranges so that the capacity for raising sheep has been greatly lessened. The sheep have fallen off in number. The loss has been immense, running up into millions. It is much easier to give an estimate of the money expended in destroying the pests. At the Australasian Stock Conference, held in Sydney in October, 1886, it was shown that the rabbit nuisance was more serious than was usually believed. The carrying capacity of the land had been reduced a third, and the weight of the fleeces had decreased from 1 pound to 1½ pounds per fleece in the weight. The lambing percentage had decreased from 30 to 40 per cent., while the death-rate increased from 3, 4, 5 and 6 to 10, 11, 12 and 13 per cent.

It is much easier to give an estimate of the money expended in the work of extermination than in ascertaining the damages done. In 1882 what is known as the "Rabbit Act" became a law. Since then the Government has expended annually \$35,000 on the Crown lands (Government land) alone. One of the delegates to the Australasian Stock Conference, mentioned above, estimated that \$1,256,000 was expended annually by private individuals. During the last eight years there has been expended the sum of \$12,000,000, and a very much larger sum from the beginning of the warfare, but how much, it is difficult to state.

At the Australasian Conference, Mr. J. D. Lance, a Member of the Parliament of New Zealand and a delegate, brought up the rabbit pest, and in the course of his address, said: "That a committee of both Houses of the New Zealand Parliament considered the question for two months, and legislation followed the action of the committees. A Bill was passed, which, while he could not say that it was perfect, was, nevertheless, a step in the right direction." He said "that fencing was one of the great elements of success, but in New Zealand fencing was difficult on account of a mountainous backbone running through the infested island, parts of which were so precipitous and rocky, that they could not get a pack-horse into a very large area, and poisoned grain could not be carried there. Therefore, they could not see that on these mountainous regions it was possible to carry out fencing to any extent. There were spots, however, where it could be done. In the north fencing could be erected, and there it was proposed that it should be done, but in the south fencing would be more difficult, but they hoped to find a fairly good country over which to carry fencing, and he thought if they did so they would save that country from being overrun. If a fence were erected and the great wave of rabbits should come against it without any opposition, it would never keep the rabbits back. Therefore, they proposed to build huts at certain intervals along the fence at distances varying according to the nature of the country, and they proposed to have two men in each hut to breed the ferrets as largely as they could and turn them out on the country. That the Government did not allow the natural enemies of the rabbit to be destroyed by dogs or otherwise. Ferrets would not live without plenty of water, and in one part of the country, owing to a lack of water, they had become nearly exterminated in a few months' time.

"The witnesses examined by the committee were generally in favor of the introduction of stoats and weasels as the most effective remedy for the evil, and the committee recommended that these animals be largely imported. Upon examining into the matter, Mr. Lance

found that the witnesses favoring stoats and weasels were largely sheep farmers, or in some way connected with pastoral industry. The agricultural farmers, almost to a man, were opposed to the introduction of stoats and weasels, as they thought they would be very destructive to poultry. Cats were most useful in destroying rabbits, and with ferrets, fencing and poisoning, sufficient power ought to be brought to bear to keep down the rabbits. Poisoning was valuable in keeping down the pest. The most efficacious means of using poison was in phosphorized oats. There was danger of fire from this during the Summer months when the grass was dry. There had not been a stone left unturned to find out better means for the destruction of rabbits."

I have here given the substance of the remarks of Mr. Lance, so as to convey an idea of the trouble, the expense and annoyance of the rabbit pest. Large numbers of men have been hired from time to time to make war upon the rabbits. These men are called "rabbiterers," and it was stated that these "rabbiterers" encouraged rabbits in every way, and had been caught killing the stoats and ferrets. The bonus system had been found to be objectionable and expensive. One of the delegates at the conference stated that the public expense was nothing compared with that incurred by private individuals. He calculated that a quarter of a million pounds sterling had been annually expended, without reckoning the loss of grass and the falling off in the condition of the sheep.

WONDERS OF THE INTERIOR OF SALVADOR.

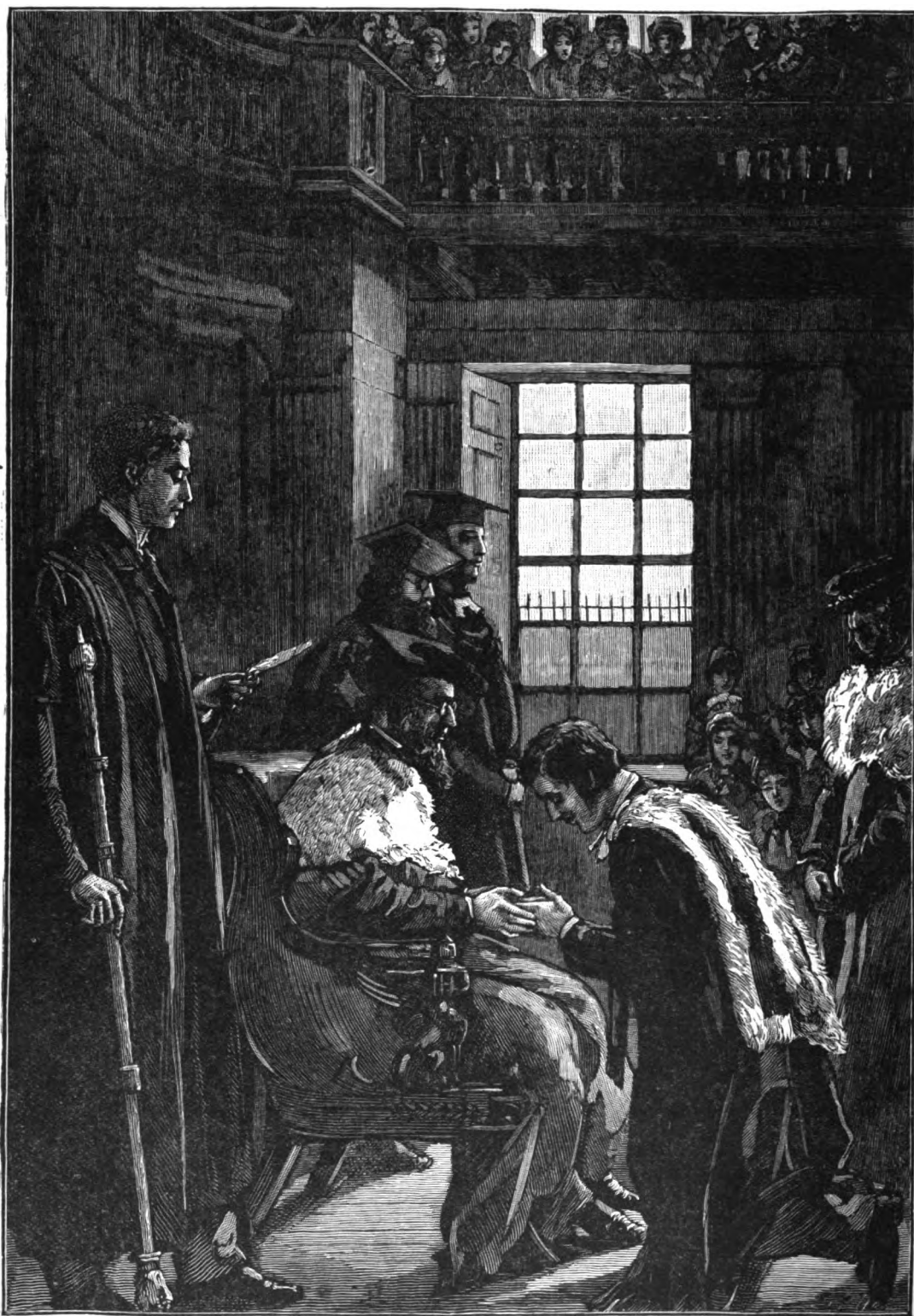
Eighty miles from the harbor of La Union, going north through the greatest length of Salvador, the traveler will rest at the fathomless lake of Ilopango, twenty-five miles long and eight to ten miles wide. Its tepid waters occupy craters of extinct volcanoes. In 1870, when Salvador was shaken violently by earthquakes, the water of the lake sank in the night nine feet, and along its shores were gathered earthen vessels, curiously colored, and images carved out of porphyry, and others precisely like those at the Museum at Washington, taken from Egyptian tombs. A few miles southeast from the railway the ever-active volcano Izalco rises 6,000 feet, a perfect cone, from the plain about Armenia. The railway crosses the State of Sta. Ana, a district of Salvador, fifty miles square, producing, it is stated, more coffee than any equal area of land in the world. In truth, every acre of the mesa of Salvador is cultivated, each producing from two to four crops annually. The products are rice, tobacco, indigo, sea-island cotton, coffee, sugar, cocoa (chocolate), india-rubber, and Peruvian gum (so called because it was originally sent from Salvador to Peru, and thence to European markets). The railway penetrates from La Union to Puerto Barrios, or to Port Izabal, whichever harbor may be its northern terminus—a very paradise. The average density of population along the whole route exceeds 100 for each square mile. Here villages and towns are almost conterminous, and the population—Aztecs ninety-two per cent. and Spanish eight per cent.—toil most industriously. Labor costs twenty to twenty-five cents, and food ten cents, *per diem*. The thatch-roofed, floorless adobe huts of the natives (Aztecs) are the cheapest possible, and only useful in protecting the occupants against rain-storms of July, August and September (the rainy season), when the country is flooded almost every day. There is not a stove or fire-place in any house in the Republic; none are

needed where the thermometer never falls below 70° or rises above 80°. So great is the annual production of fruits, as well as of indigo, tobacco, sugar and coffee, and so short the distance from Port Barrios to Mobile, that it is believed that most delicate and delicious tropical fruits, never seen in the United States, will be distributed everywhere from Mobile; and so redundant are the crops of Salvador, and of the districts of Guatemala penetrated by the railroad, that it must have two tracks—one for immense local, and the other for interoceanic, freights and travel.

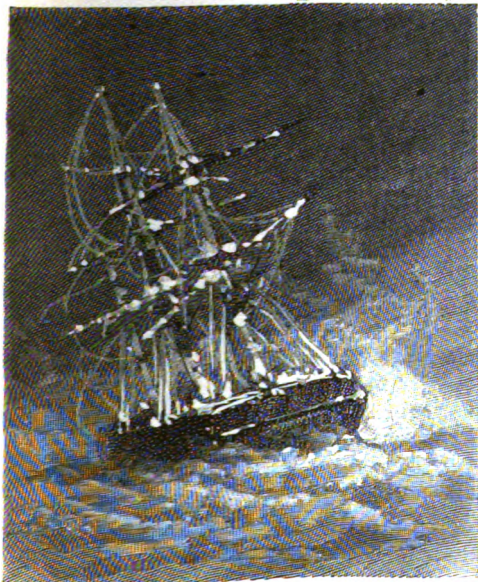
NILSSON.

"MADAME NILSSON had ordered," says Mapleson, "one of the most sumptuous dresses I have ever seen, from Worth, in Paris, in order to portray *Violetta* in the most appropriate style. On the evening of the performance, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived punctually at half-past eight, to assist in receiving the Shah, who did not put in an appearance; and it was ten minutes to nine when Sir Michael Costa led off the opera. I shall never forget the look the fair Swede cast upon the empty royal box, and it was not until half-past nine, when the act of "*La Favorita*" had commenced, that His Majesty arrived. He was particularly pleased with the ballet I had introduced in the "*Favorita*." The Prince of Wales, with his usual consideration and foresight, suggested to me that it might smooth over the difficulty in which he saw clearly I should be placed on the morrow, in connection with Madame Nilsson, if she were presented to the Shah prior to his departure. I therefore crossed the stage and went to Madame Nilsson's room, informing her of this. She at once objected, having already removed her magnificent "*Traviata*" toilet and altered herself for the character of *Mignon*, which consists of a torn old dress, almost in rags, with hair hanging disheveled down her back and naked feet. After explaining that it was a command with which she must comply, I persuaded her to put a bold face on the matter and follow me. I accompanied her to the ante-room of the royal box, and before I could notify her arrival to His Royal Highness, to the astonishment of all, she had walked straight to the further end of the room, where His Majesty was then busily employed eating peaches out of the palms of his hands. The look of astonishment on every Eastern face was worthy of the now well-known picture on the Nabob pickles. Without a moment's delay, Madame Nilsson made straight for His Majesty, saying: '*Vous êtes un très mauvais Shah*,' gesticulating with her right hand. '*Tout à l'heure j'étais très riche, avec des costumes superbes, exprès pour votre Majesté: à présent je me trouve très pauvre et sans souliers*,' at the same time raising her right foot within half an inch of His Majesty's nose, who, with his spectacles, was looking to see what she was pointing to. He was so struck with the originality of the fair *prima donna*, that he at once notified his attendants that he would not go to the Goldsmiths' Ball for the present, but would remain to see this extraordinary woman. His Majesty did not, consequently, reach the Goldsmiths' Ball until past midnight. The Lord Mayor, the Prime Warden, the authorities and the guards of honor had all been waiting since half-past nine.

REST is never so sweet as after a long struggle; strength, never so strong as through trial; joy is a blessed thing after sorrow; and the fair dawning of sunny days could never come if we had no night.



DEGREE DAY AT CAMBRIDGE. — "THE VICE PUTS HIS OWN HANDS OUTSIDE THOSE OF THE SUPPLIANT. . . . AND THE MAN RISES A B.A." — SEE PAGE 11.



"THE DANE" IN THE STORM.
Vol. XXVII., No. 1—2.

"CAN YOU SEE THAT WAXY STUFF—SEE, IT'S WHITE AND YELLOW AND BLACK AND——" 'YOU OLD MADMAN, WHAT IS IT?' SHOUTED PHIL. 'AMBERGRIS, BOY! WORTH ALL OF FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS A POUND.'"

AMBERGRIS.

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON.

CHAPTER I.

"If you cared anything for me, Alice, you would go, too."

The speaker, a big, brawny young man, in a rough, blue-flannel shirt and corduroys, with a battered straw hat on the back of his brown curls, looked reproachfully at the pretty girl sitting on the rock above him. Behind them lay the little fishing-village of Reed's Harbor, ending in a square brown house on a pine-clad ridge, where Captain White had lived for many years; in fact, there had never been a time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant when some ancestor of the captain's had not dwelt on White's Hill. Before them lay the

wide, blue sea, whereof tiny ripples broke in miniature breakers on the glistening sand.

"A boy's will is the wind's will," said the girl, scornfully.

"I am nearly twenty-eight and you are twenty-three, Alice White. We are both old enough to know our minds. I never before wanted wealth so much. All I have is my college 'l'arnin', my grit and my brains, for I must not work with my hands. Can I go on teaching country schools for ever?—or study law in some back office and starve for years, till I can get hold of somebody's misfortune and make my carrion meal of it? See, Alice, that brig passing Burnt Island Light? I wonder what there is about the sea that calls me?—that sets my heart throbbing, my pulses leaping?—that says, Leave the garnered thoughts of great dead men, the infinite problems, the weary words, words, and come back to deeds and to nature—come! find thy birthright on the blue waves, in the fresh breath of the ocean?"

His eyes brightened as he drew a long, eager breath.

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,"

she murmured, watching the brig.

"And I, though ever I mourn,
Must stay in this old town still,"

he said, with a laugh.

"Fine 'po'try' that."

"To resume," he said, watching her pretty brunette face, her black curls blowing against the clear olive of her forehead, the dainty bronze gown with its intricate Grecian braiding, "why will you not go with me?"

"Where?" coldly.

"To a big, noisy, bustling city, where I shall find work and, one day, wealth."

"Phil," she said, soberly, "I would starve in a garret while you wore out your brain and your health at a desk—you, with your giant strength, your scorn of the trivialities of life and petty duties, and, sad to say, your uncertain temper."

"If you loved me, you would not talk like that."

"Do you really mean to go?"

"To-morrow. Alice, Alice, all my life I have loved you—since you were a little mite of a thing, in a red riding-hood cloak, and I drew you on my sled. In those old days, when my father was loved and honored, and we lived in the big brick house, like that of the Whites, in our family for generations. How different it is now! To think it is twenty years since my father, the young doctor that every one loved, in the face of all the town, came down to the wharf, stepped aboard a bark bound for the West Indies, and said to a lounge on the landing, 'This town will never see me again,' and went away never to return? I can't forgive that, Alice, for all the purity and nobility of my mother's life in those twenty years has hardly stilled the slander caused by that mysterious departure. She was beautiful, too; so women were less quick to befriend her."

"If she had opened her lips," said Alice, sadly.

"She was too proud. Even I, her son," he cried, piteously, "never knew why they parted. I grew up in the shadow of that disgrace, taunted by the boys at school with my runaway father, bearing it alone, never daring to tell my mother; for though I love her dearly, she has always chilled and repelled me. Then it was I turned to you with boyish ardor—a wee thing who cared for me—and then, your people were kind to us. They never noted the slander of the villagers—only at your home was I ever happy. You know how hard I worked to get

through college and support my mother too, for you and I have always been dear friends. Other boys had ambitions for wealth or fame—I only worked for you. You were to be the crowning-point of my dreams, Alice—my love! my wife!"

He held her hands tightly in his big, brown palms.

"For years I would not speak of love," he went on, passionately. "I felt it would not be honorable to your father; but one day I could not keep back the words, and you—you had known it all the time. Then I hoped your father would be willing, but now I see a change in his manner—a coldness to me. He does not think me worthy of you."

"With such a bright, sunny world it is hard to believe in sin and sorrow," she said, sadly; "but even in our quiet village there are double lives, darker sides. You are thinking, love, that I would not give up my pretty gowns, the luxury of my life; you imagine, perhaps, I am in love with one of Will's chums from Yale, who were with us this Summer. Poor, dear, jealous Phil! Now you glare at me, wondering if I have the hidden secret. I half believe you and I would quarrel awfully—after marriage, of course—and you would, with man's happy faculty of going anywhere in all propriety, rush away, and I would mope at home, grow into a living dead woman, dwelling in remembrances of happier days. Do you know my old aunt always said your parents were 'so sot in their ways, neither of 'em would ever give in; and like enough they just quarreled over nothing, and he went away in spite, and fate spited him by never allowing him to come k.' Are you 'sot' in your ways, Phil?"

The young man did not answer; he dropped her hand and tilted his hat over his eyes. She tossed off the battered hat, laying her cheek against the brown curls.

"It was an ill subject for jest, dear," she murmured. "Will you promise never, never to tell if I tell you something?"

"I can be trusted, I think," he said, coldly.

"It is my father's secret, not mine. He is honored in all Maine, loved and respected here, and yet he is a defaulter for fifteen thousand dollars. Ten years ago that money was put in his hands to keep for a person for ten years, father to have the interest as pay for the trust. My father was ambitious to double the principal; he made bad investments—took all his own fortune to retrieve—finally lost all. The ten years are up in January, and this is September."

"No one will believe your father guilty of premeditated dishonesty, and certainly it does not affect you in any way."

"But the money must be replaced."

He sprang up to his feet. "What is the rest?" he said, looking down on her tear-wet face.

"Captain R—Reed will lend father the money on our house, and father is going to sea again in one of the captain's ships. My poor father to go to sea again, when he has been retired for twenty years, and is so old and broken! Oh, you little know, Phil, how we suffer in the big house on the hill! How, when my father sits silent for hours, his gray head buried in his hands, his chest heaving in great sobs like the sea, his dear eyes gazing into vacancy—how our hearts are torn and hurt, and we would give our lives to aid him. Brother Will, that people here call a d—dude, and say is not good for anything, has given up college and gone into a business house in New York; and we only knew all this a fortnight ago. But it's hardest for m—me."

"Well, and you?"

"You cannot frighten me by those looks," she said, defiantly; "I mean to do my part."

"You have not told me what yet."

She stood up at his side, twisting in her little brown hands a mere rag of a lace handkerchief.

"I shall marry Captain Reed soon after New Year's—when my father goes on his first voyage, and after we have spent our last Christmas at home."

"The gowns and diamonds, the trips South and to New York, will compensate for the sacrifice!" sneered Phil, though—and she saw it—the dreadful effect of his scorn was marred by a very boyish trembling of his lower lip. "How proud of yourself you will be when you look at his ungainly bulk, his purple face, and listen to his pompous voice bragging of himself! What a martyr you will be! You can play Jephthah's daughter, and be a cheerful sacrifice to a parent. A woman has no heart. Give her clothes and jewels, and she is happy. Perseus need not have freed Andromeda from the sea-monster. If the monster had been a millionaire, he would not have found Andromeda shrieking and tied to a rock; but in the daintiest of satin shoes, in white and glittering raiment, veiled in a misty cloud, shedding a few girlish tears of gratification at having made a good match. She would have tripped down to the sea, consoling herself for his hideous appearance with the gratifying reflection—she had pleased dear papa."

"You are getting to be a cynic," choked Alice, trying very hard to be angry.

"And you are marrying well, you know. So you have no idea who the man is that your father has defrauded?"

"No; neither Will nor I."

"Does he exist?" continued Phil, with scorn. "Did you not imagine him, for an excuse to throw away love for money?"

"Your temper is such, I am glad I have given you up!" cried Alice, thoroughly roused.

Before she could pass him he turned and caught her in his arms.

"You poor little spiteful thing—good-by! I kiss you as if you were in your coffin. My dear, dead love! No hived-in city streets for me, no hum of tireless traffic. I fling away ambition and the garret. I give up my dreams, for they were dreams of you. I will obey the mysterious voice that ever calls me. I shall go to sea, Alice. It is my only love now."

His kisses were yet warm on her lips as she watched him stride away over the beach.

"He was cruel!—a dreadful temper!" she sobbed; "but there is nobody like him. Oh, my handsome, darling Phil! As for clothes," she said, soberly, gratified that she had so much more sense than her lover had, "why, I've got enough to last years and years, if I married him. If it wasn't for father I'd run away to sea, too."

He went straight to the humble cottage that had been his home for twenty years, for they had to sell the old mansion for means to live. In the poorly furnished sitting-room his mother was sitting, working at an intricate pattern in lace. Like Lachesis, she spun out her thread of life, or as a new Penelope, wove her sad fancies into graceful patterns of woof and warp the long hours till her lord's return. She was tall and stately, with keen blue eyes, lacking the kindly light of her son's, and her hair was now quite white. Her gown was threadbare, and the lace at her neck and sleeves exquisitely darned and mended. She was a strangely silent woman.

"I am going away from here to-night, mother," said Phil, wistfully.

"I suppose you have quarreled with Alice White," she said, coldly. "The girl is fortunate; there is too much Lee in you to make you loving and forbearing. You know if you persist in going to a city to begin a business career you will hopelessly estrange my affections. You know you are fitted to study law, have more than ordinary ability, but you still persist in wrecking my dearest hopes."

"I want to go away where I shall never hear her name," he said, firmly; "and though I love you and feel your sorrow, I must give you further pain."

"What do you mean?"

She rose, looking at him with white face and blazing eyes.

"I am going to sea," he said, slowly.

A frightful expression crossed his mother's face. Struggling with her weakness and anger, she clutched the back of a chair and pointed to the door with a trembling hand.

"Go!" she cried, hoarsely—"go, before I curse you."

When he was gone, and the echo of his footfall had died away in the quiet street, she fell on her knees in an agony of tears.

"Philip, son, come back!—forgive me—come back!" she cried, in hopeless misery. "Must I drive you away, too?—must I always speak words that I do not mean?—act a part that is not my real nature? My boy, my handsome boy! Surely in this wide world no woman was ever more punished for thoughtless words, for ungoverned temper, than I."

But she listened in vain for his coming; and a week later, Alice, pale and weary-eyed, came to her.

"We have both loved and lost him," she said, tearfully. "Mother Lee, let us cry and pray for him together."

CHAPTER II.

BEING stalwart and used to the sea, Phil easily obtained a berth in the fore-castle of the English ship *The Dane*, bound for Liverpool. Before he sailed, he wrote a little note to Alice.

"DEAR LOVE: I was cruel to you, and unkind. You are brave and noble, and though I am heartbroken at your sacrifice, I know well enough you consider it your duty. Be kind to my poor mother; for when her anger is over, she will grieve sorely that we parted in such misery. PHIL."

About the middle of November *The Dane* set sail from Liverpool for Portland, Oregon. Among her crew was a grizzled old sailor who took a great fancy to Phil, and the two had many talks together. One night, when they were a week out, Phil sat near this old sailor smoking his pipe. The old man was at the wheel. He was stooped by toil, his face wrinkled and bronzed, but his brown eyes keen and bright, and his voice and manner were those of a man of some education. The helmsman moved his short black pipe from his mouth to his hand, and pointing toward the English coast, said, slowly:

"That might be your home, eh, mate?"

"No; America," answered Phil, shortly.

He was rather a favorite with the crew, though he talked little and kept to himself. Then, he had shipped under a false name, and he felt he was deceiving everybody, which made his naturally open manner reserved and cold.

"I know lots of Americans," said the old sailor. "What part of America, now?"

"Reed's Harbor, Maine."

"Have you ever," questioned the other, clutching a spoke of the wheel in his brown, wrinkled hands, "heard



LITTLE MISS NAUGHTY.

of a man that used to live in Reed's Harbor named Dr. Lee?"

"I have heard of him," said Phil, unsteadily. "Do you know him?"

"I did once; queer sort of man—quick temper. And his wife, now—I suppose the folks at the Harbor give all their sympathy to her?"

"People think both were to blame," Phil answered.

"I may be over-curious, mate," continued the bronzed sailor, "but I knew Lee so well. At first he used to tell me, 'Keep clear of all women, Bill;' afterward, when the feeling of spite wore off, he'd say, 'Most of 'em, for there may be a few as ain't contradictory;' and toward the last he'd say—meaning no particular offense—'If women was caught young and trained as colts is, maybe there would be some living with 'em.'"

"Is my—Dr. Lee alive?" asked Phil, hoarsely.

"I was outer my reckoning," he muttered, limping away with a cheery "Good-night."

After this he often sought out Phil, to talk about the old seaport town and the people there, and as he seemed a genuine friend to Dr. Lee, Phil was willing to tell him about the family and their struggles with poverty.

When *The Dane* neared the Californian coast she ran into heavy fogs, intensified by flurries of snow and by icy gales from the frozen north. The ship was heavily laden with foreign marbles for the magnificent homes of Oregon millionaires, and was old and unseaworthy.

One night, December 14th—and Phil remembered it all his life—the ship, under close reefs, struggled in the wild sea off the mouth of the Columbia River. The night was cold, the wind freighted with sleet, and the darkness stiflingly intense. Sailor Bill's advice was to run out to sea, but the English captain was headstrong, and so, in



VIEW OF POK-HAN AT SUNSET.—SEE PAGE 28.

"We might say, just missing, mate, for he was always a-disappearing and coming up again, like those queer boxes where, if you pull a string, out pops a Jack, whiskered like me, with just as red a face, and presto! down he goes again."

"I had just such a box when I was a lad," said Phil; "that and a big rocking-horse my father gave me when I was three were the happiest gifts of my childhood. I think the Jack-in-the-box was my father's last Christmas gift; and what fun I used to have with it, scaring little Alice White! She'd cry with terror one minute, and the next, the tears still in her bright eyes, would run to me, begging me to scare her 'adin.'"

"The Widow Lee has been pretty well to do the last year, hasn't she?" asked the old sailor.

Phil got up, stretching his long arms, with a yawn.

"It's my turn now, Bill. No, she hasn't. She and her son have always been poor."

Bill scratched his gray head with a puzzled look, then his face brightened.

the dense blackness, in the rising gale, *The Dane* entered the yawning portal of the river. The sleet cased every rope and spar and every inch of canvas with a thick coating of ice, that tore the hands of the crew and flung off clutching fingers with terrible cruelty. Just before they reached the sandbar that, like a grim sentinel, guards the wide river, a Norwegian sailor fell from the mast, and, with a heartbreaking cry, swept far abaft into the furious caldron of the sea. That was an omen of disaster. The ship, reeling like a drunken man, mindless, disobeying helm or sail, plunged ahead to her own destruction.

There was a crash, the shrieks of drowning men, and then only the howling of the sea and the shrill cries of the wind, that took up the wails of human woe and, with a thousand hideous variations, carried them away out to sea, that ships laboring in the frothing, black waves might feel the force of the river-gale, and sailors hear in each wild gust the moans of dying men.

In all the storm, Phil noted the old sailor close at his side; and when the crash came, and a blow from a

swinging block and tackle struck his forehead, in his last moment of consciousness he felt a strong, firm grasp on his arm.

When he came back to realization he was lying in a boat, great, tossing, gray waves were all about him, and in his face shone a bright wintry sun that told him the storm was past. He was lashed to the boat, and at his feet the old sailor, also bound with rope, seemed sleeping, but not a sleep where there is a waking. Phil tried to remember, while the little boat tossed like an egg-shell, or like a stormy petrel finding a merry play in the very jaws of death.

"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," muttered Phil. "What a beautiful word rest is!—how peaceful death is, as little children close their eyes in sleep! Will my mother ever know that the sea has taken me?—the sea that never gives back its dead, but hides every trace with jealous care. And Alice—but my heart is so dead I cannot regret."

Suddenly, to his benumbed senses there came a strange and delicate perfume. It was a trade-wind off a coral island; a vial of attar of roses shattered far off and floating on an idle zephyr; a Summer breath blown across Alice's garden, across carnations and heliotrope and mignonette. It was full of the humming of bees, the song of birds, the scent of summer-time and joy.

"It is heaven," muttered Phil, dreamily. "I have heard that sweet sounds were known to dying men—marvellous music not of earth; but surely the happiness is as perfect, to drift away into the better life wrapped in that odor, dulled to every other sense."

He raised himself to look at his companion, to know if he were already dead, but his bonds loosened and, struggling awkwardly, he fell over on the old sailor's face.

"Hullo!" sounded faintly. "Time to get up!"

Phil was angry then, in miserable inconsistency. He wanted the old man to be alive, but resented his commonplace remark.

"We are dying!" muttered Phil. "I cannot move!"

"I ain't yet," said the other, crawling out from under the burden. "It was lucky your great carcass fell on me, or I would have slept myself to death. I am nearly frozen."

He began slapping his chest with his arms, varying the exercise by shaking Phil roughly. Then he remembered and drew out a flask, and after a prolonged pull, forced a portion of its contents down Phil's throat.

"Don't torture me!" strangled Phil.

"Good whisky-torture?" growled the bronzed sailor. "Whew! Araby the Blest!" He raised himself on his knees and looked over the side of the boat. "I knew it! I knew it!" he fairly yelled with delight. "Mate, that storm was working for us all the time. I am a chemist, and I know—goodness knows where it drifted from, how far, how long. Hurrah! let's only get to shore with it and our fortune is made. It's better than mines or jewels, richer than any ore. What fine old fellow suffered for that, I wonder? You and me are gladiators, Mexican bull-fighters. I know Mexico, for I made a pile there ten years ago, in an old lost mine an Indian showed me, and let me dig there a year—him and me; but I could not go back to the place for a million, for the Indian's dead. We are going to get rich off the disease of an old sperm whale that crawled off to die on some lone isle. Looks like the marble we brought on *The Dane*, as if it floated after us—"

"You are mad!" muttered Phil, fretfully.

"Get up and look! No, stupid, you'll capsize us. Can you see that waxy stuff?—one hunk clear two hundred

pounds, the other all of sixty—see, it's white and yellow and black and—"

"You old madman, what is it?" shouted Phil.

"Ambergris, boy. I ain't the fool you thought me. I was an educated man once, knew something of drugs, and this is rare and costly. It's worth, Phil, all of four hundred dollars a pound."

Forgetting cold and hunger, revived at the prospect of wealth, they contrived with the boat's painter to make the stuff fast, and being already well in shore, whirled by the tide now running up the river, they paddled to land with the seats of the boat, and saved their prize. Near the landing was an old fisherman's hut, where there was a fireplace, and Phil's matches in the silver case—Alice's last gift—being dry, they made a big fire and thawed their half-frozen limbs. Outside the hut were some old barrels, odoriferous with the remains of ancient and long-decayed fish, and into these they packed the ambergris. When they were ready to depart on any passing boat, they returned to the cabin, where the old sailor, with a bit of charred wood and the floor, made an intricate calculation of their wealth, which, allowing for shrinkage and percentage, he reckoned would yield them each fifty thousand dollars apiece.

"Thank Heaven, I can save her yet," said Phil, his eyes shining, his lips trembling. "Oh, my dear girl, and my mother, will forgive me. She will understand why, all my life, the sea has called me with voices I alone could hear, as if the wraiths of all my seafaring ancestors knew of this ambergris coming to me and calling me to claim it."

"Did you have trouble with your sweetheart, Phil?" asked the old sailor, wistfully. "I cared a good deal for her father, and I love you like a son."

"I can only tell you," said Phil, slowly, "that we loved each other; but to save some one from the consequences of her father's mistake, she is going to marry Captain Reed, who will set matters right with his wealth. That's why I went to sea and bore my mother's anger, for at the very mention of the sea she burst into a furious passion and ordered me from the house."

"Queer how time revenges me," muttered the old sailor. "She never told you about the quarrel, eh?"

"Revenge you?" repeated Phil.

"And that Jack-in-the-box?" went on the old man, slyly; "and the rocking-horse is up in the garret, I suppose, where all the old trash was put; Julia was always so saving, and there were barrels and barrels of useless truck always put away to do somebody good. Does she push her wavy hair back and stamp her little foot, when she is mad?—number twos she wore. Does she leave the crust of pie on her plate yet, and weaken her tea with hot water out of a little silver pitcher that she sets by her plate? Does she wear little lace ruffles about her pretty throat and around her white hands? Oh, Phil, has she taken off our wedding-ring, that she swore to have buried with her?"

With an eager cry, Phil flung himself at the old man's feet.

"Only my father could know my mother so well," he panted. "But the ring is worn smooth and thin, her hair is quite white, and we sold the silver pitcher long ago. My father—my dear, dear father!"

In sobs came the answer from the gray head stooped low over the brown curls: "My son! my son!"

"It was this way, Phil," he said, brokenly, when they had talked a long time in the firelight, Phil lying at his father's feet. "We were loving and happy, but when we quarreled, neither would give in, and I grew weary of it."

The day of our last argument, you, a little chap scarcely out of petticoats, looked up from your breakfast of bread and milk and said, 'I'm going to be a soldier, papa.' I said, like a fool—for you might have died of croup the next night—'No, a sailor, like my father was;' for I had always hated doctoring, longing, like you, for the sea, hearing the voices that called you. Then Julia blazed up—a right smart temper she had, too, like all bright women—and declared you should be a lawyer. We wrangled over it, and you yelled, and suddenly I flung out of the house, pushed off your clinging arms, and strode away, leaving twenty years of misery in my wake."

The night did not seem long, for they talked the hours away. Each had much to tell; and if they had had tobacco, neither would have minded hunger so much. Men like to smoke when they are deeply moved, for the curling wreaths from a pipe hide tear-dimmed eyes, and the quiver of a lip is right and proper around a pipestem.

In the morning the steamer from San Francisco saw a boat put off from Washington Territory shore, and the two shipwrecked and ragged mariners offered fifty dollars for transportation of divers barrels on shore, which, after hearing their story, was done. They were made much of aboard the steamer, and, glad to know there was a chance of most of *The Dune's* crew being saved, they took on lively airs, suffering much questioning and admiration—the latter mostly extended to handsome Phil.

A week later, Phil, in fashionable attire, started down a business thoroughfare in New York city in pursuit of a ring that would fit a certain small finger. He knew she was not married yet—thanks to the family celebration of Christmas—and after his stirring adventures by flood and field, felt competent to exterminate Captain Reed or any other opposing force. Judge of his astonishment to meet at the door of the jewelry-store no other person but Captain White, looking very wan and haggard and weedy as to hair and beard. Phil started with delighted surprise, but the captain, with a scared exclamation, took to his heels around a corner.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER adroit questioning, Phil found from the clerk in the store that the captain had been endeavoring to dispose of his personal property.

"He brought in an old chronometer to sell," said the clerk; "but though it must have cost a good bit of money once, it was of no use to us. He said he'd carried it for thirty years, but he hadn't a dollar to buy his children a Christmas gift, and this would be the first time they had ever failed to be remembered by him; and, anyway, it would probably be their last Christmas together, for his daughter was going to be married, and he himself was going to sea after New Year's, and he hardly expected to survive many voyages. I told him we did not deal in second-hand goods, and directed him to a pawnbroker's."

Phil bought a pretty diamond ring for a certain little finger. If she were at the altar, he would drag her away; he would play Young Lochinvar with a dory and a pair of oars, for no horse could carry double over the Maine hills. He fidgeted about the store, asking if there were any way by which he could obtain that chronometer.

"Why," he explained, with a vivid blush, "this ring is for the old captain's daughter, and the plain gold one, too, which is a wedding-ring."

"Queer to buy both wedding and engagement rings at the same time!" grinned the clerk.

"We are rather rapid down East," said Phil, and by money and influence succeeded in his generous design.

Christmas Eve there drove into the streets of Reed's

Harbor a handsome carriage and a span of horses, that had come through the snow from a railroad-town sixteen miles from the Harbor. The people at the hotel recognized Phil with many a "Wal, where've you bin?—folks hes wondered a deal about ye!" And when he answered, "On a voyage to England and return," keeping back the shipwreck and further adventures for lonely Winter evenings, they all said, unanimously, and with one accent, "Wal, wal, wanter know?"

"Do I look all right, Phil?" the old man asked for the hundredth time, as they went up White's Hill, after finding the cottage of Mrs. Lee shut up and dark. "Julia was always so particular. A button off, or a speck of dirt, and how she'd fuss! A man, till he's left alone, don't know how good it is to have a wife to criticise him."

"You look like a fashion-plate, dad," laughed Phil, "and the diamond in your shirt-front will be the wonder of the town for years."

"And that hovel you lived in!" groaned the old man. "Oh! Phil, Phil, and not a set tub, nor even water, in the house! Little folks here think that the man who bought the brick mansion is Dr. Lee come back. I've had it fixed up fine, too. I do wonder if Julia will like the parlor-carpet? A man is like a child in his eagerness to please the woman he loves, and women would be more grateful if they knew how much their thanks meant to simple-hearted, stupid creatures like us, Phil; but she used to say I'd good taste. Lord! how pretty she looked, in the blue gown I bought her the day you were a year old! I can see her yet in that gown, holding you over the gate for me to kiss. And the horses, now, they are fine! Don't you think so? And how a double team will astonish the town! I used to drive a rickety, old, one-horse doctor's trap. Here we are! Leave me outside a while, Phil, while you go in and break it to 'em easy."

They stopped on the wide veranda of the house on the hill. Through the chinks of the blinds they saw a pleasant home scene, lighted by a bright fire of pine-logs, and the glittering candles of a Christmas-tree that stood on a side-table and blossomed sparsely with gifts. By the fire sat Captain White, his gray head on his hand; near him, his gentle invalid wife; his son was fixing a gift on the tree; at the piano was a girlish figure with bowed head, playing a Christmas hymn; across the hearth from his prospective father-in-law sat Captain Reed, a bored and weary expression on his big, red face."

"This—er—tree is rather a childish custom," he said.

"I shall have a Christmas-tree here at home every year!" cried Alice, with a crashing chord.

Her elderly lover jumped nervously.

"I wish you would cultivate some repose of manner," he grumbled.

"I just can't live unless I fidget and make noise," she said, perversely. "When we are married, I shall travel all the time on——" she would have said steamers, but, thinking they might not be disagreeable to the captain, finished—"railroad-cars."

Captain Reed looked darkly into the fire.

"Alice," called her father, gently, "you are not yourself to-night."

"No, I am mean and horrible," she said, pitifully, going to her father's side and kneeling down. "I'll try to control my temper."

"It is the cause of much unhappiness," said a meek voice; and the watchers saw Mrs. Lee sitting in a dark corner, the firelight playing on her black gown, her thin hands, and a worn old ring that she twisted nervously with her right hand.

"Go in, Phil," gasped his father; "I will not stay outside any longer. That is her, and the ring is there yet—bless her dear heart!"

Without a knock, Phil opened the hall-door, strode through the hall, opened the sitting-room door, and, like a radiant Banquo, appeared to join in the festivities. Alice knew the step, and ran to him. He saw a vision in pearl cashmere, with a bunch of red roses on her breast, a flushed, tearful face and sparkling eyes, and he could have told her ten years afterward just how she looked—but it was not a second before one of his arms was around her, and she was crying:

"Oh, Phil, I knew you would come! If you had deserted me I should have died!"

"Well, on my word!" gasped Captain Reed.

"Alice, Alice!" called her father.

"The captain has been very kind," murmured Alice, from behind a coatsleeve, secure of protection now, and with all a woman's pity for a defeated foe—"but then, papa, he is not Phil."

"I have come back rich," said Phil eagerly, gazing defiantly at his rival. "I have fifty thousand dollars; I can pay any debt there is, and buy Alice myself—the poor little slave! I repeat, I can pay any debt there is."

"You are welcome to," growled Captain Reed. "I wish it understood that I am not a Turk, and I despise scenes and family reunions, and"—with a bitter look—"the mummery of Christmas-trees. That young woman seemed eager enough to marry me, and though I was to become a member of the family, and have known Captain White for years—though he is much my senior, for I'm not so old a man as you silly young people think—still my friendship for him was not enough to calm my anxiety about a loan of fifteen thousand on his home and ability

to pay me. It was not a good investment, and you are welcome to it, young Lee. As for myself, I am going to an insanity expert—my brain must be giving way. Give up my club—my comfort—for a young person who can't sit still a moment, whose dream is to travel on railroad-cars all the time, and who rushes at young men with open arms—why, I must be mad! I know womenkind well enough, Miss Alice, to be sure that, had we been married a year, and that young man came, you would have rushed at him all the same. Well, well, I believe I respect you more for it; you are young, and love each other, and you

did not know he was rich when you rushed at him so. He will never think, as I should have, that you married him for his gold. Good-night all; keep all my gifts for the bride-presents, and I shall give myself the pleasure of attending your wedding. Good-by, all."

He was gone, after a cheery handshake and a kiss on a little hand.

"Oh, he is rather nice, when you know you haven't got to marry him," said Alice, much confused and blushing prettily.

"But I did not have to, you know," Phil laughingly said.

Then, out of the darkness came his mother's figure, with bowed head and trembling lips.

"My dear boy, forgive me!" she said, brokenly; "I will try all my life to make you forget my wicked words that day."

He flung out his other arm and drew her to him.

"You dear mother," he said, "I never thought of it at all; and now that I know why you were angry, I can't blame you very much."

"You know all!" she cried, with pallid lips. "Oh, Phil, you have seen your father!"

Before Phil could speak, the old sailor rushed in.



POK-HAN, THE KING'S CITADEL.—CHO PYNG SIK.—SEE PAGE 28.

"I can't break it gently," he said, wildly. "Julia, I have come back. I am sorry I was a brute, and Phil can be a lawyer now; but, by George, he went to sea all the same."

For answer his wife fainted dead away. He lifted her in his strong arms and carried her to the sofa.

"She is so light, like a child," he said, sadly. "She used to faint before; never was the hystericky kind. Alice, bring me ammonia. To think of Phil's loving you! And the captain and I used to say you'd make a match when you grew up. There, she opens her eyes!"

"My hair is all mussed," said Mrs. Lee, pitifully. Then, with a burst of tears, "You always would muss it when you hugged me, Roderick."

"That's the good old way!" cried the sailor, kissing

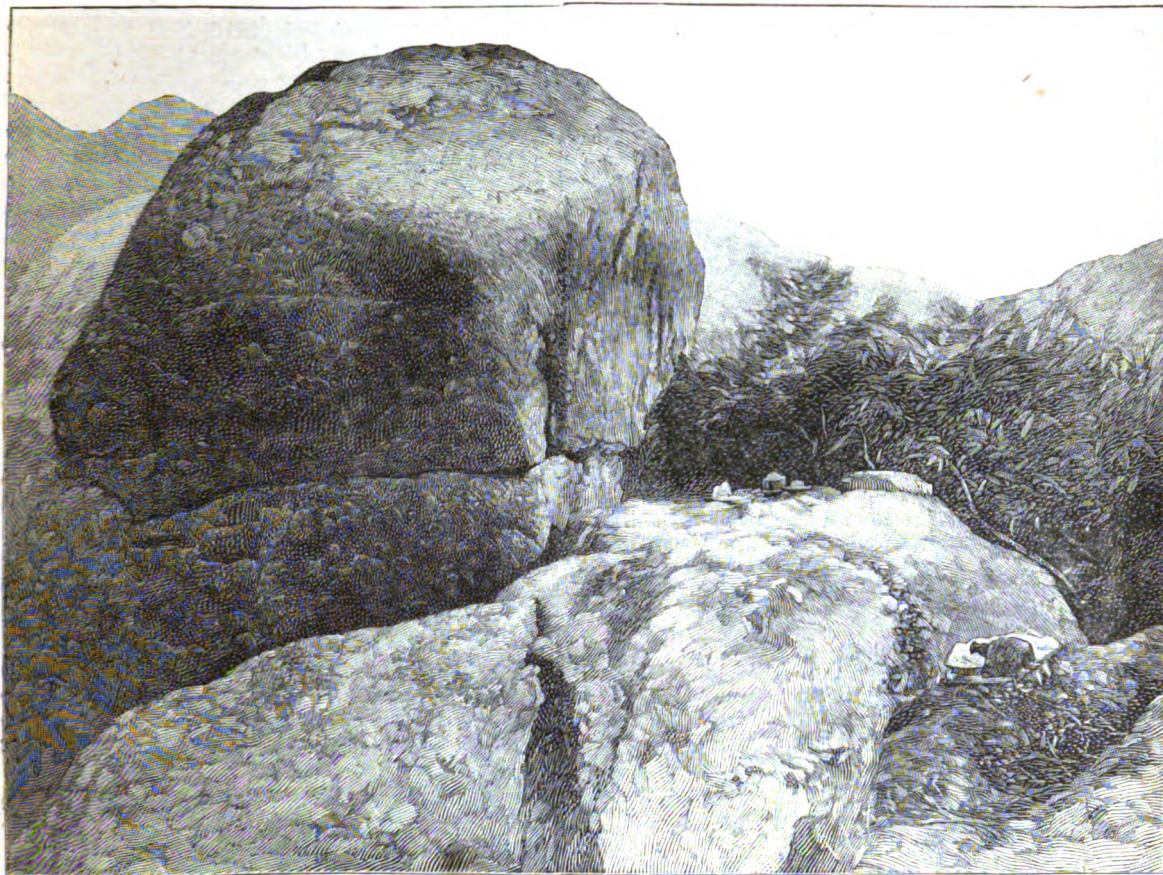
wouldn't spoil him; but I never knew what poverty they were in, and I sent you no address."

"You cannot think how I have suffered," said the captain, "knowing myself a criminal, and feeling how hard it was to make the world think the worst of me. Even the way you talk hurts like a wound. I ought to be in jail, and dishonored."

"Why, if it was Phil's money, couldn't I have married him, in the first place?" said Alice. "I never thought it was Phil."

"Your sense of honor is very deficient," said her father, severely. "Sometimes I am tempted to think women are not as fair in money-matters as they ought to be."

"It would have saved lots of fuss," whispered Alice,



POK-HAN, THE KING'S CITADEL.—THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.—SEE PAGE 28.

his wife again and again. "Find fault in the same old way, darling, and I shall know I am not dreaming. Do you know I have bought the old mansion back, and a carriage—a coupé they call it—and two horses for you to splurge with, and if you don't like the parlor-carpet I shall hang myself?"

In the excitement Phil noted Captain White stealthily creeping from the room.

"I—I can't meet that man's eye," he protested, feebly, when Phil held him back.

"Can't?" roared Lee, jumping up and shaking the captain's hand. "Don't I know that you only made a mistake—that you are as honest a man as ever lived, and the kindest? Why, captain, if it wasn't for my wife and boy, I'd have given you the money out of friendship. I felt that you were safer than a bank, and I wrote you not to give a cent to Phil until he was twenty-eight, then it

in rebellious mood, "and Phil might have thought I was worth the money."

"Phil knew you were worth fifteen million," said her lover; and that settled the matter to her satisfaction.

"There is a hope," said Will White, who, since he had given up college and gone into business, calculated arithmetical problems in his spare moments, "that in time, with a little more capital, the money may be restored."

"With your mind and my money," said Lee, cheerfully, "we'll get it back, if there is any chance at all. Who'd have thought that, floating on the sea, driven by a terrible gale that wrought havoc and woe to many another noble ship besides *The Dane*, would have come that suffering of a sperm-whale, that disease that must have made him lash the sea in fury, bringing wealth and happiness to a reunited family, and the merriest Christmas of their lives?"

While Will White, with his newly acquired, studious habit, as befitted a business man, was looking out "Ambergris" in the dictionary, Phil whispered to Alice, "We will call our eldest girl Amber, dear," whereat she answered, blushing: "How can you, Phil!" And the captain, holding his old wife's hand, began a marvelous tale of the sea. How, in the Indian Ocean, he just missed a mass of ambergris that was picked up by another ship. "Just missed it by——."

His hand went to his pocket for that reliable old time-keeper, and the captain's face saddened.

"Could you tell by this?" said Phil, dropping a package in his lap.

"Phil, you are a magician!" cried the delighted old man. "There's my old chronometer, not hurt a mite; been to New York and back, that's all, and the best Christmas gift I ever had. I'd know it among a thousand—worn a little here, rubbing against my vest, and there's where Alice bit a mark on the case with her first tooth, Phil. It was such an occasion in the family, she had to have the watch."

In all the talk that followed, ending after midnight with a howl of punch and other Yule-tide cheer, the captain frequently pulled out the noble timepiece—not with any idea of hurrying his guests' departure, nor did they imagine it for a moment; in fact, Phil stole furtive glances at that little mark of a first tooth—but just to assure himself that it was really back in his possession.

WAITING.

THROUGH the long level meadows bright with gold,
And past the pool below the cliff's red side,
Where stays awhile the softly flowing tide,
I hear the cuckoo's plaintive story told—
Now far, now soft, now near, as, growing bold,
Closer he comes. Then from the moorland wide
Up springs the lark, strong in his bridegroom pride,
To tell the world that love can ne'er grow cold.
Listen! the south wind cometh from the sea.
Listen! dost hear the springing of the corn?
Dost note how king-cups gild the spreading lea,
Beneath the sunshine of this perfect morn?
Ah! rest awhile; and wait and watch with me,
For here, mid roses, will fair June be born.

A CHILD'S RECOLLECTION OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

BY HENRIETTE CORKRAN.

I WAS a little girl of about seven years of age when I first recollect seeing Mr. Thackeray. We lived then in Paris (my birthplace), as my father was the Paris correspondent of several of the leading English newspapers. My mother's evening receptions were very popular; her *salon* was a rendezvous where the artistic and literary celebrities met in order to converse. Conversation was at that period almost a fine art; men and women (so I have been told, as I was far too young to judge) enjoyed *causerie*; and they knew how to talk. Among the many interesting people who gathered round my father and mother, none made such a vivid impression on my childish imagination as Thackeray. He is the central figure which stands out in bold relief from the dim surroundings. I can distinctly recall the big white head, the spectacles, the rosy face, and the sweet, sunny smile which positively illumined his countenance and made it almost beautiful. I grew even to love the broad, broken nose, and used to wonder how a boy, at any period, could have been so wildly audacious as to punch that feature. I

wondered at the softness and gentleness of his voice and manner, and why so great an author should care to come among us little children in such a simple, friendly way. He had a formidable appearance, being over six feet, and broad in proportion. We children were like pilgrims clustering round the knees of Brobdingnag. Mr. Thackeray was our favorite giant. But evidently he was not too tall, or too great, to take an interest in our childish games. How often has he sat among us, inquiring tenderly about my dolls! He remembered all their names, and had made out a genealogical tree, so that every *poupée* had a distinct history of her own.

One late afternoon, after having told us delightful stories, Mr. Thackeray remarked that he must leave us at once, he was so terribly hungry. We coaxed him to remain, and told him that we really could give him a good dinner.

"There is nothing, my dears, you can give me," he answered, with a funny little sigh; "for I could only eat the chop of a rhinoceros or a slice from an elephant."

"Yes, I tan," exclaimed my three-year-old sister; we saw her disappear into a big cupboard. She emerged, a few seconds after, with a look of triumph on her fat little face, holding in her hands a wooden rhinoceros and an elephant from her Noah's ark, and putting the two animals on a plate, she handed them with great gravity to Mr. Thackeray. Never can I forget the look of delight on the great man's face; how he laughed and rubbed his hands with glee; and then, taking the child up in his arms, kissed her, remarking, "Ah, little rogue, you already know the value of a kiss!"

Then he asked her for a knife and fork, smacked his lips, and pretended to devour both the elephant and the rhinoceros.

Another time when Mr. Thackeray called, we children were in bed. I was the only one not asleep. I had been listening to his pleasant voice, talking to my father and mother in the *salon*, when our bedroom-door was cautiously opened, and in marched Mr. Thackeray, with my mother following him, holding a candle. There were three little iron beds in a row; I saw him smiling at us, and then, putting his hand in his pocket, he murmured, "Now for the distribution of medals!" and chuckling, he deposited on each of our pillows a bright five-franc piece, remarking, "Precious little ones! they will think the fairies have been here."

One afternoon, as I was taking a walk with my father in the Champs-Élysées, we met Mr. Thackeray, and he stopped to have a talk. Some public character was mentioned—I forget who, but evidently some one that Thackeray disliked, for he certainly poured forth a torrent of strong, scathing words. I had never seen him before look angry or speak in a vexed manner, so I was rather frightened. While talking, I noticed that Mr. Thackeray's eyes wandered toward a poor, delicate woman, holding in her arms a little child; she was leaning for support against a tree, and was evidently in great destitution; without making any remark, he walked up to the woman, inquired into her condition, and on learning her troubles slipped into her hand several small silver pieces.

Mr. Thackeray often made us little ones laugh heartily with his droll stories and ways. He one day spied my crinoline, which was on a chair in the nursery, and to my horror put his head through the aperture, and walked into the drawing-room with it round his neck, looking like Michael Angelo's statue of Moses.

"I am an ogre now!" he exclaimed. "Imagine, my dears, that I have a cropped red head, blue eyes, and very, very big *lunettes*!" And forthwith he related to us

wonderful adventures, making us laugh and cry, just as he wished.

A few years later we came to live in London; my father, through no fault of his own, lost a lucrative appointment in Paris; it was a period of much anxiety; my second sister fell dangerously ill. Mr. Thackeray's goodness and kindness to us all were beyond words. He called nearly every day at our house in Thistle Grove, himself bringing delicacies of all sorts to tempt the appetite of my invalid sister. His cook, who was a *cordon-bleu*, had received orders to exert her culinary powers to their utmost, and she made the most exquisite dishes and jellies. I remember a note from Thackeray to my mother, with the words, "A Last Appeal," written in capital letters, begging that the jellies should in the future be made with old sherry, or the best Madeira. The doctor had ordered claret. One day Thackeray walked up to our house carrying a rug of very bright, pleasant and cheerful colors under his arm, which he himself laid down on the floor of my sister's room, thinking it would tend to raise her spirits. With children he was always delightful; with older or with unsympathetic people he could be satirical, cold and cynical. He one day remarked to an acquaintance in my hearing that he only liked "second-rate books, second-rate women, but first-rate wines."

Mr. Thackeray had talent for drawing, but he was never satisfied with any of his achievements. My father called upon him one morning, and found him fretting over a drawing of his own.

"Look!" he said. "Now, G—— (mentioning a clever draughtsman), by a few touches, throwing some light or shadow here and there, would make this a picture. How is it I know not, but I certainly cannot do it at all."

Thackeray sometimes looked worried, and I once heard him say that he suffered from mental depression.

"My number (*Cornhill*) is nearly due, and I cannot make it come!" he exclaimed, tapping his forehead. "Yes, I would like to rest my head in some quiet corner; I had a nice scene this morning, but 'tis all gone, and I cannot call to mind a bit of it now!"

My father, who was full of intellect, which Thackeray fully appreciated, was a shy, dreamy, unobtrusive man, with a great deal of pride and, perhaps, over-sensitiveness. In his time of trouble Thackeray was more than a brother to him. My mother told me that when he heard for the first time of my father's pecuniary loss he was very agitated, and turning to my mother, he asked her what she was going to do.

"I mean to trust to the ravens," she answered.

An expression of pain flitted over the great man's face, but after a few seconds of silence he put his large hand over hers, and in a husky voice said, "And so you may; the ravens are kind friends."

At a large dinner it happened that my father's name was mentioned. Thackeray, who had been very silent, brightened up, and exclaimed: "When Corkran dies, he will go straight to heaven, and all the angels will turn out and present arms to him!"

But William Makepeace Thackeray was beckoned away many years before my father was to join the great majority. His death made a blank which has never been filled up. When great men are called away, the world at large feels their loss, and knows that their places are empty, but still have the works of genius on which to feed, and by which they may remember them; but to those who have loved them, and met them in the easy, kindly intercourse of everyday life, who have received their love and consolations in time of sorrow, and have mingled with their tears and laughter, no one can fill for them the

empty seats, and the heart goes back in longing to the days they were among us.

This is but a rough, inadequate sketch, but to those who cherish his memory, even a passing moment with such a man is worth the most precious place in one's remembrance. Thackeray was not a character to be hit off with a few broad strokes; for there lay underneath the ever-varying surface a deep fountain of tenderness, ever-ready at the call of need and suffering.

His hatred of humbugs and snobs was proverbial, but he loved all that was simple and sincere.

Among guileless, happy children Thackeray was at his best—

'Whose feet are guided thro' the land,
Whose jest among his friends is free,
Who takes the children on his knee,
And winds their curls about his hand.

"He plays with threads, he beats his chair
For pastime, dreaming of the sky—
His inner day can never die,
His night of loss is always there."

A NEW AUSTRALIAN MAMMAL. A POUCHED MOLE.

PROF. E. C. STERLING, of Adelaide University, recently received through Mr. A. Molineux, of Adelaide, a small mole-like animal, which appears to be new to science, and is now in the South Australian Museum. It was found on the Idracowie cattle-station, at a distance, I understand, of about 100 miles from the Charlotte Waters Telegraph Station, on the overland line from Adelaide to Port Darwin; but the exact circumstances of its capture are not yet to hand. The collector, however, reports that it must be of rare occurrence, as on questioning the aborigines of the locality, there was only one old woman who said she had seen it before, and that upon a single occasion.

It is evidently an underground burrowing animal, resembling somewhat the Cape mole (*Chrysochloris*) in its general external appearance, but differing in many respects.

The total length is 13 cm., inclusive of the tail, which is 2 cm. long. The head, relatively shorter than *Chrysochloris*, has a rounded muzzle, the dorsal surface of which is covered by a horny shield. Nostrils transversely slit-like. No eyes visible, the skin passing uninterruptedly over the ocular region; but on reflecting the skin on one side of the face, a small circular pigment-spot is visible, in the position of the eye. No apparent bony orbit. Tongue fleshy, broad at the base, and tapering to a blunt point. No external ears; but the ear-openings distinct, 1 mm. wide, and covered over with fur.

The fore-limbs are short, resembling somewhat those of a mole; but the manus is folded, so that the large nails of the fourth and the fifth digits only are visible, in the natural position of the limbs. Of these nails the fourth is 15 mm. long and of a uniform width of 4 mm., ending very bluntly; the fifth is very slightly shorter than the fourth, broad at the base (8 mm.), tapering rapidly to a blunt point, the two together forming an outline rather like that of a goose-mussel (*Lepa*). The nails of the third, second and first digits, very much smaller, form a series, gradually diminishing in size in the order named, and constitute a second row, on the inside of the fourth and fifth, by which, as stated, they are completely concealed from view. What corresponds to the palm is the cleft between the two rows of digits.

The hind-limbs are also short, with the soles turned

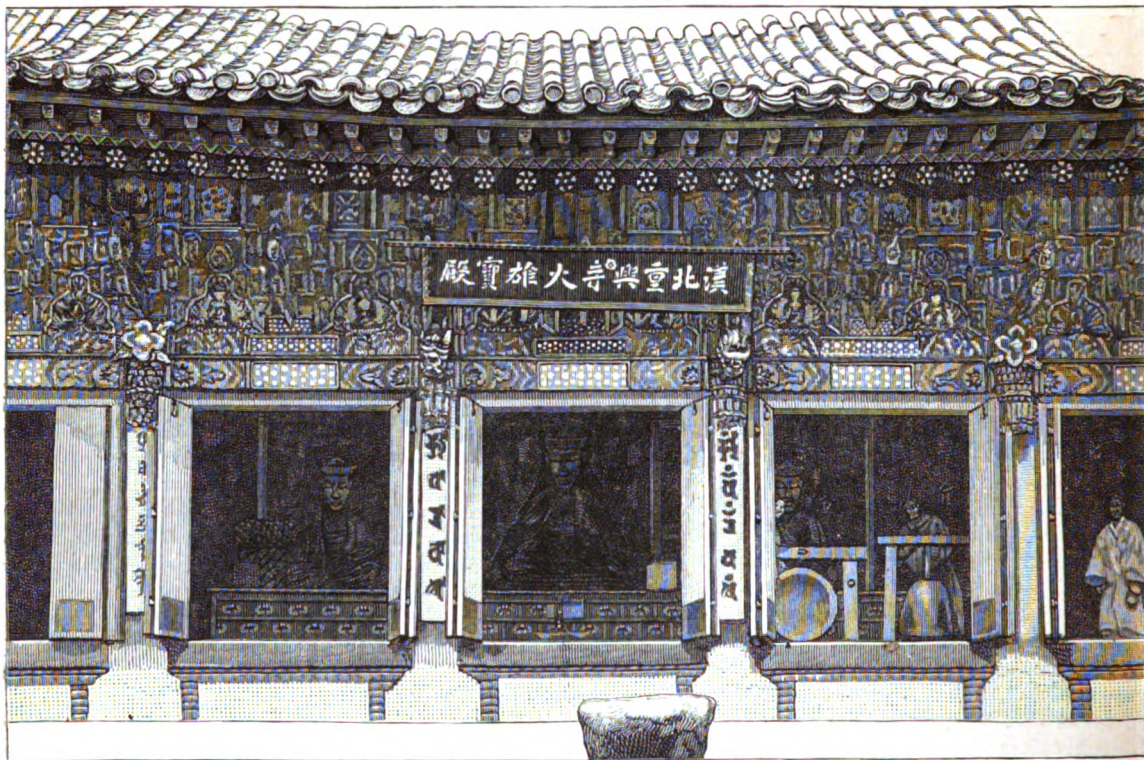
outward. What appears to be the fifth (anterior) digit is very short, with a short, broad and strong nail; the fourth is armed with a long (7 mm.), narrow, curved and sharp claw, while the claws of the third, second and first are broad, flat, rounded at their points, and joined together by a membrane which extends nearly to their points. On the sole there is a hard, elongated, horny tubercle crossing it transversely.

The tail, 2 ctm. long, and 5 mm. wide at the insertion, tapers to 3 mm., and terminates in a knob-like tip.

About 15 mm. in front of the vent (? cloaca) there is a pouch in the integument, about 4 mm. wide, with the opening directed backward, and having a depth in a forward direction of from 4-5 mm. The surface of this

pouch is devoid of hair, but the bare area is surrounded by thick fawn-colored fur with a slightly reddish tint; it is possible, however, that this reddish tint is due wholly, or in part, to some ferruginous-looking sand which is much mixed up with the fur. The body generally, with the exception of the lower two-thirds of the tail, which is bare, is covered with fur of a rather lighter tint.

With regard to the internal parts, it is unfortunate that the specimen came to us completely eviscerated, and in a bad state of preservation generally; but in a small part of the lower bowel, which was left, remains of ants were found. The bowel terminates at a wide vent (? cloaca), and I can find no trace of a separate genital aperture, nor of such openings into the supposed cloaca.



POK-HAN, THE KING'S CITADEL.—THE TEMPLE OF BUDDHA.

POK-HAN, THE KING'S CITADEL.

BY CHARLES CHAILLÉ LONG.

SEOUL, seen in the distance in the bright glare of a sunlit day, with its towering mountains on each side, appears like some colossal castle in air, the jagged cliffs and sharp summits being easily mistaken in one's fancy for the towers and turrets which lose their pointed heads in the clouds above.

Pok-San and Nam-San—as these names indicate, North and South Mountains—are two giant mountains, from whose summits, since five hundred years, unfailing watch-fires have glowed in answering signal, to proclaim the state of peace or war to the people of Chosön. To the north, and behind Pok-San, is a collection of very steep mountains, lying close the one upon the other, their heads bound together as by a crown, formed by a formidable wall which comprises the *enceinte* of Pok-Han, the King's retreat.

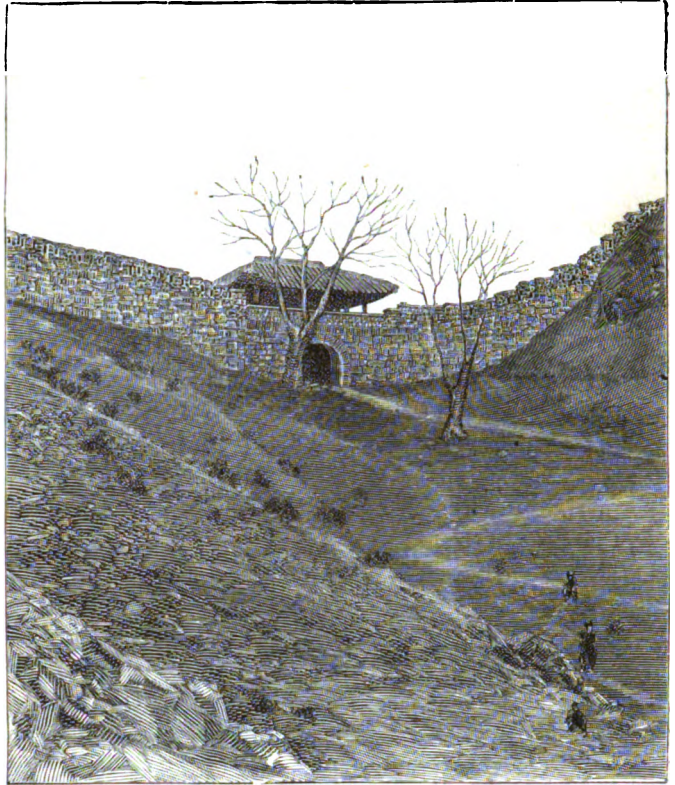
Pok-Han, Song-to, Mun-su-san-Sung and Kwanja are four great mountain fortresses, constructed, it is said, by

King Ni-Taidjo, the founder of the present dynasty, in 1393, and were designed as a retreat for the royal family in case of invasion. Taidjo had been raised to the throne by reason of his conspicuous reputation as a soldier, and, with a view to render his dynasty enduring, his instincts inspired him to the task of building these mountain fortresses, which in their day may have contributed something to the peace of the State. The process of construction was no less novel than the inspiration, and was applied alike to the wall which encircles the capital city itself. The method was simple and inexpensive, and consisted in the King's decree that each person, male or female, going in or out of the city, was obliged to carry a stone of a certain shape and size, and deposit it upon the wall-line. In a country teeming with life and the attractions of a city removed from its former site, the mountain fortresses and the capital walls grew as if by magic. Within the mountain fortresses huge

granaries were constructed, into which, each year, great quantities of rice were stored—are stored, for the custom, begun the morning after the inception of the place, is still continued—and there remains, even now, the arsenals which contain the arms in vogue five hundred years ago, covered with the rust of time; but what a rare treasure for the amateur and the museums of the Occidental world! The garrison, then as now, is composed exclusively of Buddhist priests, who are relegated to the peaceful and isolated service of these mountain fortresses, the Government, in turn, engaging to maintain the priests with so many piculs of rice and the repair of their temples. When these temples, which give evidence of superior construction and elegance, were built, Buddhism was in all its vigor and glory in Corea. The temples, fast falling to decay, portray the decadence alike of their religion. Corea is Buddhistic no longer, but follows with fanatical zeal the worship of ancestors, mixed with a certain veneration for spirits of air and earth, in which the demon of the mountain—a dragon—plays an important rôle.

Seoul is entered by seven great gates; Pok-Han, by thirteen. True, they are not so massive or elaborate, but still they are wonderful structures in their way, and worthy portals of the great, and really marvelous, fortifications.

A little while ago no European had ever been permitted to have a glimpse of Pok-Han, and, indeed, there is ever an air of studied mystery connected with the name. A Corean rarely mentions the word Pok-Han; and if he does, he looks about him as

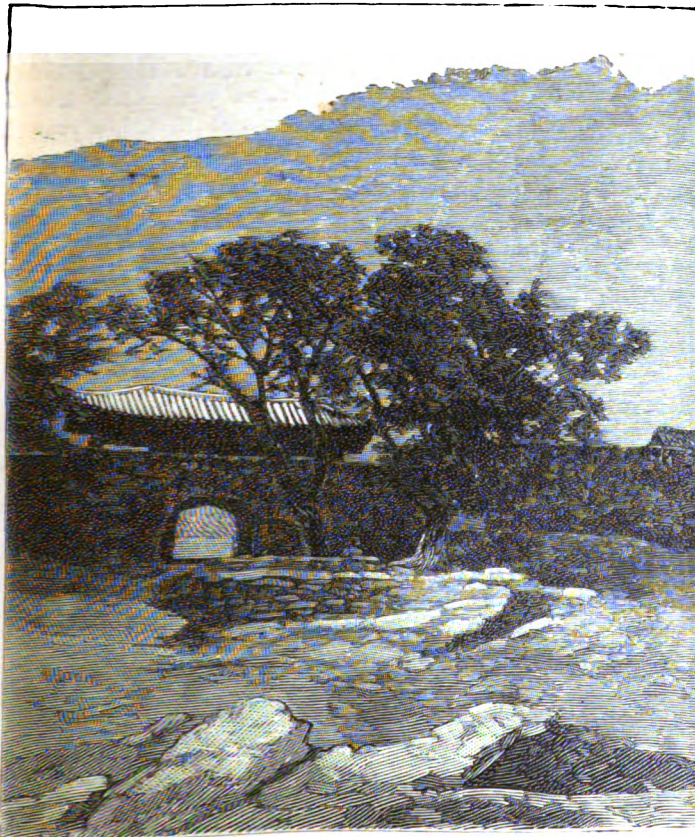


THE SOUTH GATE OF POK-HAN.

if he expected the dragon genii of the place to sit on him for the sacrilege. His Excellency Cho Pyng Sik, the President of His Corean's Majesty's Foreign Office,

courteously presented me, one day, a special permission to visit Pok-Han, with the privilege of inviting a friend; and a few days later, accompanied by my friend Mr. S., well provided with food and servants, which it was necessary to send by a circuitous route, we were enabled to gratify a wish which had been deferred from time to time on account of the ice and snow which, in the Winter season, clothes Pok-Han in an armor so slippery as to make the ascent quite impossible.

Several roads lead to Pok-Han. The one by the west gate of Seoul, flanking the west gate of Pok-Han by a circuitous road, is almost level. By this route we sent our *impedimenta*. The road by the northeast gate is long and somewhat difficult; the north gate is for the King's service only. The northwest gate was open to us; it presented the advantage—so said my friend S., who, by a long residence, knew all of the ins and outs of the city—that it leads through a picturesque valley, and besides, said he, "it will try your legs, for there is a point, a peak, unclimbed by mortal man." "Hello!" I replied, "where is Jules Verne, to write this up? Not only are we to see Pok-Han, but we are to immortalize ourselves as discoverers *ruelle bonne chance!*" My friend Mr. S. was an Englishman, a jolly good fellow, and, one of the first settlers in Corea, was esteemed by the entire European and American colony residents in Seoul. Clad in suits of white flannel, brogans and casques, and alpenstocks in hand, on the morning of the 11th of May we strode, with steps



THE WEST GATE OF POK-HAN.

of conscious endurance, through the crowds of Korean idlers—old women, children and dogs—which blocked the streets, and out of the northwest gate.

The day was intolerably warm, and, pausing for a moment's breath, we took off our coats, in anticipation of a very hot walk. Following the tortuous valley in a north-east direction, we passed great numbers of females—kiln-dried, and ugly beyond description—engaged in washing clothes. "Where," I asked my companion, "are the young girls?" "There are none," S. replied; "they are born old in Corea."

An hour's brisk walk brought us to a point where S., from his topographical knowledge of the place, decided to make a break for the mountain-knob, which, untrod by man, and *ergo* undiscovered, was sufficient to attract my friend. The route was simply awful. It was no longer possible to walk; it was purely a feat of climbing up and sliding down.

To my most earnest expostulation, S. only deigned to make this reply: "But no one has ever been this way before." "What do I care?" I rejoined. "Let me tell you a story. I found myself, one morning, in the spire of the Cathedral of Milan. One of your countrymen had preceded me. On my arrival, taking me, perhaps, for a native, he inquired: 'Can not I go up any further?' 'Why do you want to go any further?' I replied. 'Because,' he said, with a kind of disdainful smile, 'everybody and anybody can come as far as we have.'" S. good-naturedly laughed at my reminiscence, and turning, said: "Now for the mountain." Literally scratching gravel, we toiled up the rough and steep mountain-sides in silence, for we had no breath to waste in words, but were compelled to utilize it in locomotion. Presently we struck a little stream of water, which fell from a spring in the mountain-side, and dashing on the rocks above our heads, covered us with spray. How delightfully cool and pure! What nectar, ye gods! The reader may understand our almost childish glee, as we drank to repletion, when he understands that Seoul is a great slough of filth, and the water of the city, poisoned by infiltration, is always a matter of suspicion. "Is it boiled?" is a question always asked by the Occidental who knows anything about Seoul sewers.

Hurrah! we are nearing the top of one of the highest peaks, which rises just behind the Pok-San. My companion, who is an accomplished hunter, suddenly halts, and, with uplifted knife, hoarsely whispers, "Tiger!" Armed with a common hunting-knife and a Smith & Wesson 32-calibre, fancy, reader, if you will, the prospect of a first introduction to the Korean tiger, the finest and most vigorous of his kind, for his singular and inexplicable induction into Corea from his native jungle has developed, instead of stunting, him, as the naturalist might reasonably hold would be the result. Cautiously creeping forward, I followed my audacious companion to the very mouth of the lair. There certainly was a movement in the crevice of the great boulder before us. This time S.'s face assumed a more serious look. Too late to retreat, there was no help for it, tiger or no tiger—forward!

Creeping on our knees, we at length reached the east side of the great rock, which was open. We saw at the same time—and greatly to our relief, I may also add—a man upon his bended knees, all unconscious of our presence, engaged in solemn prayer. On a rock above his head there was a cup, with no sign of any article of food, nor yet a drop of water. From a servant who carried my camera I learned that the Hermit of the Mountain was a man of great piety; that in early

years he had been rather fast; and that now he was endeavoring by solitude, meditation and prayer to make reparation for the past. Our hermit paid little attention to me whilst I unpacked the camera, yet which, for aught he knew, might have been an instrument of death. But he moved about uneasily when I was in the act of focusing him at his devotions, and consented to bow his head for the consideration of *yang-ban*—150 cash, the equivalent of ten cents—little dreaming that, whilst invoking the shades of his ancestors, he was being handed down to posterity, though flat on his face.

Repacking the camera, and followed by our coolie, we resumed the journey, and, after much toil under a relentless sun, we finally reached the top of a peak which certainly had never before been trodden by man. To S., I said: "We are undoubtedly the first white men on this ground. It is ours. We will give it a name—Long and S. Mountain." S. stopped me there, and begged me not to mention his name, "for," he said, "if you do, I shall have to correspond with all the geographical societies in England, and life will become a horrible *cauchemar*." Our Aneroid barometer marked 1,350 feet above Seoul. On a great rock both S. and myself carved our names, with the aid of the coolie—not without some resistance on the part of S., who was disturbed lest it might be deemed a desecration. "Of whom, pray?" I asked—"the old man of the mountain, or these hills, black with the finger of time? In any case," I added, "my dear fellow, it may serve to amuse some one, perhaps, in the centuries to come, who may be as idle as we have been in climbing, at the risk of our necks, to this vertiginous place. *Cui bono?*" It was now three o'clock, and the journey before us was still painful, as we could see by the precipitous mountain-side which loomed upward to a perpendicular directly in front.

Finally, after much labor, we attained the crest, and, stopping for a rest, looked back at our coolie, who, laden with the camera, was picking his uncertain way along the mountain-ledge by which we had come. *Mirabile!* what a grand and imposing picture presented itself to our gaze! To the south, and toward Seoul, a range of sandstone mountains, the one upon the other, in close proximity, their summits capped by huge bowlders, assumed almost every shape, human and diabolical, as if fashioned by the hand of man. Beyond the Pok-San, over whose heights the city wall could be clearly defined, the City of Seoul nestled in the valley which lay between Nam-San in the south, picturesque and romantic, as if the city were built in stone and tile, rather than of straw and a slum of filth. Distance, indeed, lends enchantment to the view. In front of us, to the south, a deep gorge opened a passageway to the great south gate of Pok-Han, which looked down into the dark abyss of 2,000 feet, grand, gloomy and peculiar. The effect was startling, and brought to the imagination some idea of the ideal gate of the Inferno.

An hour's climb brought us to the gate, and there, notwithstanding the fast declining sun, I unfolded my camera, and taking position upon the narrow pathway along the right side of the gorge, succeeded, after a long exposure, in obtaining the picture presented. Near by was a temple to Buddha, and the high-priest, a well-shaven and shorn and well-fed man, came out, followed by his neophytes; and after the most extravagant expression of salutation and delight, proceeded in a most familiar way to examine my photographic apparatus, the like of which he had never before seen. He insisted upon having a look at the picture, and failing to make him comprehend my explanation, that it could only be

seen after certain manipulations, I am sure—by the significant twinkle in his eyes, half hid in the great rolls of fat that threatened to close his optics altogether—he attributed my refusal to some necromantic art with which photography is connected in the mind of the Oriental generally. Bidding the priest and his people "Adieu," we hastened to enter the great south gate, and there a scene awaited us which defies description. Was the gate to the Inferno a mere fancy? This, at any rate, was the Inferno! The darkness was not so great that we could not perceive the outlines of the great wall, which, like a serpent, ran its course along the crest of the mountains, which seemed pinned the one to the other, descending the mountain-sides, or climbing to the crest and over it, binding them together with its huge coil. Thirteen gates, at intervals, pierced the inclosure, while here and there on the summits of the mountains were turrets, which served as lookouts, commanding the whole. Across the valley, in order to strengthen its defenses, interior lines of walls had been run, and these, also, were pierced by gates with double iron doors. Suddenly the darkness fell upon the mountain and shut out the light, save down in the yawning cavern below, out of which sprang these black and time-burnt mountain sentries; then a flood of light streamed in from the sun, that had not yet set, which, piercing the gloom, caused it to glow like the eye of hell in the shadows which enveloped all else. Finally S. said: "This won't do. We must hurry down; but, by Jove! isn't it a grand spectacle? We must get to cover; and I don't know how you feel, but I'm very hungry."

Carefully descending, guided by our coolie, who was familiar with the way, we finally reached the valley, and thence along a narrow path we came upon the priests, who had been expecting us since several hours, and who had received notice to prepare for our reception by the courteous Mr. Cho. Under their care, we were conducted to a *yamen* destined for the use of guests. Needless to say that our advent was the signal for the whole priestly population to turn out. They are no exception to the rule in Corea, curiosity being a national characteristic. This trait alone led Corea to make a treaty with the Occidental Powers. Once her curiosity is satisfied, she will long for the peace and isolation enjoyed when she was the "Hermit Nation."

Almost immediately after our arrival, the chief-priest brought us with his own hands a bounteous repast of Corean chow; but I declined, and so did my companion. We simply didn't like it, and past experience told me that the horrible sufferings endured in order to be polite with Orientals, by gorging one's self with unpalatable food, is so much time thrown away. Perhaps a man seeking some *position sociale* among the Orientals may have eaten his way into office; in fact, I know a few who have done so; but neither S. nor myself were office-seekers, so we preferred to wait for our dinner, which our servants, arrived some time before us, were busily engaged in preparing. S. and I had ravenous appetites, but the European fashion of eating must seem a dainty and tame affair compared to the Corean *modus*, for the latter takes into his *gueule* at one time a small donkey-load of rice, and the belching which follows, although considered quite an accomplishment, is in fact a necessity which relieves the pain of gluttony. The Arab, as well as the Turk, is a belcher also. It is needless to say that we slept soundly that night. In the morning, much to our regret, the sky was overcast, and later a rain set in which lasted all day.

The priests, in order to afford us occupation, invited

us to their temple, and there we sat and listened to their intonative prayers and ringing of bells, which went on hour after hour. Whilst S. and I smoked and chatted away, the priests kept up their eternal mutterings, looking at us from time to time to note the effect. They seemed delighted at their success, for we managed to look highly interested in the show, which at first was interesting by reason of its novelty, but finally became very monotonous. We contributed to the repair of the temple our mite, for the plea was presented to us on arrival that a donation would be acceptable, and as there was no help for it we paid it gracefully.

The following morning (the 12th) the rain had abated, but the clouds were still dark and lowering. Notwithstanding the absence of the necessary light, I unfolded my camera and undertook to take a picture of the temple, and for this purpose posed the priest and his aids in ceremony. The result, although not as satisfactory as desired, will serve to give the reader an idea of one of the richest temples in Corea, although fast going to decay.

Further on I was able to secure another picture from the ledge of the highest peak in Pok-Han, and which is here presented, although it does not convey to the reader a just idea of the lofty heights. A short distance away, where the valley makes a slight curve from its regular direction east and west, there is a lovely, romantic spot, filled with memorial tablets, not to the dead, but the living—stones upon which are written the good deeds of those who have captured the good-will of the rude people of the valley. The picture taken of this scene, I regret to say, doubtless captured the affections of the photographer in Japan, where I sent them to be printed, and has disappeared from the collection—as, indeed, is the case of the interior gate, which has shared the same fate. This is one of the many pains to which the amateur photographer is surely destined.

Continuing our walk westward along the mountain-stream which brawled onward, falling into cascades now and again as it foamed over some bowlder which barred its way, we reached the west gate, where, surrounded by guards, we became an object of great amazement—even of fear—as they watched me from the gate. "Shoot the gate, will he?" they asked; but, reassured by our coolie, who laughed immoderately, they soon overcame their timidity and begged to be photographed. Unfortunately, it began to drizzle, and the darkness compelled me to decline. Retracing our steps, we arrived back at the temple about noon. My feet were much chafed, by reason of our severe tramp from Seoul. Even S. was "tired out completely," as he termed it. The honors of the journey were easy. Tiffin finished about one o'clock, and there being little prospect of a let-up in the weather, the proposition to return to Seoul was no sooner made than acted upon. In a twinkling, pots, pans and boxes were packed, and before our host, the high-priest, could well take in our design, we had packed the ponies off by the west gate, and turning to the direction from whence we had come, bade our friend good-by and proceeded on our journey. Arriving at the gate, I could not resist an attempt to catch the scene, with my camera, behind us, in spite of the rain and mist. It was not, however, a success. Once outside, the priests besieged us to tarry a while with them, and wished to be photographed. The route before us, however, was long, and although descending was less difficult, it would tax our energies and animals to get within the city gates before they closed.

For a fact, the bell at Chong-No was tolling its warning, and the fifes and drums were beating the retreat,

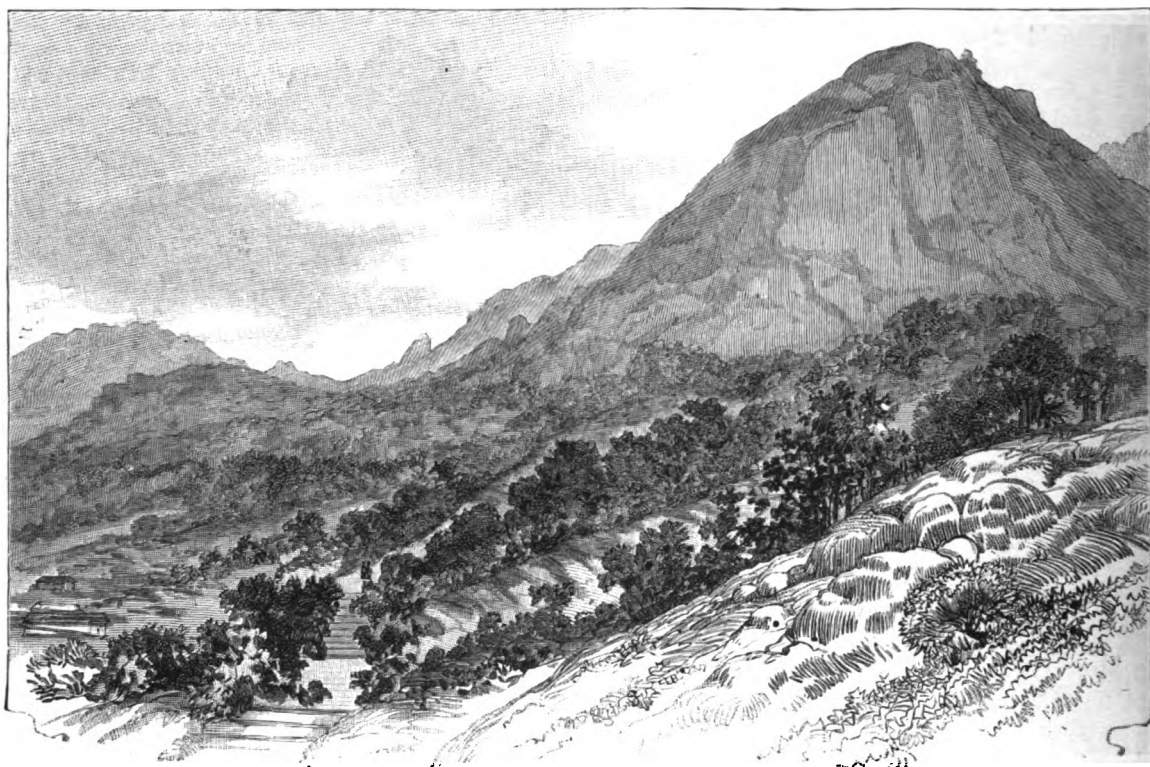
when we entered the north gate, and thence took it along leisurely through the narrow streets, glad enough to be back, but disgusted with the foul odor which assailed our olfactories, regaled since three days with the fresh, pure air of Pok-Han.

Leaving S. at the corner of a street which took him in another direction to his home, I turned, with my coolie in the lead, toward my own house, and turning in almost immediately after my arrival, I was soon in the land of sleep, in which I still heard the tinkle of bells and also listened to the muttered prayers of the soldier-priests in the mountain fortress of Pok-Han, by far the most extraordinary and curious place I had seen in the Land of the Morning Calm.

PERHAPS the most marvelous narrative of an escape from an eruption ever recorded is that given in a letter

and buried in the sand to the depth of ten or eleven feet. It is difficult to conceive anything more terrible than these huge red-hot bowlders thundering through the air, and crashing down in an overwhelming storm of destruction upon the ground below. Volcanic eruptions do not kill like floods, but they affect the imagination far more forcibly. They strike a chord of horror in every sense.

MORE than forty years ago, the brothers Rogers, in working out the geology of Pennsylvania, first showed what are the essential features in the structure of great mountain-ranges. They describe with great clearness the succession of great folds, "the axis-planes" of which had been pushed over into a nearly horizontal position; and others in which, by a still further movement, fracture had taken place along the axis-plane of the folds, leading to the upper limbs of the heeled-over and compressed arches being driven bodily for vast distances over the lower



VIEW FROM POK-HAN.—SEE PAGE 28.

from a Mr. Narlian, describing a volcanic outburst in the Lipari Islands on August 3d. Mr. Narlian and his children were in their home, on the watch for the eruption. They had, however, retired to bed for a short rest, when red-hot stones, none less than two feet in diameter, began to fall in showers upon the house. Very soon one came crashing through the ceiling a few yards from Mr. Narlian and his children. Upon attempting to fly, they found great difficulty in opening the doors of the shaking house, and in the veranda a stone fell actually at their feet, burning the children's legs. None, however, touched them, and they reached the shore in safety; though before they could get there the whole country had been set on fire, and "huge bowlders and stones were literally raining everywhere." Panic-stricken men had seized their only boat, and they had to wait for several hours till help came from one of the neighboring islands. On revisiting his home, Mr. Narlian found the whole neighborhood strewn with huge bowlders—one of them thirty feet in diameter,

limbs. They described one of these exaggerated reversed faults or overthrusts in Pennsylvania as extending along a line twenty miles in length, with a displacement of five miles, while another similar rent was traced in Virginia for a distance of over eighty miles. Henry Rogers saw clearly how these great dislocations enable us to explain the "fan-structure" and other remarkable appearances that had been described by De Saussure, Studer, and other pioneers in the study of Alpine geology; while James Hall, Dana, Vose, and other American geologists, found in the structure of the Appalachians a key to the problem of the origin of mountain-chains. The light thrown upon the structure of mountain-chains by the study of the Appalachians soon began to influence geologists of the Old World. Lory, Baltzer, Heim, and others, showed that in Dauphiny and in Switzerland "over-folding" and "over-faulting" are the great characteristics of Alpine structure, and they added much to our knowledge of the causes by which these structures are produced.



A CHRISTMAS CRISIS.—“HER TREMBLING HANDS WERE IN THE SQUIRE’S, AND—YES—HIS FIRM ARM WAS AROUND HER, WHEN THE DOOR BURST OPEN, AND THE NEXT MINUTE MRS. SPAULDING’S DAUGHTERS HAD THEIR ARMS AROUND HER WAIST, MR. BUCHANAN PRUDENTLY WITHDRAWING HIS OWN.”

Vol. XXVII., No. 1—3.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

Ring out, O bells!—ring silver-sweet o'er hill and moor and fell!
In mellow echoes let your chimies their hopeful story tell.
Ring out, ring out, all-jubilant, this joyous, glad refrain:
"A bright New Year, a glad New Year, hath come to us again!"

Ah, who can say how much of joy within it there may be
Stored up for us, who listen now to your sweet melody?
Good-by, Old Year! Tried, trusty friend, thy tale at last is told.
O New Year, write thou thine for us in lines of brightest gold.

The flowers of Spring must bloom at last, when gone the
Winter's snow;
God grant that after sorrow past we all some joy may know.
Though tempest-tossed our bark awhile on Life's rough waves
may be,
There comes a day of calm at last, when we the Haven see.

Then ring, ring on, O pealing bells! there's music in the sound.
Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and wake the echoes round,
The while we wish, both for ourselves and all whom we hold dear,
That God may gracious be to us in this the bright New Year!

A CHRISTMAS CRISIS.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

FOLLETSBURG was piled high with snow. Doorsteps were inundated, and fences were nowhere. No sooner had snowplows dug down to pavements, and discouraged heads of houses unearthed front walks, than a fresh snow-storm went grimly on with the apparent work of obliteration.

At Mrs. Spaulding's, on Eagle Street, nobody seemed to mind the weather. There was an atmosphere of cheer and jollity at Mrs. Spaulding's. She and her two pretty daughters, and her half-dozen boarders, were like a numerous but warm-hearted family; which was the more remarkable since Mrs. Spaulding took boarders for the candid purpose of making money, and not because she actually didn't know what to do with such a big house, or because it really amused her to fuss about in the kitchen.

Mrs. Spaulding's dining-room, on a snowy evening early in Christmas week, was cheerfulness itself. Mrs. Spaulding—handsome Mrs. Spaulding!—was carving a fowl at the head of the table. At its foot, Miss Malvina Spaulding poured the tea and coffee, and it was the firm opinion of the three young men boarders that she looked like a goddess as she did it, with her sweet dark eyes and her shining black braids. And half way down the table, Miss Nancy Spaulding dished the vegetables. And of Miss Nancy the young men boarders thought—what do *all* young men think of fair faces with pink cheeks, and gayly flirtatious blue eyes, and any amount of blonde bangs?

"No tomatoes for me, Miss Nancy," said Mr. Buchanan—a widower and respected Folletsburg justice, who had boarded with Mrs. Spaulding from her opening day—with a smiling wave of the hand. "Give them to Mr. Gale—Gale looks hungry."

"You're right, squire," said Gale, briskly; "I'm nearly famished. Thank you, Miss Nancy."

"I don't know what you've done to make you hungry," said little Mr. Durfee, looking up at him in the manner of a mouse at a lion, his always plaintive expression—produced by the conjunction of his thin little pale eyebrows in a point above his nose—just now intensified by a real pathos. "If you'd been adding up figures till your head was ready to split, I could understand your being hungry."

Little Durfee was bookkeeper in a wholesale grocery; but Gale—what was Gale? He had burst upon Folletsburg and Mrs. Spaulding eight weeks ago, from somewhere in the next State. It was vaguely rumored that he was a lawyer. But what had he come for? Folletsburg had no special attractions. Had he come for the express purpose of reading the papers, and strolling down-town when he felt like it, and sitting around the parlor and looking handsome? Little Durfee, for one, took him as a personal insult.

"My appetite's always on tap," said Gale, good-humoredly. "Yes; three lumps, please, Miss Spaulding," he added, bending his fine eyes smilingly upon her. And Malvina smiled back as she put in the three lumps.

"The young," said Mrs. Spaulding, graciously, and yet with the undercurrent of anxiety which had marked her of late—for what true mother would there not be some concern in the case of two attractive daughters and three strongly admiring young men?—"the young have good appetites."

"Now, Mrs. Spaulding," cried the third young man, gayly, his bright and daring eyes upon Mrs. Spaulding's finely ample form, "don't tell us you haven't one!"

This was Sammy Houston—a brisk young fellow, quick-witted, genial and highly popular, whom the Tool and Hoe Works had imported from somewhere, a year or so back, and given a clerkship, but who energetically—ridiculously, little Durfee considered—raised his salary by taking an occasional hand in the Works, and coming home with scratched hands and daubs of machine-grease on his clothes.

"No, ma, don't pretend that," Nancy gleefully supplemented. "Appearances are against you, ma."

"At least," said Sammy, thoughtfully, "there's no immediate danger of fatal results from Mrs. Spaulding's lack of appetite."

"What are these insinuations?" Gale asked. "Mrs. Spaulding is ethereal; who dares to breathe a syllable to the contrary?"

"Not I," said Sammy; "I deny the allegation, and refute the alligator. Mrs. Spaulding is a mere shadow."

"Let ma alone!" cried Malvina, with helpless laughter.

Mrs. Spaulding, now engrossed in the chicken, smiled blandly upon them all.

"Young people have spirits as well as appetites, Mrs. Spaulding," said the squire, attacking his plate.

"I could sometimes wish that they had less," said Miss Sylvester, in the sharp little voice which seemed somehow to match little Durfee's eyebrows. Miss Sylvester compressed her lips, and appeared to draw in her cheeks as she said it—cheeks which had lost some of the bloom which they might have had some few—surely not a dozen—years ago.

"Oh! have you a headache, Miss Sylvester?" said Nancy, with pretty sympathy.

"A headache?" Gale echoed, emphatically. "You don't take exercise enough, Miss Sylvester. You ought to take long tramps—say, five or six miles a day. That would brace you up!"

"Or, Miss Sylvester," said Sammy, solicitously, "take blue mass, or a hot foot-bath. Have you tried that—a hot foot-bath?"

"I am perfectly well," said Miss Sylvester, with a severity impaired by bewilderment.

"Oh, dear me," said Sammy, in meek apology.

"I beg your pardon," Gale murmured.

If Malvina and Nancy faintly smiled, it was not observable. Certainly Miss Sylvester, who felt herself entitled to respect as the recipient of a comfortable

income from a neat principal, would never have suspected it.

The talk rattled gayly on. Gale was in high and humorous spirits; Sammy was mildly hilarious, and Malvina and Nancy—how *could* they have been otherwise?—were sweetly and brightly responsive.

Mr. Buchanan listened with serenely indulgent smiles. Little Durfee, who could not say funny things, and suffered an embittered envy of people who could, preserved a gloomy silence and pretended not to hear. Miss Sylvester looked a sharp disapproval, and ate more than her usual number of pickles.

But Mrs. Spaulding—the burden of doubt and merriment was Mrs. Spaulding's.

Whither was it tending?—and what would be the outcome? Were they serious?—did they truly care for the girls? She knew that young men were careless and gay. And how was it? Did Mr. Gale like Malvina, or Nancy? Was Mr. Houston in love with both of them?—it looked so; or with only one?—and which one? Was Mr. Durfee thinking of them, too? Even though the intentions of each and all were the most honorable, were they strictly desirable? Could she peacefully see Nancy or Malvina the wife of a tool-and-hoe-works clerk, or a slender-salaried wholesale-grocery bookkeeper, or a young man whose occupation was dubious—who was a mystery? She blamed herself for having received Mr. Gale. And the girls, did they care for them?—and which care for which?—or did they both like the same one—or all of them?

Perhaps Mr. Buchanan divined her state of mind. At any rate, he looked sympathetic; and he made the depth of the snow an excuse for not going down-town that evening—just as all the others did; and when Mrs. Spaulding came into the back parlor at eight o'clock, as rosy and charming as a girl, from the warmth of the kitchen, she found him there, with an evening paper. Nancy and Malvina and Miss Sylvester and the three young men were in the front parlor, and a lively hubbub rendered his opening remark wellnigh inaudible.

"They're enjoying themselves," he said, smilingly, and laid down his paper and exchanged his seat for the sofa at Mrs. Spaulding's side. "Your daughters are lovely girls," he continued, warmly. "I can understand all your anxieties. Lovely girls!"

It was by no means the first time he had expressed his approval of the girls. Mrs. Spaulding looked at him with the dawn of a new and startling idea.

A small cyclone of laughter came from the other room; Nancy and Sammy Houston were shadowing old men and pigs on the wall. Miss Sylvester was relaxing, and the angle formed by little Durfee's eyebrows was less acute.

"I am anxious," Mrs. Spaulding admitted, with a note of severity in her gentle voice. Mr. Buchanan was fifty, if a day; did he realize that?

"And your sole relief," said Mr. Buchanan, decisively, "is in their marriage."

Nancy had produced a pig of exceptional qualities, and he smiled admiringly.

"I hope to see them comfortably settled," said Mrs. Spaulding, absently.

She gave herself, with her usual calm patience, to the just consideration of Mr. Buchanan as a son-in-law.

"There will probably be no difficulty about *that*," Mr. Buchanan declared, his smile widening and his appreciative eyes on—was it Malvina or Nancy? Mrs. Spaulding, looking at his still handsome person, and reflecting upon his high attainments and his irreproachable character—

Mrs. Spaulding felt her surprised disfavor diminishing. But—was it Nancy or Malvina? She was lost in an infinite maze of helpless wonderings.

Malvina had gone to the piano on Sammy Houston's arm, and was playing a waltz; and Miss Sylvester was waltzing—actually waltzing—with Mr. Gale; and Nancy with little Durfee, the top of whose head was on a level with her glowing eyes; Sammy Houston flew about the room by himself, his arms extended, with a smile of maudlin tenderness, about an imaginary partner. Mr. Buchanan looked on enjoyingly, and Mrs. Spaulding took a somewhat decisive step.

"Won't you go in?—won't you join them?" she said, encouragingly; and rose, flushed with her effort.

The squire rose also, with alacrity, and offered his arm.

"We'll make believe that we are thirty years or so younger," he said, jovially. "We'll go back to the days—"

He stopped in abrupt astonishment as his landlady went on and out at the hall-door. He hesitated for some time, but finally went in. And when Mrs. Spaulding passed through the back parlor, later on, he was trying to learn how to polka, with Nancy as instructress.

Sammy Houston, Gale and little Durfee went up-stairs at eleven o'clock, reluctantly. Gale and little Durfee paused on the upper landing; but Sammy laid his hands on their coat-collars.

"Come on up," he commanded; and carried them up to his modest little room on the third floor back.

"Make yourselves comfortable," he said—he would have shown the same genial hospitality in a garret—and seated himself on the washstand, in order to leave the one chair and the bed to his guests.

"What's the programme?" said Gale, taking possession of the latter, his elbow in the pillow-sham.

"Conversation," said Sammy, swinging his legs.

"Good!" said Gale. "I'll open. Theme—inspiring theme—the fascinating daughters of our landlady."

"You can't have 'em both!" Sammy exclaimed. "Take your choice."

"All right: Miss Nancy," said Gale, with a grin.

"You act as though you owned them," little Durfee interposed, with some fierceness. "You may get left on that."

"You don't mean, Mr. Durfee," cried Gale, in terror-stricken tones, "that you are going to enter the ring—as it were—against us? Take it back, Durfee—give us a chance!"

Little Durfee, divided between faint suspicion and complacence, coughed. Sammy coughed too.

"I hadn't an idea of it, Durfee," Gale went on, supplicatingly. "I thought—we've all thought—that you were dead in love with Miss Sylvester."

Little Durfee blankly stared.

"Well, pray excuse me," Gale apologized, with humility. "I thought—we've all thought—that your attentions to her were serious. I'm sorry for her," he added, feelingly. "And let me warn you seriously, Durfee, not to go on with it. It's cruel!"

Durfee's small face expressed at once lost bewilderment and struggling gratification.

"I haven't paid her any attention," he gasped.

"No attention?" Gale repeated, ironically. "What do you call your behavior at the table? You sit next her—"

"Mrs. Spaulding put me there," said little Durfee, open-mouthed.

"And you attend to her devotedly. Don't deny it, Durfee; devotedly. You pass everything—"



HISTORIC COACHES.—ROYAL FRENCH COACH, 1782.—SEE PAGE 39.

"Why, I have to do that," little Durfee stammered.

"There are different ways of passing things," said Gale, with some sternness. "You're a sad case, Durfee! And you'll end by breaking her heart."

Little Durfee smiled a feeble deprecation. But his eyebrows had lowered themselves until they were almost as level as anybody's.

"If I stood in your boots, Durfee," said Sammy, from the washstand, "it strikes me—what's the matter with Miss Sylvester, anyhow? She's—er—she's got a good nose," he concluded, persuasively.

"And she is the possessor of an income—an income," said Gale, impressively. Little Durfee looked impressed.

"And an income in a world of precarious clerkships—well!"

Gale dismissed the subject with a wave of the hand. But little Durfee looked gratified and speculative.

"We must sound Durfee on the

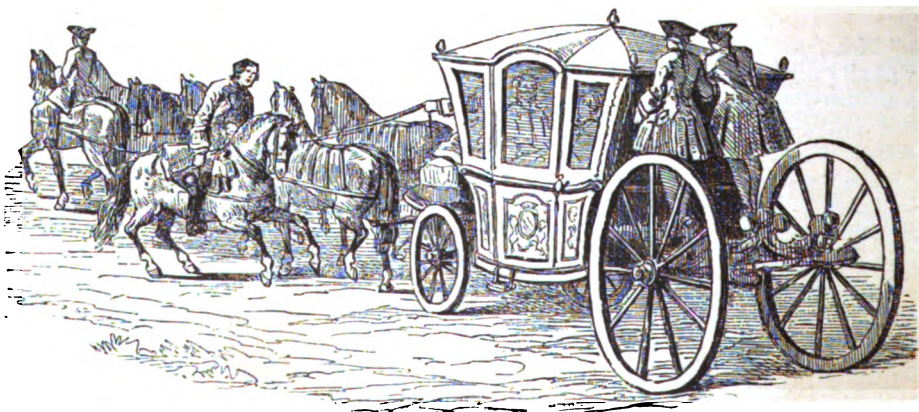
sleigh-ride scheme," said Sammy, as the former half an hour later; the wholesale grocery demanded early attendance. "We're thinking of having our know—you and Miss Sylvester, Miss Spaulding, Miss Nancy, Gale and myself. How does it strike you? We're going to get a bob-sled—straw and soapstone—buffalo-ropes, regular Way-Back style—and go to Perry and have some oysters, and home by moonlight—eh? Of course you'll invite Miss Sylvester, wouldn't you go a rod for Gale or me?"

Little Durfee smiled.

"Christmas Night, you know," said Gale, as he closed the door. Gale staid two hours longer.

Folk in the city were something less of a ghost on Christmas Night. The streets were passable, and front paths were beginning to stay shoveled.

It was fine weather for sleighing. All day long on the festal



COACH OF FRENCH KING'S HOUSEHOLD.

May the jingle of bells pealed forth, and flying black and green and yellow cutters gave jolly glimpses of masculine heads with reddened ears sticking out from inefficient mufflers, and glowing feminine faces in red, white and blue hoods.

And the evening? It was enough to make those miserable creatures who had no prospect of a sleigh-ride weep with anguish. The great yellow moon in a tarry sky, with the snowy roads lying white under it; the myriad tracks of sleigh-runners shining with silvery glints; the trees, still lightly laden with the last snow-flakes, casting motionless, clear-cut shadows; the far and near tinkling of fleeing bells; the gleeful echoes.

radiant in a cloudy, pale-blue "fascinator," was too pretty to look at unwinkingly. Miss Sylvester's charms could not be fairly judged; all that was visible of her was the end of her nose protruding from a brown veil, her additional wrappings being a quilted hood, a red nubia, a beaver cloak, a waterproof cape and a green shawl.

"You won't be out late?" Mrs. Spaulding pleaded.

She was in a state of keen anxiety. The past week, except to thicken the cloud which encompassed her, had brought no change—no light—no solutions. Her perplexities were heightened and intensified. She was as near to despair and loss of faith in mankind—young mankind—as was possible to her usual strength and calmness.



HISTORIC COACHES.—THE COACH IN WHICH LOUIS XVI. AND MARIE ANTOINETTE WERE CONDUCTED BACK TO PARIS, DURING THE REVOLUTION.—SEE PAGE 39.

Mrs. Spaulding stood upon the front steps, at eight o'clock, with a shawl over her head; and Mr. Buchanan, his collar turned up and his arms folded for warmth, stood beside her. At the gate, a long "bob"-tailed, two-jingling horses, and a driver in a sheepskin overcoat, stood out blackly against a bright background. Sammy Houston, Gale and little Durfee scuttled up and down the walk with blankets and shawls, hot bricks and sissing soapstones. In the hall, Miss Sylvester and Malvina and Nancy fluttered about, in the region of the mirror. Certainly Malvina, in a soft white hood with pink bows, her cheeks as pink, and her dark eyes smilingly alight, had never looked lovelier; and Nancy, her blonde face

"No, no, ma," said Malvina, with a tender arm about her neck. "If you don't want us to go, ma, dear——"

"Not go?" cried Sammy Houston, pausing before them in tragic posture. "We'll bring them home at nine o'clock—half-past eight—anything!"

"There, ma," said Nancy, soothingly.

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Buchanan, with smiling derision; "you'll forget your poor mother's existence, and come home at three o'clock."

He pinched Nancy's shrouded ear. But to worried Mrs. Spaulding there seemed a note of dissatisfaction, of jealousy, beneath his lightness.

"All aboard!" cried Gale, slapping his dog-skinned

hands ardently; and he strode down the walk with Nancy and Miss Sylvester on either arm. Little Durfee followed with Malvina, and Sammy formed a solitary vanguard. A babel of squeals and giggles, and a sharper jingle of the bells, and the bob-sled was merrily speeding away.

Mr. Buchanan followed his landlady in, closed the door, and followed her into the parlor. There was a subdued excitement in his manner. He stood at the grate for a moment, his coattails under his arms; he walked around a lampstand, and finally sat down on the piano-stool, rubbing his hands.

"I've been wanting to speak to you, Mrs. Spaulding," he said; he looked flushed and intent. "I've been wanting to for some time. I can't believe you are unaware of—of what I want to say, Mrs. Spaulding. I——"

Mrs. Spaulding gave a little distressed gasp. She was not aware. But what could she say? It was not necessary, nowadays, to appeal to the parents and guardians. How could she answer him for Malvina?—or Nancy?—she did not even know whether it was Malvina or Nancy. She got up hurriedly.

"Yes, yes," she murmured; "but I don't know—I can't tell you—you must ask the girls, Mr. Buchanan; you must go to them."

She looked at him, in gentle apology, as she fluttered hastily from the room.

Mr. Buchanan stared after her in a literal petrification of shocked amazement.

The bob-sled was spinning along a mile up the road. The people who rushed to their windows, startled by the bells and the trail of mirthful sounds, were certain it was having a good time.

One glance at it—one glance, and one whisper of the murmured undercurrent which kept gently inaudible pace with the stream of gayety—would have set Mrs. Spaulding's harassed heart at peaceful rest, would have stilled her every doubt.

"You couldn't have had a lovelier night, Mr. Gale," Malvina was saying, with soft enthusiasm. She was in a cozy corner of the sled, tucked up in a buffalo-robe, which tucked in Gale also, in an intoxicating nearness necessitated by its limits.

"I couldn't have had a lovelier night," Gale repeated, "nor—nor a lovelier——"

He looked straight into Malvina's dark eyes. She bit her red underlip in smiling reproach. He tucked the robe a little closer.

"Seven miles further, isn't it?" he murmured. "I wish it was seventy—seven hundred!"

"Dear me!" said Malvina, demurely. "Why, Mr. Gale?"

"You know," Gale declared; "don't you?—don't you?"

"How fast we're going!" said Malvina, sweetly. "We will be there before we know it."

"I shall know it," said Gale, gloomily. "Are you comfortable?"

He reached around for purposes of superfluous tucking, and his groping hand encountered Malvina's—and lingered—and pressed it.

"Oh! Mr. Gale," she murmured, withdrawing it; but Gale looked triumphant.

"You're sure you're warm, Miss Nancy?" Sammy Houston queried, his muffled head close to her blue fascinator.

"Warm?—I'm suffocating!" Nancy responded. "I believe you'd like to smother me."

"Yes; this way," Sammy rejoined, with a slight but significant movement of his arms. "Yes, I should."

"Mr. Houston!" said Nancy, frowning.

"Mr. Houston!" Sammy repeated, dismally. "Don't call me that—Nancy! Don't, Nancy!"

"Behave yourself!" Nancy commanded.

"But you won't?—say you won't?" he implored.

"I've always understood," said Nancy, coolly, "that your name is Houston. If I've been mistaken——"

"Oh, if you like the name so much," said Sammy, promptly. "I like it myself; I like it better than Spaulding. Don't you, Nancy?"

"Behave yourself," said Nancy, faintly.

Miss Sylvester, under a blanket and with a soapstone at each foot, was looking up at the moon. The expression of her face—more properly, at the end of her nose—was sentimental.

"How beautiful!" she sighed.

Little Durfee was not strongly sentimental, at best. He said, "Yeup!"

"It was a delightful idea of yours," said Miss Sylvester. "Young people can't get together too often for social enjoyment."

"Nop," said little Durfee. He was vaguely speculating as to Miss Sylvester's income. Was there enough of it to support two comfortably?

"And everything is so nicely arranged!" said Miss Sylvester; "so delightfully!"

Little Durfee assented. He was dazzled by the mere thought of the possibility of giving up the wholesale grocery. He could see himself strolling in occasionally and patronizing the cashier, whom he hated. He would call him Jones. He might even call him Jonesy.

"We shall be dreadfully late getting home!" said Miss Sylvester. "Shockingly—sha'n't we?"

"Mebbe," little Durfee responded. He did not think that Miss Sylvester was more than seven or eight years older than he was.

"Mercy!" said Miss Sylvester, with a flutter of enjoyment.

The moon rose higher and whiter; a faint breeze, summery in its mildness, moved the silhouetted shadows of the trees. The undercurrent grew stronger. The driver, who had been married so long that his courting-days were the vaguest remembrance—the driver wondered whether they were all asleep.

When Mrs. Spaulding went into the parlor, at her usual early hour the next morning, to see to its proper condition before she went down to attend to breakfast, she found Mr. Buchanan standing in the centre of the room. The fact was in itself surprising, since the squire was rarely up so early; and the squire's appearance was startling. He was flushed and agitated, and his commonly neat apparel was disarranged.

"Mr. Buchanan!" his landlady faltered.

"Mrs. Spaulding," he rejoined, unsteadily. He rubbed his hair back with a trembling hand. "Will you sit down?" he requested. Mrs. Spaulding sat down. He took a chair close to her.

"I—I am afraid I have been worse than foolish," he began, with strong emotion; "I am afraid I have done an irreparable wrong. Mrs. Spaulding, have you seen the girls?"

"I looked into their room," said their mother, with a beating heart; "they were sound asleep. What——"

"I am prepared for anything you may say to me," said Mr. Buchanan, taking out his handkerchief to wipe his heated forehead; "I shall deserve it all. Mrs. Spaulding—the girls—I—I have married them!"

"You have married them?" Mrs. Spaulding echoed, with a calmness of stunned amazement.

"I married them at two o'clock this morning," he affirmed; and leaned back in his chair despairingly, with his hand over his eyes.

Mrs. Spaulding rose tremblingly.

"You are not well," she said, her voice shaking, despite all her efforts to be lightly soothing. "You are talking strangely, Mr. Buchanan."

Mr. Buchanan looked up, with a faint dawn of intelligence, and smiled.

"I married them, Mrs. Spaulding," he said, rising to stand beside her, "to two young men we know—two young men for whom I have the highest respect. I married your daughters to Mr. Gale and Mr. Houston. They—the young gentlemen—fairly pulled me out of bed for the purpose. How it happened—well, how can we, at our age, know? It was the impetuosity of youth and love. I was carried before it like a shred before the wind. Blame me, Mrs. Spaulding—me, but not them. We are not young, but our hearts are warm, are they not? We can look back to our youth, and remember——"

He paused. Mrs. Spaulding looked at him through a mist of gentle tears. Her cheeks were softly pink. She looked very young and handsome. Her trembling hands were in the squire's, and—yes—his firm arm was around her. There was a short pause. Then Mr. Buchanan kissed her. And it is to be feared that he was on the point of repeating the act, when the door was burst open and the next minute Mrs. Spaulding's daughters had their arms around her neck and her waist—Mr. Buchanan prudently withdrawing his own—and were kissing her and crying, and hugging her and laughing, and shaking her and talking, all together.

"Oh! ma, has he told you? Have you told her? Oh! you *don't* care? Oh! it was dreadful, but we couldn't help it!—we couldn't *help* it! They made us. You ought to have *heard* them *tease*! They said we might just as well—and it was Christmas—and—and you *don't* care, ma, dear?—say you don't!"

"I don't," Mrs. Spaulding murmured, not exactly knowing what she didn't. It was all strange and confusing, and like a Christmas pantomime. Her astonishment was lost in her bewilderment. She was in a condition not to be surprised at anything, and she was not surprised when Mr. Gale and Sammy Houston rushed in and schottished about the floor, and frolicsomenly threw their long arms about her and the girls all together, so that she stood, like Mr. Pickwick, under the mistletoe.

"She doesn't care!" cried Malvina and Nancy, in a tremulous breath.

"Care?" said Gale, blandly, with his arms slipped down around Malvina's waist; "I should say not. Care?—what for? We'd have married 'em anyhow—bound to. What's the difference of a few weeks or so? The spirit moved us, you see, and we couldn't hold out. Christmas only comes once a year."

"True," said Mr. Buchanan, warmly. He was maintaining a covert hold upon Mrs. Spaulding's apron-string.

"By the way," Gale continued, fondly pinching Malvina's ears, "introduce yourself, Houston."

Sammy—gay and self-sufficient Sammy—blushed in silence.

"I'll perform the pleasing ceremony," said Gale, gleefully. "Ladies and gentlemen, the only and original Samuel G. Houston, heir to some thousands, left him by a seventh cousin of whose existence he was not aware, but whose affairs I have for some time transacted, and who intrusted me with the hunting up of said Samuel G. Houston. And I've done it. I didn't anticipate taking so long about it"—Malvina blushed—"and I didn't anticipate

taking home a wife; but such accidents *will* occur. Ladies and gentlemen, the Hool and Toe Works are a thing of the past——"

"They ain't," said Sammy, stanchly; "I'll buy an interest."

"Hole and Too for ever!" cried Gale, with such vigor that little Durfee, whose plaintive eyebrows were visible at the door, jumped back into the hall. "But, ladies and gentlemen," Gale concluded, jocularly, espying him, "the wholesale grocery is a thing of the past. There's going to be another wedding, you see."

Mr. Buchanan boldly replaced his arm on Mrs. Spaulding's waist.

"There'll be two," he announced.

"Oh, ma!—oh, ma!" cried Nancy and Malvina, in almost hysterical joy.

HISTORIC COACHES, OLD AND NEW.

WHEN, a few months ago, the famous General Boulanger went to take his seat in the French Chamber of Deputies, he proceeded thither, amid the plaudits of the Parisian populace, of whom he was the idol, not in a cab, but in a showy landau, drawn by a spirited pair of satin-skinned chestnut steeds. The carriage was sumptuous in decoration and furnishing, the liveries of coachman and footman were brilliant, and the horses were groomed in most artistic fashion. General Boulanger thus testified both to the fondness of the modern Parisians for fine horseflesh and to the importance of the coach as the historic accompaniment of celebrity and dignity.

When some patient picker-up of unconsidered trifles shall collect and write the history of coaches, he will be able to unfold a story full of thrilling and romantic interest; for the coach has, these many generations, played a conspicuous part in the world's pleasures, pageantries, and, as well, in its serious work. What gorgeous shows of royalty and chivalry, of military display and bravery of wealth, it has witnessed! What tragedies and tales of woe it has seen! How it has appeared on the scenes of great events! What valiant and illustrious men, what stately Junos and dainty court beauties, it has borne to and fro! Of what fields of battle, and gorgeous coronations, and mournful processions as well, has it formed an essential part! Verily, many a time, history itself may be said to have run on wheels. For, while it is true that coaches, in the modern sense, were for the first time seen in English streets in the period of good Queen Bess, a little more than three centuries ago, as a fact they are of far remoter date. Excluding the Greek and Roman chariots from the category, it is certain that wheeled coaches, drawn by two or four horses, were used (as Egypt's monuments reveal to us) in the land of the Pharaohs more than a thousand years before Christ. The no less practical than wise King Solomon, we know, ordered his right-hand man—the architect Hiram Abif—to build him no less than ten great four-wheeled coaches; and no doubt they appeared thereafter, sharing in some stately ceremony of old Jerusalem. The Greeks had their vehicles drawn by horses, called *plectra*; the Romans had their *sirpa* and *pilentum*; the Gauls, their *carpenta*; and later, the fierce Scythian hordes whirled over roughest roads in their rude *kibitka*. We hear, too, of the *rheda* of the degenerate Byzantines, and of the *bastuna* of the Merovingian French kings.

The first record of a coach, in the modern sense of the



QUEEN VICTORIA'S STATE COACH.

word, was that used late in the thirteenth century by Charles of Anjou, when he and his Queen entered Naples in what was called a *caretta*. This was a small but very ornate vehicle, and the English word *chariot* is doubtless derived from it. By the sixteenth century, coaches open at the sides, with canopies overhead, supported by handsome pillars, and having light curtains of leather or silk, had become quite common among the Continental nobility. The first glass coach of which history makes record was one used by the Infanta of Spain, in 1631. Coaches were at first suspended by leathern straps. Springs were an invention of a later date.

But all of these vehicles would appear, to our modern eyes, crude, lumbering affairs, which, were we obliged to use them, would torture our bodies, pampered by the luxuries of high civilization, and seem uncouth to our sight, used to the utmost refinement of the carriage-builder's art. Almost every European nation claims the distinction of having invented and put into use the first of those big four-wheeled coaches which, for centuries now, have played a part, alike in gorgeous pageants and, before the introduction of railways, on the high-roads of all civilized lands. The palm should probably be awarded to Hungary, which boastful country persists that their sturdy old King Matthias Corvinus was the first European sovereign to ride in a coach. If this is true, the Hungarians have greatly degenerated since the mediæval time, for the favorite method of conveyance, in the Hungary of our day, is two ladders laid horizontally on four wheels. It is certain that that strange mixture of genius and morbid superstition, the Emperor Charles V., went on his campaigns in a Hungarian *kulsche*, which word itself, a little changed in spelling and pronunciation, perhaps gave the name *coach* to that style of vehicle. Charles V. was tortured as mercilessly by the gout as ever has been overfed British noble or alderman since; and his Hungarian coach is said to have afforded him great relief, as he went on his way crushing out the liberties of the Netherlands.

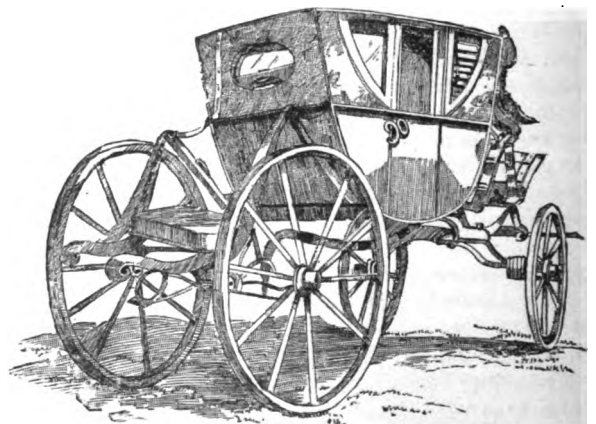
In no land has the coach played a more notable his-
part than in France, where, as we have seen, the

latest hero of the mob has recently shown that he quite understood its significance.

Not long ago, some workmen were engaged in tearing down an old, rat-ridden house in the region of Montmartre. It had been inhabited by the lowly race of rag-pickers, and was to give place to a church. One day the workmen uncovered a rafter which, on being cleaned, revealed a mass of fine carving and gilding. As the work went cautiously on, there gradually came into view the ceiling and walls, which proved to be as elaborately decorated as the rafter. The various pieces were carefully cleaned and adjusted, and, to the surprise of the workmen, they found that they had exhumed a magnificent state coach, which

must have carried, in other days, a precious burden of royalty itself. A similar state coach is preserved in the Museum of Cluny, and a most gorgeous affair it is.

In the tragedies of French history, especially, we find the lumbering four-wheeled conveyance playing a conspicuous though silent part. The gallant Henry of Navarre lived so near the time of the introduction of coaches into France that, man of his day though he was, he had a conservative aversion to the novelty. He much preferred the sturdy steed on which he was wont to trot about the streets of seventeenth-century Paris. But one day that crazy fanatic Jean de M'ale set upon the King as he was ambling along, and had nearly plunged his dagger in the royal breast. Henry deemed it unwise any longer to appear among his excitable lieges on horseback, and so reluctantly resorted to a coach as a means of conveyance. His coach was supplied, not with glass windows, but simply with leather curtains lined with silk; and it was in this vehicle that he was riding when the assassin Ravallac availed himself of the King's exposed position to plunge his knife in his heart. Early in the reign of Henry's son and successor, it was proposed by



WASHINGTON'S STATE COACH.



ST. NICHOLAS IN FRANCE.—WRITING LETTERS TO ST. NICHOLAS.

It was apropos of coaches that Louis XIV., the "Grand Monarque," made a blunder in grammar which, in its obsequiousness to the haughty King, the French Academy adopted, and by its authority converted into good French. Thus the very gender of the coach was changed by royal ignorance or carelessness. One day, when Louis wished to take a drive, he cried out: "*Où est mon carrosse.*" *Carrosse*, meanwhile, had always hitherto been feminine. Forthwith, in their new dictionary, the Academicians declared the word to be masculine. The coach of the great Louis was the object of a furious attack with stones and mud by the half-starved Paris mob, as it proceeded, in the funeral procession of the "Grand Monarque," on its way from Versailles to St. Denis; and this was one of the earliest forewarnings of the mighty convulsion which was to burst forth, volcano-like, ninety years later.

But the tragic history of royal coaches in France was by no means closed by this ebullition. As Louis's graceless successor, Louis XV. of the name, was stepping into his coach, he was stabbed by *Damiens*, and France had nearly lost the most worthless and dissolute of all her tyrants — whom, nevertheless, after *Damiens's* attack, she saw fit to name "the Well-beloved." The vivid picture of the sad and strange journey of the Sixteenth Louis, with his stately Queen, from Versailles to Paris, will not be readily forgotten by those who have been thrilled by

Marshal Bassompierre that coaches should thenceforth be so contrived as to afford more security to their occupants; so the old coach, with its ornate pavilion-shaped roof, from which hung only curtains of silk or leather, was to a large degree discarded, and in its place coaches were made with solid backs and glazed sides. Even this improvement did not make the threatened lives of French despots altogether easy, and several of them caused their coach-panels to be lined with sheet iron.



ST. NICHOLAS IN FRANCE.—THE SONG TO ST. NICHOLAS ON THE EVE.—SEE PAGE 44.

Carlyle's description of it. The doomed pair rumbled from one city to the other in their big royal coach, upon the roof of which climbed and sprawled the dirty and drunken rabble, some of whom squatted on the box with the coachman, and thrust cheese, onions and brandy into the pale faces of King and Queen as they sat, trembling, within. In the same coach, soon after, the unhappy Bourbon took his flight from revolutionary fury to Varennes, where the coach was stopped by his vigilant foes, who turned the horses' heads once more toward Paris, leading back the King as captive. Poor Louis, condemned to death, was not permitted to go to the scaffold in any state coach, but was brought thither in a filthy hackney carriage. His beautiful and haughty Queen rode to her death in a yet meaner conveyance. She was doomed to go thither in a hideous tumbrel, like ordinary mortals; and she ascended it, and took her place, standing bare-headed against the side, with her hands tied behind her. The savage mob yelled out, with fiendish glee: "Veuve Capet, monte dans ta voiture de gala!" (Widow Capet, get into your pleasure carriage).

The coaches and carriages used by the two usurping Bonapartes have more than once played noteworthy parts in historic scenes. The First Napoleon allowed his thieving propensities to have full sway with horses and vehicles as with pictures and bronzes. When he captured Hanover, he ransacked the stables of the Elector, and found a number of beautiful cream-colored horses. These he incontinently purloined; and not long afterward these same Hanoverian steeds drew the splendid state coach in which Napoleon rode to be crowned as Emperor at Notre Dame. King George III., good, dull man, who was only great in his intense prejudices, was so enraged at this theft of the Electoral horses that he refused to permit his own state coach to be drawn by horses of the same breed thereafter, substituting for them steeds of the blackest black. It is a curious fact that both the First and the Third Napoleon came very close to death by assassination (like Henry of Navarre) while seated in their gorgeous imperial coaches; and in both instances the would-be regicides were Italians—that is, of the same race as the Bonapartes themselves. Not less strange is it that these violent attempts were made on the two Emperors while proceeding to the same place of amusement, the Grand Opéra. Pierri, an Italian sculptor, exploded an infernal machine close to the First Napoleon's carriage; but not only did Napoleon escape, but the vehicle itself was scarcely damaged. In the later instance—the attempt of Orsini on Napoleon III.—the consequence was more serious. Several bombs were exploded beneath the imperial coach at the door of the Grand Opéra. The coach itself was shattered, and twenty-two persons standing in the street near by were either killed or maimed. But, as if a divinity did indeed, on this occasion, hedge a king, both Napoleon and his Empress stepped upon the sidewalk unhurt, and entered the opera-house amid the plaudits of the audience.

On still another occasion, it was while Napoleon III. was seated in his carriage that he narrowly escaped death. In 1867, the year of the Grand Exposition, when Napoleon was at the very height of his power and splendor, he was returning with the Czar of Russia (doomed, a few years later, to fall by the assassin's hand) from the races at Longchamps. Their way to the Tuileries lay through the Bois de Boulogne, and just as they were passing a place where two roads divided, shots were fired at the imperial vehicle. They were fired by the Pole, Berestowski, and were intended for the Czar; but the Bonaparte stood in no less danger than the Romanoff. Had it not been

for the gallant promptitude of the imperial equerry, M. Raimbault, who vaulted his horse between the would-be murderer and the carriage, bloody work would perhaps have been the issue of that day's pleasure outing.

It may be related, by the way, that Napoleon III., who was exceedingly fond of horseflesh, set the fashion in France by adopting satin-skinned chestnuts entirely for his state coaches, and stout gray horses for traveling. The last time that his famous grays, with their plaited manes and clubbed tails, and managed by their wigged and jack-booted postillions, were seen, was on the fatal day of Sedan.

It was in the same year—1867—in which Berestowski's attempt on the Czar was made that all the historic old coaches of bygone Bourbon splendor were hauled out of their long resting-places, to take part in the splendid pageants which attended the Grand Exposition. When the Turkish Sultan came, in that year, to Paris, the writer saw him and his swarthy suite passing through the Place de la Concorde, in a procession of these venerable, lofty four-wheelers, rising high on their ponderous springs, so that the heads of the occupants were almost or quite level with the second-story windows of the houses. They were a mass of gilt and elaborate carving and brilliant-hued garniture; and each was drawn by eight noble horses, each horse being dazzlingly caparisoned, and each being led by a groom attired like a prince. Many of these coaches, which had survived the destructive rage of revolution, and wore the ravages of time, were, some years later, sold at auction; and were carried by their purchasers far and wide through the earth, as objects of curiosity.

There are still extant, in the custody of the French Government, certain stately old coaches, with heavy gilding and enormous springs, which are believed to be those which were used by the ill-fated Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, which certainly appeared at the coronation of Charles X., and which, on rare state occasions, by the homely-living and thrifty citizen King, Louis Philippe. It is an amusing fact, however, that Louis Philippe, in order to show his sympathy for the common people, seldom appeared in any ostentation in the Paris streets. At one time he had a big family omnibus built, in which homely vehicle the good monarch might be seen, on pleasant afternoons, with his domestic Queen and his bright-eyed boys and girls, ambling through the Champs Elysées on his way from the Tuileries to his suburban retreat at Neuilly. The people were at first pleased with this exhibition of democracy. But, after all is said, the Parisians are fond of show, and like display in their rulers; so, after a time, the mob took to hissing the King as he went about in his omnibus, and at last even threw mud at it. Louis Philippe then abandoned the 'bus, and rode about in close coaches sheathed with iron.

As to the famous *berline de voyage*, in which the great Napoleon drove upon the field of Waterloo, and which was captured by the rough grenadiers of Blücher on that fatal field, it is still preserved somewhere, though where, the writer is unable to state.

It was, as has been said, in the early time of the brilliant Maiden Queen that coaches made their first appearance in the London parks and streets. The very first is said to have been made for the Earl of Rutland of that time by one Walter Rippon. Ten years later the same builder constructed the highly ornamented and, indeed, beautiful vehicle for the auburn-haired Queen, in which she loved to be seen sitting, all bedizened with lace, velvet and gems, in view of her admiring courtiers and subjects. In order that she might thus be seen, her coaches

were supplied with sliding-panels, which she might open or shut at will. Toward the latter part of her reign, and in that of the First James, coaches became so much the fashion that the boatmen and carriers of sedan-chairs made a great ado; but all in vain, though coaches did not, for a long period, entirely supersede the historic sedan-chair. It was in a sedan-chair that Charles I. was taken to his trial in Westminster Hall, though he went on foot to the scaffold. As late as the time of Queen Anne—a century and a half after the introduction of coaches—that boozy but good-natured royal dame went about in her sedan-chair. She was seated in it once, when she was beset by a howling mob, who shouted in her ears: "God save your Majesty and Dr. Sacheverell!" Queen Anne preferred, for following the hounds in Windsor Forest, a small, low pony-chair. But when, in course of time, she became gouty from too liberal potations, she ordered a coach built which should be "a sick woman's chair upon wheels," in which, drawn by a pair of chubby Hanoverian cobs, she might be seen, on pleasant mornings, driving along the beautiful oak-shaded avenue at Windsor which is still known as "Queen Anne's Ride." Anne's favorite, that great general, Marlborough, had his big coach with him at Blenheim, and when he had captured the French Marshal Tallard, put that gallant prisoner in it for safety.

Of other historic coaches we must speak but briefly. When the Czar Alexander II. was crowned, there was drawn out of its musty retreat a number of huge old coaches, on the panels of which were thick incrustations of mock diamonds. Several of these had been in the possession of that Czarina Anna who is famous in Russian history for the great ice palace she built on the banks of the Neva; while one had certainly been brought from England by Peter the Great himself. When the English troops entered Pekin, they found there a heavy, densely gilded coach, which had been sent as a present to the Emperor of China by King George III. nearly a century before. The present great gilded ark on wheels which serves the Queen of England on her state progresses, with its carving and coloring, its painted panels, gorgeous coachmen, and the golden lackeys who hang on behind, and its eight cream-colored horses, is considerably over a century old, and has seen many a splendid pageant; while only less sumptuous are the Lord Mayor's coach, and the coach of the Speaker of the House of Commons. The scarlet coaches of Pope and cardinals are among the most conspicuous objects of Papal Rome. When Pius IX. fled from the Eternal City, his coach was taken possession of by the revolutionary mob, who dragged the *Bambino* in it to and from the houses of the sick. At that time, while the cardinals' coaches were burned in a big bonfire, Garibaldi decreed that that of the Pope should be preserved.

Finally, the most famous coach, perhaps, that ever made its appearance on the soil of free America was that used by George Washington, the first President of the United States. Washington had an almost unrepudiated fondness for show and state. He is said to have much desired that the title of "High Mightiness" should be conferred on him. After his installation as President, he assumed much ceremony, and was strict in his rules of etiquette. His state coach was a marvel to the good citizens of Philadelphia, as he passed in Presidential state through their streets. "The body of the coach," says a historian, "was in the shape of a hemisphere, cream-colored, bordered with flowers round the panels, and ornamented with figures representing cupids, which supported gay festoons." Since that time—at least, since

the democratic Jefferson—our Presidents have revealed a republican simplicity in their equipages; nor would one of our Chief Magistrates in these days venture upon the ostentation, in this respect, which Washington displayed as a matter of course.

THE STAR OF DESTINY.

AMONG the common hallucinations of the insane is the belief that a certain star influences their destiny. The hallucination has been shared by some of the great men of the earth to such an extent that a French writer devotes a chapter in his work, "Hallucinations," to the stars of great men. The author, Brierre de Boismont, gives the following account of the star of the First Napoleon, which he heard, second-hand, from General Rapp: "In 1806, General Rapp, on his return from the siege of Dantzic, entered Napoleon's study without being announced, and found him so absorbed that his entry was unperceived. The general, seeing the Emperor continue motionless, made a noise. Napoleon roused himself, and, without any preamble, seizing Rapp by the arm, said to him, pointing to the sky: 'Look there—up there!' The general remained silent, but on being asked a second time, said he saw nothing. 'What! you do not see it?' exclaimed Napoleon; 'it is my star; it is before you—brilliant. It has never abandoned me; I see it on all great occasions; it commands me to go forward, and it is a constant sign of good fortune to me.'" Napoleon was an actor, and ready to impose on men, but it is possible that this outburst was due to a real hallucination.

DISPOSING OF A CREDITOR.

SHERIDAN was, one day, in earnest conversation with a friend named Kelly, close to the gate of the path—which was then open to the public—leading across the Churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, from King Street to Henrietta Street, when Mr. Holloway, who was a creditor of Sheridan's to a considerable amount, came up to them on horseback, and, accosting Sheridan in a tone of something more like anger than sorrow, complained that he never could get admittance when he called, and vowed vengeance against the Swiss, M. François, if he did not let him in the next time he went to Hertford Street.

Now, Sheridan, who saw that he was really in a passion, knew that Holloway was vain of his judgment in horseflesh, and, without taking any notice of the violence of his manner, burst into an exclamation upon the beauty of the horse which he rode; and he struck the right chord.

"Why," said Holloway, "I think I may say there never was a prettier creature than this. You were speaking to me, when I last saw you, about a horse for Mrs. Sheridan; now this would be a treasure for a lady."

"Does he canter well?" said Sheridan.

"Beautifully," replied Holloway.

"If that's the case, Holloway," said Sheridan, "I really should not mind stretching a point for him. Will you have the kindness to let me see his paces?"

"To be sure," said the lawyer; and, putting himself into a graceful attitude, he threw his nag into a canter along the market.

The moment his back was turned Sheridan wished Kelly "Good-day," and went off through the churchyard, where no horse could follow, into Bedford Street, laughing immoderately, as, indeed, did several of the standers-by. The only person not entertained by this practical joke was Mr. Holloway.



FIRST SIGHT OF THE SAINT'S PRESENTS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

ST. NICHOLAS IN FRANCE.

In this country, mainly through the widespread influence of the poem of Clement C. Moore—"Twas the Night before Christmas"—Santa Claus (St. Nicholas) is confounded with Old Father Christmas, and is seldom mentioned except in connection with that great and joyous holiday. But the early Christian Bishop Nicholas has his own day, the 6th of December, and on it he receives due veneration in Europe as the patron of children. He is represented in Christian art as a bishop with a tub near him, in which three children are seen. The legends tell that he restored to life three little ones who had



HUSBAND AND WIFE.

been basely and cruelly murdered. It was his interest, thus miraculously shown to children, that led to his adoption throughout Europe as the patron of the little sunbeams of home.

He is also the patron of seafaring men, and is honored in many seaports on that account. The Dutch, when they accepted Calvinism, as embodied by the Synod of Dort, did not reject the saint of the old faith; and New Netherland and New Amsterdam paid him honor. He thus became an American institution, and was the first saint naturalized in the country; St. Patrick, whose penny was made current coin by New Jersey, in colonial times, being probably the next.

St. Nicholas has in Germany an attendant, who delights as much in punishing naughty children as St. Nicholas does in rewarding those whose record for the year shows a rich harvest of good behavior, obedience, charity and industry.

In a French family, the mother, on



DELIGHT WHEN THE DOOR OPENS.

the evening before St. Nicholas Day, will gather her little ones around the piano, and they will sing to the return of Maître Corbeau :

"O grand Saint Nicolas, patron des écoliers,
Apportez-moi quelque chose dans mes petits souliers !

Je serai toujours sage comme un petit mouton;
Je dirai mes prières pour avoir du bonbon !"

(O great St. Nicholas, patron of scholars, bring me something in my little shoes; I will always be as good as a little lamb, and say my prayers to have some candy.)

This seems to be very demoralizing, and needs reformation. We have substituted the stocking for the shoe, our children evidently finding the capacity of the shoe to be too contracted for their desires.

About a week before the feast, children begin to write letters to St. Nicholas to give a hint of what they would like. The chimney is the post-road. The younger ones rely on those a little



THE OLD DOLL RESTORED.



THE NEW DOLL.

elder to couch their wishes in good and polite phrases. When the famous day arrives, the expectant children are out of bed at the earliest moment, and when dressed, they rush to the parlor to find it closed. Keen little eyes scan the interior through the keyhole, and announce the glad tidings, "St. Nicholas has come!" When the door at last opens, there is a shout of admiration at the toys, games, delicacies, arrayed for their delight. The toys are not always new, but no matter. Jane is as much delighted with her old doll, reheaded and newly dressed in fashionable attire, as the more volatile Fanchon is with hers, just new from the shop. One doll will figure as Judy to match brother's Punch. The dressing and care of the dolls begin.

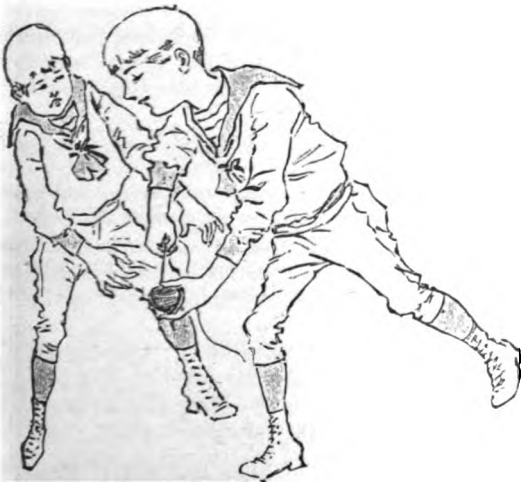
"Here is Mademoiselle's chocolate."

"Wait a moment; don't you see she has no appotite?"

Baby, little glutton, not yet developed to the doll period, soon finishes her candies, and looks forlornly for more, while the gratitude of the others shows itself in a card dispatched, bearing to St. Nicholas the thanks of the gratified nursery.

THE praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure: they praise only that which they can surpass, but that which surpasses them they censure.

PUT not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.



THE TOP.



CANDIES ALL GONE!

LOTTIE LEIGH'S EXPERIMENT.

BY DAVID KER.

"I TAUGHT him a good lesson, I can tell you ; and he deserved it, too, if anybody ever did. It's really quite unbearable, the conceit of these men ; they seem to think they have only to look at us, and we must fall at their feet right away."

So speaks, with a disdainful air, very becoming to her pretty little face, Lottie Leigh (the acknowledged belle of Woodley village), who is recounting to three or four of her chosen friends, under the shade of a neat little summer-house in her aunt's garden, the triumphs of her "Fall campaign" in New York.

"What fun !" cried Harriet Lightfoot, with a little tinkling laugh. "I *should* have liked to see his face, making so sure of having it all his own way, and then getting the mitten after all !"

"It's nothing to boast of, though," said Lottie, undervaluing, like a true woman, what she inwardly prized as her most priceless success. "These boys are attracted easily enough, if one cares to take the trouble ; but if one were to pick out some staid old grandpapa—up to the eyes in business, and caring more for his dinner than for the prettiest girl in the world—and drive *him* to distraction, *that* might be something worth talking about."

"Hush ! child—you oughtn't to have such ideas at all !" put in Almira Starbuck, who, in virtue of her position as an "engaged" lady, and having been actually over to Europe for two years before—as well as being a year older than her companions—felt herself entitled to assume quite a motherly tone to them all.

"Well, I *have* them anyhow, whether I ought or not," retorted the little coquette, pursing up her rosy lips, determinedly. "Now, I'll just tell you what I mean to do. Here's this new minister of ours—he's most fifty, and 'lives only for his work,' as he's always saying ; and folks say he's never been in love in his life. What would you say, girls, if I had *him* trotting round after me, within a month or two ? Well, you just see if I don't !"

Thus it was that Lottie Leigh's experiment was decided upon ; and the young lady lost no time in commencing operations. The next day happening to be Sunday, she contrived to linger after meeting until the minister came out, his thin, spectacled face looking very wan and weary in its frame of gray hair ; and then she pressed eagerly toward him, and said, "with effusion," as our French cousins phrase it :

"What a delightful discourse you gave us to-day, Mr. Graylock—thank you so much !"

"Ah ! my child," rejoined the old man, sadly, "do you remember what reply a great English preacher made to the same compliment ?—'Madam,' said he, 'that is just what Satan has been whispering to me this last half-hour !'"

This was certainly not encouraging ; and Lottie was forced to confess to herself, with an angry pout of her pretty lips, that her first assault had been anything rather than a victory ; but the sense of defeat, far from discouraging her, only made her more resolute.

"He talks to me as if I were a baby," thought she, indignantly ; "but I'll show him, before I've done, that I'm woman enough to make *his* heart ache, anyhow !"

From that time forth—though so quietly and unobtrusively as to give no suspicion of her purpose—she contrived to throw herself in Mr. Graylock's way at every turn. At school-feasts, at village tea-drinkings, at country excursions, even in the meeting-house itself, the bright eyes and piquant little face haunted him still.

Nor was it long before this persistent attack began to tell. More than once, as he was preaching his best, the minister was seen to falter and look confused when he suddenly encountered the demure watchfulness of that look which seemed *waiting* for him to break down. His ministrations to his sick parishioners were apt to be sadly disturbed whenever that trim little figure and mischievous smile crossed his way. Once, while addressing the schoolchildren, he fairly came to a standstill as he saw Lottie watching him, and whispering to the girl beside her ; but her look of malicious amusement put the old man upon his mettle, and, resuming his address, he spoke such words as went home to the heart of every soul present, and even made a momentary impression upon Lottie herself, though it passed as quickly as it had come.

Almira Starbuck several times remonstrated with her former schoolfellow, more to clear her own conscience than with any hope of turning the willful little beauty from her purpose. But as it became more and more evident that the "experiment" would be completely successful, the interest of the drama deepened to such a degree that every girl in the village would rather have refused an invitation to a ball than have interfered in any way.

At length Lottie went on a visit to some friends a few miles off, and returned, after a week's absence, so tired that it was late the next morning before she awoke. She was just finishing breakfast, when the shrill sound of a familiar voice drew her to the door, to find herself face to face with old Deborah Smithson (popularly called "Aunt Deb"), the briskest old woman in the village, with a hand and foot as untiring as her tongue.

"Glad to see ye back, chile ; the place kinder don't look like itself without your sunshiny face. Have ye heerd what's happened to our poor old minister ?"

"No," faltered Lottie, with a very guilty look. "What is it ?"

"Wal, ye see, he *would* go nussin' old Sam Leavitt (him 'at hed the fever), and what does he go and do but cotch it hisself, and I 'spect it's bound to finish him. Ef *that* ain't layin' down his life for the sheep—and consid'ble black sheep at that—I dunno what is ! Some folks says he's gone crazy 'bout some gal or other, and *that's* why he done it ; but I'll never b'lieve as that air holy man 'ud give hisself over to sitch ungodliness. 'Pears to me he's quite too good for this 'arth, and the Lord's gwine to take him to Himself, same as He did Enoch."

Although every word was a stab to her, Lottie bore up bravely so long as the talk lasted ; but the moment Aunt Deb had gone, the girl ran up to her own room, threw herself upon the bed, and wept till she could weep no more.

He would die—she knew he would—and it was all *her* doing ! For her own amusement, she had laughed at and tormented this aged and sorely tried man ; she had tried to disturb him in his work, and make him a laughing-stock to his people ; and he had never complained, but had borne all, and gone on doing his duty even to the death. And now he was dying, and she had killed him.

But the intensity of her new-born repentance could not spend itself in mere lamentation ; she must be up and doing, or she would go mad. How she reached the minister's cottage she could never have told ; but there her thunderstruck aunt found her, two hours later, sitting beside the unconscious man, while his old housekeeper, almost worn out with nursing and watching, took the rest that she so much needed.

Knowing by experience the hopelessness of opposing her headstrong niece in anything which she might choose to do, Miss Thorne, having satisfied herself that Mr. Graylock's sickness was not infectious, but merely brought on by anxiety and over-exertion, thought it wisest to approve what she could not prevent. Nor did the old lady stop there; for, having a strong and not unwarrantable faith in her own powers of nursing, she actually volunteered to share the labor, and did so most untiringly.

And then, for many a weary day and night, Life and Death fought for the sick man; and none of the three anxious watchers—even the doctor who directed them, despite his encouragements—could tell how that strife would end. At last, however, slight symptoms of improvement began to show themselves; and one glorious Summer evening, when everything looked so bright and beautiful that the very existence of sickness and suffering appeared incongruous, Lottie, returning to the cottage from a prolonged open-air walk upon which her careful aunt had insisted, found her patient sitting up, with a faint gleam of pleased recognition in his sunken eyes, from which the fire of delirium had quite gone out.

"Ah, my little providence!" said he, smiling faintly, as he tried to extend his wasted hand to her, "I'm afraid you've worn yourself out sadly, my dear, in taking care of a useless old man; but you'll soon pick up again, please God, after I've gone away."

"Are you going away, then?" faltered the girl, feeling as if her whole life were suddenly left without an object.

"The doctors tell me it's my only chance," answered Mr. Graylock, feebly; "and if my life can still be of any use in the world, I have no right to throw it away in mere fretfulness, because I have proved too weak for my appointed duty. The good man who is to succeed me will do better here than I could ever have done; and after all, provided God's work is done, it matters little whether one man or another be chosen to do it."

The involuntary sigh with which he concluded cut Lottie to the heart; but he continued, without noticing the sudden spasm of pain that contracted her face:

"I've got *one* confession to make before I go, and it had better be made at once, humbling though it is. For many a day past, I have let my thoughts dwell much more upon your bright little face than upon my appointed duties; and God has punished me as I deserved. Don't look so sad, my dear; I know well it was no fault of yours. The only one to blame is the foolish old man who ought to have known better; but let this serve you as a warning that we are often weakest just where we think ourselves most strong."

But the remorseful girl could endure no more. She hid her face in her hands, and cried as if her heart would break.

"I've got a confession to make, too," she sobbed. "I want to tell you how cruel and wicked I've been; and I *must* tell you now, this very minute."

What that confession was, Mr. Graylock never told to a living soul; but when Miss Thorne came in, half an hour later, she started to find Lottie sitting at the old man's feet, with her tearful face pillowed on his knee, and his thin white hand laid softly on her golden curls.

Mr. Graylock went upon his voyage in quest of health (returning completely restored a twelvemonth later), but he did not go alone. And good Aunt Deb, as she watched Lottie (Lottie Leigh no more) guiding her husband's tottering steps to the train which was to carry him away, wiped her eyes upon her apron, and muttered:

"It's God Himself that's brought them together, and them that He hath united, let no man put asunder."

BEFORE CHIMNEYS WERE COMMON.

In the year 1200, chimneys were scarcely known in England. One only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor house, and one in a great hall of a castle or lord's house; but in other houses the smoke found its way out as it could. The writers of the fourteenth century appear to have considered them as the newest invention of luxury. In Henry VII.'s reign, the University of Oxford had no fire allowed; for it is mentioned that, after the students had supped, having no fire in Winter, they were obliged to take a good run for half an hour, to get heat in their feet before they retired for the night. Holinshed, in the reign of Elizabeth, describes the rudeness of the preceding generation in the arts of life: "There were," says he, "very few chimneys; even in the capital towns the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out of the door, roof or window. The houses were wattled (bound with twigs) and plastered over with clay, and all the furniture and utensils were of wood." In the year 1639 a tax of two shillings (about fifty cents) was laid on chimneys.

AUSTRIAN EMIGRANTS.

THE emigration from the Austrian provinces is the result of the social condition of the people, speaking, of course, of the country in contradistinction to Trieste and the few larger towns.

The peasants are, as a rule, small landed proprietors, devoting themselves to agriculture, including wine production in favorable positions, and forestry in the highlands. They dwell in substantially built cottages, very commonly of rough stone, plastered and neatly whitewashed, small and not very well ventilated; but this is of little moment to people spending most of their time in the fields, and whose aim is warmth in the Winter. Schools are universal, and the knowledge of reading and writing is very generally diffused. Bread and vegetables are the principal diet, maize and pork playing, however, an important part, as in the infant settlements in the United States. They are frugal, industrious and thrifty, capable of performing manual labor of the hardest kind. In Summer, coarse linen, in Winter, thick, coarse woollen garments are their dress; and in some districts overcoats of sheepskins, with the wool, form a superior protection against the cold. Their marriages do not appear to be very prolific, whatever the cause may be, and illegitimate children, it seems, are very few. Formerly here, as in all Europe, the population was kept down by the ravages of war, but for fifty years past it has been slowly increasing.

Before the days of steam, men were employed in large numbers in transportation, and the people had little or no incitement to seek their fortunes away from home, their small farms sufficing for a comfortable subsistence, and the villages absorbing any surplus population as mechanics and laborers. Since the opening of railroads, the men employed in transportation have, of course, in a measure, lost their vocation; but the great development of manufacturing industry, especially in iron and steel, has absorbed all surplus labor, and to such an extent that in time of harvest Italians in large numbers find temporary employment.

The compulsory military service has worked somewhat unexpectedly in the matter of emigration. True, in the cities and large places, here and there, parents have sought to rescue their children by sending them abroad,

but the number is so small as to be of no importance in our tables of statistics. Up to the present time, the withdrawal for three years of so many able-bodied young men from the farms and workshops has given the rest still more constant employment, and thus, in effect, has checked emigration. That this will long continue is not to be expected, but just now such is the case.

It is a fact that the peasants, as a rule, are poor, but

away from the pretty little cities and towns along its coast; but in the inland provinces they are not infrequent.

A NATURAL COMPASS.—We all know how easy it is to lose one's way in a dense fog or a blinding snowstorm. And yet, during the daytime, the right direction may



ST. NICHOLAS IN FRANCE.—“‘HERE IS MADEMOISELLE’S CHOCOLATE.’ ‘WAIT A MOMENT; DON’T YOU SEE SHE HAS NO APPETITE?’”—SEE PAGE 44.

absolute pauperism is not extensive. Even in the city of Trieste, for instance, it is less in proportion to the population than in many an English town. How long these words will remain true is a question; for the oppression of constantly increasing taxation begins to be severely felt. It is rarely possible for the Carinthian or Illyrian peasant to lay by a surplus for the future, and Istria, from its limited supply of water and frequent droughts, hardly “holds its own.” Here one sees few new houses

readily be ascertained by a very simple means of finding the true position of the sun. All that is required is to place the point of a knife-blade, or that of a sharp lead-pencil, on the thumb-nail, when a shadow will be cast directly from the sun, however dense may be the fog or snow.

It is often the simplest, one might almost say the softest, nature which refuses the world’s seal, and wears its own to the end.



HUSBAND AND WIFE.—“CATCHING HIS BRIDE’S HAND IN HIS, ARNOLD HELD IT UNDER A WATER-PIPE CLOSE BY. . . ‘ARNOLD, IT IS YOUR BABY BOY—OUR LITTLE CECIL.’”

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER I.

“AND this is home!”

“Home!—always home!—yours and mine! Its real name is dream-garden.”

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“Home is a sweeter word, Arnold,” said the wife, with her young, new wife’s smile.

“I hope it will be ours together for all the years of life

to come, Elizabeth," said the husband. "I doubt if it has ever been baptized. Let us perform that rite now."

Catching his bride's hand in his, Arnold held it under a water-pipe close by. The pipe was held in the puckered mouth of a bronze figure, so ancient-looking in its wrinkled laughter that it might well have meant Pan. The water from the pipe ran wearily and slow, as if it would like to stop altogether, having been trickling there since that far-off time when Pan was in the earth's sweet forests.

Together husband and wife tossed the drops high into the air; descending in the sunshine, they fell on the light and dark head impartially.

"Our home!" Kneeling on the grass, the wife took the slender stem of a young cherry-tree in her two hands. She shook it smartly, and a shower of white petals from the floating clouds of white blossoms over her head fell on her upturned face.

Elizabeth blushed as if she were receiving a caress.

"Do not you hear that sound?" she said, with her eyes raised to her husband's smile. "You would call it the wind, but it isn't. If you could only understand, you would perceive that the flowers are speaking love-words to me."

"Oh, well, if you are going to converse in that style," said Mr. Temple, turning away, "I shall console myself with a cigarette."

"Not here—not in my paradise," the wife answered. "Who enters here leaves tobacco behind."

"Quotations!" exclaimed Arnold, opening his eyes, affectedly, in incredulous astonishment. "And after having forbidden me the most innocent citation!"

"Oh, well, the Portuguese Sonnets," admitted Elizabeth—"we *did* get tired of those; and who, complained of a ringing in his ears whenever he thought of 'First Time He Kissed Me,' and 'I Love Her for Her Smile'?"

Slipping one hand under her husband's arm, she now walked him slowly along the path. She stopped often. Once she lifted a branch of brier-roses that, like a child rosy with sleep, had stretched itself slumberously along the sun-warmed wall. She rescued from a pool of water a huge bumble-bee that lay with its legs sprawling piteously, and put him carefully where the sun could dry him.

"You won't mind a bit of foolishness in me?" pleaded she.

Her husband thought that her cheek, as she lifted her face, was like the rose on the old, sun-warmed stone wall.

"Foolishness?"—Arnold took her in his arms—"why, one would fancy you were a veteran retiring from the world, instead of a young warrior just beginning the fray," he laughed. "You must wear a bolder front, my wife!"

"It is not that"—Elizabeth colored with some consciousness—"but I own that I did get tired of those crowds of people we were always entangled with at the big hotels in the South. And those friends of yours showed plainly enough that they considered I had nothing in common with them. They didn't dislike me"—she colored a deeper red—"they just ignored me!"

Arnold lifted his head with some haughtiness.

"I have not the honor of numbering among my friends any person who ignored my wife!"

How well he said it!—the same grave, high air with which he had asked her to become his wife. He the great, proud, rich man—the artist master working among his men, giving them his high thought to work out in his factories, with whirl of wheels and ponderous blows of forging-hammer and strain of mighty muscles; and

she only the simple maid—the music-teacher—humble of place, owning nothing except the primrose gown she had on, and the smile in her eyes so like heaven that Arnold Temple, seeing it once, had coveted it to keep in his home for ever.

To ask her to be his wife!

"But I have nothing! I am unknown! I am nobody!" she pleaded, in her happy anguish, not dreaming she might accept the love she loved more than life.

"Nobody?" He repeated the word. His tone gave it might. "That shall be remedied. 'You shall be Arnold Temple's wife.'"

His wife—his name!

"Oh, liberal and princely giver!" And she had nothing but her gown, with the yellow primroses painted on it—that, and her smile. She held a little fan clutched in her feverish grasp. The fan, too, had tiny yellow primroses painted on it, and as Elizabeth listened, she tightened her nervous hold of it till the slender stick snapped in two.

Then Arnold had taken them all together in his arms—the smile in the lovely eyes, the broken fan and the primrose gown.

She was his wife!

"And now, Arnold, do you know you are to go to work?" She put her hands upon his broad shoulders. "You have been idle a long time. You are to have high thoughts now, and do some great, high-thought piece of work that shall make our marriage-day for ever remembered."

"Go to work—*now*!" Arnold laughed. "Why, I am going to be delightfully lazy. You may, with Cousin Nancy's help, do some heavenly housekeeping; but as for me, let me be idle."

"You are to go to work, Arnold," repeated the wife, in her new, young-wifely tones, "because——"

Elizabeth put her arms up about her husband's neck. She drew his head down to her shoulder, and then she whispered the wife's sacred secret.

CHAPTER II.

"On such a night"—the night of all the lovers of song and story in the world (not *Francesca*, who whirled on such a night into hell)—on such a night *Jessie* "slandered her lover"; *Titania* forgot *Bottom's* ears; *Rosalind* jested in *Arden Wood*; another sang "*Cherry Ripe*"; and Arnold Temple——

But listen!

The Tempter whispers:

"Oh, but you must come, Temple. All the old set are to be there, and Lily Epicure. Oh, you ought to see Lily now!"

"Well, I can't," returned Arnold, but his eyes brightened; "I can't—because——"

"Because of my wife," was his thought. But the thought remained unspoken.

Still the Tempter whispered, wisely: "The Argonauts would be out in force." Visions of old intoxicating delights arose—nights of pure rapture, when the hours laughed and drifted into morning light, shining in on their high dreams, on music, flowers, the smiles, grown a little wan, maybe.

"Elizabeth ought not to grudge this once—just this once," thought Adam, "and——"

The old story.

Arnold made compromise with his conscience by hanging Elizabeth's room with flowers—all he could lay hands on—roses and geraniums, gold and purple heliotropes,

lilies, the Holy Mother's flower. She was sleeping, and Arnold did not dare to wake her with his kiss. So, "Good-by!"

* * * * *

It was easy drifting—after the first plunge.

"What, Lily! Why, you are not changed!"

"No; but you are changed. You are married, and now I must not call you Arnold."

"Then you *are* changed. I shall call you Lily always."

You see, it was such easy drifting—all reminiscence.

"It was our waltz, do you remember?—Hungarian's."

How we sat it out that night at Mrs. Lewis's, hidden behind cleanders on the landing! How angry she was!"

"And how the blossoms dropped a perfect shower over you!" Arnold laughed, delightedly. "They were like pink pearls on your hair!"

"There goes 'Monastery Bells.' Who is playing it now, I wonder? How poor Dirckstein did delight in it!"

Arnold had come back to Lily—it was 12 p.m., and after—with a wrap. She was idly crushing a slip of paper in her gloved hand. Her eyes shone.

"What's that writing?—a poem to Beauty's beauty? Are you cold?"—for she was shivering.

"Yes"—vaguely—"a love-sonnet. Do you wish to read it?" Lily half opened her hand.

Arnold looked down. She was so beautiful!—so beautifully dressed! Her arms shone above the gloves, wrinking to her elbow, pure and roundly firm, their softness wreathed with rings of jeweled gold. Over the pink tints of her robe—lovely tints of eglantine, old rose, Charles X., all blending into one harmonious whole—rose her golden head, the face illuminated with shining blue eyes.

"Read a love-sonnet that somebody else writes to you?"

Surely Bottom's ears are growing. "No, no."

"Ah, well; as you wish." And Lily tore the paper into tiny fragments, flinging them away from her. Her cheeks were flushed with strange red spots.

"Why, it looks like a telegraph-message!" exclaimed Arnold.

"Ah! any one may get one of those," she laughed.

"Are you angry because I did not let you read it?"

Lily looked up in his face, just lifting her own as he folded the cloak about her. The paper was forgotten.

CHAPTER III

THERE was nothing in the air, as Arnold drew near his home, that warned him of the sorrow set for him to sup so soon. A solemn peace lay about—only as he opened the door and stepped into the hall was he conscious of a change. He heard hushed voices, soft footsteps and stealthy movements, just as there is hush and stealthiness ever in a house where Death is entering.

He threw off his dust-coat with a smothered cry; his foot was on the stair, ready to leap upward, when he felt a hand grasp his arm—he turned, and saw Cousin Nancy.

"For Heaven's sake, be still; you can't go up there now!"

"Elizabeth?"

"She is still alive, but——"

"Still alive!" It was all he could say; his lips seemed to have grown wooden, immovable, while his stern grasp shook the woman's arm. The air about him seemed to thrill with the miserable torment of crowding questions he could find no voice to ask.

Cousin Nancy answered his compelling eyes.

"She was taken before midnight. I sent for you at once! Why didn't you come?"

Why didn't he come? Arnold's mind leaped with one lightning-flash backward; he comprehended now what that mysterious paper in Lily's hand meant—she had kept the message and destroyed it. Never mind now! He would leave that little affair for the future. All his life now meant *here*!—Elizabeth!

"Yes—I sent for you; she kept calling for you—and—but——"

"Go on!" Arnold commanded, imperiously.

"Her baby—it was a girl—lived only a little while; and she kept going from one fainting-fit to another."

"Oh, my God! and I was not here!"

All this had taken but a moment. Question and answer had flashed back and forth like darting fire; but now a form appeared at the head of the stairs, beckoning. Cousin Nancy went up swiftly. Arnold followed, trying to be calm and still, but the touch of his feet on the carpeted stairs seemed in his own ears thunderous. He caught one glimpse, as the door opened and shut, into his wife's sick-room. Yes, she was lying there; he saw her white face, her arm was thrust out, lying down straight on the white coverlet. How sharply outlined her slight form was! And something else was lying there—a tiny shape covered with a white cloth.

Arnold staggered back with a groan; but as his heavy, uncertain footstep fell, making a noise in that hushed place, the closed door opened again. A physician came out, and with pale, stern looks waved Arnold away.

"You *must* be silent, sir, or we shall be obliged to forbid your coming near us," said the doctor, frowningly. "Your wife must not know that you are here. Her life hangs on a hair—everything depends now on keeping her quiet."

The man of science went back, shutting the door between himself and the forlorn husband. Arnold went to the parlor below. With his face crushed in his hands on the sofa-pillow, he strives to deaden the cries and moans of agony that would come forth. Tears rained down from his swollen eyes till nature was exhausted and the hot stream was dry. His breath came in long, deep expirations—he heard, at times, that sound of silent steps.

He did not know how long he lay there. He heard his name spoken softly, and lifting his strained eyes, he saw Cousin Nancy standing by the sofa. The ghastly tints of her face, with its look of great exhaustion, was more noticeable because of the large white handkerchief she had bound about her temples.

"You can come now, Arnold," she said.

Arnold rose at once and followed her up the stairs. She did not hush him now, nor say he must be quiet, although he moved heavily, feeling stiff and old. His cousin led him up into the darkened chamber above. When he had entered, she closed the door softly and went away. The flowers he had sent the evening before to Elizabeth were all there—and something else!

* * * * *

Arnold went up to the white form. How beautiful she looked! A white rose was on her breast, in the folds of white grave-cloth. It was one of his gift of flowers, and he had sent it for this!

If only he could pray! "I don't know how to pray!" was his exhausted cry. "I never was taught how to pray!"

But life was teaching him now! Folded hands and folded feet!

"Elizabeth," he whispered, at last, when the first long struggle of pain was over—"have you left me in this way, Elizabeth?"

Silence! Only somewhere from above him and about him a voice seemed to break, shaping itself in music:

"I love you! I am near you!"

Oh, divine wife! Near him—somewhere near him! But where?—how?

* * * * *

With his hands locked on the white rose on the cold, unresponding bosom, Arnold prostrated himself forward. It seemed to him that he must awake this sweet dead wife with his tears and prayers.

"Elizabeth! Oh, my wife! Oh, my loved, my exquisite dear wife! have you gone away from me without a word? No farewell!—no last look of your sweet eyes! Did you wish to die, my wife? Did you wish to go with baby? Oh, no, no, no! *I* was first in your love. Come back! Oh, leave baby, and come back to me, my wife, my wife!" But Elizabeth was dead!

tiny parcel wrapped in blue tissue-paper. With the same listlessness he opened it. A faint smell of violets made him shudder. Elizabeth had always used violet-water in her toilet.

No matter! A little handkerchief—a woman's handkerchief of lace and muslin—having that peculiar crushed, discolored, limp look that showed it had been wet through and through with tears.

He sat holding it in his hand. Well, she would not cry any more tears now! She was dead! She was dead! She—

A letter inside it! A letter! Quick! Could it be some last message she had written him?—some last sweet words of farewell? Arnold snatched it open. Only a few words, and those not in Elizabeth's hand:

"ELIZABETH TEMPLE: You flatter yourself that you have your husband's whole heart. You think you have your husband's whole



THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—TRONDHEJEM CATHEDRAL.
SEE PAGE 55.

Over and over in lonely moods Arnold lived his brief married life. "She was happy; she did not know one sorrow. I made her happy!" he would cry, defiantly. Then would come memory's darting pain: "Except in those last hours, when she died of motherhood, and she called you, and you did not come!"

"But she knows now. Oh, she knows the truth now! I did come! She is happy, knowing it."

That one thought—he strove to make it a belief—was Heaven's light shining through Arnold's darkened life. But these moods of aching doubt exhausted him. They would not leave him. His physician, forbidding his return to his desolate home, sent him abroad. But wherever he went—and he had wandered far, going through lovely lands, seeing nothing—the dark moods followed; they went with him as if they were his shadow.

* * * * *

Then happened—this!

One day, while listlessly turning over the contents of the trunk Cousin Nancy had packed for him, he found a

confidence. Come to the Point to-night, and watch him while he dances with Lily Epicure! Come and look on while he gazes in Lily Epicure's blue eyes. You idiot! You fancied you could keep Arnold Temple away from us! You!"

No signature; but none was needed. Arnold sat staring at the atrocious thing, dumb with the excess of the hot fury that burned within him. He read it over.

So it was holding this in her hand that his wife had started on that terrible journey that led down into the dark valley—holding this in her hand, bearing the burden of another life beneath her heart, as she had borne it for months, she had gone, alone, down to where, at the very open door of Death, the cross of motherhood stood—and passed on.

Alone!—without him!—where was he at that time? Elizabeth had read this!—had believed it!—believed it! Oh, no, no, no!

"You did not believe it, did you, Elizabeth?" the unhappy man cried out, falling on his knees. "My wife! my wife! you did not believe it!"



THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—TROMSØE.—SEE PAGE 53.

It was well for Arnold in this mood that he could not look back to that night, not see the young, unsupported figure, striving still to sit erect, waiting for him—the young, unrested head lifted, with eyes strained, watching for him.

It was at this time that the forlorn man began to haunt the churches; the pictures of the Sacred Mother, with the Child in her arms, impressed him; he would have liked to kneel and ask her to forgive him; for had he not sinned against her, too?—had he not sinned against all sacred motherhood? When sometimes it happened that the Maid Mother smiled on him with Elizabeth's eyes, he went away comforted. Great tears rolled down his cheeks, remembering that divine sweetness; for, even so his wife would have held his child in her arms and smiled—smiled on him, the husband and father!

* * * * *

Once, while Arnold was in one of the great cathedrals in the North of France, an old woman, carrying a basket of fruit on her trembling arm, came in; she stopped just in front of Arnold, and setting her basket on the floor, folded her wrinkled hands, while her whole figure drooped in an attitude of petition; there was a look of peace on her old and withered face; she was feeble and forlorn in appearance, but there was something in her face; she was doubtless happier than he, Arnold mused.

Happier!

Then he thought he would go; he was tired of the place; he was tired of everything. He had begun to feel that he should never know the old keen delight in work done nobly any more. The spring of high elation was broken and run down; the wine of pleasure, too, was as water on his lips; tippie it as he might, there was no intoxication in it—only, sometimes he fancied that if the need of prayer should come to him, healing would come with it. He would be cured—he could immediately go home and begin to work.

The rustle of a woman's skirts, the scent of flowers—heliotrope and violets—roused Arnold from his moody dream; he was moving impatiently to go, when he heard his name spoken:

"Arnold! Arnold Temple!"

There was no surprised emotion in Arnold's

face—there was only a cold recognition in his eyes as he recognized Lily.

"Yes," he said, coldly.

"Wait a moment," said Lily; she was standing barring his way; her voice was tremulous. "I have wanted to see you, Arnold. I want to tell you something. I sha'n't rest till I do. How you look!"

"Look!" he repeated.

"Yes; how changed you are! Is it because of—that? I am so sorry."

Arnold was staring down at the back of his gloved hand; his face was without expression. He did not answer.

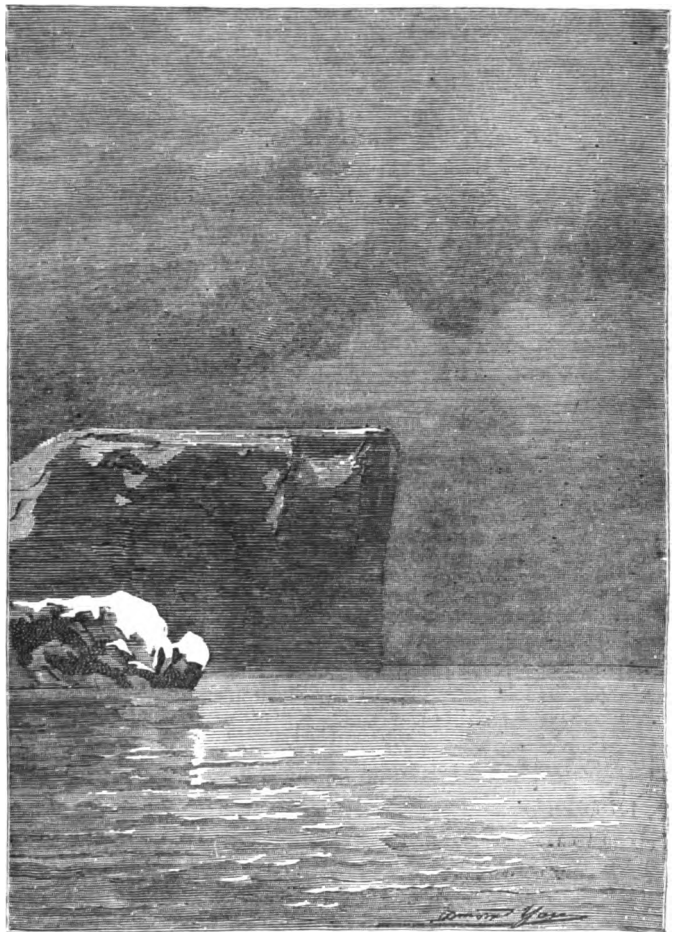
"Arnold"—Lily touched his arm with a pretty beseechingness—"won't you speak to me? I am so sorry for what I did that night. I kept the paper, you know—the message."

"Yes, I know you did;" his voice was quite composed. "I knew it afterward, when it was too late." He had not lifted his eyes yet.

"I thought—I didn't think it would make any difference," stammered Lily. "I fancied your wife was only a little jealous, as I should have been," Lily smiled, complacently, "because you had gone off by yourself—and I was angry about something you said, and I meant to punish you."

Lily was speaking with some diffidence; it was not pleasant when that look was in Arnold's face, frightening her.

"Won't you forgive me?" she said, with some sharp



THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—NORTH CAPE.

the most populous and important town in so high a latitude as $63^{\circ} 24'$. From this town we departed at midnight, on the 18th of July last, for the North Cape, in the steamer *Sirius*, of about 1,000 tons burden. The course lies along the northwest coast, and carries the traveler through an apparently endless succession of straits, dotted with numberless rocky islets. Views of great interest and beauty are always to be seen, and here and there scenes and objects of exceptional interest occur. Formerly it was very rare indeed that a vessel threaded its way from Trondhjem to the North; but during the past two or three years the number of tourists have increased to such an extent that two steamship companies, for six weeks in the year, fit up their newest and most commodious vessels for the accommodation of those who wish to see the North Cape and the intervening scenery. The first object that demands our especial attention is Torglatten, a mountain on an island with a hole running through it. This hole is nothing more or less than a natural tunnel.

Let us call it X° . As is customary when crossing the Equator, flags were raised and cannons fired, while we cheered our captain and the officers of the ship.

We reached Tromsøe, a straggling village, at about nine A. M. the following morning, and here we stopped to visit a Lapp encampment situated near by. If looks betray the man, the Lapp is certainly a most curious creature. Accustomed as their race has always been to a nomadic life, with no home save the portable tent, the traces of the hardships and personal privations which they have endured for centuries are visible in the Lapp of to-day. He is dwarfish in stature, few exceeding five feet in height. In countenance he is prematurely aged and wrinkled. The children look like patriarchs, and the men might easily be mistaken for children, were it not for the grave and worn cast of face which they invariably exhibit. One characteristic that cannot escape the notice of a tourist is their general uncleanness, besides which, they smell very strongly of undressed reindeer-skin. The



HAMMERFEST.

Afar off, from the deck of the steamer, it appears to be a very small aperture, through which it is possible to see the light: As I heard one old lady say to her companion, as they stood near me, "See, Martha, the hole stretches out on the other side." On landing, the tunnel is found to be of no mean dimensions, being from sixty to a hundred feet high. The view, looking through the cavern, is extremely fine. As we walk through, we cannot but inquire what has been the origin of this great fissure. I have heard that there is no generally accepted scientific theory about it. Of course it has a legend to account for its existence—a long story about a giantess who possessed the gift of petrification, and who turned her faithless lover into this shapeless mass. But be that as it may, it is certainly a most interesting and curious phenomenon. On Thursday, the third day after our leaving Trondhjem, we crossed the Arctic Circle in latitude $66^{\circ} 30'$. It did not feel much colder on the one side than on the other, so far as I noticed. One fellow-passenger, however, solemnly affirmed that the thermometer had dropped — degrees at the moment of crossing. I refrain from exposing him.

reindeer is the Lapp's treasure. Whilst it lives, it is useful for its milk; when old, it is slain and its meat devoured (that is the only word for it). More than this, they use the skin, from which to make nearly all their clothing, and they carve trinkets out of the horns and bones to sell to travelers. At any rate, they cannot be accused of a tendency to wastefulness. One of their eccentricities is the Lapp cradle. The baby is strapped firmly in its diminutive resting-place, which is hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, or made of loose pieces of bark. Then the whole is hung up, say on the bough of a tree, while the mother employs herself with her domestic duties. Seeing a baby in its cradle, thus suspended, I took it up, and tried to rock it (the baby) asleep. It takes two to make a bargain, however, and the baby began to cry furiously. Thereupon a little Lapp girl came up, and taking the cradle, she rocked it from side to side over some sharp stones. The desired effect was produced. The baby was soon "in the arms of Morpheus."

From Tromsøe to the terminus of our journey the land-



AMERICAN BALLAD-WRITERS.—STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.
SEE PAGE 58.

scape grows bleaker and bleaker. Trees and other foliage become rare, while the great dark rocks stand out in bold relief, like the weird and awful figures of Egyptian sphinxes, guardians of the way. The scene possesses a stillness and a majestic grandeur, impressing one with awe. Sometimes, indeed, this feeling amounts to a depression of spirits; but, though it may seem morbid to say so, it is a depression that one loves to revel in. It is at about this point of our journey that the "sublime" Råfsund is passed. For nearly two hours we steamed through this narrow, winding passage. The waterway is very narrow, and the cliffs on either side rise abruptly. The charm of the scene lies in its variety and completeness. In whatever direction the eye turns, it rests upon wonderful masses of mountain-peaks in all conceivable shapes, capped with the dazzling snow. The steamer sails through the smooth, clear water. At intervals along the shore, wherever a little level space can be found, the fishermen have built their lonely huts. They seem but a hundred yards distant, but in all mountain districts of Norway it is most difficult to estimate distances correctly. The atmosphere is so clear, that an eye accustomed to judge distances in an English atmosphere is constantly at fault. Even after considerable experience, it is hard to believe that some cliff is ten miles off, when it appears, at most, to be three. I remember one day, as I sat on the deck of the steamer watching an eagle, which was directing its flight toward the flat face of a high precipice. The shore, as I thought, was near, and every moment I expected to see the bird alight, but on it flew toward the cliff, and it was only just before losing sight of it that I observed it fold its wings and settle. It is only the experience of cases such as this, and the logic of fact, that convince the skeptical.

On the third day, Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world, is reached. Arriving there at eight o'clock in the morning, we cast anchor in the harbor, in which a number of fishing-boats, mostly Russian, from Archangel and the White Sea, were congregated. I determined to go ashore early and explore this far-removed so-called "town." It consisted mainly of one long, straggling street, following the windings of the shore, and has a

picturesque appearance from the harbor. Half a century since, it had but forty-four inhabitants. Now it can boast of 1,200. How so many people could decide, unless forced by circumstances, to live in such a place as Hammerfest, is beyond my comprehension. The fact that it is the most northern town in the world is, assuredly, the most romantic thing about it. On arriving on shore, we soon descend from the ideal to the real. The smell of codfish in all forms is as omnipresent as it is offensive. It is almost impossible to escape it. One peculiarity immediately noticed is the fact that the houses have grass sown on their roofs, which thrives by reason of the heat given off from the inside of the house. With us, the expression "He sleeps with the grass above his head," is equivalent to saying that he lies in his grave; but here it only means that he reposes beneath the verdant roof of his daily home. The houses, almost without exception, are one story high and built of wood, and I have seen as many as twenty-six trees growing on a roof. It is not uncommon, too, to pasture a kid or some other small animal on this out-of-the-way back-garden. This, however, is a custom not characteristic of Hammerfest alone, but of the whole of Northern Norway. Wandering on, I was struck by a sign that told me I was at the door of "The Hotel of the North Pole." I determined to go in and get a cup of coffee if possible, as it was very bleak and cold. The door was open, and entering, I soon found that no one was around. A room on the right was hung with furs and Lapp costumes for sale. It evidently served as a bedroom as well, so I tried the room on the left, on the door of which was marked the word "Spisestue." This word I knew meant something connected with eating, so I boldly opened the door. As I did so, four noisy, brawling children, who were at play therein, tumbled pell-mell into the room beyond, and left me master of the situation. A small table, the only one in the room, lay upturned on the floor, while the dirty tablecloth was stretched across the legs as a canopy. Few customers, I imagine from appearances, came to this "hotel." At length I rapped up an old woman, and asked for some



TOMB OF STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

coffee in the choicest Norwegian at my command. I was given something that suggested, as I thought, cod-liver oil. But I had the sauce of the Spartans, and it was to me as acceptable as the best Parisian. Truly, hotels in such a place as Hammerfest are very primitive. Many Arctic explorers have touched here on their way to the regions of the North Pole. It was here that Sir Edward Sabine conducted some of his experiments on the pendulum in 1823; and there stands on a conspicuous hill near the harbor a monument erected in commemoration of the measurement of the degrees of latitude between Ismail, near the mouth of the Danube, and Hammerfest. As surely as the sun is perpetually with them for over two months in the Summer season, are they without its light through the Winter months. But the Winter, though long and dreary, has no terrors for the jolly Hammerfester. All the traders and shopkeepers form a united aristocracy, and rarely a night passes without a feast, a dance or a drinking-bout. The day when the sun reappears is one of general rejoicing. The first who sees the great luminary proclaims it with a loud voice, and every one rushes into the street to exchange congratulations with his neighbors.

The scenery beyond Hammerfest becomes less imposing, but more drear. It was soon after leaving the town that we came upon a beautiful sight, one of the many natural curiosities of the Arctic Circle. This was the Svaerholtklubben, or Great Bird Rock, a huge cliff about 1,200 feet high and half a mile in length, which, from time immemorial, has been the resort of innumerable gulls, and other sea-fowl. On all the ledges and crevices of the rock these birds build their nests. As the steamer sails abreast the cliff thousands are seen flying about, or sitting in long lines upon the ridges of the rocks. The face of the precipice is literally white with the myriads of birds. When directly opposite the centre of their haunt, a cannon is fired, and almost instantly a cloud of gulls, numbering tens of thousands, fly slowly seaward. Again and again may the gun be fired with the same result. The supply seems inexhaustible.

To the northwest of the Bird Rock is the North Cape, the terminus of our journey, which we reached at nine P.M. on our fourth day from Trondhjem. The sun was shining brightly, and everything seemed propitious for a pleasant night on the summit. The Cape itself dwells in my memory as a great wedged-shaped rock, cleft in the middle, and in height about 1,000 feet. The north face is a perpendicular precipice, and the ascent is made from the south side. Our ship's company, about ninety strong, of whom only one had visited the spot before, made the ascent. It occupied about an hour and a quarter, being somewhat steep in parts. A rope, supported by stakes, shows the easiest way to the top, and when the cliff is surmounted it is a short walk over the tableland to the north face. Here a column of red granite is erected in commemoration of a visit made to the place in 1873, by Oscar II., the present King of Norway and Sweden. We behaved as gatherings on such occasions generally do. We sang "God Save the Queen," "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and "Auld Lang Syne." We cheered Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the President of the United States, the King of Norway, and the captain and officers of the *Sirius*, who had skillfully guided the ship through so many intricate channels, and we drank to innumerable worthies in the best of champagne. Exactly at midnight, the ship's cannons, far below, awoke the echoes amongst the surrounding rocks. The sun continued strong and dazzling, while sinking slowly. It did not set, but approaching near to the horizon, it then

imperceptibly rose, and it was morning. This phenomenon can be observed from the North Cape from the 12th of May to the 31st of July. It is a strange feeling to stand afar off on that northern spot, with all Europe, and its dissensions and troubles, behind, and in front, the unexplored regions of the Polar Sea, while above shines the bright midnight sun. Carlyle revels in the thought that "he stood feeling that all Europe besides slept, while he was in the power that was to wake it." I saw the sun at midnight twice, and the first time, though not at the North Cape, impressed me the more vividly. Such a combination of colors, if presented by a painter to the uninitiated eye, would not be accepted as true. On each side of the sun, ranged in descending order, were the characteristic colors of morning and evening. On the left, as we face it, are red and purple in shades innumerable, forming, as it were, a sunset of exceptional beauty. On the right are the bright gray and yellow lights of morning, and the great mellow sun lies between. Sel-don, I think, is a view of sunrise and sunset in unison obtained. Once seen, it is a sight never to be forgotten.

SONNET TO A YOUNG LADY.

THE startled, ambushed nightingales despair
To match those notes, so tender, sweet and low,
That, poured through lips where Cupid lays his bow,
Had made thee loved e'en hadst thou been less fair.
What need hast thou with gems to deck thy hair,
Of aught of wealth Golconda's mines bestow,
Rubies or pearls rash divers seek below!—
Thou canst in nobler wise thy worth declare.
Oft shall thy votary in his cloistered cell,
In deep research of Nature's secret cleft,
Pause, to bid Memory, with her magic spell,
Bring back thy face and sweet girl-form to view,
And in fond fancy hear thy voice anew
Till life to gladness breathes its last farewell.

AMERICAN BALLAD-WRITERS.

BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

EVERY country has its popular songs, which seem to illustrate the spirit of the people, and their ways and modes of thought, as much as anything connected with them, and which seem also to come directly from their hearts. These songs are of all kinds—warlike, humorous and tender; uncouth sometimes, when measured by the rule of the strict artificer of verse, but with a fire, beauty and delicacy of thought and utterance which place them above mere verbal criticism.

We call these songs ballads, although the term ballad meant originally something quite different—a poem for the dance, and hence our word ballet. Later, this form of composition came to signify epic and poetic narratives, sonnets and madrigals. Still, the process of change of signification widened and went on, and those wonderful and stirring lyrics, the English and Scotch ballads, were reached. In many respects these are the most perfect specimens of their class, and famous writers, like Scott and Macaulay, have made great collections of specimens which they have found endless delight in studying. And a great deal of history is to be gathered from these rude, but spirited, poems, for in them the people often embalmed the memory of all kinds of interesting events—of war and the chase and love—but generally those are the most beautiful which tell some humble domestic story.

The ballad is of most ancient character, and something resembling it in form and character is to be found as far back almost as we may go. It was, no doubt, the earliest

style of metrical composition, a circumstance easily accounted for, as it is the most convenient. No theme comes amiss, and there is no restriction as to length, and thus an almost endless variety of subjects has been treated.

The ancient ballad was, however, too stately, and the specimens which approach nearest the modern ideal are the songs of Anacreon. In these compositions there is something of the simplicity, lightness and grace which characterize the ballad as we know it.

No ballad-poetry is as interesting as the English, and it is even more so than that of Scotland. The earliest specimens are those which treat of love and chivalry. Then we come to legends and strange stories of popular life; and finally, to the relation of criminal deeds. There are the curious elegies and laments which commemorated murders and executions, which were sold in the streets and around scaffolds. To the nobler form belong the stories of Fair Rosamond, etc. In London there are yet ballad-hawkers who go about chanting their doleful ditties, and it is not many years since popular songs were sold through the streets in New York—in size and appearance resembling handbills, and disposed of for a cent, the immemorial price.

The popular song or piece of music which strikes the fancy of the multitude is a peculiar and interesting object of study. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has described how oddly a composition of his, "The Loved and Lost," came into favor, and was sung and performed everywhere. This piece was first mentioned by title in a story he wrote. There was no such waltz, but his story turned on an imaginary composition of the kind—the last waltz of a ball, supposed to be one of those pathetic airs which are heard in the small hours at the conclusion of a ball. A man had met a young girl, some years before, at such a ball, and during this waltz had declared his affection. Events, however, had interposed and parted the lovers. Some years pass by, and he returns. One night he is accidentally at another ball, looking on sadly at the dancing, when this very waltz, played again, brings him to the old scene. He meets the girl once more, and they are reunited. The whole value and point of the story is in the vivid description of the waltz, which was a remarkably clever piece of word-painting.

The story having gone forth, everybody who read it believed that such a waltz as "Loved and Lost" existed, and the music-sellers were overwhelmed with orders for copies, which, as was natural, could not be supplied. It was suggested to the author that he compose a waltz and publish it under this title.

He did so, taking an old and forgotten air, which he shaped and trimmed and rearranged, and this duly went forth as the waltz "Loved and Lost." It was at once arranged for a stringed orchestra, next for the military bands, and next as a duet, *à quatre mains*, and next in easy fashion for the juveniles. Then, so great was the popularity of the piece, it was necessary to write words for a vocal arrangement.

Recently the song was sung at the Brighton Aquarium. In short, says the author, the arrangements, in all shapes and forms, fill a very respectable volume. But what strain was more refreshing than the first grind on the organ, coming round the street-corner; or, later, its regular performance by the German bands, and by the grand orchestra at the Covent Garden concerts? Yet all this could be referred to the story itself, which was like the whirl of a waltz—dreamy and romantic and sad. When results were reckoned up, some sixty or seventy thousand copies had been disposed of.

Such is Mr. Fitzgerald's story, and many ballads have grown into favor in something of the same way.

Stephen Collins Foster is the most notable of American ballad-writers, and it was he who first caught the form and spirit of the negro song. Through his verses there breathes the sweet and plaintive atmosphere of the old plantation. The capacity of the negro for music has long been recognized. He will leave the most absorbing occupation to listen to melody. In a Southern city it is amusing to see the rush of colored inhabitants to a street in which a band is passing, and how—men and women—they fall in line and march with it to the end of its route. No thought of duty is sufficient to turn them back; the spell of the lofty instruments is irresistible.

In the old times, in the cotton-fields, on the steamboat-wharves, in the quarters, and wherever else it was possible to have music, it was heard. The instruments were the violin and the banjo, but generally there was nothing except the voices.

The negro songs have been much written about since the war, and books have been published giving those that were original and to the manner born, and these rude compositions are curious and fantastic. The religious melodies are particularly so, full of feeling and sadness, and a genuine piety.

Stephen Collins Foster was born in Pittsburgh, July 4th, 1826, and displayed a fondness for music early in life. At twelve years old he taught himself to play on the flageolet, banjo and guitar, and began to compose songs. His first published ballad was, "Open Thy Lattice, Love," which was issued in Baltimore in the year 1842. His method of composition was, first to write the words, and then hum them over until he found notes that would express them properly. The story of how he came to write "Old Folks at Home" is interesting. One night he attended a musical performance in Baltimore, and was quite carried away by the rude plantation music, or, rather, the imitation of it, then popular. It was in the early days of that style of entertainment. As he walked home he struck the first notes in his mind of the pretty melody which has made his name immortal. Christy's Minstrels were then famous, with George Christy at the head. He and, alas! the great Daddy Rice, and all the other noted pioneers in this field, are now quite forgotten. The Christys are said to have given Foster \$500 for the privilege of singing "Old Folks at Home" in public, and he made large sums by his other compositions. The popularity of his works can scarcely be credited. In parlors and at concerts, in the theatres, everywhere, they were sung. So sweet and beguiling were they, that the most eminent vocalists did not disdain to take them up, and the simple and homely words were translated into many foreign languages.

Foster's most successful ballads were, "Old Dog Tray," "O Susannah!" "Uncle Ned," "Nellie Bly," "Old Kentucky Home," "Willie, We Have Missed You," "Old Folks at Home," and the more ambitious work, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." He is said to have written, altogether, some three hundred of these songs, at least one-fourth of which were negro ditties. Hundreds of thousands of copies were printed. He was a man of quite wide general culture, and spoke several languages, but he was of a modest and sensitive disposition. In the latter part of his life he grew somewhat improvident, and his life was clouded toward the close. He would write and sell for a few dollars a song that brought a large sum to its purchaser. His death took place under very sad circumstances.

There is a grotesque humor in the negro song, and it is striking to note the observation of nature and of animals and plants and trees which is indicated in the rude verses. The race being unable to read and write, and having no one to teach them, were thrown upon their own resources, and went directly to nature. An immense



GEORGE P. MORRIS.

storehouse of varied information of a certain sort was gathered up in the quarters, and some of it was undoubtedly very valuable. The old medical recipes of the wise "mammies" had a virtue sometimes not to be found in the resources of the learned and fashionable physician; and many a "misery" was more quickly cured with herb-tea or a poultice than could have been done by a pompous Latin prescription. Gifted weather-prophets, too, were those suppressed but watchful people, noting the aspect of the sky and woods, and the behavior of bird and beast.

The love of singing was inborn with the negro, and was cultivated for the sake of the relief that music gives from melancholy thoughts. There can be no doubt that he dwelt much on "the good time coming," which meant either freedom here, or happiness and rest in the endless hereafter. His hope and trust carried him through a great deal of suffering. Thus, throughout all the hymns and melodies of the plantation there breathe sadness and suffering, and the thought of a release for which one must have patience and wait.

An American ballad that possesses glow, sensibility and force of expression is "Woodman, Spare that Tree," by George P. Morris. Here the subject had much to do with the popularity of the song. In regard to Foster's compositions, there were various reasons for their popularity. They were simple and unaffected, and in the music there was a touching sweetness; and no great vocal ability was required to sing them effectively. They were admirably suited to the piano and to parlor performance, and years ago these plantation melodies helped forward much love-making and courtship.

"Woodman, Spare that Tree," is a bolder flight. George P. Morris has graphically told how it came to be written: "Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend who was once the expectant heir of one of the largest estates in America, he invited me to

turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale. 'Your object?' inquired I. 'Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather near a cottage that was once my father's.' 'The place is yours, then?' said I. 'No; my poor mother sold it'—and I observed a slight quiver of the lip at the recollection. 'Dear mother!' resumed my companion; 'we passed many, many happy days in that old cottage—all are gone!' After a moment's pause, he added: 'Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is—I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the by-gone summer-time it was a friend indeed. Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see it to advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in Summer—but I like it full as well in winter-time.' These words were scarcely uttered, when my companion cried out, 'There it is!' Near the tree stood an old man, with his coat off, sharpening an ax. He was the occupant of the cottage. 'What do you intend doing?' asked my friend, in great anxiety. 'What is that to you?' was the blunt reply. 'You are not going to cut down that tree, surely?' 'Yes, I am, though,' said the woodman. 'What for?' inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion. 'This tree so near the house is unhealthy, and besides, I need it for firewood.' My friend immediately offered him ten dollars to let the tree stand, which he agreed to, and a bond was drawn up to that effect." The melody to the ballad was composed by Henry Russell.

George P. Morris was a journalist and writer, and was for a long time associated with N. P. Willis, with whom he conducted the *Mirror* and the *Home Journal*. Samuel Woodworth, who wrote the "Old Oaken Bucket," was also for a time one of the firm. Morris was a Philadelphian by birth, but he lived altogether in New York, and died here in 1864.

It was said of Longfellow's poetry that it was curious



EMMA WILLARD.

to note how often the word "old" occurred in it, and it was also characteristic, as he so dearly loved that which was antique and picturesque. There is a peculiar recurrence of the same word in the titles of popular ballads. We have "Old Dog Tray," "The Old Oaken Bucket,"

"The Old Armchair," "Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Folks at Home," and all these are pathetic compositions.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" has been pronounced one of the sweetest poems in any language. Various stories are told concerning its origin, the one generally accepted being that Samuel Woodworth, the author, drank, one exceedingly warm day, at a pump in the street. He expressed to his wife how much refreshment the water gave him, saying: "It was almost as delightful as the water I drank from the old oaken bucket at the well of the farmhouse where I spent my boyhood." "That is your cue for a poem," cried his wife—"The Old Oaken Bucket." And taking the hint, his fancy immediately began to work, and he wrote the verses at a sitting.

Woodworth was quite a gifted man, and wrote a great deal for the publications of his day; but he was imprudent, and led a life of uncertainty and vicissitude. But he had a happy and careless disposition, and seemed little troubled about the future. He has been called the American Oliver Goldsmith.

"The Old Armchair" has been sung in so many American homes that it might come in the category of American ballads; but the author, Eliza Cook, was born in London, in 1817. The idea of the song was suggested by the chair made vacant by the death of her mother. She wrote a great deal, and with the reward of her industry bought a pretty cottage, where Mrs. Francis S. Osgood visited her. Says Mrs. Osgood: "She is just what her noble poetry would lead you to imagine—a frank, brave and warm-hearted girl, about twenty years of age, rather stout and sturdy-looking, with a face not handsome, but very intelligent. Her hair is black and very luxuriant; her eyes are gray and full of expression."

"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," is a beautiful song, tender and unaffected, as a poem of this character should be. It is one of those popular compositions about which there have been strange and vehement disputes as to the authorship. It seems that an incredible audacity would be needed to inspire one to claim the brain-work of another, and yet this sort of dishonesty is by no means uncommon, as some writers now living could affirm. There is no room for question, however, that Elizabeth Akers Allen (Florence Percy, as she was known in the magazines) wrote "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." She was inspired with the idea while traveling in Italy, and sent the manuscript to an American publication, from which she received five dollars, by way of *honorarium*. Mrs. Allen was born in Maine, in 1832, and her first husband was Paul Akers, the sculptor. Afterward she married E. M. Allen, of New York.

When the United States had a navy and a reputable maritime commerce, and when the memory of her achievements at sea was fresh in every patriotic mind, songs of the ocean were immensely popular. Then it was that the nautical drama flourished, and the popular theatrical stars thought it not beneath their dignity to play Jack

Tar. There were crowds of afterpieces of the "Black-eyed Susan" order, in which a sailor was the hero, and sea-stories of the Captain Marryat order enjoyed a tremendous vogue.

That fine old basso song, from the performance of which so many stars of the concert platform have won applause, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," was written by Emma Willard. During the year 1832 she composed the words while on her way home from Europe. The Duc de Choiseul was aboard, and hearing her recite part of it, urged her not to leave it uncompleted, and she was prevailed upon to finish it. He set the words to music, but his version was not as impressive as that with which we are now familiar. The song is a great favorite with *basso profundos*, and with the interlocutor, or middle-man, of minstrel troupes. Upon this poem rests the fame of Miss Willard. Everything else she wrote was stilted and antiquated to a degree.

Another fine ballad of the sea is "Life on the Ocean Wave," by Epes Sargent, who composed it expressly for the famous Henry Russell. The idea was suggested, one bright, breezy morning, while Mr. Sargent was walking on the Battery, in New York, looking out at the ships. The author, who was born in Massachusetts, lived to be quite an old man, dying in 1880, and his writings were at one time very popular.

"Home, Sweet Home," we must not forget to mention—the work of John Howard Payne, whose sad life-story is too well known to need telling anew; "Yankee Doodle," "The Star-spangled Banner," and "My Country, 'tis of Thee," are specimens of patriotic popular songs.

During the Civil War certain ballads achieved an extraordinary popularity, among which may be mentioned: "Tenting on the Old Camp

Ground," a majestic and sweet composition. It was written by Walter Kittredge, a New Englander, born in 1832. He gave ballad concerts, professionally, at first alone, and afterward with the noted Hutchinson family. He was drafted in 1862, and while preparing to go to the front, composed the words and music of this impressive song, which immediately sprang into immense popularity.

"All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night" is one of those poems to which we have referred, whose authorship is disputed; but it is generally credited to Ethel Lynn Beers.

Fortunately for the fame of Dr. Thomas Dunn English, there is no dispute about the authorship of that quaint old ballad, "Ben Bolt." He wrote it in 1842, to oblige N. P. Willis, and it became popular through a drama, called "The Battle of Buena Vista," in which it was first sung. Soon it was heard everywhere—in theatres, parlors, concert-rooms, and even upon church-organs. Finally a play was made from it, and afterward a novel. Ballad-writing is much more ambitious musical work now than it was in those days.

S. O. Emerson wrote a number of popular songs,



EPES SARGENT.

among them, "We are Coming, Father Abraham," and "Out in the Cold World." George F. Root stirred all hearts in the North, during the Civil War, with "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and "Tramp, Tramp!" and he also wrote "Hazel Dell" and "There's Music in the Air." Henry C. Work was the author of "Marching Through Georgia," "Come Home, Father," and "Grandfather's Clock." H. P. Danks gave to the world the tender "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and Stephen Winner was the composer of "What is Home Without a Mother?" and "Listen to the Mocking Bird." There have been few more popular writers of this kind of music than J. R. Thomas, who was the author of "The Cottage by the Sea," "Happy Be Thy Dreams," and "'Tis But a Little Faded Flower."

None of these works are of a high order, but they serve to illustrate the fact that the Americans are a music-loving people. The ballads also show the simplicity and gentleness of the national character. The songs which have found the widest acceptance were such as dealt with tender and domestic themes, and inculcated goodness of heart, the virtues of home, kindness to animals, and love of country.

CHURCH ANECDOTES.

JOHN PAULI, a Franciscan friar, tells some worth repeating. At table with company one day a farmer said: "Well, I have been married thirty years, and only once have my wife and I been of one mind in all those years, and that was when the house was on fire and each wanted to be the first to escape."

A priest had a loud, harsh voice, and when he sang the service, or preached, one of the women in the congregation wept. He noticed this, and was touched. He thought that it was an acknowledgment of the power of his sermons, or the beauty of his singing, but he was not quite sure which. So he asked the woman, one day, why she wept when he sang and preached.

"Oh, father," she replied, "I had a beautiful one that served me the last ten years, and it died a month ago; and your voice and face reminded me so of it, that I cannot help crying."

To show how we are inclined to let appeals to the conscience glide off ourselves, he tells another story of a great preacher who was discoursing on usury with wonderful force and thrilling power. After the sermon, a usurer came to him and put some money in his hand, and said: "Preach away against that hateful sin of usury. Give it the usurers hot and strong."

"But," exclaimed the astonished preacher, "you are a usurer yourself."

"Yes," was the reply; "but there is so much competition in this town. Sting their consciences well, that some may give up, and then I shall do a roaring business."

Preaching on the absurd and trifling occasions of quarrels, occasions which sometimes cost a life, Pauli tells the following amusing story: A Florentine gentleman came to Milan, where he saw over a house-door the shield and arms of the owner—argent, an ox-head couped at the neck, gules.

"Halloo!" shouted the Florentine; "that is my coat-of-arms; how dare any dirty Milanese assume it!"

He rushed into the house and charged the owner with having assumed arms that belonged to another.

"Not at all," said the Milanese. "I inherited that coat from my ancestors."

"Then your ancestors committed a fraud on mine. I challenge you to fight to-morrow."

On the morrow the two men met in a field.

"Only one of us two can live," said the peppery Florentine. "Only one shall bear on his arms—argent, an ox's head, gules."

"But," said the Milanese, "mine is a cow's head."

"Oh, a cow's head, and not an ox's! Then we need not fight; let us kiss and be comrades."

An English clergyman adds to our stock of anecdotes what follow: If the singing-gallery was a feature in the churches of fifty years ago, so was the square, spacious, and very comfortable family pew. Such is well described by Jane Welsh Carlyle, during her visit to the Bullers at Troston Rectory. "It is a nice pew, that of ours," said old Mr. Buller; "it suits me remarkably well; for being so deep, I am not overlooked; and in virtue of that, I read most part of the 'Femme de Qualité' this morning. But don't," he added, "tell Mr. Regy (his son, the rector) this." I, also," continued Mrs. Carlyle, "turned the depth of the pew to good account. When the sermon began, I made myself at the bottom of it a sort of Persian couch, out of the praying-cushions, laid off my bonnet, and stretched out myself very much at my ease."

The poor were formerly accommodated in narrow pews, very high and stiff in the back. No wonder a timid child remarked that a man in velvet breeches had sat her on a pantry-shelf and shut the door. Not so little Johnny, who, "on the promise to be dood," was taken to church. He kept very still till the last prayer, by which time he had grown so tired that he got up on the cushion of the seat and stood with his back to the pulpit. When the lady in the seat behind bowed her head for prayer, Johnny thought she was crying, so he leaned over and said, in a too-audible whisper, "Poor, dear lady, what ee matter? Does oo tummy ache?"

Very formidable must have been the pew with a lattice round it, in which that red-haired vixen, Queen Bess, sat to criticise the court preachers. They had to be as particular about allusions as the chaplains of Louis XIV. "We must all die," exclaimed the preacher. The King frowned sternly. "All, I mean, save your Majesty," added the subtle courtier.

When a bishop or other cleric made mention of anything which did not please the vain old woman, the lattice was rattled with terrible energy and distinctness, to the discomfiture of the unfortunate ecclesiastic. Sometimes she spoke outright, as when the Bishop of St. David's ventured upon statistics which the Queen could not follow: "You keep your arithmetic to yourself: the greatest clerks are seldom the wisest men."

In Bosley Church, Cheshire, a local landowner, the Earl of Harrington, placed a stained-glass window containing figures of the Virgin and St. John. Some friends of mine, being shown over the building, asked the venerable clerk the subject. "Thein tur," said he, "are meant for Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, but I can't say as they are muich loike."

Very doubtful was the compliment which was paid to the late Dr. Armstrong, of Burslem. During the sudden illness of a neighboring rector, he had come to the rescue. The congregation was scanty; but the eloquence of the obliging doctor excited the enthusiasm of the parish churchwarden.

"I am downright sorry, sir, to see you 'fishiating in this 'ere poor little place; a much worse gentleman would ha' done, if we could only have found him."

Talking of sermons, one cannot help noticing how they "hide their diminished heads" until there is little but the tail of their old verbosity left. When penderous Samuel Parr had concluded the 'Spital Sermon before

George the Third, the latter remarked, "I heard something, doctor, in your sermon to-day that I never heard before."

"May I respectfully ask what that was, your Majesty?" lisped the gratified divine, who was expecting a bishopric.

"Well, doctor, I will tell you: I heard the clock strike twice."

"The only use of sermons," says Miss Farwick, "is to make respectable people uncomfortable."

This is almost on a par with a lady of last century who wrote to a titled friend respecting the homely truths preached by George Whitefield. "Such sentiments may do very well for the lower classes: but to tell you and me, my dear, that we are vile sinners, is exceedingly improper, not to say vulgar."

The ancient sermon was provocative of sleep; so we find, in old Church accounts, a person appointed to keep people awake by what is termed "bobbing." Thus in 1736 the churchwardens of Preetwich, near Manchester, resolved "That 13s. a year be given to George Grimshaw, of Rooden Lane, for ye time being, as well as a new coat (not exceeding twenty shillings) every other year, for his trouble and pains in wakening sleepers in ye church, whipping out dogs, keeping children quiet and orderly, and keeping ye pulpit and church walks clean." There were similar bobbings by bequest at Tryeull, Farmcote, Acton and Dunchurch. I knew of one parish where Bumble was armed with a long stick, having a knob at one end and a fox's brush at the other. Should he espy a lunkless laborer or a clumsy child nodding assent to the "sixthly," down came his knob with a crack like a gunshot; but when gentility was caught napping, its delicate nose was tickled gently by the brush.

"Nothing," says Lament, "can justify a long sermon. If it be a good one, it need not be long; if it be a bad one, it ought not to be long."

We hear of striking originality from the pulpit sometimes. A young Nonconformist was on probation at a little Bethel. His subject was the "Prodigal Son." His auditory, select and severe, were unmoved by his eloquence for half an hour. He would now touch them with his finer fancies; he would appeal to their tenderest feelings. "My dear friends! (with a sigh) the fattest calf! Notice! not one of Pharaoh's lean and ill-favored kine; not one of five yoke of oxen—great, ugly beasts; but a sweetly pretty, gentle, amiable fattest calf. No doubt (added the speaker, with deepening pathos) it had been the children's dear little pet for years."

A well-known member of a congregation had enlivened dull December by bringing home his bride; and the ladies were on the tiptoe of expectation, on the following Sunday, to see what she was like. An involuntary smile was caused by the text: "Behold the bridegroom cometh." By no means diffident was the young lady who extracted a promise from her vicar that he would preach an appropriate sermon when she appeared at church on the Sunday following her marriage. The text was somewhat a surprise: "Yea, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth."

Speaking of marriages, how amusing is the following incident: The incumbent of a populous parish in the Midlands, who never failed to have publication of numerous bans, looked for the bans-book as usual after the Second Lesson. Feeling well assured of finding it, he commenced: "I publish the bans of marriage—" An awkward pause, during which he looked beneath the service-books, "but could not see my little friend, because he was not there." "I publish the bans," he

repeated, and still fumbling, "between—between—" "Between the cushion and the seat, sir," shouted the clerk, looking up and pointing to the place where the book had been mislaid.

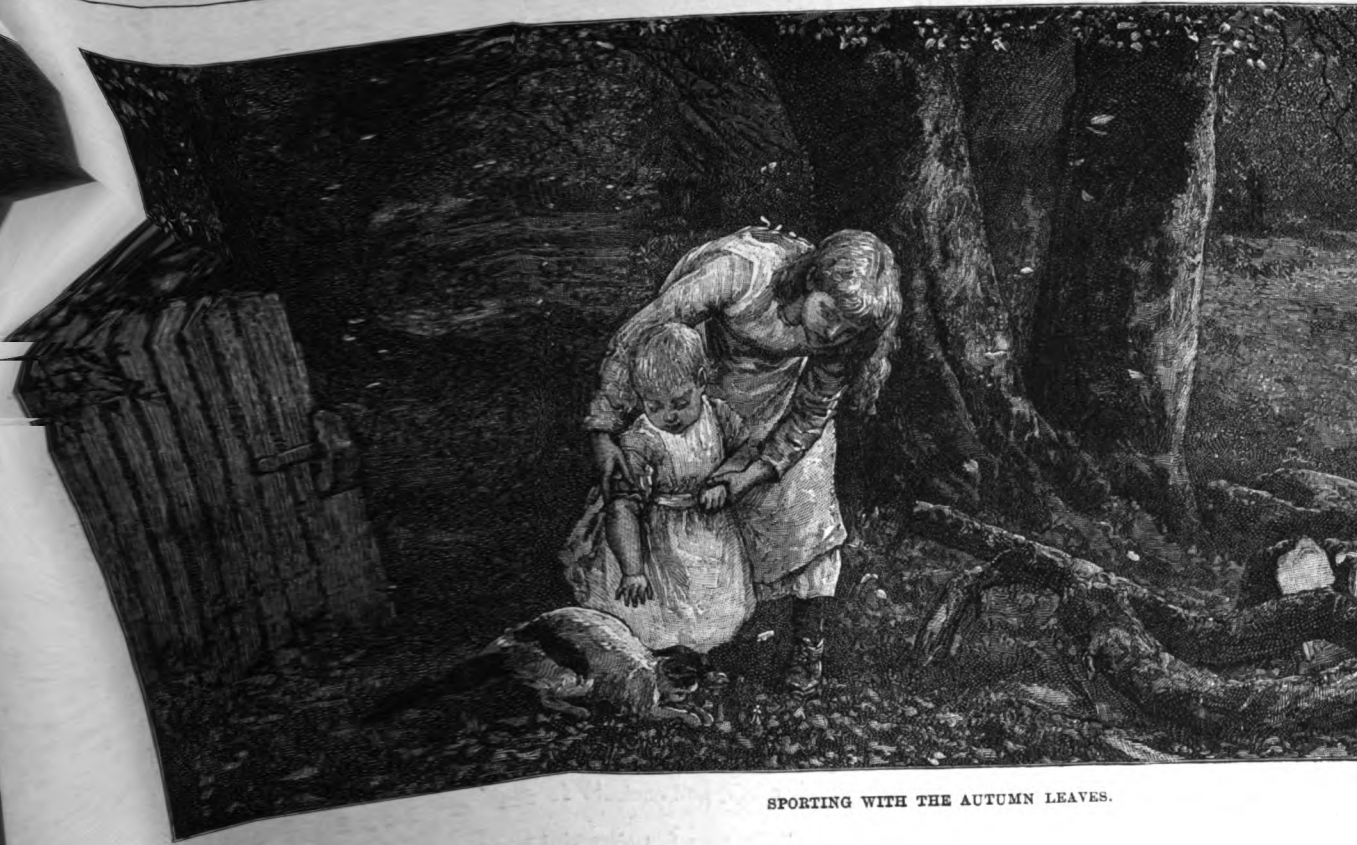
ANIMALS AND EARTHQUAKES.

PROFESSOR MILNE discusses the effects of earthquakes on animals. The records of most great earthquakes refer to the consternation of dogs, horses, cattle and other domestic animals. Fish also are frequently affected. In the London earthquake of 1749, roach and other fish in a canal showed evident signs of confusion and fright; and sometimes after an earthquake fish rise to the surface dead and dying. During the Tokio earthquake of 1880, cats inside a house ran about trying to escape, foxes barked, and horses tried to kick down the boards confining them to their stables. There can, therefore, be no doubt that animals know something unusual and terrifying is taking place. More interesting than these are the observations showing that animals are agitated just before an earthquake. Ponies have been known to prance about their stalls, pheasants to scream, and frogs to cease croaking suddenly a little time before a shock, as if aware of its coming. The Japanese say that moles show their agitation by burrowing. Geese, pigs and dogs appear more sensitive in this respect than other animals. After the great Calabrian earthquake, it is said that the neighing of a horse, the braying of an ass, or the cackle of a goose, was sufficient to cause the inhabitants to fly from their houses in expectation of a shock. Many birds are said to show their uneasiness before an earthquake by hiding their heads under their wings and behaving in an unusual manner. At the time of the Calabrian shock little fish, like sand-eels (*Cirricelli*), which are usually buried in the sand, came to the top and were caught in multitudes. In South America certain quadrupeds, such as dogs, cats and jerboas are believed by the people to give warning of coming danger by their restlessness; sometimes immense flocks of sea-birds fly inland before an earthquake, as if alarmed by the commencement of some suboceanic disturbance. Before the shock of 1885, in Chili, all the dogs are said to have escaped from the City of Talcahuano. The explanation offered by Professor Milne of this apparent prescience is that some animals are sensitive to the small tremors which precede nearly all earthquakes. He has himself felt them some seconds before the actual earthquake came. The alarm of intelligent animals would then be the result of their own experience, which has taught them that small tremors are premonitory of movements more alarming. Signs of alarm days before an earthquake are probably accidental; but sometimes, in volcanic districts, gases have emanated from the ground prior to earthquakes, and have poisoned animals. In one case large numbers of fish were killed in this way in the Tiber; and at Follonica, on the morning of April 6, 1874, "the streets and roads were covered with dead rats and mice. In fact, it seemed as if it had rained rats. The only explanation of the strange phenomenon was that these animals had been destroyed by emanations of carbon dioxide."

It is best to strive to cultivate an interest in simple, innocent and inexpensive pleasures. We may thus aid in diffusing that spirit of contentment which is of itself rich and a permanent possession.

SCARCELY will you find any one so bad but he desires the credit of being good.





SPORTING WITH THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

IRMA.

A FRANCO-RUSSIAN STORY.

BY LAWRENCE GORDON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE was silence for a moment. No sound was heard but the quick breathing of Olga, who, though now deadly pale, never for an instant removed her eyes from the grave face of the young man before her. Not an eyelid quivered, not a muscle moved in her face, which had grown as rigid as though suddenly turned into marble. At last a sort of spasm crossed her features, her mouth trembled for an instant, and the white hand hanging by her side was clasped and unclasped nervously. Then, as though she were forcing her features to obey her will, a faint smile parted her lips, and she said, with a long-drawn breath :

"Ah, the mystery is being solved !" She raised her head haughtily. "You have heard that I was—the mistress of Prince Schuvaloff before I became his wife, have you not ?"

Philippe bowed in silence.

"This, then, is the reason why I have been so cruelly humiliated to-day." Her manner became intensely bitter, and she went on. "So you, to whom the salary you receive for your daily duties is actually *necessary*, would refuse to marry me because of this fact ?"

All her usual audacity had returned, and her scornful laugh rang out.

Philippe folded his arms, looked steadily into the beautiful, haughty face, then said, quietly :

"Since you insist upon the truth, you shall hear it. Though, as you have reminded me, I belong to an impoverished family, and am but an *attaché* to the French

Embassy, the women of my race have I could not wrong their memory, nor whose spotless purity is more precious than all the wealth of the universe would to her as a daughter one whose character is less than her own." He continued to look at her eyes from her face. "Forgive me if I have been forced to inflict upon you, and I have had to do so, what has happened to-day."

Olga's haughty face darkened with anger. "Forgive !—forget !" said she, with a flashing eye. "I shall never forgive you for humiliating me—never forget while I live ! Henceforth, look upon me as a woman that I shall live but to be revenged upon you. Blight and desolate your life, and ruin your day in which you turned a woman's life into a lie !"

As she paused breathlessly a step was heard, and Philippe turned quickly in that direction, and saw, standing near the door, a tall, thin, grey-haired old gentleman, who was looking at them with a stern expression.

"The duke !" exclaimed Philippe, starting toward him.

At the sound of his name the old gentleman stepped forward, saying :

"My dear Philippe, the most wonderful thing that has happened to-day is that this lady—"

With an instant and wondrous change of manner, Olga said, sweetly :

"This scene requires an explanation, monsieur. The Count d'Hauteville and I were rehearsing a play soon to be given to our friends. I was quite carried away by the passion I was representing."

The duke looked at her beautiful face with an air of incredulity for an instant, then drew a long breath of relief.

"Is that all, madame?" he said. "You would make a marvelous actress—a second Rachel!" and he bent courteously before her.

A rustling of silken garments was now heard, and the countess joined the trio.

"What is this I have just heard, duke?" she asked. "Whom have you brought to the house with you?"

The old gentleman turned and grasped the white hands of the countess in his own.

"My dear Cécile, my happiness is so great that I can scarcely believe myself awake. I have a delightful surprise for you and Philippe. Wait here an instant."

He quitted the room, but presently returned, leading by the hand an exquisitely beautiful young girl. In a voice tremulous from excess of feeling, the duke said :

"Wish me joy, all of you! This is my granddaughter, miraculously restored to me!"

It was Irma.

As she glanced at the little group toward which she was led by the duke, her heart almost stood still as she recognized a face which for more than a year had haunted her dreams.

She gazed at the dark, handsome countenance as though she were spellbound, then a vivid crimson suffused her cheek, a joyous smile parted her lips, and she said, almost breathlessly :

"Philippe!"

"Irma! You here!" exclaimed the young man. His tone revealed not only his overwhelming surprise, but his delight. He gazed rapturously into her fair face for an instant, then, forgetting or ignoring the presence of the rest, he sprang forward, and grasping her hand, pressed it passionately to his lips.

The duke had witnessed this recognition with extreme surprise and pleasure. He turned to the countess and said to her, between smiles and tears :

"Cécile, what mystery is this? Your child and mine are not strangers, evidently."

"This young girl," replied the countess, in tones tremulous with emotion, "was the dearest friend of poor Stephanie. With her dying breath my darling child said to her brother and myself: 'Love her for my sake!'"

"And," said the duke, looking from his fair grandchild to the handsome young man, who had not yet released the slender hand he had seized so impulsively, "Philippe evidently loves her for her own. What say you, my boy?"

"With all my heart," replied Philippe, gazing with rapturous eyes upon the lovely face of the young girl.

"And you, my child?" asked the duke, taking in his own the other hand of Irma.

For answer Irma raised her beautiful eyes to those of Philippe. They met his own for an instant only, then they were veiled by their sweeping lashes. That brief glance, together with the eloquent blush that mantled her fair face, spoke as plainly as words could have done.

"I see the hand of Providence in this," said the old duke, solemnly. "Philippe, take her to your heart—she is yours."

"For ever my own," murmured Philippe, in low, fervent tones, as he pressed the slender form of his betrothed to his heart.

Scarcely had he done so when a cold, clear voice beside him said :

"Monsieur d'Hauteville must know how ardently I wish him and his fair bride—joy! Thus I seal my promise to repay, with interest, the debt I owe him." With these words Olga snatched Irma suddenly from the fond arms that encircled her. She looked into the fair, startled face for a brief second, then kissing her lightly upon the forehead, pushed her from her again, turned, and, with a haughty, graceful bow to the little group, rushed from the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOMEWHAT more than four months had elapsed since the arrival of Irma in Russia. It was now the beginning of September, and already the short, fierce Summer was over. The air had become deliciously cool and bracing, and the atmosphere was so clear that the eye could distinguish very distant objects with ease.

It was a season of almost unprecedented loveliness—

"The glow of the sunshine
And the balm of the air"

of that particular time being long remembered and quoted.

The nights were scarcely less perfect than the days. The deep-blue dome of heaven seemed to bend fondly over the fair earth, and encircle it in a loving embrace, while

"The stars that o'ersprinkle
All the heavens, seemed to twinkle
With a crystalline delight."

It was on such an evening that André d'Arcet quietly disengaged himself from the brilliant throng assembled in the magnificent *salons* of the French Minister. He descended the broad marble staircase leading to the superb grounds, and with the assured step of one who knows his way perfectly, struck into a somewhat secluded avenue. Having reached this, he walked back and forth with a quick, exultant tread across the smooth, graveled path.

"I dared not remain longer in there," said he to himself, "lest my face should betray me. All has gone well; there has not been a single hitch in the progress of events, which have unrolled themselves, one after the other, entirely to my satisfaction." He smiled to himself in the darkness, and looked around him with an air of intense triumph. "I have been installed as a member of the family, my services to the worshiped grandchild of the duke having raised me to the post of his confidential friend. He is grateful to me; he is warmly attached to me; he *trusts* me!" A laugh of satisfaction escaped him. "Poor fool! How little he dreams of the crushing blow soon to fall upon his devoted head—and through *me*!" He paused a moment, then continued his walk. "Fortune herself has been my willing handmaid. The young people were married in a blaze of splendor; have been flattered and feasted and *fêted* to their heart's content. They are still in a fool's paradise—find heaven in each other's eyes, little dreaming that but a single step divides them from hell!" Again a laugh escaped him, but he checked it suddenly, at hearing an approaching step. He listened, composed his features into their usual expression, and the next instant saw a shadow thrown upon the white path by the form of a man who came toward him. He recognized it at once.

"It is the duke!" said he to himself. "His shadow precedes him; it is but the forerunner of the blackness that will soon overshadow and crush him!"

The kindly, unsuspecting old duke advanced eagerly toward his guest.

"Ah, Monsieur d'Arcet," he said, as he extended his hand in friendly greeting; "I missed you, even in the midst of the gay throng inside, and came in search of you. Do I find you alone, and lost in thought upon an occasion like the present?"

"My thoughts were joyous ones, duke; not gloomy."

"My dear D'Arcet, I know you rejoice in the happiness of my children," said the old nobleman, warmly. "I have more than once remarked the pleasure their marriage seemed to give you."

"You are right, my dear duke," answered D'Arcet, "I assure you; no event has afforded me such intense satisfaction for many years."

"Philippe should always remember that you were his most ardent supporter in his desire for an early marriage."

The duke linked his arm in that of his guest, and together they paced the graveled walk, still preceded by their blunt shadows, which were sharply defined upon the white walk.

"He probably will remember that I was most anxious not to see his happiness deferred."

The duke would have shuddered if he could have seen the face of his companion at that moment.

The old man was silent for an instant. Then he spoke musingly—more as though he were thinking aloud than engaged in conversation with any one.

"Irma was so young," he said, "and my happiness at knowing her to be my Gilbert's child so very new. Ah, my friend"—here he turned his face toward D'Arcet—"what do I not owe to you?" His voice was tremulous with emotion, and the arm that leant upon his companion was unsteady. "Heaven was pleased to make you the instrument for bestowing upon me the greatest joy that my old age could know, and in my prayers I beg that its richest blessings may rest upon you!"

The moon, which had shone with brilliancy, was at that instant obscured by a passing cloud. The light that fell from her altered face was wan and pale, and by it the countenance of D'Arcet seemed to have assumed a new expression.

"If I were superstitious, I should say that Heaven does not seem inclined to smile upon me in answer to your prayers," said he, turning to the duke. "The wind is rising. Listen to it, in the branches overhead. Can you not hear it sobbing and sighing?" And he staid the steps of his companion. "Perhaps I am fanciful to-night—great happiness often makes one so—but to me, the wind sounds like the voice of a woman sobbing in anguish over her vanished happiness."

"Hush! my friend," said the duke, hastily. "Do not let such thoughts take possession of you. I am not fanciful usually, but I will confess your words have infected me to-night. Let us not think of the unhappy one whom your imagination has conjured up, but of Irma, my adored, my blissfully happy Irma!"

"As you like duke."

"I have told you that had I consulted only my own selfish wishes, I should have postponed her marriage. Your wishes, my dear D'Arcet, had even more weight with me than those of the young people."

"I fully sympathized in the eagerness of the count to make sure that no accident could deprive him of his bride," answered D'Arcet.

"Well, nothing but death can separate them now," said the duke.

He and D'Arcet had now reached the extremity of the avenue. At that point it intersected a circular path inclosing a velvety lawn, in the centre of which was a marble fountain whose silvery shower shot high into the air.

"Look, D'Arcet, there they are!" And the duke pointed to the fountain.

Beside it stood the young husband and wife—Irma so perfectly beautiful in her gleaming white bridal robes, that for an instant the two spectators paused in speechless admiration.

Philippe was saying something to her, in a low tone, and she was looking up into his face with softly smiling lips and lustrous, lovely eyes. The young pair had no thought of spectators, or of anything save each other. All was forgotten but their mutual love and their happiness, which, thus far, was flawless, perfect.

At length Philippe took the hand of his fair young bride in his own, and, turning, they passed across the lawn and out of sight.

The duke drew a long breath.

"Youth, and love—and happiness. God bless my children!" said he, under his breath. Then he was silent for a moment.

"Are they not a noble-looking young pair, my friend?" asked he, presently, resuming his usual manner.

"They are, indeed, my dear duke," answered D'Arcet, with a smile. "And, as you say, nothing but death can separate them now. Ah, countess, you appeared as noiselessly as a spirit," said he, suddenly, as he saw, close beside him, the stately figure of Madame d'Hauteville.

"Cécile," said the duke, gayly, to the newcomer, "did you drop from the clouds, or were you borne hither by the night-breeze, that we had no warning of your approach? But, my dear friend," continued he, observing her more closely, "you are pale and disturbed! Has anything happened?"

"Nothing whatever," said the countess. "I was disturbed for a moment, I will admit, by——" And she paused.

"May we not know by what, madame?" asked D'Arcet, courteously.

"Yes," was the lady's answer, after a slight hesitation. "By something in the tone of your voice and in your manner, monsieur."

"What do you mean, Cécile?" asked the duke, in surprise.

"It strikingly recalled to me a young man whose memory is far from a pleasant one."

CHAPTER XX.

"Ah!" said D'Arcet. "He must have been unworthy indeed, to have left such an impression upon the mind of a lady who is charity and kindness itself."

"He was unworthy, and richly deserved the punishment his villainy received," answered the countess. She turned to the duke, who was listening to her words in surprise. "Tell me, dear friend," she said, as she laid her hand upon his arm, "are you not sometimes reminded of your former secretary by Monsieur d'Arcet?"

"You mean Fauvel, do you not?" answered the duke. "Cécile, I now know of whom our friend, Monsieur d'Arcet, has made me think so often."

A careless smile appeared upon the face of D'Arcet. He turned to the countess and said, lightly:

"Pray give me the history of this villain—for such I

judge him to be—of whom I have the misfortune to remind you both so strongly."

"The story would scarcely interest you, I fear," answered Madame d'Hauteville.

"I assure you it would, madame. For some reason I feel particularly anxious to hear it."

"Listen, then," said the lady. "You have probably heard that I was the orphan niece of the Duchess de St. Aulaire, and that my girlhood was passed under her hospitable roof. This George Fauvel, of whom I speak, was the secretary of the duke thirty years ago. He became betrothed to a young girl of good family, in the village near the duke's château, and the time for the marriage was drawing near. One day I chanced to overhear an interview between Fauvel and my maid, a girl of unusual beauty, and I learned, to my horror, that he had been her seducer, under promise of marriage. In despair at the idea of his union with another, the wretched young creature announced her intention of committing suicide. My aunt was ill, so I communicated at once with the duke, whom I brought to the spot."

"You were prompt, madame," said D'Arcet. Then he turned to the duke. "And you were equally so, no doubt, in dismissing the traitor from your service?" asked he.

"I did more than that, as you shall hear," replied the duke. "When confronted with us, Fauvel did not deny the charge made against him by the girl, but replied, sneeringly, that she might have known he had no intention of marrying her."

"That was adding insult to injury," said D'Arcet.

The duke went on.

"You may judge of his consternation when I informed him that he *should* marry her, or serve out a term in the galleys for forgery."

"What! Was he a forger, in addition to being a seducer?" asked D'Arcet, with interest.

"Yes. He had forged my name to several checks for small sums, and thus supplied himself with funds for the indulgence of his favorite vice—gambling. My discovery of this was almost simultaneous with the one my wife's niece had made."

"Go on, my dear duke! I am all impatience," said D'Arcet. "What had the wretched young man to say to this?"

"The whiteness of death came over his face when his betrothed, who had been summoned to the spot, broke her engagement with him, and expressed the scorn and loathing she felt for one so vile."

"How intensely interesting! Did you carry out the sentence you pronounced upon him?"

"You may rest assured that I did. Only upon condition that he should marry the girl would I refrain from taking steps that would consign him to the galleys. Fauvel knew I would keep my word, and, to escape the fate that menaced him, married, in my presence, the woman whose faith he had betrayed." He paused, and looked at D'Arcet with curiosity. "But you, my friend," he said, "have actually grown pale, and seem scarcely able to breathe! Do you find the story of such deep interest?"

The countess, who had been looking searchingly at D'Arcet, now spoke.

"Great drops of perspiration have gathered upon your brow, Monsieur d'Arcet; and even your lips are bloodless! Are you ill?"

He drew his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his cold, moist forehead hastily.

"Ill? Not in the least, dear madame," said he. "I

told you this story would interest me, and besides, it was narrated with such dramatic fervor the whole scene was brought vividly before me."

Again he wiped his brow, then went on.

"I can imagine, with but a slight stretch of fancy, as you two were actors in it, and since I resemble him so strikingly, that I was the other—the unhappy young man himself!"

He laughed as he concluded his sentence, but it seemed a forced, mirthless laugh, and met with no response from either of his hearers.

"Pray let us choose a pleasanter theme for conversation," said the countess, gravely. "I always dislike to recall the occurrence, and for some reason find it especially distasteful this evening."

"A single moment longer, I beg of you, dear madame," said D'Arcet, eagerly. "Was there no sequel to this story?"

The countess glanced into his white face, now lit up by eyes of singular brilliance, and hesitated for an instant, then went on slowly, almost as though she were obeying another will than her own.

"At the conclusion of the marriage-ceremony," she said, "after swearing to be revenged upon the duke and myself, Fauvel left the château and has never been seen or heard of since."

"And his revenge?" questioned D'Arcet, his gleaming eyes still riveted upon her face.

The countess drew a long breath.

"Thus far, he has not obtained it," she said.

"And the girl—the menial wife whom they gave him as lifelong companion?"

"Ah!" said the countess, as though in pain, and she shrank from the side of D'Arcet involuntarily, though, like a bird trembling under the gaze of a serpent who has marked it as its prey, she did not remove her eyes from his face.

"What is it, Cécile?" asked the duke, in alarm. "Are you ill?"

"No," said she, in a faint, agitated voice, and she passed her hand across her brow with a slow, mechanical gesture. "I must be—nervous, for—for a strange fancy has taken possession of me." She shivered as though the air had suddenly grown cold, and put her trembling hand upon the arm of the duke.

"I beg a thousand pardons, dear madame, for urging you, against your wishes, to tell me this painful story. I also trust you will pardon my ill-timed curiosity," said D'Arcet, in a smooth, courteous tone. "Yet I could not possibly know that the remembrance of Fauvel's vow of vengeance would conjure up such painful feelings."

"Be quite sure that it has inspired no *fear*, Monsieur d'Arcet," said the countess, turning suddenly toward him. Her tone was haughty, almost defiant, and her eyes rested upon him coldly.

"Cécile!" said the duke, in surprise, and he looked at her in vague alarm.

"I will answer Monsieur d'Arcet's question, lest he think me *quite* overcome by the remembrance of that foiled villain's weak threat. The duke settled a sum upon Françoise that would enable her to live in comfort. She disappeared suddenly from the château, however, and left no trace behind her. Now, monsieur, if I have finished this page from the history of the past to your satisfaction, we will close the volume."

By this time the countess had quite regained her composure, and her proud eyes met the gaze of D'Arcet unflinchingly.

"You have finished it quite to my satisfaction, and in



SUMMER.—FROM A PAINTING BY ARTHUR MORADEL.

so doing have increased my indebtedness to you." And D'Arcet bent before her courteously.

She inclined her head slightly in return. Then she addressed the duke :

"Shall we not go within, my friend? Our guests will wonder at our prolonged absence."

"Let us go by all means, Cécile. Will you join us, Monsieur d'Arcet?" said the courteous old duke.

"If you will kindly excuse me, I will remain here for the present."

As the duke and his companion turned and made their way toward the house, the countess said, suddenly, after a silence :

"I do not like that Monsieur d'Arcet."

CHAPTER XXI.

D'ARCEY watched the two retreating figures until they were quite out of sight, a smile of singular satisfaction illuminating his white face.

"That foiled villain's weak threat," repeated he, and, throwing up his head, he laughed aloud.

As the sound of his exultant laugh fell upon the air, he heard voices near him. He turned and glanced down the avenue. At the end of it he saw two persons approaching the spot where he stood. He hesitated an instant, then turned into a side path, and was soon out of sight.

The two figures came rapidly along the avenue upon which the again unclouded moon shone brilliantly. One of them was a woman. The swish, swish of her trailing black velvet gown seemed to annoy her, for she paused suddenly, and, with an impatient movement, gathered the rich folds in her white hand, upon which great jewels gleamed like stars. Then she came forward with hasty, graceful steps.

"No, Vladimir," said she, without turning her face toward her companion, who spoke in low, pleading tones, "I do not care to dance. The heat is stifling within."

"Yet you shiver as from cold," said the handsome young prince, looking with passionate admiration upon his beautiful companion.

"I am *not* cold," said Olga, shortly.

"You will be, if you remain out here with uncovered shoulders."

Olga smiled scornfully.

"You told me, a few moments ago, that such beauty should never be hidden from view."

"True," said the prince, tenderly, and he glanced at the superbly formed shoulders and arms of his companion, which, from contrast with the black velvet robe, gleamed white as snow in the yellow moonlight. "Yet, that you may not suffer, I will deprive myself of the pleasure of gazing upon it for a while. Will you not allow me to go in search of your wrap?"

"Yes, if you like," answered Olga, indifferently.

She looked around her as she spoke, and discovering a seat of wrought-iron, beneath one of the large trees that formed the avenue, sank listlessly upon it.

Her handsome companion was hastening from her side with light steps, when her voice recalled him.

"A moment, Vladimir!"

In an instant he was again beside her.

"And when you have found the wrap, you need not return to me."

"Not return to you?" faltered he, in dismay.

"No," answered Olga; "I prefer to be alone."

"You cannot—you will not be so cruel!" pleaded the prince.

The moonlight fell full upon his face, revealing its perfect beauty, and showing also the deep disappointment depicted upon his features.

In an instant he was upon his knees beside her, and had possessed himself, almost forcibly, of her beautiful white hand. He carried it to his lips, in spite of her resistance, and pressed warm, eager kisses upon its smooth surface.

"I cannot leave you!" he murmured, passionately. "I have waited and watched for this blessed opportunity so long!"

"Do not dare!" said she, and she snatched her hand from his grasp, as though his touch had polluted it.

"Do not dare tell you that I love you—that I adore you? Beautiful princess!—queen among women!—I implore you to become my wife! I lay my heart—my life—at your feet!"

"Rise, foolish boy!" said Olga, coldly, yet with less impatience in her tone. "I have no love for you—could never have."

"I have a rival, then," said the prince, springing to his feet; "but I swear you shall never be his wife!"

His eyes gleamed dangerously, and his slender, sinewy fingers were extended as though to clutch the throat of his foe.

"His wife!" repeated Olga, almost ignoring the presence of her unhappy young lover. "No, that I shall never be!"

A deep sigh escaped her breast, and unwilling tears gathered slowly in the large, sad eyes.

Her companion looked upon her in amazement. He marked the trembling lips, though they were tightly compressed in the vain endeavor to hide her emotion, the tearful eyes, and the agitated throbbing of her heart.

"Some one has made you suffer!" panted he, impetuously. "Tell me his name, and though he were my dearest friend—or brother, even—I will have his life!"

"Hush!" and she turned imperiously upon the prince, with such fierce anger written in her face that he almost shrank from her. "Breathe another such word against the man I love, and you and I are strangers for ever!"

The prince recoiled from her as though she had struck him.

"The man you love!" echoed he, in tones of bitter anguish. "Oh, God! my life is over!"

He bowed his head upon his hands, and great, tearless sobs shook his entire frame.

Olga watched him in silence for a moment, then a softened expression came over her beautiful face.

"Poor boy!" said she, gently; "this love is a terrible thing, is it not? Your heart is made of softer stuff than mine. Your wound will heal, but mine will never close until my dying day."

She drew his hands from his face with gentle force, and pulled him a step toward her.

"Vladimir," said she, almost tenderly, "in time you will learn to forget me in the love of a better woman. Go now, and think of me no more."

She passed her hand caressingly over his dark curls, pushed him from her, then turned in the opposite direction.

He looked after her once, then, with a groan of despair, hastened from the spot.

CHAPTER XXII.

"No, BARON, the duke is not here. He has doubtless returned to the house."

Olga started violently as these words, spoken in a well-known voice, fell upon her ear. She had been so much

absorbed in her own thoughts that she had not heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

"The Count d'Hauteville!" exclaimed she, to herself, and she pressed her hand over her heart, as though she could allay the fierce pulsations caused by the sound of his voice.

She paused, drew further under the shelter of some overhanging branches, and listened for his companion's reply.

"Then I will seek him there. May I beg you to await our return here, count?"

"Certainly, if you wish, baron," answered Philippe, in a somewhat surprised tone.

His companion turned and strode away hastily in the direction of the house.

Olga glanced after him through the branches of the trees.

"It is the Baron Otto Lütke," she murmured, "the head of the Secret Police; what can he want with the duke and Philippe?"

She gave the matter no further thought, however. The mere fact of the near proximity of Philippe drove away all idea of anything else.

"He is coming this way," she said to herself, and as she heard him turn from a side path into the avenue in which she stood, she almost ceased to breathe.

Philippe came slowly onward, and, fully believing himself alone, spoke aloud.

"I suppose I must wait here," he said; "though Irma will miss me, and wonder where I am."

Olga's face had worn a softened expression until she heard the name of Irma. Then an ominous frown gathered upon her brow, and her large eyes flashed dangerously. Suddenly she stepped from her place of concealment, and stood directly in front of Philippe.

He glanced up quickly into the face of the person who thus barred his way, and gave a slight start as he recognized Olga. He recovered himself instantly.

"Ah, princess," he said, courteously, "meeting you here, in this quiet spot, is an unexpected pleasure."

"Pleasure!" echoed she, with bitter scorn. "Yet you stiffened at the sight of me as though you had been confronted with the head of Medusa!"

"You wrong yourself, fair lady, by the comparison! Medusa had a hardening, petrifying effect upon her beholders, while you, madame, are able to melt and mold at pleasure all who approach you," said Philippe, lightly.

"Perhaps, with very few exceptions," answered Olga, with a pale, unsmiling countenance. She paused, drew her breath hard, then said, suddenly, in tones of concentrated fury: "Count d'Hauteville, I would that I had the power of Medusa for one short hour. I would transform you and your lovely bride into two statues of stone. You should stand at opposite sides of this lawn, gazing at each other with wistful eyes—but for ever divided!"

Philippe looked at her in painful surprise. The moonlight fell full upon her, revealing her wondrous beauty, and also the ravages which suffering had made in her countenance since he had seen her on that never-to-be-forgotten day, over four months previously. All her rich color had fled, leaving her face as pale as marble. Her lips alone retained their vivid scarlet hue, but looked abrunken and parched, as though from the effect of a consuming fever. Bluish shadows encircled the great, starry eyes, increasing their size, and giving them an unnatural brilliance. The delicate, exquisitely chiseled nostrils were now almost transparent, and even the smooth, oval cheeks had lost somewhat of their roundness.

Philippe's heart ached for her, and after a momentary pause he said, very gently:

"You could not find it in your heart thus to wrong those who have never wronged you. You are unjust to yourself, dear princess; your nature is not what you would have me believe."

"Is it not?" said she, with a bitter laugh. "You shall see!" And she clinched the white, wasted hand hanging by her side.

Philippe went on, his eyes resting kindly upon her face, a deep earnestness in his voice:

"Time will prove that I have not erred in my judgment of you." At that instant the soft night-breeze wafted to their ears the inspiring sound of the music from the brilliantly illuminated ballroom. "Listen to that waltz!" said Philippe. "Can you resist its spell? Let us go within and join the dancers?" And for the moment, entirely forgetting his appointment with Baron Lütke, he offered Olga his arm.

"No," said she, angrily, "I have not danced—will not dance to-night!" she went on, with increasing passion. "Do you know why I came here this evening?"

"To prove, I hope," said Philippe, gently, "that a hasty vow of vengeance you once made against me has faded from your memory and left no trace of bitterness behind it."

"No," said she, fiercely; "I came here to torture myself with the sight of your happiness with my rival, that I might not forget my oath to destroy it!"

The great, starry diamonds glistening upon her brow and encircling her slender white throat were not more brilliant than her eyes at that moment.

Philippe met their burning gaze calmly, then said, as kindly as before:

"If you needed to be reminded of it, then I am confident your resolution required strengthening."

Olga's scarlet lips parted in a bitter, scornful laugh.

"You would propitiate me by soft speeches and flattery. You cannot do it. I am steeled against such vain attempts."

Suddenly a cry of intense anguish escaped her, like a pent-up stream that has at last broken down the barriers that would have confined it.

"My God!" she groaned, in her tearless despair. "Why should this man, whom I so hate, be permitted to live and flaunt in my face his triumph over me?"

"My triumph over you?" exclaimed Philippe, deeply shocked by such an exhibition of suffering.

"Yes," said Olga, now trembling from head to foot with the fierce passion that had so suddenly mastered her, "your triumph over me! You know that in my heart love is struggling with hate for the mastery. That one impulse prompts me to bury this blade deep in your breast"—here she snatched from her rich, dark hair a small jeweled dagger that had served as a brilliant ornament—"and the next to take you in my arms and cover your face with my tears and kisses. Oh, Philippe, how I love you—adore you!"

She stretched out her white arms as though to embrace him, then, the next instant, retreated suddenly from him, saying, fiercely:

"No, no. I spoke wildly. I hate you!" A violent shudder passed over her. "Go, leave me!" said she, passionately, "or I will strike you dead! Go, I tell you! Would you have me a murderess?"

With the upraised dagger in her hand, and a look of mingled hatred and despair in her eyes, she was a beautiful, but a terrible, object.

Not a muscle quivered in the grave, handsome face of

Philippe. An involuntary sigh escaped him at last, and in his eyes, which were bent gravely, yet kindly, upon her beautiful, rage-inflamed face, a sudden moisture came which she knew to be tears.

"No," said he; "I would have you true to the best, not the worst, impulses of your heart."

Olga looked at him in silence, endeavoring bravely to maintain her defiant attitude, but she was not proof against the infinite pity and kindness expressed in the face and voice of Philippe.

A despairing sob broke from her torn heart, her hand fell by her side, and the knife dropped from her grasp.

"There," said she, with a long, gasping sigh, "I am powerless to harm you. Now, lest the demon should revive again, leave me, I pray you!"

She turned her face resolutely from him as she spoke.

Philippe hesitated for an instant, his lips parted, as though he would speak, then he turned and left her, as she had bidden him.

When the sound of his footsteps had quite died away, Olga raised her drooping head. Burning tears rushed to her eyes, but she dashed them away with an impatient hand.

"Would that I had struck him one swift, sure blow!" she moaned. "Then this keen blade should have been buried deep in my own breast. I should have had strength enough to fold him in my embrace—to pillow his head upon the heart that throbs with such fierce pain, and, with my lips upon the brow they are destined never to touch, our last sighs should have exhaled at the same moment. This is a man whom I could acknowledge as a master. In the arrogance of wealth, rank, and what is called beauty, I would have conferred my hand upon him as a priceless gift. But he, to whom the stainless purity of his mother is more precious than the wealth of the universe would be, declined the unworthy offering. His words have rung in my memory ever since. Night and day have they haunted me." Her bosom heaved, and great tears coursed unheeded down her cheeks. "Stainless purity!" She raised her tearful eyes to Heaven, and wrung her slender white hands in bitter anguish. "Oh, that I possessed it! I would freely give all that I own in exchange for it!"

A storm of sobs shook her from head to foot. She fell suddenly upon her knees, and cried, imploringly:

"O God, be merciful to me, a sinner! Wash away my guilt and make me clean!"

She remained upon her knees for some time, and her lips continued to move in prayer. She had forgotten the time and place, when a light, quick step was heard, and presently a man knelt down over the kneeling form.

"The Princess Schuvaloff!" exclaimed he, in surprise. "What has happened, madame?"

Olga rose quickly, without accepting his offered assistance.

"Nothing has happened, monsieur, to cause you the slightest concern," said she, quietly. "I was looking for something I had lost."

"May I inquire what it is?" asked he.

"A priceless jewel, monsieur," answered Olga. "Do not look for it. You could never restore it to me."

She bent her head slightly to D'Arcet, then passed swiftly down the avenue and soon disappeared among the trees.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"A PRICELESS jewel!" said D'Arcet to himself, as he watched the princess out of sight. "A pleasant little fiction with which you have entertained me, fair lady!"

Her eyes were filled with tears, and her voice was tremulous. But I will not waste a thought upon *her*—other matters engross me now. Ah! here comes the duke, the Baron Lütke, and the happy bridegroom! The mine is about to be sprung!"

He turned into a side path and disappeared.

A moment later and the three gentlemen D'Arcet had mentioned came slowly along the avenue.

"This is a serious matter to which you have requested my attention, baron," said the duke.

"I fear you will think so, my dear duke," replied the baron.

"Your grave face, baron, is scarcely in keeping with the gay scene we have just left," said Philippe. "Something seems to be weighing upon your mind."

"Gentlemen," began Baron Lütke, with an air of extreme gravity, "the duty before me is a most unpleasant one, but it cannot be evaded, or even postponed."

"Your words have now prepared us to listen to something disagreeable." The duke turned to the baron with an air of concern. "We are men, baron, and will try to hear with composure the news you bring."

"First, let me crave your pardon for appearing like a bird of ill omen upon this brilliant scene." The duke bowed courteously, and the baron continued, after clearing his throat once or twice. "To be brief, I was applied to this evening, in my capacity as head of the Department of Police, for a warrant for the arrest of—one who is present here this evening."

"An arrest?" exclaimed Philippe, in amazement.

"Of one of our guests?" said the duke, with an air of incredulity.

"I could not force myself to issue the warrant without first communicating the unwelcome intelligence to you."

"I thank you; but we are in suspense, my friend."

"Gentlemen, be brave, and prepare yourselves for a greater misfortune than you yet dream of."

The duke and Philippe exchanged glances of painful surprise. It had now occurred to them, for the first time, that they had a personal concern in the matter under consideration.

Baron Lütke turned his grave face to Philippe.

"Count d'Hauteville," he said, "you have but lately become the husband of a young and charming lady, I believe?"

"What of her—of my wife?" exclaimed he, quickly.

"Are you strong enough to bear a great shock?" The old baron's eyes rested pityingly upon Philippe as he put the question.

"A shock?" echoed the young man, and his color changed as he spoke. "But nothing has happened her, I know. I left her an instant since—her face radiant with happiness. Tell me, baron, what you mean?"

"Tell me, count, if your wife has been perfectly frank with you? Do you know all the actions of her past life?"

"Frank with me?—her past life?" said Philippe, in amazement, not unmixed with indignation. "The purity and innocence of her soul can be read in her angelic countenance. Baron, her faults, even, would seem but virtues in others."

"Viewed by the eyes of a loving young husband; but the world, perhaps—"

"Do not dare to say a word against her, baron!"

Philippe's eyes blazed wrathfully, and his tone was abrupt and stern.

"Philippe, restrain yourself!" said the duke, laying his trembling white hand upon the arm of the excited young man. "A terrible suspicion has come over me!"



A GYPSY FAMILY.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BOECKX.

His face was blanched with terror, and his very voice had changed from the fear that now possessed him.

"Suspicion against her?" panted Philippe, warmly. "Surely you would not so wrong her?"

"My boy," said the duke, looking ten years older than he had as many minutes previously, "there is my hand"—here he extended his withered white hand to the young man—"its grasp will tell you that in my eyes Irma is above suspicion, but—"

"You fear something, then?"

Philippe almost crushed the slender fingers of the duke in the convulsive pressure of his own.

"I fear that she has been grossly wronged," said the old nobleman, his face haggard with anguish.

"Wronged?—by whom? Speak, baron, and end this suspense! What have you to say against my wife?"

Philippe turned impetuously upon the baron, and spoke almost harshly.

"She is charged with having committed bigamy!" answered the baron, in slow, grave tones.

The duke reeled, and would have fallen had he not been caught in the strong arms of Philippe.

"My God!" ejaculated the young man, his countenance turning as pale as ashes. "Bigamy! And by whom is this charge brought?" said he, between his closed teeth.

"By the man who claims to be her husband."

"Confront me with him, that I may thrust the lie down the vile throat that utters it!" panted Philippe, his whole appearance transformed by the rage and indignation that possessed him.

"Philippe, listen to me," said the duke, in trembling tones. "There is more in this than you imagine. Remember the wretched woman who took Irma from the convent, and afterward claimed to be her aunt! Her son, also—the vile creature who had the audacity to ask my child to become his wife! You knew, Irma told us all this, but the subject agitated her so greatly that I forbade her ever again mentioning it."

For the first time a look of fear crossed Philippe's face. His lips opened as though he would speak, but no sound came from them.

The baron broke the painful silence.

"This man claims, not only that he asked her to become his wife, but that the marriage took place."

"He lies!—it is a foul conspiracy! I see the truth. They want money, to abandon what they term their claim. Hush!—my wife!"

He had not spoken too soon, for scarcely had he distinguished the slight form of his wife at some distance than she stood close beside him.

"I have found you at last, Philippe!" said she, breathlessly. "But why did you leave me, dearest?—and what has happened?—your faces are all disturbed?"

She looked from one to the other of the little group, but the smile upon her face did not become less bright.

Philippe passed his arms quickly around the slender, graceful form of his lovely bride, and drew her closely to his side.

The unwonted gravity of his manner caused a vague alarm in her breast.

"What is it, Philippe?" asked she, looking up quickly.

He smiled down upon the flower-like face raised to his own, and endeavored to speak soothingly.

"Something unpleasant has occurred, my darling, but which need not trouble you for the present."

"Pardon me, count," said Baron Lütke, gravely, "but I think perfect frankness the best policy in the present case."

"Philippe, I agree with the baron. Irma must know all." As the duke said this, he turned his eyes away from the beautiful, startled face of his grandchild, and dashed aside the tears that had gathered in them.

"I must know all what?" said Irma. "Oh, what has taken place? Nothing very serious, since you are here, and well!" and she leaned her golden head confidently against the breast of her young husband. Then, from this place of shelter to which she had fled without any thought of shame, she looked at Baron Lütke. Her young face was so wondrously beautiful, and the large violet eyes which she had turned upon him had such a look of heavenly innocence and purity in their clear depths, that the cold, hard man of the world was strangely moved. A suspicious moisture came into his eyes, and he turned his face aside for a moment.

"My dear child," said the duke, taking in his own one of the hands of Irma, "you are menaced with a great evil."

"I?" said she, in quick alarm. "But I have done nothing wrong! Surely, Philippe," said she to her husband, "you could never think that I had?"

"No one knows better than I the purity of your soul—the blamelessness of your life!" answered he, fervently. He turned his head aside with a groan. "Oh, Heaven!" said he, under his breath, "how can I tell her?"

Chilled to the heart by the suppressed anguish of his tone, Irma looked up into his face with the rich bloom rapidly receding from her own.

"Speak, Philippe—quickly!—what is it?" and she clung to him tremblingly.

"Irma," said he, endeavoring vainly to speak with composure, "those wretches who decoyed you into their power in Marseilles—"

A violent shudder ran through the entire frame of the young wife.

"What of them?" she gasped, wildly. "Oh, sir—there they are!" said she, with almost a shriek, pointing with trembling white hand toward two approaching figures.

It was indeed Jeanne and Gaspard.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"WHAT of us?" repeated Gaspard, whose keen ears had caught the words of Irma. "This! We have come to reclaim you!—to take you back to the home from which you have fled!"

He and Jeanne had advanced with perfect composure to within a few steps of the spot where the little, startled group stood, and they both met unflinchingly the indignant glances which were cast upon them.

"Not one step nearer this lady!" said Philippe, sternly. Then he addressed himself to the task of soothing the pale, terrified girl, who clung to him desperately. "Irma, dearest, do not tremble so"—his voice never sounded more tenderly—"I, your husband, am beside you, and will protect you against the whole world!"

"Her husband!—do you hear that, Gaspard?" asked Jeanne, quietly, of the young ruffian beside her.

"Yes, I hear it," said he, and he laughed coarsely. "I am an ex-convict!—was known as No. 247. He is a fine gentleman! Of course she would prefer him to me, but he can only be her lover!"

"Villain!" thundered Philippe, ere the last words were fairly out of the mouth of Gaspard. "Insult to her!" And springing forward, he grasped the throat of Gaspard as though he would choke the breath from his body. Then, ere the startled villain could recover him-

self, Philippe had thrown him, by a violent effort of his strength, to some distance, where he fell heavily, stunned and bruised, upon the graveled walk. This done, Philippe turned to Irma and encircled her again by his strong arm.

Jeanne broke the silence.

"Your violence, Monsieur le Comte," said she, in a cold, hard voice, "will not change the fact that the lady whom you hold in your arms is the lawful wife of my son."

She glanced toward Gaspard as though she would go to his assistance, but he was already crawling slowly to his feet.

"This charge has now been made for the second time," said Philippe, coldly, "but you have not attempted to advance any proofs of your words."

"As one proof, I declare myself to have been one of the witnesses of her marriage, which was performed by Father Pierre, of Marseilles."

"Of my marriage?" gasped Irma, with white lips, and looking at Jeanne with an air of stupefaction. "Oh, Philippe, what does this mean?"

There was terrible agony in her voice, and in her blanched countenance.

"Somethi g is terribly wrong," said the duke. He spoke almost unconsciously, and glanced at the different faces around him with the air of one who is walking in his sleep. The baron had maintained an entire silence since the appearance of Jeanne and Gaspard upon the scene, but not a word, not even a gesture, of any one of the little group had escaped him. Every faculty was on the alert, and he was making mental notes of each detail, however unimportant, of the scene transpiring before him.

"I have another proof," said Gaspard, who had now regained his feet.

He had a sullen, dogged expression upon his face. His eyes looked wrathful and threatening, but he did not offer to resent the punishment which he had received from the hands of Philippe.

As he was feeling slowly in his pocket for some desired object, the Princess Olga suddenly appeared at an opening in the avenue.

Apparently she had not re-entered the house, and after wandering by herself in different portions of the grounds, had retraced her steps to the scene of her interview with Philippe, unaware of the scene now transpiring there.

Gaspard was standing a little apart from the rest, and the moonlight fell full upon his face, revealing every feature with perfect distinctness.

Olga's eyes fell upon him as she was about to turn into the avenue from the sheltered path by which she had approached the spot. She paused like one spellbound, her eyes riveted upon his face, her very breathing suspended for the moment.

"Gaspard here?" at last came from her lips in a low whisper. Her hand fell nerveless by her side, all the strength seemed to have deserted her limbs suddenly, and had she willed it, she could not have retraced her steps.

She stood in a spot where the trees threw a thick shadow, and while she could not be seen, she could see perfectly, and hear with distinctness every word which was uttered.

Gaspard at last produced from his pocket the object of his search. It was a folded paper. He turned toward the duke.

"This paper will prove that I am not a liar, as I have been called by that fierce tempered young man."

The duke extended his hand, a strange reluctance apparent in his manner. He unfolded it slowly, and at a sign from him Baron Lütke drew nearer to his side, and together they examined it in silence.

An insolent smile now replaced the sullen look upon the face of Gaspard. He turned toward the young husband and wife, who still stood side by side—the fair face of Irma resting upon the breast of Philippe—his arm drawn protectingly around her.

"Irma Duret," he began, "leave the arms of that man! Take off your finery, your jewels and laces, and follow me—your husband!"

"Oh, Philippe!" cried she, imploringly, "you will not let him take me from you?"

"Never, my darling!" answered he. His tone was filled with tenderness, but it revealed also the deep anguish which wrung his soul. "You are my own, own love!"

"But, I fear, not your wife, Philippe—not your wife!" The paper which the duke had been reading had fallen from his trembling fingers, and a groan of unutterable misery escaped his lips.

He made a step toward Irma, as though he would take her from the sheltering arms of Philippe; but ere he could do it, the heartbroken girl uttered a piercing shriek and sank a dead weight upon the breast that supported her.

In addition to Olga, there was another unsuspected spectator of the scene. It was D'Arcet.

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS SONNET.

BY H. D. RAWNSLEY.

I HEARD the children crying from the stair,
"A merry, merry Christmas to you all!"
I saw down gentle cheeks a tear-drop fall,
And on the weeper's head was silver hair.

But the sweet babe, high-perched within his chair,
His dimpled hand upon the painted ball,
With unconcern, mute and majestical,
Almost rebuked our Christmas joy and care.

I turned, in thought, to that old, weary inn
By Bethlehem's gate, and there with wonder spied
That other Babe, and round Him smiles and fears.
He, too, was heedless; but the Cherubin
Unto the Seraphin in glory cried,
"This Babe shall deepen joy and quicken tears!"

THE ORIGINAL MUNCHAUSEN.

BY S. BARING GOULD.

IN 1785 appeared "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia." This book was published in London, and was written by one R. E. Raspe, born in 1737, who had been professor and librarian and custodian of the medals, coins and engraved gems at Cassel. His antecedents were not good. He had bolted from Cassel with the coins and gems, and had sold them in London. Not daring to return to his native land, he remained in England, picking up a precarious living from literature. Ten years after his arrival he produced the book which will rank with "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver," as one of the three books of imaginary travels secure of immortality.

Raspe was no original genius, like Defoe and Swift: he borrowed from Lucian's "Veritable History," a satirical work written to ridicule the fables told by classic poets and historians; from household German folk-tales; and

from the "*Deliciæ Academicæ*" of Lange, published at Heilbronn in 1665.

The sources from which Raspe drew might be pointed out, but this is not our intention. Raspe took his material from any accessible quarter, and the merit of the book, such as it is, consists in its arrangement. That it was intended as a sneer at poor Bruce, the African traveler to the sources of the Nile, helped to give it popularity.

Our object in this paper is to point out the original from whom Raspe took the name.

The Münchhausens are a family of importance and widely spread. Tradition says that it was near extinction, the only representative being a monk, to whom accordingly the Pope gave a dispensation to marry, and that thenceforth the name was changed from Hausen to Münch-hausen. But this is quite unfounded. The original seat of the family was in Thuringia; in the thirteenth century it separated into two branches—the so-called white and black branches, from the tinctures of their arms. It owned large estates in Thuringia and in Hanover; in the latter as many as thirteen manors. Gerlach Adolf, Baron Münchhausen, who died in 1770, was Prime Minister in Hanover from 1765 to his death; he was married to a daughter of the great house of Schulenburg. His father had been Master of the Horse and Chamberlain to the Great Elector in Prussia.*

At the time that Raspe lived there was a Baron Carl Friedrich Jerome Münchhausen, living on his estate at Bodenwerder, in Hanover; and as he had in his youth been in the Russian service as a cavalry officer, it has been supposed that Raspe thought of him and took his name. But there is no evidence that this baron was more given to exaggeration than other old soldiers and huntsmen. Moreover, it is questionable whether Raspe ever met, or even heard of, this baron.

There was, however, another man who called himself by the title, and who obtained a widespread notoriety. He lived before Raspe's date, but his story was such that it was not speedily forgotten. He was well known as a typical boaster, and we cannot doubt that this man, whose extravagant pretensions and tragic fate made him to be long talked about, was the real original who furnished Raspe with the name and title of his hero.

The history of this man is sufficiently curious to be given.

In the Spring of the year 1702, there appeared in Halberstadt a handsome, well-dressed stranger, with distinguished manners, who called himself Baron Carl Friedrich Münchhausen. He came there, he said, to claim some estates that belonged to his family, but which had been leased, and the leases were about to expire. He gave out that he belonged to that branch of the family which was settled in Courland, near Golding. His father, Lieutenant-colonel Münchhausen, was dead, and the supervision of the family property had devolved on himself. He had traveled much, and had met with surprising adventures.

Through his lawyer he made the acquaintance of a middle-aged spinster named Anne Margaret Heintz, daughter and heiress of a counselor lately deceased. As she was well dowered, her hand was sought by several impecunious gentlemen, but when the baron appeared as a suitor, he was preferred, and a few weeks of acquaintance led to marriage.

Both parties were content—the lady, because her husband had given her a title; the gentleman, because he was at the time embarrassed for money, and his bride was ready to let him sell one or two of her houses in Halberstadt to provide the funds he needed.

The baron treated her with kindness and courtesy, and dazzled her vain mind with the pictures he drew of the wealth that would eventually come to him, and of the distinguished acquaintances that he had made and friends that he had retained. He had property, he informed her, at Bremen, in Hamburg, at Verden, in the Duchy of Mecklenburg, and in Jeverland, as well as the leased estates near Halberstadt and his patrimony in Courland. Besides all this, he was engaged in a lawsuit with the Count of Schauenburg for the sum of nearly \$20,000.

The baron and baroness lived as though they were already in receipt of the revenues of estates which were all, curiously enough, in dispute, and could only be recovered by actions at law; and to pay for this extravagance, more of the baroness's property had to be sold.

In order to expedite legal proceedings, the baron now proposed to visit the North of Germany with his wife; she saw no objection, and they went together to Hamburg, where the baron assumed the blue ribbon of the Garter, which had been conferred on him by Queen Anne, for his distinguished services in delicate diplomatic transactions with the Imperial and other courts. At the same time he donned a diamond cross of some unspecified order of knighthood which had been conferred on him by the Emperor.

Having engaged a lawyer at Hamburg, the baron went with his wife to Verden, and then to Bremen, where he also engaged advocates to enforce his claims. The lawyer at Verden was so impressed by the manners and prospects of his client, that he entreated him to take his son, a boy of thirteen, with him as his page. The baron graciously consented.

In May, 1703, the travelers arrived at Jever, where the Drost, or high sheriff, was a Münchhausen. In the neighborhood was property belonging to the Courland Münchhausens, and on this the baron attempted to raise mortgages. The tenants received him with respect, not doubting for an instant that the stately noble with ribbon and star was their lord; the notaries doubted quite as little. Only the money-lenders desired delay and inspection of the title-deeds.

As in duty bound, directly on their arrival, the baron and baroness called on their relatives the Drost Münchhausen and his wife, and claimed a kinship, which could be proved by pedigree, and which established a certain cousinship. It does not seem that the sheriff doubted that his visitor was what he pretended, and received him accordingly. Entertainments were given, and the baron and baroness were introduced to the best society of the neighborhood. The cousinship, it is true, was distant, for the Courland Münchhausens were a branch somewhat remote, but a stout, well-endowed branch, not to be disregarded.

The baron talked a great deal about his travels. He had been to the Holy Land, had been in Greece, in Dalmatia, had met with extraordinary adventures among savages, had explored Egypt to Nubia—it was hard to say where he had not been. He was asked if he had learned among the savage tribes of Africa any lessons in the Black Art. He frankly admitted that he had, and offered to perform some experiments, but the company were frightened and declined. One day the baron informed Madame von Münchhausen that his first wife

* Another son, a brother of Gerlach, was Baron Philip Adolphus Münchhausen, Hanoverian Prime Minister in London, 1641; d. 1663. Horace Walpole mentions him.



TEMPTED.-- FROM A PAINTING BY A. TRENTIN.

had been a daughter of Major-general von Werder, and that his wife had died in childbirth. Then he told a romantic story of a second engagement to a young lady in Ratibon. His rival had been Count Trauttmansdorf, and they had fought a duel for the hand of the lady, in which he had shot the count dead. Thereupon he, the baron, had been arrested, and had been sentenced to death. The scaffold had been raised, he was led forth to execution, when suddenly fire broke out in the town, creating such a diversion that he leaped from the scaffold and escaped. The young lady died of excitement, and left him a handsome income.

Madame von Münchhausen was puzzled, as it happened that she knew the Von Werders, and next day, when the baron called, she told him that his story perplexed her, as Major-general von Werder had but one daughter, who was married to a gentleman named Haseler, in Saxony. The baron turned crimson, stuttered, and finally admitted that his story had been rodomontade—that he had never been married before he took his present wife.

One would have supposed that this would have opened the eyes of the neighborhood to the character of the man, and provoked inquiries. But it did not. People laughed, and said he was a boaster, and that perhaps his travels were as fictitious as his matrimonial adventures; but it did not occur to them that he was not the Baron Münchhausen he gave himself out to be.

Another thing was suspicious. As it chanced, there lived in Jever a furrier named Ohr, who was a Courlander, and actually a native of Golding, where was the seat of the branch of the Münchhausens of which the baron was head. Moreover, Ohr had often worked in the house of the late baron at Golding. It was, however, five-and-twenty years since he had left the place. The baron visited this man, talked to him, and asked him to draft a certificate that he was the Baron Münchhausen he gave himself out to be. Ohr at once addressed him in the Courland Slavonic tongue, and found that his visitor could not understand him. Ohr declined to write the testimonial. He knew that the late Baron Münchhausen of Golding had several children, but he could not be sure that his visitor was one; or if he was one, that he was the Carl Friedrich he asserted himself to be. Ohr naturally talked about this extraordinary proceeding of the baron, and some mistrust was aroused, yet not sufficient to provoke inquiries.

The baron had now a secretary, a Monsieur Folte, who corresponded with his agents. His claim upon the Count of Schauenburg was taken before the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and the answer was addressed to him as Imperial Marshal the Baron Münchhausen. He showed this answer everywhere, and when asked if he were also a marshal in the Imperial service, he replied that he had acted in that capacity—not exactly field-marshal, but marshal of the Imperial household; and he added that the Imperial General von Starenberg was his near relative. This announcement gained him more regard than before. His wife was wild with delight at hearing this new item concerning her husband's past history.

In June, 1703, the baroness wrote home to Halbertstadt to tell her acquaintance there how happy she was, how well received she and her husband had been, what good progress his business was making. She told how he wore his blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter, given him by Her Majesty the Queen of England, and his star or cross, which he had received from his Imperial Majesty the Emperor, and so on.

On June 3d, 1703, Monsieur Folte dined with the baron and his lady in their apartments. After dinner,

at which the baron was silent, he said: "Folte, I am out of spirits; let us make an evening of it, and get roaringly drunk!"

Folte declined the invitation; he had work to do at home, letters to answer, and at 10 p.m. he retired to his lodgings. As he left, he saw that a maid was busy cleaning and arranging a reception-room, in which carpenters had been engaged that day. The baroness had desired that the cleaning might be postponed till the morrow, but the baron insisted on its being finished that night. The girl continued her work till midnight, and then, tired out, lay down in the kitchen to sleep.

Suddenly, about one o'clock in the morning, cries were heard in the street of "Murder! Thieves! Help! Help! I am robbed! My wife is murdered!" The maid was roused; so also was the serving-boy; and the baron appeared in his dressing-gown, profoundly agitated. Folte was sent for, windows opened, and citizens, waked by the cries, asked what was the matter. Monsieur Folte appeared half dressed, with a drawn sword. Some of the neighbors hastily clothed themselves and entered the house. They found the baron wringing his hands in despair by the bedside of his wife, who had been shot through the head. The baroness was still breathing, but was unconscious and unable to speak, and died in a few minutes. The bullet was found under her head imbedded in the pillow. There was no sign of a struggle. The coverlet was smooth; the poor woman lay in the bed as one who had fallen quietly asleep. She had evidently been shot whilst asleep. The back door of the house was open, and near it was the baron's box, in which he kept his valuables, broken open, and robbed of its contents.

The story told by the baron was as follows: He had gone to bed about eleven, and had immediately fallen asleep. All at once he had woken, hearing a noise in the room that adjoined. He had called out to ask who was there, whereupon five or six men had rushed in at the door. He sprang from his bed, whereupon one of them had fired. He pursued them as they retreated, and they fled out of the house by the back door. Thereupon he returned to the bed, saw that his wife had been shot, and roused the servants and the street. Under one of the windows was a barrow; the window had been opened from outside, and the baron had discovered dirt on the sill, as if a man's foot had rested on it.

The magistrates and police acted with promptitude. The gates of the town were closed, and the place surrounded with soldiers. Every part of the premises where the murder had been committed was closely examined; every tavern and suspicious house in the town was searched. Not a trace of the burglars could be found. On the 6th the town magistrate communicated with the Duke of Anhalt-Zerbst, the sovereign, that grave suspicion rested on the baron of having murdered his wife. No one had seen the supposed burglars except himself. In the room was found a gun which had been recently discharged, and which belonged to the baron; the latter, when questioned, varied in his statements. The arrest of the baron on the grave charge of murder was finally ordered, and he was required to give a full account of himself. He said he was the son of John von Münchhausen, at Golding, in Courland; that his mother's maiden name was Von Tork; that he was forty years old, had traveled in Russia, Sweden, Denmark and Germany; that he had been in the Swedish army, and had been created baron by the King of Sweden for his distinguished services; then he had served in the Gyldenstern regiment in Holstein—that was the broad outline of his story.

His papers were now examined, and among them were found letters addressed to "Fabian von Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild, Lord of Neundorf and Hansminden." Was he a Baron Scharrenschild, and not a Münchhausen? That was the question now agitated.

The examining magistrate asked the baron about his Order of the Garter and the cross he had received from the Emperor. He admitted that he had not been given the Order of the Garter by the Queen of England, and that his star or cross had not been received from the King of Sweden. After some further pressing he allowed that he got it from a lady whose father had been a knight of either a Swedish or an Imperial order, he was not certain which.

He was further questioned relative to the letter addressed to him as Imperial Marshal from the authorities of Saxe-Coburg. He allowed that he never had been a marshal, and that the letter was written by his near relative, the Baroness Sternburg, as a hoax for his wife. On being further pressed, he reluctantly admitted that he was himself, in reality, the Baron Sternburg, and that he had assumed the name of Münchhausen. As for his travels, he had never been in Palestine or Greece or Egypt, or been among the savages of the Mountains of the Moon, near the sources of the Nile.

For a long time the magistrates of Jever were in doubt as to who the man really was. Of his guilt they had little doubt. He was embarrassed for money, and he had made his wife draw out a will constituting him her sole heir in the event of her death.

Whilst the Jever magistrates were still in perplexity, on August 17th there appeared before them a woman named Katherine Herckels, who claimed to be the legitimate wife of the prisoner. She was the widow of a Captain Robbig, in Brunswick, who had been left money by her father, a goldsmith, and also by her husband. Baron Münchhausen had courted her, and, flattered at having a nobleman for a suitor, she had married him in 1699. In 1701 she became mother of a son by him, and he took advantage of her confinement, not only to make away with most of her capital, but also to disappear himself.

It further transpired that this poor woman was not his legitimate wife, for the baron, under the name of Scharrenschild, had been already married to another. But of this the court only knew by rumor. It now resolved to apply to the magistrates of Golding. But already the baron had made an attempt to forestall them and poison the strings of information. He wrote a letter to his "Heart's dearest mother," Madame Münchhausen, at Golding, to request her to send him her formal attestation that he was her son; that he had been created a baron by the King of Sweden; that his name was Carl Friedrich Münchhausen; and that his brother-in-law was Fabian of Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild. He informed her that he had accidentally shot a lady, and that it was necessary, to secure his discharge, that she should send the desired attestations.

The answer came, but quite other from what he desired, and with it came information from the magistrates of Golding. The baron had, some years ago, appeared at Golding under the name of Fabian Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild, and had boasted of his estates in the neighborhood of Ratisbon. He said he had already been married to a Hungarian Countess Altesse, who was dead, leaving him a little daughter, whom he brought with him. Struck by his manner, and relying on his assurances, the Münchhausens had allowed him to enter their house, propose to and marry one of the daughters. After the marriage the baron sponged on his mother-in-law,

got into debt, and finally deserted his wife. His letters to this deserted wife, full of unctuous piety and affection, were produced—written by him at the very time he was marrying other women for their little properties. He had written to his stepmother, to endeavor to wring out of her a false attestation that he was her son, and not her stepson.

In February, 1704, the baron was put to the torture to extract a confession, but though he confessed, he would not admit that the murder was premeditated. He had quarreled with his wife about a pet dog, which slept on the mat at the door and disturbed him when asleep. He had intended to shoot the dog, and had accidentally killed his wife. On examination this explanation was proved to be false. His wife had not had such a dog. Then he confessed that he had shot her in a fit of drunkenness; but the servants gave evidence that the baron was not drunk on the night in question.

Sentence was pronounced against him that he should be broken on the wheel, but the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst commuted the sentence to execution with the sword. Then he made another attempt to save himself. He wrote to the Duke of Anhalt that he had discovered a gold-mine on his estates, that was rich in promise, and that he would reveal its position if his life were accorded him. The duke, however, had no trust in his promises, and ordered that the law should take its course. On Saturday, August 30th, 1704, the wretched impostor was executed, under the name of Fabian von Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild; but it was never discovered who he really was, whence he came, and what were his antecedents before he appeared at Golding under that name and title. The daughter he had brought with him was left to the care of his wife, who was a Münchhausen.

Such is the curious and tragic story of Baron Münchhausen, a story that was talked about throughout Germany, and was not readily forgotten. Any impostor who appeared in a place without credentials, who gave himself out to be a baron, and talked of his wonderful travels, the duels he had fought, and his adventures among savages, was said to be another Baron Münchhausen; and we cannot but think that this is what induced Raspe to adopt the name. It will be observed that both the impostor baron and the real baron, who was Raspe's contemporary, were Carl Friedrich. In Raspe's tale the Christian name is not, however, given.

DISINFECTING WITH COFFEE.

COFFEE is a handy and harmless disinfectant. Experiments have been made in Paris to prove this. A quantity of meat was hung up in a closed room until decomposed, and then a chafing-dish was introduced and 500 grams of coffee thrown on the fire. In a few minutes the room was completely disinfected. In another room sulphureted hydrogen and ammonia were developed, and ninety grams of coffee destroyed the smell in about half a minute. It is also stated that coffee destroys the smell of musk, castoreum and asafetida.

As a proof that the noxious smells are really decomposed by the fumes of coffee, and not merely overpowered by them, it is stated that the first vapors of the coffee were not smelled at all, and are, therefore, chemically absorbed, while the other smells gradually diminish as the fumigation continues.

The best way to effect this fumigation is to pound the coffee in a mortar and then strew it on a hot iron plate, which, however, must not be red-hot.



BARON MUNCKE-HAUSEN RELATING HIS ADVENTURES.—FROM A PAINTING BY VINCENT ST. LERCHES.—SEE PAGE 75.



PORTRAIT OF MARGARET GIFFORD.

"I GAZED IN UNSPEAKABLE AMAZEMENT AT MY HITHERTO
UNSEEN COMPANION."

THE COACH LINED WITH BLUE SATIN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

I HAD often heard, in my childhood, of my father's English kinsfolk, the Gyffords, of Yorkshire. They were wealthy manufacturers only, but with a line of descent as pure and unbroken as that of the Duke of Norfolk himself. Their family name is extant in a history of Yorkshire as that of valiant yeomen who did good service under their lords' banners at the battles of Crecy and Agincourt, and during the Wars of the Roses. Their

family residence, Gyfford Grange, dated back to the days of Queen Elizabeth, and they had never been tempted to change it by the example of their proud neighbors, whose homes were models of splendor, superb in dimensions and furnishing, and replete with every modern comfort. The Gyffords never made any pretensions to aristocratic affiliations, and were content to own that they owed their large fortune to the manufacture of cashmeres and of alpacas, despite the antiquity of their name. There is something in this mixture of sturdy independence and ancient descent which is peculiarly captivating to the genuinely republican nature of an unspoiled citizen of the United States; and as it is a combination by no means rare in Yorkshire, it chanced that those stalwart northerners are usually great favorites with their American friends whenever they cross the Atlantic. So, when Cecil Gyfford, the eldest son and heir to Mr. Horace Gyfford, the head of the house and present owner of the Grange, came to visit us in our own home in Chicago, he was warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained. Moreover, when he fell ill of typhoid fever (which he did soon after he came amongst us) we had him brought to our house, and my mother nursed him as carefully and devotedly as though he had been her own son. The result of this visit and of his illness was a very pressing invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Gyfford for me to come and spend the Christmas holidays at Gyfford Grange, as Cecil had been told that I would be compelled to visit England in December, to attend to some important business for my father. And the invitation met with ready acceptance, as I was desirous, not only of making acquaintance with my English kinsfolk, but of inspecting the quaint old Elizabethan mansion.

"One thing I cannot promise you, Horace" (I have forgotten to state that my name, like that of my father, is Horace Gyfford), said Cecil, as we exchanged our parting messages; "and that is a family ghost."

"That is quite a disappointment," I replied, merrily. "What is the use of people possessing an old ancestral home if there is not a haunted room in it?"

So we laughed and bade each other "Good-by," with the prospect of meeting again in a very few months.

But when I arrived in London, after a stormy passage across the Atlantic, I found a disappointment awaiting me. Mr. Gyfford had written me a letter replete with kindness and hospitable greetings, but containing the information that my friend Cecil had developed a tendency to delicacy of the lungs after his full recovery from the typhoid fever, and had been ordered by his physician not to risk his health in the chill climate of Northern England, at least for the present. He was then traveling in Italy, and would probably be absent till May.

"My second son, Walter, is in Australia," wrote Mr. Gyfford, "but my wife and I are anxious to welcome you to the Grange, and I hope, with the help of the society of our two eldest daughters, Maud and Florence (the youngest, Gertrude, is still a mere child), we may be able to make your time pass pleasantly, and to repay in some slight degree the great kindness shown to Cecil when he was so ill in a foreign land. Come to us as soon as you have completed your business in London, and you will find a warm welcome awaiting you."

I was detained some time longer than I expected in the great British metropolis, which was anything but cheerful or attractive at that dreary season of the year; and the shops were full of Christmas-trees and Christmas gewgaws long before the day of my departure for Yorkshire, which chanced, indeed, to fall on the 24th of December. It was not exactly the most agreeable way of spending the day before Christmas, to pass it in solitary state in a

compartment on the Midland Railway, and I was chilly and hungry and rather cross when we reached the manufacturing town of Keighley, where I was to leave the train, and where a carriage was to await my coming to convey me over the three miles that lay between the town and Gyfford Grange. The view of the smart little station, well warmed and brilliantly lighted, and the aspect of the stately old man-servant in livery, who came forward to greet me, accosting me, with respectful dignity, as "Mr. Horace Gyfford, I presume, sir?" decidedly tended to restore my equanimity. My trunk was sought for and speedily found, and before the last shriek of the train by which I had journeyed had died away in the distance, I found myself ensconced in the large family coach which was waiting for me at the outer door of the station.

I was a good deal impressed by this vehicle. It was large, and though cumbersome of build and antiquated of aspect, was exceedingly handsome, if not actually magnificent, in ornamentation. It was lined throughout with dark-blue satin, a little faded, but of the richest quality. The trimmings were in heavy silk gimp, and the door-handles were elaborate in workmanship and finely gilt. Altogether the whole aspect of the carriage—or, rather, coach—told of the massive and genuine splendors of a bygone epoch and interested me greatly, as such antiquated objects are apt to interest an American fresh from the newness of his native land. By the time I had completed my examination of the interior of the vehicle it had become quite dark, and leaning back in one softly cushioned corner, I became absorbed in meditation. I had consumed all my stock of cigarettes in the course of the journey, and felt rather dreary in consequence. I tried from time to time to look out of the window, but all I could see was an expanse of snow-covered ground and a range of low hills rising against the horizon.

Suddenly the light from the lamps of a wayside tavern we were passing flashed through the carriage. In this transitory illumination my attention was attracted by something white—a large white patch, it seemed—on the seat opposite to me. I looked curiously, to see what this object, showing plainly in the dim light that had succeeded to the transient brightness shed by the inn lamps, might be, and was amazed to see that it was a human hand—the hand of a gentleman who occupied the front seat of the carriage, and which was calmly resting on his knee.

I gazed in unspeakable amazement at my hitherto unseen companion. As far as I could distinguish by the uncertain light afforded by the carriage-lamps, as their rays flickered on the snow-covered banks that bordered the road, he was of large frame, and was wrapped in an ample cloak of dark cloth. He wore an old-fashioned cocked hat, bordered with gold lace, and looped up at one side with a button that, whenever a ray of light glimmered on it, sparkled as though it were set with diamonds. Under this hat, his hair, which I could see was perfectly white, either from age or powder, was thrown back and massed behind. As far as I could discern his features, they were fine, and strongly marked the countenance of an elderly gentleman. I could only observe it in profile, as his face was turned toward the window, and he seemed to be intently watching something outside. He took not the slightest notice of me.

"Well," thought I, after staring at my companion for some minutes, "I think that Mr. Gyfford's servants might have told me that this old party was to share the carriage with me, and might also have introduced me to him. An unsociable beggar he must be to have ridden so long

with me without speaking. However, I might as well make myself agreeable."

So I cleared my throat and said, after a moment's hesitation :

"I beg your pardon, sir, for not having noticed your presence sooner."

There was no answer.

"We are having a cold drive," I added, becoming decidedly embarrassed.

Silence.

"Please yourself, if you do not choose to answer me,"

I said, in a huff ; and then leaning back in my corner, I settled myself comfortably once more and closed my eyes. But just at that moment the carriage stopped, a pair of large iron gates swung slowly open to admit the vehicle, and the lights of the lodgekeeper's house shone brightly upon us.

"Here we are at last !" I exclaimed, joyfully, turning, as I spoke, to address my silent companion on the front seat. There was no one there. I was the only tenant of the carriage.

Scarcely had I recovered from the shock and amazement produced by this discovery, when I found myself at the door of the Grange, and the sight of the gayly lighted hall and the pleasant faces of my host and hostess and their young daughters, and the cheery words of welcome that greeted me, changed at once and completely the current of my ideas. I thought no more of the silent old man in the cloak and cocked hat ; and by the time I had been introduced to the whole party, and had made some changes in my dress and was seated at the dinner-table, I had forgotten all about him—or if I remembered him at all, it was to persuade myself that I had fallen asleep, and that he was merely the creation of a dream. Only when the ladies, according to English custom, had retired, and Mr. Gyfford and I were left together, he apologized merrily for not having come to the station to meet me. "A sharp twinge of gout, my boy, is keeping me prisoner just now," he said, "and, unfortunately, there are none of the male members of our family at home to take my place." I thought then of telling him of the old gentleman that had kept me company during my drive, but an inexplicable reluctance to mention him sealed my lips, and I could only stammer out some deprecation of his excuses.

"By the way," said Mr. Gyfford, turning to the butler, "what carriage was it that was sent to the station, Waters ? I forgot to tell Wilson not to take out the landau, as one of the springs is out of order."

I did not distinguish the words in the murmured deferential reply of the well-trained servant, but Mr. Gyfford seemed decidedly annoyed at some information that it conveyed.

"What ! not the coach lined with blue satin ? I thought that I had given express orders——"

Here he checked himself, with a glance at me, and Waters, saying something about "the rain, the new carriage, broken springs, gone for repairs," etc., got out of the room as speedily as possible. I was trying to muster up courage to tell my host all about my queer traveling companion, when he suddenly suggested that we should join the ladies, and thus put an effectual stop to my intended communication.

"After all," I said to myself, when I retired to my own room, after a pleasant evening devoted to music and billiards and animated chat, and terminating with a sumptuous supper, "I must surely have fallen asleep ; and what is the use in relating the events of a dream ?"

And so I dismissed the whole affair from my memory.

I could fill a volume with the history of the pleasant events of the next few weeks, beginning with the Christmas dinner on the day after my arrival, which first introduced me to the astonishing profusion of good things to eat for which Yorkshire is famous. Then came the Christmas dance, at which my American style of waltzing was first received with marked disfavor, then tolerated, and finally imitated. In the days following, Mrs. Gyfford and elder daughters accompanied me on various excursions about the neighborhood, the splendid English roads being uninjured even by the rapid thaw which set in immediately after my arrival. I could not, naturally, judge of the beauty that fair Yorkshire must display when clothed in its Summer garb of richest green, but I greatly enjoyed these drives and excursions nevertheless. I was taken to see some of the splendid residences of the neighborhood, and was much impressed with the extent and sumptuousness of the dwellings of these Yorkshire magnates, which far surpassed anything of the kind I had ever seen in my native land, even at Newport. One house that I visited had the windows of the drawing-room and the dining-room opening on a vast Winter garden, with graveled paths, and rockwork, and plashing fountains amid tropical trees and flowers, the whole shut in and roofed with glass, so that no breath of the chilly English climate could invade the perpetual Summer of its atmosphere. Cliffe Castle, another of these superb modern residences, fairly bewildered me with its extent and its gorgeousness. Then I went to Haworth, and stood beside the grave of Charlotte Brontë, in the little church, saw the stained-glass window put up to her memory by an American admirer of her genius, and visited the library that she used to pace while "making out" her wonderful stories, and the room where she breathed her last. And on stormy days there was much to interest me in the Grange itself. It seemed as though I would never grow weary of the great, square hall, hung with arms and armor and trophies of the chase, and furnished with ancient settles and coffer in carved oak, black with age, and every one dating back two centuries and a half at the very least. Then I turned over with intense pleasure the collection of family relics, touching with especial reverence the pistol that Joseph Gyfford, one of Cromwell's Ironsides, had received from the great Protector's own hand at the battle of Naseby, when his own burst and was rendered useless. "Take mine," said the general, curtly, when he saw the plight of his trusty follower, and those two words had been engraved on a silver plate let into the stock of the weapon. Then there was the orange scarf worn by Mrs. Oliver Gyfford the night that King William III. and Queen Mary first went in state to the theatre in London, and a cup and saucer in delicate porcelain, from which Queen Anne had once sipped her chocolate, and divers other curious articles. I was especially interested in the fine collection of miniatures, which at Gyfford Grange took the place of a gallery of family portraits. There was one in particular that quite fascinated me. It was the likeness of a girl of seventeen in the costume of the eighteenth century, exquisitely executed, though by an unknown artist. The face was so lovely that I returned to gaze at it again and again, and finally I asked Mrs. Gyfford to tell me the story of the fair original.

"She was the great-grandaunt of my husband. Her name was Margaret Gyfford, and she died unmarried," was the brief reply, given so curtly that I asked no further questions.

Evidently this charming creature had had a history, and one that her kinsfolk in the present generation did

those stories are rubbish and nonsense. This is the largest carriage that we have, and the best to use when there are two ladies going out in full ball-dress. Besides, it is too late to change." And she entered the vehicle with a resolute step and demeanor which had the effect of quelling all opposition. Mr. Gyfford limped back into the house. Maud followed her mother. I took up my station on the front seat, and the horses started. We arrived at our destination without accident or incident. The dinner-party was a large and elaborate affair, and it was well on to midnight before we took our departure. It was a fine night, clear and very cold, the moon at the full, and not a cloud marring the dark azure of the starry sky. We had been on our way about twenty minutes. The ladies were tired and half asleep, and I, leaning back in one corner, warm and comfortable under the fur-lined rug, was looking out at the moonlight and thinking over the incidents of a sleighing-party at Montreal, at which I had been present a year before, when, on chancing to turn my head, I saw seated beside me the old man in the cocked hat.

There he sat, to all appearance as real and substantial as either of the two ladies who were dozing opposite to me. His head was turned away, for, as on the former occasion, he was looking intently out of the window; but I noted, though breathless and chilled with terror, all the details of his dress that had before struck me—the ample folds of the dark cloak, the gold lace and jeweled button of the hat, and the powdered hair. I tried to speak, but the words died unuttered upon my lips. Finally I leaned forward, still keeping my eyes on the figure beside me, and touched Mrs. Gyfford on the arm. She started, broad awake at once, stared fixedly before her for a moment, and then, uttering a wild scream, she fell back and fainted.

All was confusion for some little time. The horses were stopped, and the footman sprung from the box to see what was the matter. Maud, who was sound asleep at the moment of her mother's shriek and swoon, was utterly bewildered and helpless. There was no house at hand, and as we were not far from the Grange, I took it upon myself to order the servants to drive home as fast as possible.

The cold air and the rapid motion revived Mrs. Gyfford after a time. She started up, looking wildly around her as she did so.

"Horace, is he gone?" she asked.

"He is gone."

"Then you saw him?—you *did* see him, did you not?"

"I saw him."

"Old, fine-looking, with aquiline features and gray, powdered hair, and wearing a dark cloth cloak and a cocked hat, and always gazing out of the window?"

I signified my assent to the description.

"Yes, yes; I was told of it. I was warned. Maud, dear child, you at least were spared the sight." And a burst of hysterical tears came to her relief and checked the anxious queries of poor, bewildered Maud, who feared, I could see, that her mother had suddenly become bereft of reason.

The next day Mr. Gyfford summoned me to the library for a private conversation. Mrs. Gyfford was too ill and shaken by the events of the previous evening to leave her

bed, so our colloquy was long and uninterrupted. My host began by asking me to give him a full description of what had really occurred on our homeward drive. I did so, and then I told of the appearance to me of the mysterious old gentleman on the evening of my arrival in Yorkshire, and also spoke of our visit to the carriage-house, and of the personage that Gertrude declared that she had seen seated in the old coach.

Mr. Gyfford heard me in silence to the end.

"You have told me a strange story," he finally remarked; "but one that accords in all points with a legend that has been current in our family for many years past. You have seen, I fancy, amongst the miniatures in the drawing-room, the likeness of the beautiful Margaret Gyfford. She was one of the famous court beauties of the later years of King George III.'s reign, and was immensely admired by the Prince of Wales, and by

his circle of profligate boon companions. Amongst these last was the brilliant Colonel Lugard, famed as being one of the handsomest men of the epoch, and also one of the most dissipated and most unscrupulous. A warm attachment sprang up between Margaret and this gay gentleman. I believe that the colonel's passion was genuine and sincere, and, at all events, he asked her hand of her father in all due form. But Mark Gyfford had a horror of the wild members of the prince's set, and, from all he had heard of Lugard, he considered him in no wise fitted to become the husband of his only daughter. So he gave a peremptory negative to the proposal, and withdrew with Miss Gyfford to Yorkshire. Her ardent lover followed her down to the country, and, eluding the old man's vigilance, the lovers planned an elopement. On Christmas Eve, whilst Mark Gyfford was entertaining at



THE SAVOY THEATRE, LONDON, WHERE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S OPERAS ARE PRODUCED.—SEE PAGE 86.

supper the leading magnates of the neighborhood, the colonel carried off his lady-love in a postchaise, *en route* for Scotland to get married. How their flight was discovered I do not know, but they had not long been gone before the enraged father started in pursuit. The carriage that conveyed him was no other than the coach lined with blue satin. It was cumbersome and ill fitted for the purpose of overtaking the runaways; but, unfortunately for all parties, as it proved, one of the posthorses slipped and fell on the frozen ground, breaking the pole of the chaise in his fall. Before the damage could be repaired, the angry father arrived on the scene. What followed was never exactly understood. There were angry words and fierce retorts, and finally an exchange of pistol-shots; but in the darkness and confusion nothing was observed very accurately. Some say that Mr. Gyfford was shot deliberately by Colonel Lugard. Another version of the story declares that Miss Gyfford was trying to wrest from her father's hand the pistol aimed at her lover, when it went off in the struggle and the ball pierced Mr. Gyfford's breast, killing him instantly. At all events, the old man met his death in the affray. Colonel Lugard mounted the uninjured posthorse, and escaped under cover of the darkness. He made his way to the Continent, and the proceedings against him were afterward quashed by the influence of the Prince of Wales when he became Regent. As to Margaret Gyfford, her mind was hopelessly unsettled by the events of that night. She became insane, and though she lived to a great age, she never recovered her reason.

"And from that night, Horace, there have from time to time been whispered stories of strange things that were seen in the coach lined with blue satin. It has been said that old Mark Gyfford has often traveled abroad in it

during the weeks preceding and following the holiday season, at which he met his death. The first person that ever gave testimony on the matter was my granduncle, Mark Gyfford's youngest grandson. He was coming home from a gentleman's dinner in the neighborhood, and he said, the next day, that the old man, whose features and dress he well remembered, had sat opposite to him all the way home. But he was a heavy drinker, and his story was set down to the hallucinations caused by his host's fine old port. Then some of the ladies of the family were startled in the same way while coming home from a Christmas ball. The servants, at this season of the year, have more than once averred that they saw the old man sitting in the coach when they were busied about the carriage-house. But I believed none of these tales, and yet I was unwilling to have the old coach used. You saw how I opposed Mrs. Gyfford's wish to take it out last night. My wife's experience, joined to your testimony, has settled the matter. I will cause the old carriage to be destroyed, and when its last fragments have vanished from the face of the earth, I hope that the troubled spirit of Mark Gyfford will no longer return to vex the souls of his descendants."

Before I left Gyfford Grange the work of destruction was completed. The massive vehicle—body, wheels, axles, pole and all—was chopped to pieces, and the fragments were set on fire and consumed to the last splinter. I begged for a scrap of the rich, dark-blue satin lining to keep as a relic, and as a memento of my visit to Yorkshire. But when I came to investigate the fragment, I saw that a dark stain crossed it transversely, changing the azure tint to a dingy purple, and I cast it, shuddering, into the fire. Thus perished the last vestige of The Coach Lined with Blue Satin.

COMIC OPERA À LA GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

THE Tower of London, haunted as it is by pale recollections of blood and treason and treachery, is not associated, as a rule, with either mirth or melody; but, nevertheless, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have succeeded in renovating its memory, after a most pleasing fashion, through the medium of the latest product of their fruitful and fortunate collaboration, "The Yeoman of the Guard"; and, as the name of "The Mikado" is inseparably coupled in our minds with boiling oil and daughters-in-law elect, so also the Tower of London will henceforth be remembered in connection with the quaint humor and whimsical misery of the merryman and his maid.

The stage picture as presented at the Casino is strong, vivid and impressive. Gray, gaunt and grim the great white Tower, with its corner turrets and Norman arches, rises above us in sombre grandeur, the royal standard fluttering on the breeze. The Beef-eaters, in their flaming panoply; the Lieutenant of the Tower, splendid in embossed cuirass; and the gayly dressed citizens, talking apart—all combine to make a strikingly picturesque ensemble.

The scene of action is the "green within the Tower"—in reality, a graveled space, the grass, according to tradition, having never grown since the old-time executions. It was hither that William Lord Hastings, having incurred the displeasure of Richard III., was brought hastily from the Council Chamber and beheaded on a log of wood, the usurper swearing by St. Paul that he would not dine till he had seen his head off. Here, too, the beautiful

Anne Boleyn walked to her death in the calm of innocence, comforting her attendants, and praying with her last breath for her brutal husband. Here Margaret of Clarence, the venerable Countess of Salisbury and last of the Plantagenets, refused to lay her head on the block, and was hewn down by the executioner. Here, on the 13th of February, 1543, Queen Catherine Howard was beheaded to make way for Lord Latimer's widow; and on the same spot, just ten years afterward, suffered Lady Jane Grey, "the queen of nine days," and her youthful husband, Lord Guilford Dudley. Hard by, in the Prisoners' Chapel, beneath the chancel pavement, they lie side by side with other victims of suspicion and intrigue, whose names have long since passed out of the living world into the pages of history. In a corner of the north aisle of this chapel is a curious alabaster effigy of Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant of the Tower under Henry VII., who little imagined that, upward of three centuries after his death, he would be resurrected to take part in a comic opera.

"The Yeoman of the Guard" is curiously unlike its predecessors in some respects. In the first place, it is essentially a serious opera, but it is doubtful whether the audience will be content to give up the roaring laughter which Mr. Gilbert alone knows how to arouse. There is only one Gilbert, and he is good enough for most people; but if we are to have Gilbert, let it be Gilbert pure and unadulterated. If we are to have drama, then sink Gilbert, and let us have the drama all alone. This is the

one and only fault of "The Yeoman of the Guard," and it is made the more conspicuous by the occasional glimpses of fun, which show that, had Mr. Gilbert only been content to stick to his old style, instead of being carried away by a desire to do something dramatic, he might have scored another enormous success for this last production of his pen.

Then, too, the plot is quite probable, and not altogether original. The blindfolding, the hasty marriage, the escaping prisoner, and the final recognition are all matters of comparatively ancient operatic history. Even the puppets have only a faint family likeness to those Mr. Gilbert is accustomed to turn out. Of course, there are certain passages in the opera with the genuine Gilbertian ring about them, but that grim, maddening fun which rendered "The Mikado" so dangerous to persons of shaky constitution is nowhere to be found. Some of the language put by Mr. Gilbert into the mouth of *Jack Point* is almost Shakespearean, and throughout the second act the merryman talks and gapes quite as brilliantly as any of the famous creations of the late Lord Bacon. The speech, for instance, in which he saves *Elsie* from the rude caresses of the crowd, is peculiarly suggestive of the manner in which *Touchstone* delivers himself:

"POINT. She said 'hands off!' Whose hands? Thine. Off that? Off her. Why? Because she is a woman. Now, had she not been a woman, thine hands had not been set upon her at all. So the reason for the laying on of hands is the reason for the taking off of hands, and herein is contradiction contradicted. It is the very marriage of *pro* with *con*; and no such lopsided union either, as times go, for *pro* is not more unlike *con* than man is unlike woman—yet men and women marry every day, with none to say 'Oh, the pity of it' but I and fools like me!"

It is evident from the tone of this remark that, even as far back as the days of good Queen Bess, the "Is Marriage a Failure?" controversy had its supporters. The merryman is, of course, the character in the opera, but his quips and cranks are strangely out of tune with the modern mind, to whom he is almost as much of an anachronism as the mastodon.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has, if anything, contributed more to the opera than Mr. Gilbert, but the music, on the whole, is music for musicians, and hardly tuneful enough to please a mixed audience. A duet written for *Jack Point* and *Elsie*, and set to a quaint, old-fashioned air, is the prettiest thing in the whole opera. In it the merryman makes love to *Elsie* in an impersonal way, and expresses a mild jealousy of an imaginary rival. She replies in a similar fashion. I may select one of its verses at random as a sample of its quality:

"POINT. I have a song to sing, O!
 ELSIE. Sing me your sing, O!
 POINT. It is sung to the knell
 Of a churchyard-bell,
 And a doleful dirge, ding dong, O!
 It's a song of a popinjay, bravely born,
 Who turned up his noble nose with scorn
 At the humble merrymaid, peerly proud,
 Who loved that lord, and who laughed aloud
 At the moan of the merryman, moping mum,
 Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum,
 Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb,
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye.
 Heighdy! heighdy!
 Misery me, lackadaydy!"

The "singing farce" is a compendium of the whole opera, but its full significance is not felt until it is reintroduced, with at once a joyful and pathetic effect, at the close of the opera. The song in which the merryman expounds the drawbacks of his profession is also certain

to become popular. One verse, which will be recognized as thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Gilbert's muse, runs:

"Though you're head it may rack with a bilious attack,
 And you're senses with toothache you're losing,
 Don't be mopy and flat—they don't fine you for that,
 If you're properly quaint and amusing.
 Though your wife ran away with a soldier that day,
 And took with her your trifle of money,
 Bless your heart, they don't mind; they're exceedingly kind—
 They don't blame you—as long as you're funny!
 It's a comfort to feel
 If your partner should flit,
 Though you suffer a deal,
 They don't mind it a bit—
 They don't blame you—so long as you're funny."

It now becomes necessary to say something concerning Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan themselves.

William Schwenck Gilbert was born at 17 Southampton Street, Strand, London, on November 18th, 1836, and was educated at Great Ealing School. He took the degree of B.A. at the London University, and in 1857 obtained a clerkship in the Privy Council Office; but finding the work here uncongenial, he transferred his attentions to the Bar, to which he was called in 1864. His first piece, "Dulcamara," a burlesque on Donizetti's "Elixir d'Amore," was produced at the St. James Theatre, London, in January, 1866, and was followed in rapid succession by a series of dramas, comedies and farces of every grade, some of the best known being: "The Palace of Truth," a fairy comedy, founded on the story of *Madame de Genlis* (November, 1870); "Pygmalion and Galatea," a fairy comedy (December, 1871); "The Wicked World," a fairy comedy (January, 1873); "Charity," a play in four acts (January, 1874); "Sweethearts," a dramatic contrast (November, 1874); "Broken Hearts," a fairy comedy (1876); "Tom Cobb," a three-act farcical comedy (1876); "Daniel Druce," a drama in three acts (1877); "Engaged," a farcical comedy (1877); "The Ne'er-do-Weel," a comedy (February, 1878); "Gretchen," a drama, founded on the Faust legend (March, 1879); and "Comedy and Tragedy" (1884), a play in one act, written for Miss Mary Anderson. Among his other works may be mentioned "An Old Score," "Ages Ago," "The Princess," a parody on Tennyson's poem; "Randall's Thumb," "Creatures of Impulse," "The Vivandière," "Robert the Devil," "A Sensation Novel," "The Gentlemen in Black," "Happy Arcadia," and "Foggerty's Fairy." Of all Mr. Gilbert's plays, "Engaged" and "Sweethearts" are, perhaps, the most popular and the most favorable examples of his delicate, cynical humor, which is of quite a different quality to the rattle and repartee of the ordinary dramatist. "Princess Toto," Mr. Gilbert's first operatic venture of any importance, was not a success. Both in idea and writing it was exceedingly clever, but the author had not yet discovered the musical collaborator whose talent has shown itself so congenial with his own.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan is the eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Sullivan, sometime Professor at Kneller Hall, the training-school for British military bands, and was born in London, May 13th, 1842. He received his first systematic instruction in music at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, under the Rev. Thomas Helmore, and was still a chorister when, at the age of fourteen, he gained the Mendelssohn Scholarship. After two years' study in England, under Mr. (afterward Sir Sterndale) Bennett and Mr. (afterward Sir John) Goss, he went to Leipsic, where he studied at the Conservatorium for three years. Upon his return to England, in 1861, he brought with him his music to Shakespeare's "Tempest," which was performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace. "The



SCENE FROM "THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD"—FAIRFAX'S DYING REQUEST.

Wedding March," written to celebrate the Prince of Wales's marriage, and "The Enchanted Isle," a ballet, were produced in 1863. His next work of importance was the masque "Kenilworth," performed at the Birmingham Festival in 1864. This was followed by the "Symphony in E" (Crystal Palace, 1865); overture, "In Memoriam," dedicated to his father (Norwich, 1866); overture, "Marmion" (Philharmonic, 1867); oratorio, "The Prodigal Son" (Hereford, 1868); overture, "Di Ballo" (Birmingham, 1869); "On Shore and Sea" (International Exhibition, 1871); festival "Te Deum," to commemorate the recovery of the Prince of Wales (Crystal Palace, 1872); an oratorio, "The Light of the World" (Birmingham, 1873); and the sacred musical drama, "The Martyrs of Antioch" (Leeds, 1880). He is well known as a ballad-writer, the most popular of his songs being "The Lost Chord," "Looking Back," "Ma Charmante," "Sweethearts," "Let Me Dream Again," and "The Distant Shore." He was also at one time editor of "Church Hymns," for which he composed several of the best-known airs.

Sir Arthur received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Cambridge in 1876, and a like honor was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford in 1879. He was Principal of the National Train-

ing School for Music from its foundation, in 1876, until 1881, and British Commissioner for Music at the Paris Exhibition, in 1878, when he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He is also a Knight of the Order of the House of Coburg, and was knighted by Her Majesty Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, May 24th, 1883. Sir Arthur conducted the Leeds Triennial Musical Festival in 1880, 1883 and 1886. For the last, held in October, 1886, he composed a new cantata, "The Golden Legend," which was received with great enthusiasm. In 1885 and 1886 he conducted the Philharmonic Concerts in London.

The first joint production of Mr. Gilbert and Sir A. Sullivan was an operetta in one act, entitled "Thespis; Or, The Gods Grown Old," which made its appearance in 1871. This was followed, four years later, by "Trial by Jury," which was so successful that the "pardners," as Bret Harte would call them, have since unremittingly "worked the claim," which has proved a very Tom Tiddler's ground, giving a large yield at each stroke of the shovel.

"Trial by Jury" is a travesty on a breach-of-promise case. The curtain rises on a court of justice which is crowded by barristers, attorneys, jurymen and clerks, awaiting the arrival of the learned judge, who pres-

ently appears, and after greeting the assembled crowd, proceeds to tell them how he came to be a judge :

" When I, good friends, was called to the Bar,
I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,
But I was, as many young barristers are,
An impecunious party.
I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue—
A brief which I bought of a booby—
A couple of shirts and a collar or two,
And a ring that looked like a ruby!

" In Westminster Hall I danced a dance,
Like a semi-despondent fury;
For I thought I should never hit on a chance
Of addressing a British jury—
But I soon got tired of third-class journeys,
And dinners of bread and water,
So I fell in love with a rich attorney's
Elderly, ugly daughter.

" The rich attorney, he jumped with joy,
And replied to my fond professions,
' You shall reap the reward of your pluck, my boy,
At the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions.
You'll soon get used to her looks,' said he,
' And a very nice girl you'll find her!
She may very well pass for forty-three
In the dusk, with a light behind her!

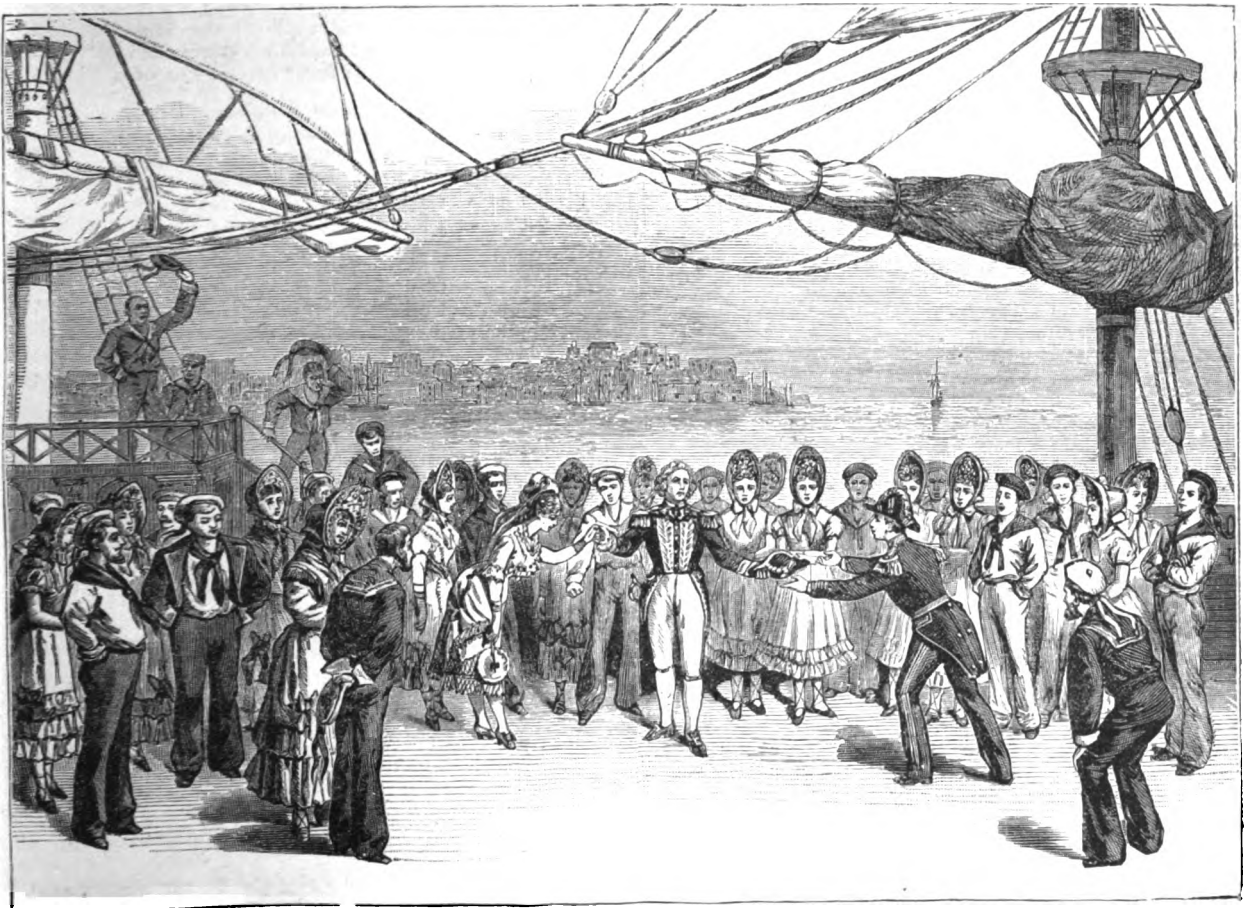
" The rich attorney was good as his word,
The briefs came trooping gayly,
And every day my voice was heard
At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.
All thieves who could my fees afford
Relied on my orations,
And many a burglar I've restored
To his friends and his relations.

" At length I became as rich as the Gurneys—
An incubus than I thought her.
So I threw over that rich attorney's
Elderly, ugly daughter.
The rich attorney my character high
Tried vainly to disparage—
And now, if you please, I'm ready to try
This Breach of Promise of Marriage!"

Before the opera has gone far, we learn from the arguments of counsel that the defendant has become engaged to two girls, each of whom insists on his marrying her. The defendant admits having proposed to each of them, and expresses his willingness to marry them both. This seems to strike the learned judge as a reasonable proposition; but counsel for plaintiff submits that it would come under the head of bigamy; whereupon the learned judge, seeing no way out of the difficulty, and being anxious to close the case, declares that he will marry the plaintiff himself. This brings matters to an end, and the lawyers disperse, declaring that if his lordship's law is not particularly sound, he is, at least, a judge of beauty—"and a good judge, too."

"Trial by Jury" was followed by "The Sorcerer," which was produced at the Opera Comique, London, November 17th, 1877. In the opening scene John Wellington Wells, of T. W. Wells & Co., Family Sorcerers, announces himself and his wares in the following song :

" Oh! my name is John Wellington Wells,
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,
In blessings and curses,
And ever-filled purses,
In prophecies, witches, and knells.



SCENE FROM GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S "PINAFORE."

"If you want a proud foe to 'make tracks'—
If you'd melt a rich uncle in wax—
You've but to look in
On our resident Djinn,
Number seventy, Simmery Axe!

"We've a first-class assortment of magic;
And for raising a posthumous shade,
With effects that are comic or tragic,
There's no cheaper house in the trade.
Love-philtre—we've quantiles of it;
And for knowledge if any one burns,
We keep an extremely small prophet—a prophet
Who brings us unbounded returns:

"For he can prophesy
With a wink of his eye,
Peep with security
Into futurity,
Sum up your history,
Clear up a mystery,
Humor proclivity
For a nativity—for a nativity;
With mirrors so magical,
Tetrapods tragical,
Bogies spectacular,
Answers oracular,
Facts astronomical,
Solemn or comical,
And, if you want it, he
Makes a reduction on taking a quantity.

"Oh!
If any one anything lacks,
He'll find it all ready in stacks,
If he'll only look in
On the resident Djinn,
Number seventy, Simmery Axe!

"He can raise you hosts
Of ghosts,
And that without reflectors;
And creepy things
With wings,
And gaunt and grisly spectres.
He can fill you crowds
Of shrouds,
And horrify you vastly;
He can rack your brains
With chains,
And gibberings grim and ghastly!

"Then, if you plan it, he
Changes organity
With an urbanity
Full of Satanity,
Vexes humanity
With an inanity
Fatal to vanity—
Driving your foes to the verge of insanity!

"Barring tautology,
In demonology,
'Lectro biology,
Mystic nosology,
Spirit philology,
High-class astrology,
Such is his knowledge, he
Isn't the man to require an apology!"

The *Sorcerer*, among other useful articles, advertises a Patent Oxy-Hydrogen-Love-at-first-sight-Philtre, and guarantees that whosoever drinks of it shall thereupon lose consciousness, and in waking fall in love, as a matter of course, with the first lady he meets who has also tasted it, his affection being at once returned. Hearing of this invention, and being prompted by purely philanthropical motives, *Alexis*, the hero, announces his intention of experimenting with it on the villagers of Ploverleigh, which he subsequently does. The result is easily foreseen. *Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre*, an elderly baronet, suddenly

transfers his attentions from *Lady Sangazure*, a dame of stupendous pedigree, to *Mrs. Partlet*, the village pew-opener. *Lady Sangazure* in turn becomes hopelessly infatuated with the Cockney *Sorcerer*, and even expresses her willingness to drop her h's if he will consent to marry her. *Constance Partlet* now discovers that she is madly in love with an ill-favored, dull-witted and bad-tempered old notary who is so deaf that he is obliged to listen to her sweet nothings through an ear-trumpet; while *Dr. Daly*, the venerable Vicar of Ploverleigh, falls a victim to the charms of *Aline Sangazure*; but fearing the wrath of *Alexis*, to whom she is engaged, generously waives all claim upon her hand, and with true Christian resignation announces his intention of quitting the country immediately and burying his sorrow in the congenial gloom of a colonial bishopric. But before he has a chance of carrying out this amiable intention the spell is overcome, and all return to their old loves.

"H. M. S. *Pinafore*; Or, The Lass that Loved a Sailor," followed on the heels of "*The Sorcerer*" in 1878. "*Pinafore*" is essentially a nautical opera. The curtain rises on the quarter-deck of the *Pinafore*; the sailors being hard at work cleaning brasswork, splicing ropes, etc., under the supervision of *Bill Bobstay*, the boatswain. Presently *Sir Joseph Porter*, K.C.B., who is a take-off on W. H. Smith, M.P., then First Lord of the Admiralty, is announced, and soon afterward puts in an appearance attended by a whole phalanx of sisters and cousins and aunts. After modestly announcing himself as the monarch of the sea, *Sir Joseph* proceeds to explain how he attained that exalted position:

"When I was a lad I served a term
As office-boy to an attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up that handle so carefullee
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

"As office-boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.
I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand—
I copied all the letters in a hand so free
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

"In serving writs I made such a name
That an article clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit
For the pass examination at the Institute.
And that pass examination did so well for me
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

"Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they took me into the partnership;
And that junior partnership, I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
But that kind of ship so suited me
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

"I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

"Now landmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office-stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—
Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,
And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee!

Captain Corcoran of the *Pinafore* is naturally anxious that his only daughter, *Josephine*, should become the wife of *Sir Joseph Porter*, K.C.B., as the aforesaid *Sir*

Joseph is in every way a *bon parti*; but Josephine has already fixed her affections on *Ralph Rackstraw*, an able seaman on board the *Pinafore*, with whom she is on the point of eloping when stopped by the *Captain*, who had got word of their intention through the agency of *Dick Deney*, a one-eyed sailor of repulsive qualities. A stormy scene follows, during which *Ralph Rackstraw* is put in irons and cast into darkness. In the meantime, *Little Buttercup*, a Portsmouth bumboat-woman, explodes a bomb on board by disclosing the fact that, in her earlier days, she went in for baby-farming, and that, among other waifs and strays, she had charge of both *Captain Corcoran* and *Ralph Rackstraw*, but that, through some inadvertence, she mixed them up, and that *Ralph* is by right the *Captain*, and the *Captain*, *Ralph*. As may be expected, this statement causes considerable consternation. *Ralph* presently emerges from his dungeon attired as the *Captain*, while the *Captain* enters in the garb of a common sailor. *Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.*, declares that it would of course be impossible for him to marry a sailor's daughter, so he hands *Josephine* over to *Ralph*, and is obliged to fall back on his cousin *Hebe*, while the *Captain* consoles himself with *Little Buttercup*.

After an abnormally successful run of over two years, "*Pinafore*" at last gave way, on April 3d, 1880, to "*The Pirates of Penzance*"; Or, *The Slave of Duty*," the plot of which is briefly this: When the curtain rises we see the far-famed *Pirates of Penzance* reposing in picturesque groups, the scene being a rocky shore on the coast of Cornwall. They are celebrating the coming of age of *Frederic*, one of the bravest members of their band, who alone is sad among the merry. The cause of his sadness is sufficiently explained by the ballad of *Ruth*, the nursery-maid, to whose care he had been left by his father:

"I was a stupid nursery-maid, on breakers always steering,
And I did not catch the word aright, through being hard of hearing;
Mistaking my instructions, which within my brain did gyrate,
I took and bound this promising boy apprentice to a pirate.
A sad mistake it was to make and doom him to a vile lot—
I bound him to a pirate—you—instead of to a pilot."

It must be admitted, however, that these particular *Pirates* followed their crooked calling in a very humane and gentlemanly spirit. They never attacked a weaker party than themselves, and, moreover, made a point of never molesting an orphan. This latter circumstance has become generally known, and is taken advantage of by the victims of the bold *Pirates*. "The last three ships we took," they complain, "proved to be manned entirely by orphans, so we had to let them go." But in spite of these redeeming features, *Frederic* dislikes the society he has been compelled to keep. Being a slave to duty, he has felt bound to further the ends of the *Pirates* while his apprenticeship continued; but now, being out of his indentures, the same sense of duty, he confesses freely, compels him to devote heart and soul to their extermination. Acting on the same strong principles, he is on the point of giving his hand to *Ruth*, the nursery-maid, who has represented herself to him as the ideal of womanhood, when four and twenty young ladies, who turn out to be sisters, make their appearance, and he immediately proposes to several of them at once. The other *Pirates*, following suit, immediately surround the maidens, proposing to be, as they poetically put it,

"Conjugally matrimonified,
By a doctor of divinity,
Who resides in this vicinity."

This interesting scene is interrupted by the arrival of

the maidens' father, *Major-General Stanley*, who is the alter ego of *Sir Joseph Porter* in "*Pinafore*." Like that functionary, he sets forth his qualifications for his high office in a song, which in sentiment is the counterpart of "I'm the Monarch of the Sea," the place of the famous sisters, the cousins and the aunts being taken by his twenty-four daughters:

"I am the very pattern of a modern Major-general;
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral;
I know the Kings of England, and I quote the fights historical,
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news—
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

"With many cheerful facts, etc.

"I'm very good at integral and differential calculus,
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous;
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-general.

"In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
He is the very model of a modern Major-general.

"I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's,
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Hellogabalus,
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolus.

"I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies,
I know the croaking chorus from the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes,
Then I can hum a fugue, of which I've heard the music's din afore,
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense 'Pinafore.'

"Then I can write a washing-bill in Babylonian cuneiform,
And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform;
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-general.

"In fact, when I know what is meant by 'mamelon' and 'javelin,'
When I can tell a chassépot rifle from a javelin,
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at,
And when I know precisely what is meant by commissariat;
When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery,
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery;
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy,
You'll say a better Major-general has never sat a gee—

"For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventurous,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century,
But still in learning vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-general!"

The difficulties of the situation are met by the ready wit of the aged warrior, who, on proclaiming himself an orphan, is allowed by the tender-hearted *Pirates* to depart in peace, together with his daughters and *Frederic*. The latter, in the second act, is bent upon obeying the dictates of duty by exterminating his former companions, and for that purpose has surrounded himself with a squad of policemen about as bold and as musical as their colleagues in Offenbach's "*Geneviève de Brabant*." The *Police-sergeant's* song, which is one of the most catchy in the opera, being:

"When a felon's not engaged in his employment—
His employment
Or maturing his felonious little plans—
Little plans,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment—
'Cent enjoyment,
Is just as great as any honest man's—
Honest man's.



IN THE PIRATES LAIR

SCENE FROM THE "PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

Our feelings we with difficulty smother—
 'Culty smother,
 When constabulary duty's to be done—
 To be done;
 Ah, take one consideration with another—
 With another,
 A policeman's lot is not a happy one.
 When constabulary duty's to be done—
 To be done,
 The policeman's lot is not a happy one.

"When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling—
 Not a-burgling,
 When the cutthroat isn't occupied in crime—
 'Pied in crime,
 He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling—
 Brook a-gurgling,
 And listen to the merry village chime—
 Village chime.
 When the coster's finished jumping on his mother—
 On his mother—
 He loves to lie a-basking in the sun,
 In the sun;
 Ah, take one consideration with another—
 With another,
 The policeman's lot is not a happy one.
 When constabulary duty's to be done—
 To be done,
 The policeman's lot is not a happy one—
 Happy one!"

But *Frederic's* exterminating expedition is frustrated by his discovering that by the wording of his deed of apprenticeship he is still bound to the *Pirates* for an unlimited number of years. The *Pirate King* does not insist on his carrying out the agreement, but merely leaves it to his sense of duty. *Frederic*, being thus appealed to, declares that he will do his duty at any price, and having become a pirate again, feels in duty bound to disclose to his comrades the falsity of the *General's* statement as to his being an orphan. This breach of faith the fierce lovers of the sea determine to revenge in the most ruthless manner. They easily vanquish the policemen sent out to capture them, and are on the point of committing the gallant soldier to death, when a last appeal, "to yield in Queen Victoria's name," recalls them to their duty. It

subsequently turns out that they are all noblemen "who have gone astray," and by way of atonement they pair off with the *General's* daughters.

"The Pirates of Penzance" was succeeded, on April 23d, 1881, by "*Patience; Or, Bunthorne's Bride*," an æsthetic opera, the scene of which is laid in a glade near Castle Bunthorne, situated, it would appear, in that undiscovered country of whimsical fancy in which Mr. Gilbert is so thoroughly at home. In the first act *Reginald Bunthorne*, "a fleshy poet," expounds the mysteries of his heart to a bevy of lovesick maidens, receiving in return their passionate devotion. The poet, it need scarcely be added, treats the admiration of his fair votaries with scorn. His passion, he declares, is fixed on *Patience*, a milkmaid, who, on her part, does not appreciate the raptures of the poet, and is, indeed, totally insensible to the pangs of love until a new hero appears on the scene in the shape of *Archibald Grosvenor*, another bard of the æsthetic school, who has made the simple and pastoral his specialties, and who devotes his time to the recitation of decalogs, of which the following are samples:

"Gentle Jane was as good as gold,
 She always did as she was told.
 She never spoke when her mouth was full,
 Or caught blue-bottles their legs to pull;
 Or split plum jam on her nice new frock,
 Or put white mice in the eight-day clock;
 Or vivisected her last new doll,
 Or fostered a passion for alcohol.
 And when she grew up she was given in marriage
 To a first-class earl who keeps his carriage!

"Teasing Tom was a very bad boy;
 A great big squirt was his favorite toy;
 He put live shrimps in his father's boots,
 And sewed up the sleeves of his Sunday suits;
 He punched his poor little sisters' heads,
 And cayenne-peppered their four-post beds;
 He plastered their hair with cobbler's wax,
 And dropped hot halfpennies down their backs.
 The consequence was he was lost totally,
 And married a girl in the *corps de bally*!"

A curious contrast to the two poets is found in *Colonel*

Calverley, of the Dragoon Guards, whose opening song is thoroughly Gilbertian :

" If you want a receipt for that popular mystery,
Known to the world as a Heavy Dragoon,
Take all the remarkable people in history,
Rattle them off to a popular tune.
The pluck of Lord Nelson on board of the *Victory*
Genius of Bismarck devising a plan—
The humor of Fielding (which sounds contradictory)—
Coolness of Paget about to trepan—
The science of Jullien, the eminent musico—
Wit of Macaulay, who wrote of Queen Anne—
The pathos of Paddy, as rendered by Boucicault—
Style of the Bishop of Sodor and Man—
The dash of a D'Orsay, divested of quackery—
Narrative powers of Dickens and Thackeray—
Victor Emmanuel—peak-haunting Peveril—
Thomas Aquinas, and Doctor Sacheverell—
Tupper and Tennyson—Daniel Defoe—
Anthony Trollope and Mr. Guizot!
Take of these elements all that is fusible,
Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible,
Set them to simmer and take off the scum,
And a Heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

The gallant *Colonel* and his brother officers, *Major Murgatroyd* and the *Duke of Dunstable*, are upbraided for not being æsthetic by the lovesick maidens, who have now transferred their allegiance from the lean and languid *Bunthorne* to the handsome *Grosvenor*. One of them alone has remained faithful to her first idol. This is the *Lady Jane*, a damsel of mature and highly developed charms, who soliloquizes on the fickleness of her companions, accompanying herself on a gigantic violoncello

the while. *Bunthorne's* advice to those who desire to shine as apostles of æstheticism is exceedingly piquant:

" If you're anxious for to shine in the high æsthetic line as a man of culture rare,
You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms
And plant them everywhere.
You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases
Of your complicated state of mind;
The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.

And every one will say,
As you walk your mystic way,

' If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!'

" Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days which have long since passed away,
And convince 'em, if you can, that the reign of good Queen Anne was culture's palmiest day.
Of course you will pooh-pooh whatever's fresh and new, and declare it's crude and mean,
For art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine.

And every one will say,
As you walk your mystic way,

' If that's not good enough for him which is good enough for me,
Why, what a very cultivated kind of youth this kind of youth must be!'

" Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion must excite your languid spleen,
An attachment à la Plato for a bashful young potato, or a not-too-French French bean!



"HOLANTHE" AT THE SAVOY.—1. FAIRY INVASION OF PALACE-YARD—LEILA. 2. PRIVATE WILLIS. 3. IOLANTHE. 4. A FAIRY. 5. STREPHON.

Though the Phillistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle
in the high æsthetic band,
If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your
mediæval hand.

And every one will say,
As you walk your flowery way,
'If he's content with a vegetable love which would certainly
not suit me,
Why, what a most particularly pure young man this pure
young man must be!'

How the *Lady Jane* is rewarded by becoming the bride,
not of *Bunthorne*, but of "a duke with a thousand a day";
how the Heavy Dragoons, after transforming themselves
for a season into æsthetic worshippers, finally regain their
uniforms and their fickle loves; how *Patience*, after lov-
ing the unsympathetic *Bunthorne* from motives of duty,
finds happiness in the arms of the irresistible *Grosvenor*—
all this is set forth in the course of the opera. The
dénouement Mr. Gilbert has borrowed from his own in-
comparable ballad of "The Rival Curates," for, like the
Rev. Hopley Porter, "doing it on compulsion," *Archibald*
Grosvenor doffs the uncomfortable garb of the æsthetic
bard and appears at the end of the piece in his natural
shape as

"An every-day young man,
A commonplace type,
With a stick and a pipe,
And a half-bred black-and-tan—
Who thinks suburban 'hops'
More fun than 'Monday Pops,'
Who's fond of his dinner,
And doesn't get thinner
On bottled beer and chops."

After running for twenty months, "*Patience*" gave
place to "*Iolanthe*; Or, The Peer and the Peri," which
made its appearance November 25th, 1882. *Strephon*, an
Arcadian shepherd, may be looked upon as the chief
character and hero of the opera. He is the offspring of
the marriage of his fairy mother, *Iolanthe*, with a mortal,
and is in consequence a mixture of both, being a fairy
down to the waist, while his legs are mortal. Such a
marriage as this, we are informed, is by fairy law punish-
able with death, but in the case of *Iolanthe* the sentence
has been commuted to penal servitude for life, which, we
are further told, she has been working out for twenty-
five years on her head at the bottom of a stream. Being
moved by the prayers of her sister, the *Fairy Queen* is
induced to recall *Iolanthe* from her moist prison. Clad in
water-weeds, the culprit appears, and for the first time
discloses the fact that she is the mother of *Strephon*, who
presently enters attired in the prettiest of rococo cos-
tumes, and playing a merry tune on a flageolet—a piece
of dainty Dresden china come to life. *Strephon* turns
out to be engaged to *Phyllis*, a shepherdess and Ward in
Chancery, whose charms have also subdued the hearts of
the entire House of Lords, not excepting even her legal
guardian, the *Lord Chancellor* himself. This high func-
tionary seems to feel the heavy responsibility of his office,
if we may judge from his opening song:

"The Law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent.
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And I, my lords, embody the Law.
The constitutional guardian I
Of pretty young Wards in Chancery,
All very agreeable girls—and none
Are over the age of twenty-one.
A pleasant occupation for
A rather susceptible Chancellor!

"A pleasant occupation, etc.

"But though the compliment implied
Inflates me with legitimate pride,
It nevertheless can't be denied
That it has its inconvenient side.
For I'm not so old, and not so plain,
And I'm quite prepared to marry again,
But there'd be the deuce to pay in the Lords
If I fell in love with one of my Wards!
Which rather tries my temper, for
I'm such a susceptible Chancellor!

"Which rather, etc.

"And every one who'd marry a Ward
Must come to me for my accord,
And in my court I sit all day,
Giving agreeable girls away.
With one for him—and one for he—
And one for you—and one for ye—
And one for thou—and one for thee—
But never, oh, never a one for me!
Which is exasperating for
A highly susceptible Chancellor!"

"The feelings of a Lord Chancellor," he argues, "who
is in love with a Ward of Court are not to be envied.
What is his position? Can he give his own consent to
his own marriage with his own Ward? Can he marry his
own Ward without his own consent? And if he marries
his own Ward without his own consent, can he commit
himself for contempt of his own Court? And if he com-
mit himself for contempt of his own Court, can he appear
by counsel before himself, to move for arrest of his own
judgment?"

The heart of *Phyllis*, however, is proof against the
temptations of rank and wealth. She clings to her *Stre-
phon* in spite of the passionate pleadings of the noble-
men "not to spurn the nobly born"; but her resolve
is severely shaken when she discovers her lover in af-
fectionate conversation with his mother, who, on account
of her extraordinarily youthful appearance, she imagines
to be a rival, and in a fit of jealousy she declares her
willingness to marry any peer who may be selected for
the purpose. *Strephon*, in the meantime, has been re-
turned to Parliament as a Liberal-Conservative, his
upper half being Tory and his legs Radical, and he
does all in his power to overthrow the House of Lords.
Phyllis is wooed by two peers, the *Earl of Mount Arrarat*
and *Lord Tolloller*—*arcades ambo*, a pair of most accom-
modating rivals, as the following conversation will show:

"*PHYLLIS* (to *TOLLOLLER*). Well, have you settled which it's
to be?

"*LORD TOLL*. Not altogether. It's a difficult position. It
would be hardly delicate to toss up. On the whole, we would
rather leave it to you.

"*PHYL*. How can it possibly concern me? You are both Earls,
and you are both rich, and you are both plain.

"*MOUNT*. So we are. At least, I am.

"*LORD TOLL*. So am I.

"*MOUNT*. No, no!

"*LORD TOLL*. I am, indeed. Very plain.

"*MOUNT*. Well, well—perhaps you are.

"*PHYL*. There's really nothing to choose between you. If one
of you would forego his title, and distribute his estates among his
Irish tenantry, why, I should then see a reason for accepting the
other.

"*MOUNT*. Tolloller, are you prepared to make this sacrifice?

"*LORD TOLL*. No!

"*MOUNT*. Not even to oblige a lady?

"*LORD TOLL*. No!

"*MOUNT*. Then the only question is, which of us shall give
way to the other? Perhaps, on the whole, she would be happier
with me. I don't know. I may be wrong.

"*LORD TOLL*. No. I don't know that you are. I really be-
lieve she would. But the awkward part of the thing is, that if you
rob me of the girl of my heart, one of us must die. It's a family

tradition that I have sworn to respect. It's a painful position, for I have a very strong regard for you, George.

"MOUNT. (*much affected*). My dear Thomas!

"LORD TOLL. You are very dear to me, George. We were both boys together—at least, I was. If I were to survive you, my existence would be hopelessly embittered.

"MOUNT. Then, my dear Thomas, you must not do it. I say it again and again—if it will have this effect upon you, you must not do it. No, no. If one of us is to destroy the other, let it be me!

"LORD TOLL. No, no.

"MOUNT. Ah, yes!—by our boyish friendship I implore you!

"LORD TOLL. (*much moved*). Well, well, be it so. But, no—no—I cannot consent to an act which would crush you with unavailing remorse.

"MOUNT. But it would not do so. I should be very sad at first—oh, who would not be?—but it would wear off. I like you very much—but not, perhaps, as much as you like me.

"LORD TOLL. George, you are a noble fellow, but that telltale tear betrays you. No, George; you are very fond of me, and I cannot consent to give you a week's uneasiness on my account.

"MOUNT. But, dear Thomas, it would not last a week! Remember, you lead the House of Lords! On your demise I shall take your place! Oh, Thomas, it would not last a day!

"PHYL. (*coming down*). Now, I do hope you're not going to fight about me, because it's really not worth while.

"LORD TOLL. (*looking at her*). Well, I don't believe it is!

"MOUNT. Nor I. The sacred ties of friendship are paramount."

After much miscellaneous talking and singing, the *dénouement* is brought about by *Iolanthe* informing the *Lord Chancellor* that she is his long-lost wife, and that *Strephon* is their son. When the *Fairy Queen* is on the point of punishing this second indiscretion with death, it turns out that all the other *Fairies* have incurred the same penalty by secretly marrying the peers. "I cannot slaughter the whole company," says the *Queen*, "and yet the law is clear—every fairy must die who marries a mortal." Here the *Lord Chancellor*, who is quite equal to the emergency, suggests that the insertion of a single word is all that is necessary to put things straight. "Let it stand that every fairy shall die who *don't* marry a mortal," says his lordship, "and there you are." The requisite alteration having been made in pencil, all further difficulties are averted by the entire House of Lords being carried off bodily to the realms of fancy and fable.

The next production of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan was "*Princess Ida*; Or, *Castle Adamant*," which was brought out at the Savoy, London, January 5th, 1884. The libretto follows that of Tennyson's poem pretty closely. The action proper is preceded by a prologue, which takes place at the Palace of *King Hildebrand*, whose son *Hilarion* has been betrothed, at the age of two, to *Ida*, daughter of *King Gama*. The arrival of the bride and her royal father is anxiously expected, and in the meantime the courtiers wile away the time in singing and dancing, as in operatic duty bound. After some time *King Gama* arrives, accompanied by his three sons, *Arac*, *Guron* and *Scynthus*, but minus his daughter, whom he has left behind at *Castle Adamant*, instructing a body of girl graduates in the mysteries of science. *King Gama*, according to his own statement, is "a genuine philanthropist," who displays his love for his kind somewhat in this guise:

"I'm sure I'm no ascetic; I'm as pleasant as can be;
You'll always find me ready with a crushing repartee;
I've an irritating chuckle, I've a celebrated sneer,
I've an entertaining snigger, I've a fascinating leer.
To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two:
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do.
But although I try to make myself as pleasant as I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!

"To compliments inflated I've a withering reply,
And vanity I always do my best to mortify;
A charitable action I can skillfully dissect,
And interested motives I'm delighted to detect;
I know everybody's income, and what everybody earns,
And I carefully compare it with the income-tax returns;
But to benefit humanity however much I plan,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!"

Princess Ida having failed to keep her troth, her father and three brothers are retained as hostages and marched off to durance vile, *Hilarion* and his friends, the gentle *Florian* and the bold *Cyrl*, expressing their determination to conquer the maidens' castle and hearts by the soft artillery of "expressive glances." In due course they appear at *Castle Adamant* and don the undergraduates' gowns, but are, nevertheless, recognized and looked up as spies by the "Daughters of the Plow." This action on the part of the students excites the anger of *King Gama*, who accordingly invades the castle and threatens its terrified inmates with dire vengeance. After a spasmodic show of resistance, the ladies consent to leave the decision of their fate to their male friends. The three brothers of the *Princess* enter the lists against *Hilarion* and his companions, and are vanquished after a desperate fight, whereat, to paraphrase an old saying, "Trouble and adventure end in lovers' meetings." Each lassie finds her laddie, not excepting even the ill-natured old *Professor of Abstract Science*, who finds a congenial mate in the philanthropic *King*.

On March 14th, 1885, "*The Mikado*; Or, *The Town of Titipu*," the masterpiece of both librettist and composer, made its appearance. The plot is so thoroughly childish that, on being obliged to sum it up on paper, one blushes at the remembrance of many a dangerously boisterous laugh it has excited. The *Mikado of Japan*, a highly moral sovereign, has, it appears, issued a decree condemning to death any man found guilty of flirting. The first person convicted under this law is *Koko*, a cheap tailor; but he is reprieved at the last moment, and raised to the exalted rank of *Lord High Executioner*. *Koko* declares that, in the event of his ever being called upon to act professionally, he has a little list made up of those he intends to decapitate:

"As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of social offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed!
There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs—
All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs—
All children who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em flat—
All persons who, in shaking hands, shake hands with you like that—
And all third persons who on spoiling *tête-à-têtes* insist—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

CHORUS.

"He's got 'em on the list—he's got 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed—they'll none of 'em be missed.

"There's the nigger serenader, and the others of his race,
And the piano organist—I've got him on the list!
And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face,
They never would be missed—they never would be missed!
Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this, and every country but his own;
And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,
And 'who doesn't think she waltzes, but would rather like to try,'
And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist—
I don't think she'd be missed—I'm sure she'd not be missed!

To crown his happiness, *Koko* is engaged to be married to his lovely ward, *Yum Yum* by name. This prospective bliss, however, is disturbed by a letter from the *Mikado*, who, struck by the fact that no execution has taken place at Titipu for a year, decrees that, unless somebody is beheaded within a month, the office of *Lord High Executioner* shall be abolished, and the city reduced to the rank of a village. The difficulty is to find somebody who is willing to die. *Koko*, who is first on the condemned list, naturally objects to cutting his own head off, which, as he shrewdly remarks, would be a capital offense. A newcomer now appears in the person of *Nanki Poo*, the Crown Prince of Japan, who has fled from his father's court and assumed the disguise of wandering minstrel, in order to avoid marrying an elderly maid named *Katisha*. *Nanki Poo*, being madly in love with *Yum Yum*, volunteers to be beheaded at the end of a month, provided he be allowed to marry *Yum Yum* for that month. *Koko* at first objects to such an arrangement, but on being reminded that *Yum Yum* will be a widow at the end of the month, gives his consent, and they are married.

In the second act the *Mikado* appears on the scene, to look after his fugitive son and heir; but *Koko*, believing that his Imperial master is intent on witnessing the long-delayed execution, forges an affidavit to the effect that *Nanki Poo* had been beheaded that morning, being aided and abetted in his falsehood by *Pooh Bah*, a great nobleman, who, in spite of his pre-Adamite ancestral descent, condescends to serve under the *ci-devant* tailor in the manifold capacities of First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Chief Justice, Commander-in-chief, Lord High Admiral, Archbishop of Titipu, Master of the Buckhounds, Chief Commissioner of the Police, etc., and also further castigates his family pride by accepting miscellaneous bribes from anybody inclined to offer them. The horror of *Koko* may be imagined when it is discovered that the wandering minstrel, whom he pretends to have beheaded, is the *Crown Prince of Japan*. *Nanki Poo*, moreover, declines point-blank to return to life as long as *Katisha* is single, so *Koko*, in order to save his neck, makes up his mind to marry her himself. At first she repudiates his addresses, but on his declaring that unless she accepts him he will immediately commit suicide, she relents, and they are duly united by *Pooh Bah*. *Nanki Poo*, having no further fears of *Katisha*, now comes forward, and is received with open arms by the *Mikado*. *Koko*, however, is called to account by His Majesty for having stated that *Nanki Poo* was beheaded, and gives the following lucid explanation: "It's like this: When your Majesty says, 'Let a thing be done,' it's as good as done—practically, it is done—because your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says, 'Kill a gentleman,' and a gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently, that gentleman is as good as dead—practically,

he is dead—and if he is dead, why not say so?" The *Mikado* readily perceives the point, and declares that nothing could possibly be more satisfactory.

"Ruddigore; Or, The Witches' Curse," followed "The Mikado" in 1887. The plot turns upon the misadventures of a wealthy baronet, who is continually upbraided by the ghosts of his ancestors for not being wicked enough; but the opera was not a success, and had only a short run. Next, and last, comes "The Yeoman of the Guard; Or, The Merryman and his Maid," which was produced in London on October 3d, 1888, and in this country soon after.

It is to be sincerely hoped that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan will long continue to delight the public by their charming operas. They have been treated with contempt by many critics, but they have nevertheless become a part of our national life, and have enhanced the gayety of nations. The name of Gilbert, coupled with that of Sullivan, is known wherever the English tongue

is spoken, for they have written the songs and—better still—invented the catchwords of not one, but of two, great nations. Both librettist and composer have learned to work together, and this is one of the great advantages they possess over all competitors. It is impossible to appraise the precise amount of credit due to each, but Mr. Gilbert's humor is evidently the fecundating principle. A keen logical faculty is the basis of this humor. *Reductio ad absurdum* is its favorite method of procedure. Maxims of morality carried to their logical extreme, and developed into paradoxes, are its chosen playthings. Mr. Gilbert, however, is not a mere adapter of comic or pathetic situations. Other dramatists have qualities which he has not, or has in a minor degree only, but in all his work he



AU MAGASIN DU LOUVRE.

"COMBIEN EN VOULEZ-VOUS, MADAME?"
 "OH!—EE—LET ME SEE—FIVE YARDS—BANK KILOMETERS,
 N'EST CE PAS?" [Stupefaction.]

inspires us as a man who has looked at life with his own eyes, and has looked below the surface. There is a certain irony, too, in his treatment of it, and that not only, nor even mainly, when he is professedly ironical. No one save Mr. Gilbert could ever have perpetrated "The Mikado."

The entire freshness and exquisite simplicity of Sullivan's music lift it beyond most modern masters for popular effect. Sir Arthur Sullivan gives us the music of the present. He follows the inspiration of that wholesome instinct—the instinct of simplicity. His music needs no commentary, no elucidation. The motives are as evident as those of a nursery rhyme, while the tones and harmonies are just what we might expect to hear on any hop-farm. Whether it is as the composer of symphonies, oratorios, cantatas, anthems, ballads, or comic operas, Sir Arthur Sullivan's popularity is probably greater than that of any other English composer. A surprisingly well-fitted pair they are, each the complement of the other. Both have done well in their way, and not least so in linking their fortunes together in melody and rhyme.



"MAID AND MAN.—"HE TAUGHT HER TO ROW ON THE RIVER." . . . "PENELOPE, DETERMINED TO ACCOMPLISH SOMETHING AT LAST, SETTLED DOWN TO HER WORK."

"MAID AND MAN."

BY FLORENCE E. WELD.

A young lady was sitting on the front steps of a comfortable-looking, buff-colored house. She had been sitting there all the afternoon, profoundly meditating. Her name was Penelope Hope Hillyard, and she was very pretty, in a dark, piquant style. She had sought the quiet of this pleasant village (ten miles from her own home in Boston, and many more miles from the resort of wealth and fashion where she had been wont to spend the months of Summer) because she was writing a novel. The subject of her novel was one regarding which her knowledge was more limited than she had at first supposed. She was writing, with an audacity that sometimes frightened her, of the working-classes.

This afternoon her ambitious pen had met an obstacle over which no struggle of fancy could lift it. Her hero (of Vol. XXVII., No. 1—7.

course a workingman) would not stand forth in the guise appropriate to her object. He refused to be intelligent, refined, picturesque. He persisted in appearing in a battered hat, and in tattered overalls richly decorated with the mire of his toil, his blank and sodden countenance made frightful by a forest of ragged beard, out of which protruded, and foully smoked, a short black pipe.

"My kingdom for the right sort of workingman!" sighed Miss Penelope, in despair.

At that moment she became conscious that across her field of vision had passed the embodiment of her desire. She sprang to her feet, and threw over her shoulder a bright, startled glance, encountering a gaze similar to her own in curious inquiry. The man, a stonemason evidently, was walking slowly.

"What a grand study!" thought Penelope, enthusiastically. "I must see him—hear him speak."

"Please stop a moment," she called.

The man stopped. Penelope stepped deliberately from the porch and walked across the yard. As she did so, she was distinctly wishing to appear well before this common man, and yet she had no idea of what she was going to say to him. It was like a dreadful dream. Should she ask him the time?—or if he thought it was going to rain?—or beg information regarding the composition of mortar? Mortar! Infinite relief! With the thought came another, and her mind became active and assured. She raised her eyes, laid one pink-tinted palm lightly on a picket of the fence, and said:

"There is a bit of the ceiling in my room (I am staying at Deacon Brigham's) which I would like to have repaired. Can you plaster it for me to-morrow?"

"I think I shall not be able to do it myself, madam," the young workman replied; "but, if you wish, I will see that it is done."

His bearing, as he raised his hat and walked on, his modulated voice and accent of culture, were actually startling.

Much interested, Penelope went into the house, and straight up to her room, where, mounted upon a pile of comprehensive commentaries packed on the seat of a chair, she began to poke her umbrella into a yawning crack overhead. This crack, encircling a small portion of the ceiling, bore in its irregular outline a striking resemblance to the profile of Mrs. Brigham. Penelope soon succeeded (with a little nervous shrinking, as if she were prodding the features of her excellent landlady) in dislodging the plaster, while she calmed her disquieted conscience by the reflection that it would have fallen sometime of its own accord.

Deacon Brigham—unlike his wife, whose gentle click-clack was heard through all her waking hours—was a person of impressive silence. When he did speak, his utterance was so slow, so ponderous, that no one could help feeling that something of extreme importance was taking shape. As he often opened his mouth and closed it again without saying anything at all, one was kept, in his presence, in a state of reverential suspense. At the table he sat opposite Penelope (who enjoyed the distinction and the freedom of being the only boarder), Mrs. Brigham dropping down with her teacups at the corner nearest the kitchen, into which heated domain she made frequent talky incursions during the progress of each meal. The deacon's manner of eating was, in its way, as impressive as that of his speech. His food he took in great wads, and with sublime disregard of the custom of preliminary mastication; it was swallowed by an action so neatly performed that the composure of his features was disturbed by only a slight additional protrusion of his already prominent eyeballs.

At supper that night, Penelope gave a description of her workingman to Deacon Brigham, and asked if he could tell her anything about him.

The deacon listened without a ray of intelligence upon his countenance; then, his eyes still fixed on Penelope, he groped for another biscuit, grasped a plate of honey, and let fall the following:

"Theodore Parker Hay's the young man's name."

Hereupon, Mrs. Brigham took her cue, like a parrot, and started off on the last illness of Hay's mother, which began with a "lung cold."

"Theodore Parker!" repeated Penelope.

"Yes; Theodore Parker—that infidel, you know—the one that didn't believe in no God."

"I think Theodore Parker believed in God, Mr. Brigham."

"Well, you can't say he believed in the Lor' Je's Christ."

"Not as you do. As I understand it, he did not—"

"There! You've got the very thing—ne-gations. I tell 'em, 'Don't give me no ne-gations.' That religion they call Un'tarian's all ne-gations. P'rhaps you're Un'tarian?"

"No; I am an Episcopalian. Some very good people I know are Unitarians."

"Yes? Works, eh? Well, I tell 'em, 'Give me faith.'"

"What sort of a person is this—this young man?"

Deacon Brigham swallowed a structure of honey and biscuit.

"T. P. Hay's most an excellent young man. He stan's high. He's foreman of the fire-company, and the prime mover in our Free Lib'ry. In his trade he's the best they is. He has a gang of men under his control most the time."

Mrs. Brigham had now reached the point in her narrative at which Mrs. Hay had night-sweats, and made use of an advertised lotion called "Stickney's Strengtheners."

"I wonder why he was named Theodore Parker?" Penelope mused.

"Yes? Well, I s'pose his folks thought a goo' deal of Theodore Parker. They had his 'Prayers.' Some calls him Theodore, and some Parker. I call him Parker. Theodore 'pears fanciful to me."

Further questioning and remark were cut short by the unexpected arrival of the great thinker's namesake. He came walking quickly up the phlox-bordered path, in a light felt hat and a flannel suit of dark-blue, and pulled at the sounding-gong in the open door; then, stepping back, he took up a book from the chair where Penelope had left it, and began to read.

The dining-room was at the end of the entry—or, rather, the sitting-room, which was thus debased at meal-time—and Penelope sat in view of the doorway. She immediately arose, and said to Mrs. Brigham:

"It is the person of whom we were speaking, Mrs. Brigham. Perhaps he has come to say something further about the plastering, you know. Let me step to the door."

"Tell Parker to come in and have a dish o' tea with the deacon," called Mrs. Brigham, as Penelope passed through the entry.

Hay heard her, and called back, cordially.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Brigham—I have just had my supper."

Then, turning to Penelope, he said, with a look of surprise:

"I find my favorite writer here. Do you read Tolstoi?"

"Yes," Penelope answered. "I had read his novels when I learned that, in his judgment, no one knows him who has not read his other books; so I have begun with 'My Religion.' You have seen it, I suppose?"

"Yes; I have read nearly everything he has written. I know that he speaks lightly of his fiction, but it is superb work; there is nothing like it. I am deeply in sympathy with Tolstoi. His so-called fanaticism is simply a grand and practical system of pure religion. Possibly, if one were able to act so broadly for himself, one's methods might be different in some directions—as a rich man among the poor, as Christ's disciple among the rich—but I don't know. A man so wise, clear-sighted, calm, cannot be far wrong. I believe his course is Godward in the path of his own life, at least."

"I am interested in his ideas, but I do not yet wholly comprehend them," said Penelope, wondering at so much earnestness.

"You will become more and more interested," returned Hay. "But, excuse me"—putting down the book, and drawing his soft hat from under his arm—"what I came to say is that I find, on second thought, I shall not be able to spare a workman to-morrow. I will attend to the work myself the day after, if that will suit you, about ten in the morning. How large is the place?"

Penelope described it. The deacon came out, and he and his young friend walked away together.

In thinking over this interview, Penelope at first wished that, for her purpose, it had been longer; however, she argued, the study was evidently not going to answer—it was quite too ideal. She certainly had not planned to have her "workingman" particularly well-mannered or well-spoken or well-read. Perhaps for this reason—possibly for no recognized reason—Miss Penelope was absent at the time appointed, the demands of the occasion being relegated to Mrs. Brigham.

Hay promptly arrived, with his hod and barrow, and mended the fractured ceiling. If he felt disappointment at not seeing his fair employer, he gave no sign of it; but, before following Mrs. Brigham down-stairs, he took a long, keen look around the breezy little chamber. It lingered, with amusement, upon a pair of absurd, high-heeled, pointed-toed slippers peeping saucily from the wardrobe; with surprise, upon a rosewood desk crammed with loose manuscript; with interest, upon the photograph, in a light and costly frame standing on the bureau, of a young, dark-eyed and handsome man.

When Miss Penelope returned with her enslaved admirer, Master Tommy Brigham, from their prolonged ramble, all was over—the work neatly done, the room rearranged, the workman paid.

After an excellent dinner of lamb-stew and dumplings, after "losing herself" (as Mrs. Brigham termed a nap) for half an hour, there seemed to be no reason why Penelope should not give an afternoon of inspired labor to her romance.

But the inspiration was lacking. Penelope did not feel up to even ordinary, commonplace writing. Her mind wandered—she thought of Theodore Parker Hay, and wondered how he liked his name; she thought of his mother, and wondered if she had been proud of her handsome son. Then came tender thoughts of her own parents, whom she had never known, and grateful thoughts of the dear uncle and aunt who had been so good to her all these years. And she thought a great deal, at last—a great deal about Seymour Norton—so agreeable and successful and popular, so deeply and persistently in love with herself through all her indecision, coldness, self-absorption! But of course she was really in love with *him*, because—because it was unreasonable not to be. All her friends expected her to marry him finally. She expected to marry him finally herself.

The young woman in love sighed impatiently. She thrust aside the disordered manuscript, and taking her sketch-book and garden-hat, went quickly down to the kitchen, where Mrs. Brigham was putting up raspberry-jam.

"Where is Tommy, Mrs. Brigham?"

"Tommy? Tommy, he's gone out on the river. He comes to me, with such a pleadin' look, and he says: 'Ma,' he says, 'mayn't I go out on the river?' And I hadn't the heart to deny him, and I says: 'Well, yes, dear, you may go,' I says, 'if you'll be——'"

"Oh, he will be careful," said Penelope, interrupting

voluble Mrs. Brigham, without scruple, as everybody did. "Tommy is a capital oarsman. If I see him, I will get him to take me to Death Point, where I can sketch the Cross Tree. Don't wait tea, Mrs. Brigham; I shall not be hungry after your nice dinner."

Penelope had a "winning way"; and Mrs. Brigham watched her from beneath her berry-stained hand, with a smile, as she walked erectly down through the garden, between the rows of double hollyhocks. A gate to unlatch, a dusty road to cross, a stony lane to thread, before Penelope stood on the rickety wooden pier, with its half-dozen flat-bottomed, water-soaked boats. She scanned the shining, rippling, winding "river" (only the sneering and unbelieving called it a creek), but there was no Tommy in sight. Raising her white umbrella, she seated herself on a hot, zinc-covered bench to wait.

From beneath the iron bridge, lower down, a long boat came gliding. The oarsman rowed absently, his head bent low, and his course tended, apparently without design, toward the landing, against which he presently bounced with a jar of all its rotten timbers.

Penelope, who was facing up-stream, turned quickly, with a little shriek of alarm, to encounter the astonished gaze of Mr. Theodore Parker Hay.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea that I was near the landing. You—you are not hurt, I hope," he added, ruefully.

"Oh, no, indeed!" laughed Penelope; "only a little startled. I was expecting Tommy to come around the bend. I never thought of a boat's coming from another direction."

"My direction would have been different, I assure you, if I had been minding what I was about. I was indulging in a bad habit of thinking. However, I am glad it is no worse. For instance, the pier might have been shattered to atoms (judging from its appearance), and you—But really the possibilities in the case are too harrowing. Once more, pardon me!"

Hay bowed and pushed off. Penelope arose, and, shading her eyes, looked up the stream.

"If you see Tommy, Mr. Hay, will you tell him that I am waiting to be rowed to Death Point?"

"I will; or, better, Miss Hillyard, I will take you there myself—if you choose. Tommy has not been visible on the water this afternoon."

The young lady's hesitation was but momentary. There could be no impropriety in trusting herself to a friend of Deacon and Mrs. Brigham; besides, she delighted in the unconventional; as a writer, it was necessary that she should seek novel experiences. So she stepped daintily into the trim boat, and settled her skirts against its comfortable cushions with satisfaction. Not much was said until they neared the Point, when Penelope suddenly cried, coloring:

"But how am I going to get back, after I have made my sketch? I never thought of that."

"Get back?" repeated Hay, resting on his oars and glancing over his shoulder, to see how near and how straight his boat was coming to shore. "I thought your destination was one from which travelers do not generally return?"

"It looks attractive enough to become an abiding-place," Penelope replied, smiling; "so cool and still, under the willows! Yet, like the rest of the world—the wise and foolish, the high and low—I believe I would rather keep to the old, familiar ways. I will not land, Mr. Hay."

But Hay stranded his boat on the shore, and, jumping out, offered his long, brown, muscular hand.



CAPE BRETON ISLAND.—THE STRAIT OF CANSO.—SEE PAGE 103.

"In this case, fortunately, there may be a return voyage. I am going further up for an hour or two, to look for a specimen of flag. If your jolly little Charon does not appear in the meantime, I shall be glad to be of service to you."

In a moment he was gone, hidden by the thick-sweeping willows; and Penelope, determined to accomplish something at last, settled down to her work.

The sketch of the famous landmark—the tree standing out, off on the purple hills, a dark, clearly defined cross—was not finished, when she started at the sound of the gentle splash and swirl of the returning boat. However, Mr. Hay was in no hurry. He thought it far better for Miss Hillyard to complete her work on the spot, and then she would not lose the feeling, did not artists call it?—of the scene. So Miss Hillyard reseated herself on



LENNOX PASSAGE.

the moss-draped rock, and reopened her little case of water-colors, while Mr. Hay cut a willow-bough to make Master Tommy a long-promised whistle.

The two soon fell into talk. This was a singular workingman. He knew German philosophy, and could quote German poetry in its own gutturals. He had learned Italian for Dante, and Spanish for Cervantes. They talked of the literature of the day, and discussed, as is the fashion, James and Howells.

It was a full hour after teatime when Penelope again entered the kitchen.

up the steps—"I have got" (fumbling slowly in one pocket after another)—"I have got—ha!—a letter for Miss Heel-yard."

Penelope took her letter and went up to her room. It was very short, but she knew its fateful significance before she read it.

And where *had* Tommy been? The only son of Deacon Ezra Brigham and Jane Eliza, his wife, had spent the afternoon, with a congenial associate, behind a neighboring barn, engaged in smoking cigarettes and reading "The Robber's Secret."



CAPE PORCUPINE.—SEE PAGE 103.

"I'm afraid your pop-overs is cold, and your tea ain't what it ought to be," cried Mrs. Brigham.

"Oh, never mind! I told you not to wait, you know. But, Mrs. Brigham, where is Tommy?"

"Tommy? Well, I expect Tommy is sick," replied Mrs. Brigham, with an anxious face. "He ain't very well. Just before supper he comes in, and he says: 'Ma,' he says, 'I don't seem to want no supper; I ain't very well; I'm kind o' sick,' he says. 'Well, dear, you better go to bed,' I says. And he's gone to bed, and I'm makin' him some sage-tea, like what my mother—"

"I have got," announced the deacon, stamping heavily

The following day brought Mr. Seymour Norton on an early afternoon train from Boston, in accordance with the announcement in his note. A little further on, he was taking Miss Penelope a drive along smooth, wide roads, which stretched their long, white distances through a most lovely country. Before they left the village, as they approached a new house of nameless yet ambitious architecture, they met a workman in a mason's dress.

"I am afraid he won't look at me," Penelope thought. "Superb specimen!" said Norton, slightly indicating him. "It is not often one sees such a native as that."

Hay, too well-bred and conscious of his own position

by nature to be obtrusive, was no coward. He gave Miss Hillyard one swift, direct look, which she caught, bending forward in a gracious bow, to which he responded with a sudden wave of color. Then distance grew rapidly between them, clinging together in thought.

The issue of the drive was not what Seymour Norton had fondly imagined—and even Penelope had reluctantly thought—it would be. Norton at last said :

"So, Penelope, you condemn me to longer waiting—send me back to the old uncertainty! That is rather hard. Isn't it rather unnecessary, too? I cannot help feeling that it is."

"Call it anything you please; call *me* anything you please," cried Penelope, in remorseful acceptance of any sort of opprobrium. "I know with what contempt my wretched indecision deserves to be regarded. But what can I do? Before I left Boston, I was almost sure; a few days ago, if you will believe me, I was quite sure. And now see me—I am in worse confusion than ever. What shall I do?"

"I will tell you what to do," replied Norton, cheerfully. "The truth of the matter is, Penelope, you have carried the New England craze for self-examination, born in your blood, too far; you have probed and probed your feelings until you cannot tell whether you have any or not. After the question is once decided (of course in the affirmative), you will be troubled with no more doubts. The Italians say: 'The hardest step is over the threshold.' Now, just dismiss the subject; divert your mind; think of anything else; and in a week's time let me know."

As he stood on the deacon's horse-block, in the late twilight, dark, handsome, smiling, with hand extended to help Penelope to alight, he repeated :

"In a week's time, dear Penelope?"

"In *two* weeks," murmured Penelope, with drooping lids.

At ten o'clock that night the front door closed upon a tall figure already grown familiar to Penelope. As that young woman, with a book, which her visitor had brought her, tucked under her arm, was walking very slowly and thoughtfully up the stairs, Deacon Brigham, passing the open sitting-room door, in his stocking-feet, on his nightly visit to the clock, remarked :

"T. P. Hay's a ver' interestin' young män."

If Penelope had not heretofore had sufficient opportunity to verify the deacon's statement, she had nothing to complain of in this regard hereafter. "T. P. Hay" had suddenly an abundance of leisure. He was taking a vacation, he said. He became a frequent visitor at Deacon Brigham's. He talked with Miss Penelope; they exchanged books; he taught her to row on the river. She was a sympathetic listener; and within a few days Hay talked more about himself than he had talked in all his life before. He was quite "alone in the world." He seemed to have been much attached to his parents, who were persons of some education and great refinement of character. The mother, previous to her marriage, was a tailoress; the father's trade was that to which he had trained his son. Penelope could not refrain from some politely hesitant wonder that Hay did not follow a course more in harmony with his intellectual inclinations; and there she found herself confronted by what he frankly called "the bee in his bonnet."

"I should better myself simply in social position, which I do not believe in, and which I care nothing for. My interests and sympathies are all with the working-classes, and I shall never cease to identify myself with them. Physically I am made for work. Why should I not work? My labor does not prevent me from being all

that I can be intellectually. My earnings enable me to have change of employment and to take the recreation I need. I can read, study, travel. I am fond of music and the drama, and can gratify these tastes rather more freely, I venture to say, than if I were a struggling lawyer, or a threadbare doctor waiting for patients. Soon I expect to go to Europe. So you see, Miss Hillyard, that, though only a workingman, I lose nothing of what is to me the real enjoyment of life."

"Congenial society?" suggested Penelope, faintly; these strange ideas, practically developed, were somewhat overwhelming.

Hay for a moment frowned and bit his lip; then he laughed and said :

"Well, I will forgive you for sticking the weak point in my armor. I will confess that I would like to know more people who are intellectual and cultured. I do not see why I should not sometime. A society based upon intellect ought not to debar one on account of his social position."

"No," Penelope assented, "no; it *ought* not."

She felt as if more might be said on this subject—by some one else. Hay's talk was certainly very surprising. Only the day before, he had said that he did not know his grandmother's name at all, and was not sure whether his grandfather's was Jacob or William Hay; he rather thought it was William. He believed his mother's name before her marriage was Black—Annie Black—still, he hadn't any direct proof that it wasn't Brown; and he had not the least knowledge concerning the birthplace of either of his parents. He said that the present American craze for "family and position" was more demoralizing to the character of the people than the rage for money; it took a deeper hold upon the prejudices; it fed the monster Caste, the deadly foe of freedom and progress. Penelope thought of her aunt, Charlotte Pinckney Crowninshield, with her ancestral tablets, and shuddered.

So the last days of August passed, with the cooler nights, cricket-haunted, the soft, gray mornings, and the hot sun at midday. Seymour Norton's two weeks of probation had gone, but Penelope did not know it. One evening Master Tommy approached, as she was sitting alone in the porch. He bore the sulky, yet defiant, air which had given expression to his outraged feelings since his attendance had been superseded by Hay's. He silently presented a crumpled paper, and, unappeased by sweet smiles, withdrew with dark mutterings. Leaning forward into the dim light struggling from a patent wall-lamp in the entry, Penelope read the following :

"DEAR NIECE PENELOPE: I called to see you to-day, but found you had gone with an acquaintance to gather golden-rod. I had some conversation with Mrs. Brigham; also with Master Tommy Brigham. We shall expect you home to-morrow. In the evening, Mr. Seymour Norton (who has a special interest in seeing you as soon as possible, as you well know) will step in, *per* appointment made by me. Your aunt sends love.

"Your affectionate uncle, CHARLES T. CROWNINSHIELD."

Niece Penelope crushed this missive in her hand with a little gasp. She had been told to divert her mind, and she had done it. Yes, she had done it!

Hay came up the walk. It was a still, dark evening, warm, with a muttering of thunder.

"Is it too late?" he called. "I thought I should see the gleam of your dress on the porch."

Penelope stepped out of the gloom, in her colorless dress and misty wrap.

"I am going home," said she, abruptly, "to-morrow. My uncle has written. I ought to have gone before. There is a duty which I had forgotten."

Hay said nothing, and Penelope went on, more naturally :

"I thank you much for your kindness to me, Mr. Hay. I shall not forget it. I shall hope to see you in town."

Hay still said nothing.

"Good-by," said Penelope, coming a little nearer, and holding out her hand—soft, cold, unsteady. Hay took it; he drew her close, closer to him. She felt him bending toward her—felt his breath on her cheek. Then, suddenly casting her hand from him, he turned and walked quickly away. Penelope stood for a moment with parted lips and wide, frightened eyes; but as the fact that Hay had left her grew upon her confused senses, she threw her arms above her head in an *abandon* of agony.

"He is gone, he is gone!" she cried aloud. "It is all clear to me now; it is *he* whom I love."

"Course," dropped a well-known voice. From the dark recesses of the parlor slowly emerged Deacon Brigham. "I've seen how it was goin' a good while. You're doin' well. T. P. Hay's most an excellent young man."

"He is gone, gone!" repeated Penelope, deaf to the deacon's remarks, and gazing at him wildly.

"Cert'nly; but he ain't gone far; he ain't got further'n the corner-store, I expect. I'll holler'n call back the young man."

Deacon Brigham's heavy chest-tones, thrown out upon the still air, arrested the rapid footfalls up the street; they stopped, and, in obedience to the repeated summons, slowly returned. "He's comin'," said the deacon; and Penelope fled like a spirit down through the gate and along the deserted sidewalk. She stretched out both hands to the dark figure before her. Hay seized them and crushed them against his breast.

"The deacon—that is—I—I," she stammered, "want you to come back, for—because—it is all clear to me now; it is all clear."

"What is clear?" demanded Hay, tightening his grip on the poor little hands.

"If you cannot divine, I'm afraid you will never know," murmured Penelope.

Hay turned her face to the faint moonlight.

"Penelope," he said, "I love you with mind and heart and soul. Is it possible that you can ever love me?"

"I do—I do love you," Penelope sobbed.

"Then" (stooping his lips to hers), "whatever there is in it of sacrifice, renunciation, I *must* have your love."

"There is no sacrifice; it is love alone. There is nothing else worth living for."

"I believe you, my darling."

"Now let us go to Deacon Brigham; he is waiting in the doorway, and deserves to know how happy we are."

They walked back; and Hay said, drawing Penelope to his side:

"We love each other, Deacon Brigham, and we are sure that you will rejoice in our happiness."

"Parker, I do," replied the deacon, solemnly, staring through swimming eyes. "You're *both* doin' well. I can't seem to believe you could do any better. Miss Heelyard is most an excellent young woman, and you know of old what I think of you, Parker. Ahem! Mis' Brigham, she'll be pleased. She wouldn't a-known how matters was standin'," he added, with pompous triumph, "if it hadn't been for *me*."

Tears, lamentations, entreaties, remonstrance, reproach and general anguish followed the announcement to her relatives of Miss Hillyard's engagement.

No one can blame Seymour Norton for feeling that he had been very badly used. To Uncle Crowninshield's reminder that Penelope said she did not know her own

mind until the last minute, he answered that he did not believe it. He said he had lost all faith in the famous New England female conscience; that women were alike the world over—they had no sense of honor.

However, the whole affair adjusted itself in good time. When Penelope's relatives had composed themselves sufficiently to receive her lover, they found him to be an intelligent, interesting man, strangely at ease amid their elegant surroundings. Aunt Crowninshield concluded that "he *must* have good blood." At last, she remembered having met, years ago, a family of Hays in the South, of fine old English stock; thereafter, in bold defiance of his hopelessly blank pedigree, she spoke of Hay as belonging to the Georgia branch of an ancient race, because, as she conclusively remarked, in private, "it could not be otherwise."

When Uncle Crowninshield asked Penelope, with a degree of asperity which may easily be pardoned, what Hay intended to do about his trade after he was married, she made this reply:

"In marrying a man of pronounced opinions, I realize that it will be better for us both if I do not oppose them. Indeed, I do not know that I wish to. Theodore's ideas may be in advance of the present age; I believe they are, but they are noble, and they are right. He knows that my fortune is not small, and he has some money of his own, but he feels that principle requires him to labor; therefore, he will work a part of every year at his—his trade. We shall find our happiness in our love for each other, in doing good to the world, and in living our life upon as high and unselfish a plane as it is possible for us to reach."

CAPE BRETON ISLAND.

BY ANNA L. WARD.

MINUTIVE as is the Strait of Canso, being but a mile in width and fifteen miles in length, its maritime importance is remarkable. Through this narrow highway—wonderful and picturesque—"more vessels pass," it has been stated, "in twelve months than pass through any other strait in the same period of time, if the Strait of Gibraltar is excepted." Of these vessels, a large proportion consist of American fishermen, bound for the mackerel-fishing grounds of the St. Lawrence.

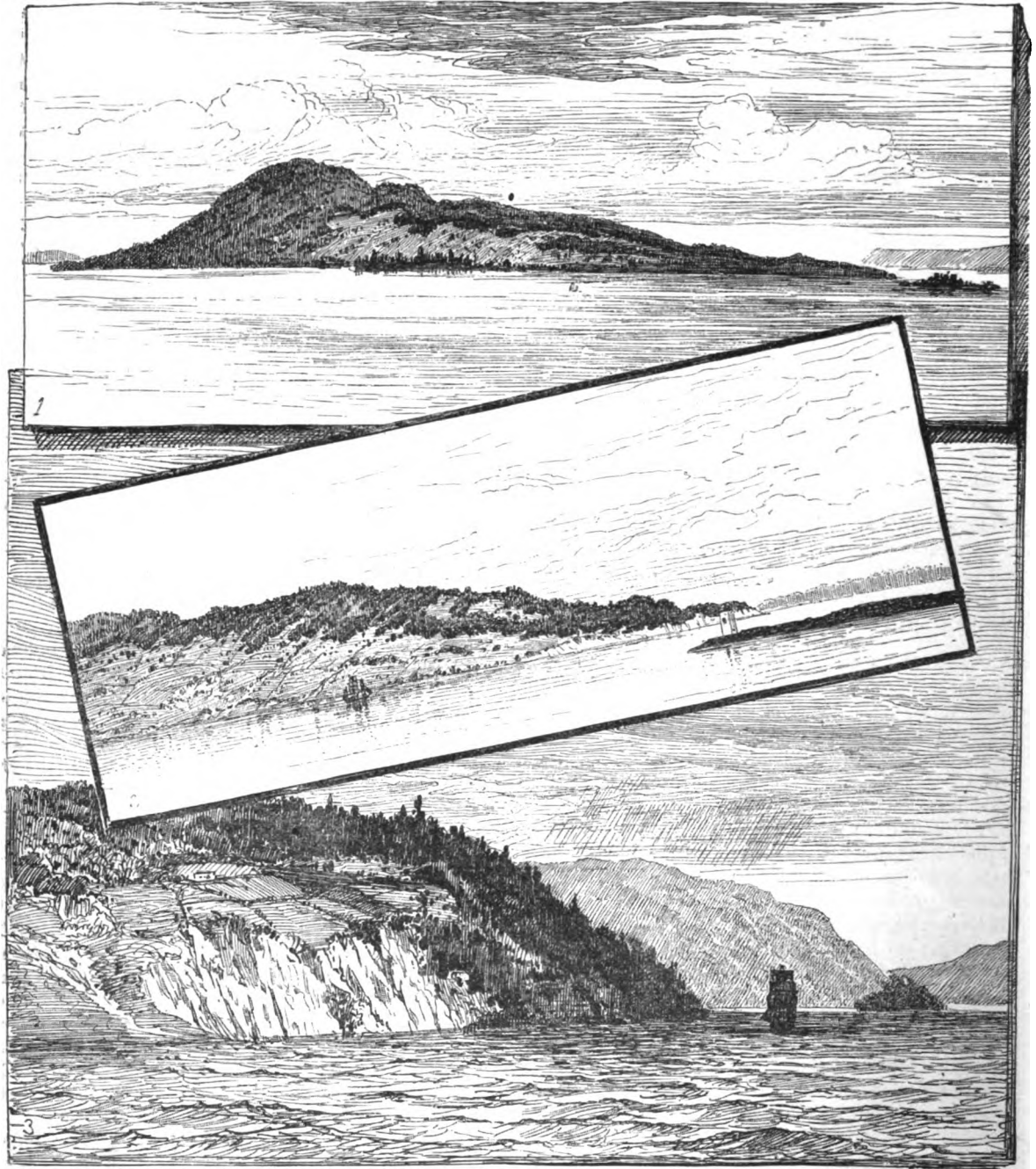
This river-like "Golden Gate to the St. Lawrence Gulf" in earliest days was called Campseau, or Cansau, that word having been derived from the Indian Camsoke, which signifies "facing the frowning cliff." By the French it was known as the Passage de Fronsac; and was subsequently called by the English the Gut of Canso. Various spellings of the word have occurred at different periods, as Campseau, Canceau and Canseau.

Steep hills of the lower carboniferous series guard the Cape Breton Island shore. Upon the Nova Scotia side a lofty headland—Cape Porcupine—of the same formation, rises in solitary boldness, the dense growth of trees that clothe its sides and summit ever inclining their branches and bending their trunks landward, in a vain endeavor to escape the winds of the Atlantic. Sheltered by these hills, the white houses of the farmers and fishermen nestle along the shore.

A century ago a traveler tells us that at that time there was not an inhabitant upon the Cape Breton Island side, and but one on the near Nova Scotia mainland. The last census shows the total population of the island to be about 85,000. Of this number one-seventh are Acadians, 15,000 English and mongrels, and as many hundred are Indians; the remainder Scotch, by birth or descent.

For nearly thirty years after the opening of this century, immigration from the Islands and Highlands of Scotland wrought great changes in Cape Breton. The Gaelic of the motherland was transplanted to the new country; with it the element characteristics of the people. Cape Breton Island will never cease to be a Scottish land, and the sound of the bagpipe will ever be heard. Men and women alike, partaking of the unusual size and

bottom, but is of no service where there is a rock bottom, is a curious device created by poverty and necessity. Comforts are not common in the homes, but the requirements of life are obtained. Women work in the fields, and grain is crushed between the flat sides of two circular stones, the hands of the men and of the women being the motive power. Spinning-wheels, "little" and "big," and the great reel, still turn to the tread, or to the



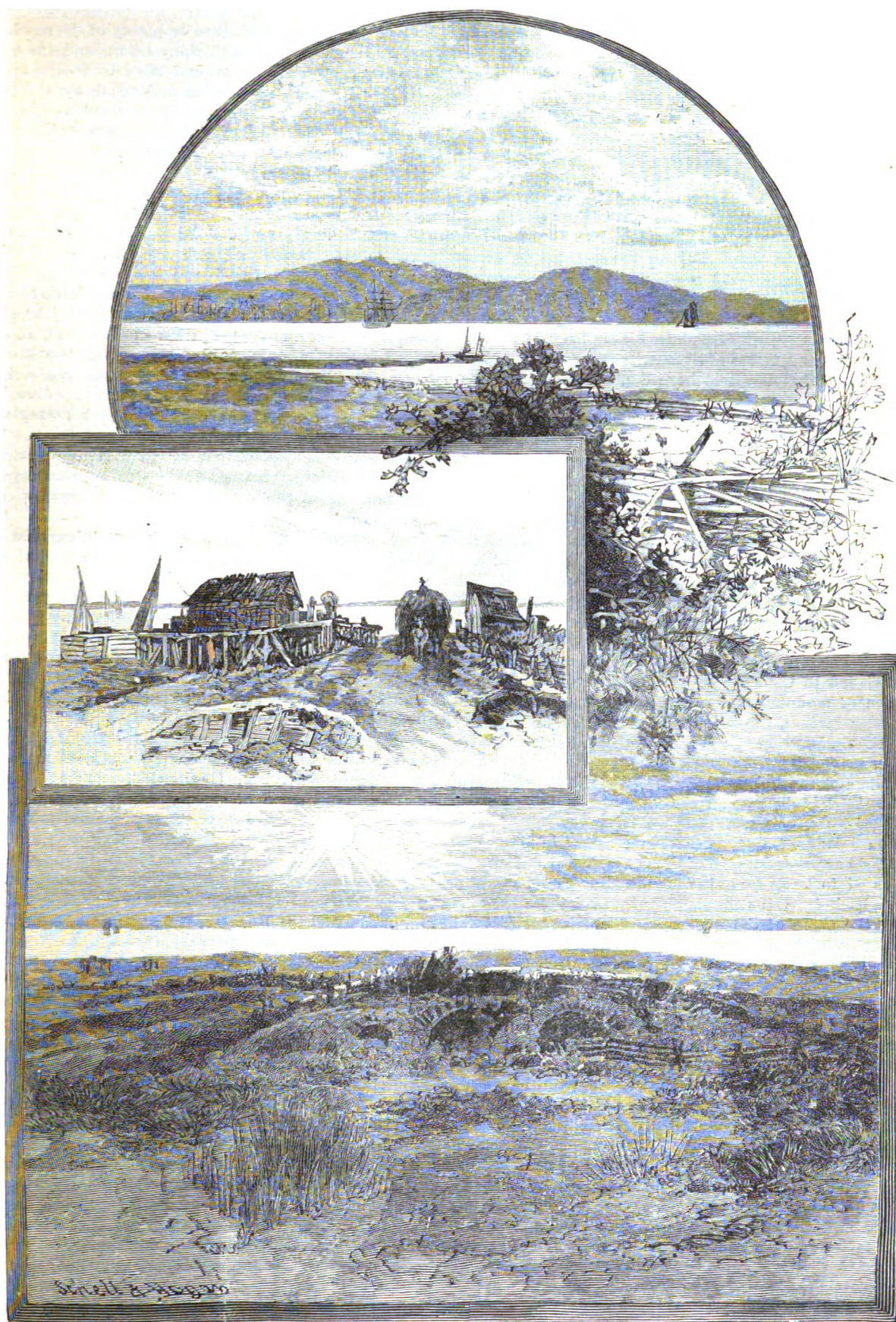
1. PETER'S POINT. 2. OPPOSITE BADDECK. 3. SHORES OF LAKE BRAS D'OR.

weight of their Highland ancestors, are brawny and strong, and many of great stature. Six feet nine and a half inches is the height of one Cape Breton Island native.

In the northern portion of the island, household and farm utensils are largely of domestic manufacture. Home-made carts and agricultural implements, home-made tables, chairs and bedsteads, are not unusual; and the anchor, half wood, half stone, that will hold in a sandy

manipulations, of industrious housewives. Flax and wool are carded and spun, by never murmuring and, seemingly, never wearying wives and mothers and sisters.

Pleasant are the recollections of one evening in early Autumn when, gathered about a crackling fire that blazed in a great, old-fashioned fireplace, we took our initiatory lesson in carding and spinning wool, the results of our handiwork being in strong contrast to that of the vi ge



1. NORTH-EAST HARBOR, FROM OLD FRENCH ROAD. 2. THE "OLD TOWN," LOUISBURG. 3. REMAINS OF FRENCH FORTIFICATIONS.

maiden who was our teacher and the source of our entertainment. All unconscious and nimble she bent to her task, as she sat beside her "little" spinning-wheel, and white wool she carded and reeled into yarn. About her the firelight played with ever-changing shadows. Over the surroundings it seemed to throw a quaint weirdness that scarcely belonged to modern times. Possibly it was the picturesque side of the scene that gave to it the interest that we experienced. To the good country people with whom we were sitting, it was an everyday duty that earlier generations had ever taught their children.

Throughout the entire region south of the vast plateau that extends to Cape North from Mabou River on the west, and from St. Ann's Bay on the east, the primitive shanty of a hundred and more years ago has been replaced with many of the improvements and conveniences of modern times. Hardships are a thing of the past. Customs from across the sea have given place to American advancement. A future of prosperity is promised. Many of the Scottish Dissenters have departed from the doctrines of their homeland, and have become the avowed adherents of Rome. Of the descendants of the old French settlers few remain—sufficient only to constitute two or three fishing-hamlets.

Throughout the island there is a marked dissimilarity of scenery. The Mediterranean-like Lakes of the Bras d'Or, that make two islands of the one, form a varying boundary in the landscape throughout the north and the south of the island. The shore-line is most bold and grand from the Mabou to Margaree on the west; and from St. Ann's, over Cape Smoky on the east, to Cape North. East to Scatari from the Great Entrance to the Bras d'Or, and south from Scatari to Port Hood on the western coast, the scenery lacks grandeur and interest. North of Port Hood to Cape St. Lawrence is an unbroken succession of mountains. There are grand gorges and enchanting ravines, through which rivers flow and empty into the St. Lawrence Gulf. Upon the eastern side, north of Scatari Island, there are not less weird and enticing mountain-clefts, and great furrows that lie between bold and rugged bluffs and precipices.

Sheep-raising is one of the chief industries of Cape Breton Island. "Not more than one-half of its area—2,650,000 acres—exclusive of the lakes in the interior, is supposed to be fit for cultivation." But there are lowlands back from the sloping sea-line, as there are also along the shore of the Bras d'Or, of fruitful agricultural districts, where, amidst babbling brooks, isolated freshwater lakes and clustering lakelets, is cultivated every product that is required to sustain life. Shrubs bloom during the first month of Summer. July brings blossoms to early fruit-trees, at which time may be found, in full perfection and in great abundance, the luscious strawberry and the rich red raspberry; currants hang ripe upon the bushes, and gooseberries as well, and hay is cut and gathered. August perfects the oat, and the luscious apple and plum are ready for use, or willing to remain upon the trees until October or November. Miniature mountains, as well as the lesser hilltops, are all densely wooded, affording abundant timber—elm, ash, birch and maple; also fir, spruce and larch. From the last Spring month until the latest month of Autumn, there is no climate that can excel that of Cape Breton. Fog is never experienced excepting along the southern coast, between the Strait of Canso and Scatari Island. Retaining almost every feature of primeval beauty, and delighting all persons who have explored its scenery, Cape Breton Island needs only to be more widely known in order to make it a popular resort for those who seek quieting and restful

surroundings. For the sports of the huntsman there is the partridge of France, the plover, the bustard, and waterfowl of every sort; and there is plenty of deer and caribou. The rivers teem with finny tribes, and the sea affords a generous fishing-ground close to the shore.

Sailing out of the Gut of Canso for Sydney, the course is through Lennox Passage, a narrow waterway that has separated an oddly shaped portion of land from the extreme southern point of Cape Breton Island and formed what is called Madam Island. After a brief stop at Grand Dique, a half-dozen miles beyond, you come to the little French fishing-station of Arichat. It is the chief town between Halifax and St. John's, Newfoundland. The porch-covered houses all face the sea. Though little known to the world, this island town is of considerable ecclesiastical importance. Here is a large church of the Roman Catholic faith; also a convent, under the charge of the Sisters of the Congregation of Montreal, an Order whose reputation is enviable throughout the Maritime Provinces. Here, too, was for many years the residence of a bishop. Departed luxury that came of wealth is evidenced in many of the cornice-carved cottages that skirt the one street upon which the town is built. A day or two may be delightfully spent amid these scenes, beneath the willows numerous that shade the village, and that grow above the mounds of the graveyards on the sloping sides of the hills.

Emerging from Lennox Passage into the expanse of St. Peter's Bay, that opens on the south to the Atlantic's "crest of frothy snow," where drift-ice is unknown, and where no ice ever forms, then narrowing as it reaches toward the north, St. Peter's Canal is entered. This canal is an artificial marine highway, less than fifty feet in width, and nearly twice that depth, through Hanlover Isthmus, a half-mile from Bay of Lake, but only "two hundred feet between gates." To pass through this diorite and trap cost half a million dollars. Had the expense been ten times that amount, the investment would have been good. The canal was constructed amid obstacles. Cape Breton Island folks had not been educated to the present stage of scientific improvements, and a quarter of a century of discussion preceded any attempt to create a passageway. An effort, however, was made, but the first waterway was not sufficiently deep to admit large vessels, and the canal had to be reconstructed. The passage has been cut about midway in St. Peter's Bay, and immediately south of St. Peter's Inlet, where "southerly and westerly winds prevail during the Summer, and make it free sailing." The entrance to this canal, with a gate-lock at the west, can be seen only after rounding a diminutive projection. A stop will be made at the hamlet of St. Peter's, which in 1861 consisted of but one house. At the time of which we write it had assumed importance sufficient to be named on the maps, with a population of nine or ten inhabitants in two dwellings upon the beach.

"Much of the early history of St. Peter's is associated with the name of Nicholas Denys," *Sieur de Fronsac*. Denys was at one time Governor of Cape Breton Island, and of the Islands of the Gulf. His residence was at St. Peter's. There he erected a fort, of which a crumbling redoubt remains. He also "established a fort at St. Ann's, thus effectually barricading Canada, for Cape Breton Island was the gateway." Horse-power and sometimes man-power is used to propel vessels through this channel, that the Indians call "Bideauboch." Clumps of stunted trees surmount the stonemason-work boundaries on either side, and the red-clay banks of St. Peter's Inlet beyond, that widens into the far-reaching Great Bras

d'Or Lake, with its broad Paqulacadie or West Bay on the southwest, and East Bay narrowing to the northeast. Bay and cove, hill and lowland, mark the intensely blue waters of this salt inland sea, whose depth varies from 200 feet to 500 feet. It is a sea having neither tide nor surf, but an expanse of water where strong winds oftentimes lash into boisterous waves the portions unprotected by the encircling walls of the "swelling and undulating hills," and where the wavelets creep over and splash against myriads of islets that, narrow and barren and weird, coax for caress.

Beyond Barre Strait, the Grand Narrows for a dozen miles run between river-like shores, high-hilled and forest-clothed on the one hand, while the opposite bank presents meadows where, amid luxuriant herbage, graze lowing cattle. Cottages dot the scene, and white-painted spires rise up against the sky. Hereabouts is the most charming portion of the Bras d'Or.

The first objective point to be reached, by every one who goes to Cape Breton Island, is Baddeck. Previous to arriving there, Chapel Island demands more than a hasty glance in passing. It is the largest of the group of islets at the entrance of St. Peter's Inlet. Here all the Micmac families of Cape Breton Island, and of the adjacent mainland, hold an annual festival each St. Ann's Day (July 26th), thus paying reverence to their patron saint. The duration of the feast varies from two to ten days. Mass is said for them in the open air, and it is the general time for the marriages and baptisms of the year. The feast ends with a procession, to the beat of drums, firing of salutes and music of various instruments.

In this region many of the Micmac tribe still inhabit, at all seasons of the year, bark and sod-covered wigwams. Within the limits of Cape Breton Island 3,000 acres of reservation have been appropriated for this tribe, who are peaceable and kindly citizens in their island home. One of the chief settlements is at Whycocomagh, in Inverness County. Another is on the north side of East Bay—a group of islands known as Eskasoni, or Piscabouash. At this latter place is represented a large proportion of the wealth of the tribe. Modern civilization and improvement have so far advanced at this reservation that one Indian—Christmas by name—has erected for his family a comfortable dwelling-house. This building is occupied during the Winter season, but in the Summer months the wigwam camp becomes a resort.

Directly back of Dufas Island rises Baddeck (the accent should be upon the last syllable). We first visited Baddeck upon a full-moon lit night. Moonlight impressions were not more satisfactory than those that were produced by the triumphant sunlight of the following bright, calm Sabbath-day. We went to the hill back of the village in the early morning. Sheep were browsing upon the grasses of the meadowland in the distance. At our feet were red-tipped lichens. The narrow stream, dignified by the name Baddeck River, danced over its pebbly bed, curving into the distance out of sight. The outline of the Baddeck Mountains, at the north and the west, rose back of the river. At the south, enveloped in sunlight and in peacefulness, was the quaint little village, with its less than a thousand inhabitants—a village "mantled with grasses and flowers." Beyond, the clear and limpid water of St. Patrick's Channel reflected shadowy clouds, and the Channel Islands cast dark images athwart the stream. Above was the ethereal blue. The atmosphere was golden with the haze of a midsummer morning. At night "the stars gradually came out of the clear heavens until the blue arch was filled with their sparkling multitudes." Then the flashing aurora, called

Weyadask by the Indians, shot its scattered light to the zenith. Undulating and condensing, the flashing rays brightened the entire heavens. Jets of emerald, brilliant like the gem which bears that name, filled the luminous arch. The beauty of each delicate thread of trembling light was caught and reflected in the auroral wavelets of the Channel. David Dunlop, mighty of stature, the proprietor of the Telegraph House, was our guide. Pleasant was the memory of his kindness while he lived; but now that he is gathered to his fathers, the memory is blessed, for he was great in soul.

The Bras d'Or House of the present perpetuates the comforts of the Telegraph House, that used to be kept by David Dunlop. As in those days when the genial Scotchman was the host of the most "unhotel-appearing hotel," of which Charles Dudley Warner wrote, in his "Baddeck, and that Sort of Thing," and o' evenings entertained his guests with Scottish stories and Highland hospitality; so now, Mr. Anderson's house, at Baddeck, is by far the best country hotel in Cape Breton Island. At Mr. Dunlop's we tarried, day after day, reluctant to go from the quiet and the restfulness of the place. In secluded Baddeck we delighted to loiter upon the solitary winding village street, where the velvety sward was unmarked by track of wheel or gravel path, and along which homespun-garmented men and women, nearly all of Scotch extraction, took their way, and where strolled lowing cattle whose tinkling bells sounded in ceaseless lack of harmony.

The encampment of the Micmac tribe, with its wigwams, its many crying babies, and its as many laughing babies, upon the grassy point just out of the centre of the village, obtained an hour of our time. The custom-house, the shipbuilding-yard, the untenanted prison, the shops, cruises about the harbor, visits to the islands and the lighthouse, rambles and drives about the suburbs, moonlight experiences along the curving reaches of the bay—all these proved to be unwearying.

Within a few hours' drive of Baddeck is afforded to the sportsman a country plentiful in caribou, bear, wolf, fox and beaver, as well as smaller game. Baddeck is also the most central place from which to reach much of picturesque beauty. To St. Ann's Bay the way is delightful; perhaps it is the most delightful in the country. The drive is through wooded districts, where dense foliage shelters the aged and decaying tree-trunks, and protects from treacherous winds the young striplings and the tender undergrowth. The way also is marked by fallen, light fingers of the pines. Frequent stops were made to utilize the gun, when partridge revealed their hiding-place. Subsequently a luscious dinner of that fowl evidenced the fruitful results of the sport. Boulardrie Island, in the midst of the river-like Little Bras d'Or, was away at our right. The rugged cliffs of the Atlantic coast rose a thousand feet in grandeur. The cone-shaped Harbor of St. Ann's narrowed between the hills as it lengthened inland. Built upon a bluff of the bold and rugged shore of this harbor is the fishing-village of St. Ann's. A hamlet with the name of English Town occupied a low point opposite the larger settlement. Away to the north, near Ingonish, Cape Enfumé designated the termination of the southern land that forms South Bay.

About St. Ann's the fertile land is occupied by Scottish Dissenters, with nearly the entire section from the sea to Baddeck. Flowers—field and garden—bloom at the roadside, and they smile from the houseyards and the windows of every home. In the long ago past, when fortifications protected the fisheries, English Town was occupied by the French. The atmosphere of English power worked

marked changes, for the place became of no account, and abandonment was the solace of the French.

One of the many delightful excursions that can be made from Baddeck is to the Indian settlement on the picturesque Bay of Whycocomagh. The village is landlocked on a cove around whose sides are sugar-loaf-shaped hills. The sportsman can enjoy unlimited pastime, and the scientist avail himself of the resource of Salt Mountain, whence "rise copious springs perfectly saline," from "beds of laminated limestone." From this point a direct road leads to Port Hood, on the gulf-shore.

From Baddeck to Whycocomagh the first part of the way is through St. Patrick's Channel, a passage twenty miles in width, the Indian name of which is Ouamech. Wide bays and deep coves unnumbered indent the wooded sides that recede and widen from lowland to lofty headland. Northeastward through the narrow strait that is known as the Entrance to the Great Bras d'Or, past the

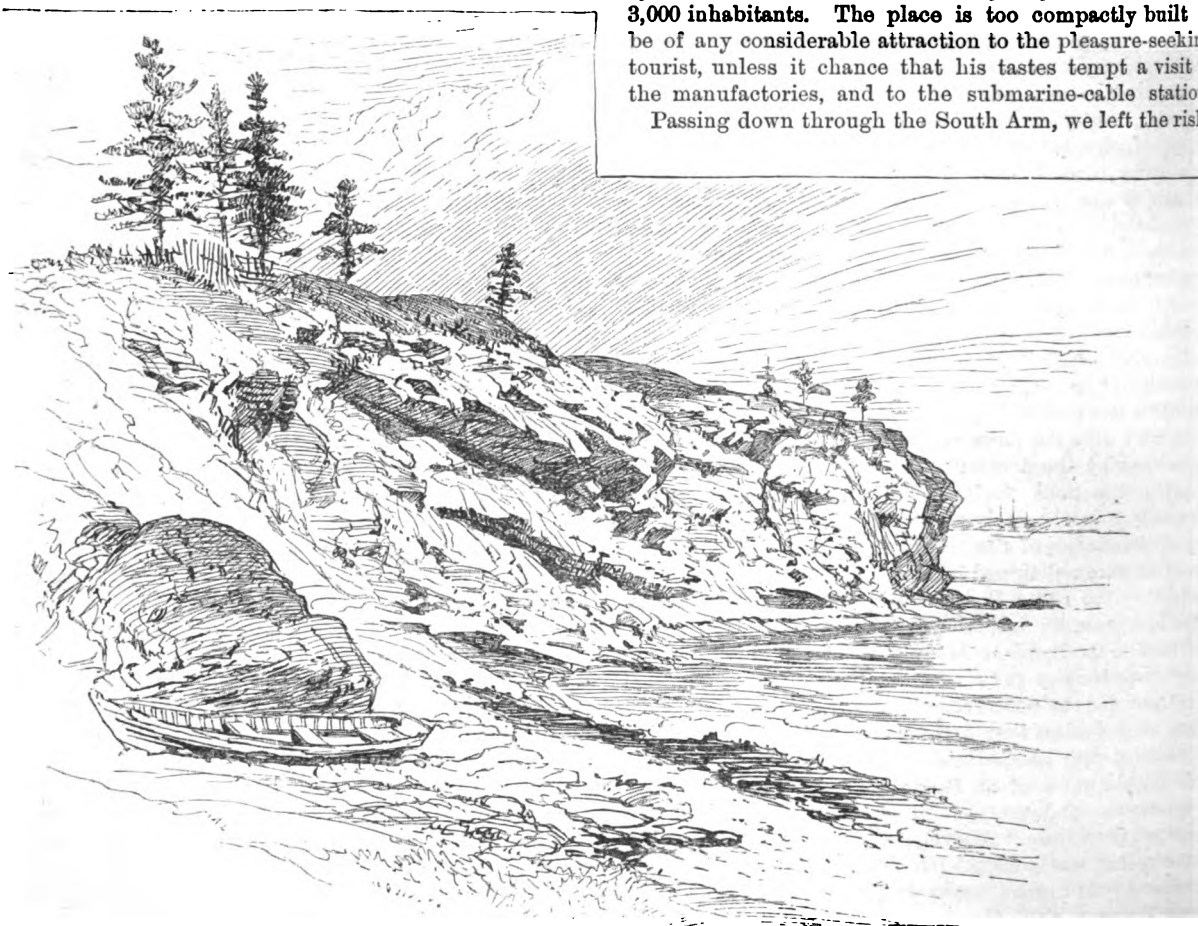


VENTILATING FURNACE, SYDNEY MINES.



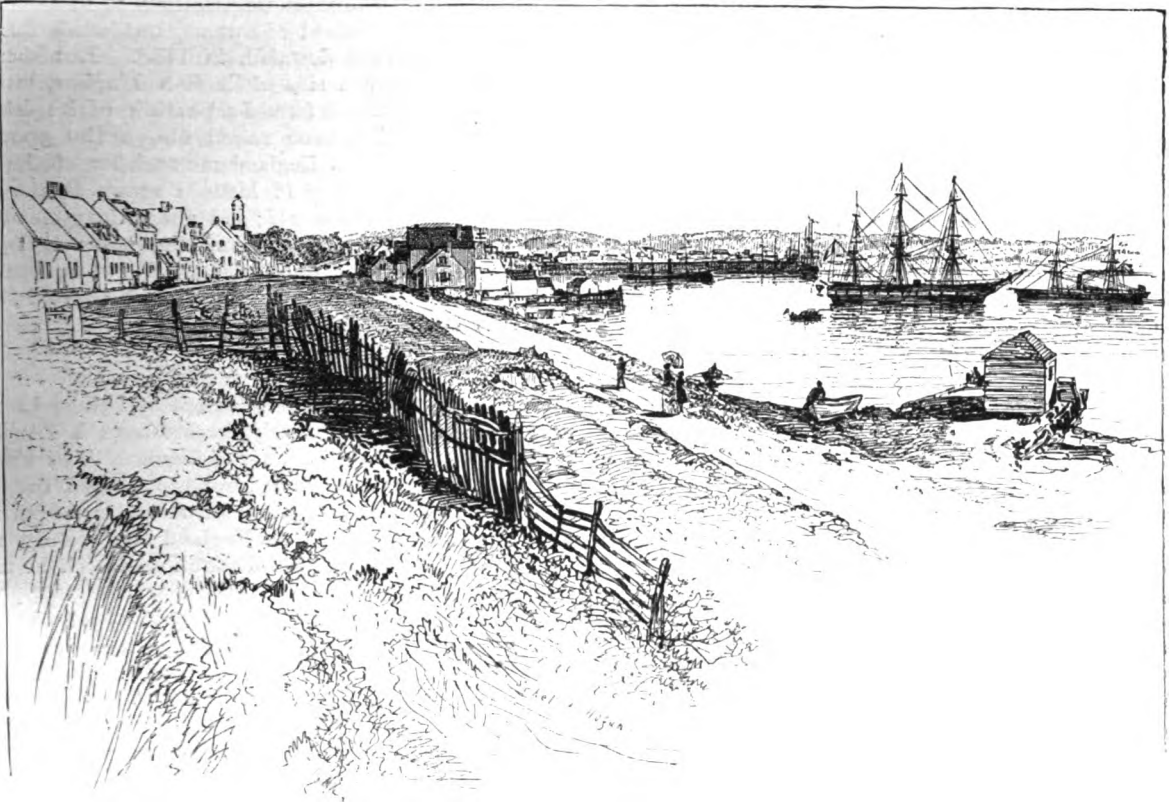
Island Boulardrie, out into the Atlantic, rounding Point Aconi, down beside Cranberry Head and other red cliffs that bare their boldly rugged side to the action of the sea, an entrance into Sydney Harbor is made. On the right, tall chimneys, pouring out dense, curling smoke, bespeak the industry and enterprise of the mining corporations. Just beyond, on the other side of the harbor, a bird's-eye view is obtainable of North Sydney, a town of about 3,000 inhabitants. The place is too compactly built to be of any considerable attraction to the pleasure-seeking tourist, unless it chance that his tastes tempt a visit to the manufactories, and to the submarine-cable station.

Passing down through the South Arm, we left the risks



MINERS' HOUSES.

SYDNEY MINES, AT THE SEASIDE.



GENERAL VIEW OF SYDNEY.

of October seas and of October winds, much dreaded by the mariner when making an entrance at this point. Sydney, early called Baie des Espagnols, was once the seat of government of Cape Breton. It is a miniature paradise; but the glory of Sydney, the old colonial capital, has departed. There remains only demolished barracks and batteries. In certain particulars Sydney suggests Baddeck. Grass-grown streets which follow the curving banks of the bay, and white houses built upon the

water's edge, are marked points of resemblance with Baddeck. Many of the dwellings are of modern design, but there are a great number of low, old-fashioned houses with huge, quaint-looking chimneys.

Sydney is the "headquarters of the geologist." To the capitalist it is a region of financial interest. About the various collieries outlying the town, mining villages have arisen. The coal territory extends over 250 miles, following the direct line of coast, and out under the Atlantic to



THE MINES AT SYDNEY.

unknown distance. Several of the best coal properties of the Province remain undeveloped, awaiting capital. Those mines that are in active operation belong to New York and Boston capitalists, who, at great expense, have put them into a productive condition. Of the twenty Nova Scotia coal-mines, seventeen are in Cape Breton Island.

We went to the "Reserve Mines," over the company's railway, by the courtesy of F. C. Kimber, the representative of the company residing at Sydney. About the "Reserve Mines" are the residences of the proprietors and the comely cottages of the miners, the surroundings of the settlement manifesting decided care and good taste. These mines are easy of descent, and those persons who are ambitious to go where coal-fuel is obtained, and to learn the method of its mining, can find no more advantageous place than this.

The immediate vicinity of Sydney affords a plentiful supply of delightful drives. One is to the almost wholly unpeopled grounds of the new cemetery. The way winds through a wooded piece of country, with a rise so gradual as to be almost imperceptible until, suddenly, a panorama of rare beauty opens to the vision. An entire Summer could be pleasantly passed within this town, using it as a starting-place from which to go to surrounding points. At Sydney is the headquarters of the North Atlantic French fleet. Here, too, resort our own warships and those of England. Music from these naval ships oftentimes sounds over the water, and spellbound listeners hear naught else.

Our first entrance into Sydney was from East Bay, *via* the Strait of Canso. We reached our landing two hours after midnight. The mud was hub-deep. Sixteen passengers, with their baggage, were landed at a place without shelter, and with wagon accommodations for but one-half the number who desired to be transported to Sydney, and no provision for luggage. Our party occupied one-half of one side of a strange-looking vehicle that closely resembled a "black Maria." There was, however, one dissimilarity—our "Maria" was white. Eleven persons were crushed into a space that was intended for a half-dozen, upon two parallel seats that reached on either side from front to door. The width between these side benches was, no doubt, intended for the convenience and for the comfort of children in stature. Two travelers occupied the step at the door. The three remaining clambered beside the driver. Our baggage followed later. Directly back of the driver's seat was a movable board that, with effort, could be pushed to one side, and, projecting over the right front wheel, afforded an opening for light and for air; also, for conversation between those within and those outside.

The first part of the drive was spent in trying to keep awake—the latter portion in sleep. Every one slept save one young Englishman, who, to the annoyance, as well as to the amusement, of his drowsy passengers, and of one charming French girl in particular, to whom his attentions had been marked from the first, told of immense fortunes that he had acquired by inheritance, and that he had spent with prodigality. A family history was disclosed to a nodding audience. A lurch of the "Maria" called forth half-awake exclamations, but the nodding continued. Darkness was merged into morning twilight. Dawn was discovered through the strip of glass beginning at the roof-line and extending to the depth of about four inches. The sun emerged from the horizon, and made glorious in many-colored hues East Bay upon one side and the hills upon the other. Ride and scenery will remain unforgotten by the writer. Doubtless they will be as clearly remembered by fellow-passengers.

Twenty-five miles distant from Sydney is historic Louisburg, once a battlefield of nations, but sunk into obscurity since its first downfall, in 1758. Louisburg is situated on the south side of English Harbor, between two small islands which formed a portion of its defense.

No monument has been reared above the graves of hundreds of brave New England men who met death at Louisburg. Their glory in historic story is the only record of their achievements; and their only memorials are the grass, and the clover, and the trees that grow upon Point Rockfort, "once defended by more than two hundred pieces of artillery." One tomb there is, however, that has a marking-stone. It is roughly chiseled with:

GRIDLEY—MDCCLXV.

Louisburg, "built to a great extent of bricks brought from France," called in early times *Havre à l'Anglois*, received its new name in honor of Louis XV. of France. At that time, from fortress and warship floated the lilies of France. At this emporium of fisheries began that final tragedy which gave to England the victory, as it gave General Wolfe the first distinction, which he made heroic at death.

The landway to Louisburg, "the best nursery for seamen that the world ever saw," leads through the "hamlets of Big Loran and Little Loran, each 'named in honor of the haughty House of Lorraine.'" The highroad is beside the ever-widening and the narrowing bank of the River Mira, one of the largest streams in the island. At its widest point are scattered wooded islets picturesque. An occasional farmhouse marks the sides of the hills. Dense foliage darkly shadows the many fresh-water lakes that are dotted along the roadway. Beyond is the limitless Atlantic. Modern Louisburg, across the harbor, woos health-seekers and tempts landscape-artists.

To the north and east of Louisburg is Scatari Island, the most easterly shore on the North American continent. This large seagirt portion of land is sadly associated with many and appalling shipwrecks, that occurred previous to the erection of a powerful light, the rays of which can be seen fifteen miles from the seaward.

Directly on the path to Louisburg from Scatari Island is a promontory, off Menadon Bay, that is called Cape Breton. It was so named as early as 1504-6, by fishermen from Cape Breton, a town in Gascony, near Bayonne, who, together with Basque fishermen, first cast line in the cod-fishery on the Newfoundland Banks. Subsequently the entire island was known by that name. In the middle of the eighteenth century the English called it Cape Breton, and the French designated it by their own name, *Isle Royale*. After the capture of Louisburg the name Cape Breton prevailed, though there was no Act of Parliament passed changing the name. Thus the island took its name from the cape. The Indian name was Oonumalghée. By mariners it was known as Port Novy Land, a corruption of the name of small Island Puerto Nuevo, south of Scatari Island.

To Mabou and Port Hood a tempting way is by water to Baddeck; thence through St. Patriok's Channel and Whycocomagh Bay. From the little village bearing the Indian name of the bay upon which it is built, you run the first dozen miles through Sky Glen, the sloping sides of which afford a charming driveway amid Highland settlements. Not less delightful, but of a wholly different sort, is the road along the meadowlands and farms that reach back from the deep valley of the Mabou. Late in Summer the roadside will be scarlet with a luxurious growth of strawberries; tiny bluebells and the pyrols will heighten the color of the gorgeous landscape.

Beyond the New England-like settlement of Mabou a short distance, the headlands of Nova Scotia can be seen; also, the beetling cliffs that reach northward to St. Lawrence Bay, the extreme north of Cape Breton Island. To the south is the fishing-hamlet, Port Hood, the capital of Inverness County, on a harbor of the same name, from which almost directly east to Cape Breton is the widest portion of the island, the distance being ninety miles. From Port Hood to the extreme northern limit of the island the coast is precipitous and iron-bound, and tempestuous weather drives many fishing-craft into Port Hood Harbor, their only refuge on the gulf-shore. Just beyond Broad Cove, a road leads east to Margaree Forks, eight miles from the mouth of the river. It is said to be a most romantic and well-stocked salmon river.

In times of freshets, this valley of the Margaree—the garden of Cape Breton Island—is overflowed with the waters of the river, thus rendering fertile all the region of a delightful country. Returning to the shore by a road leading northwest to Margaree Harbor, the coast can be followed to Cheticamp, that famous settlement of the Acadian French. The land beyond this point no one will attempt to penetrate except travelers of extraordinary endurance. The pedestrian, or the mounted horseman or horsewoman, however, who succeeds in making the cape will be repaid. The scenery is not unlike that at Cape North—the watch-tower of the gulf—the grandest in the Maritime Provinces. Surrounded therewith, fatigue and hardships will be unremembered.

A visit to Cape North is an arduous, though a pleasant, undertaking. The route most desirable is from Sydney by steamship, around to the north of Boulardrie Island, on to the St. Ann side of the Bras d'Or, thence following the narrowing roadway, bounded upon one side by a precipitous cliff, and upon the other by the water of the lake. An hour's time brings one to the road that leads across the mountain, high and steep, that separates the Bras d'Or Lake from St. Ann's Harbor, with English Town at its base. It is a nestling little town. On the left, as the ferry is approached, is what remains of the mound raised by the French to guard the entrance to the harbor. Near by is the grave of Angus McAskill, the Cape Breton giant. To the right, the waters of the Atlantic lash the base of Cape Enfumé. On the left, St. Ann's Mountain's sides are luxuriant with the growth of trees that garment it to the summit. A half-dozen miles, and the base of the mountain is reached. To scale it must be attempted. The grandeur of the scene inspires the climber. It stands towering seaward, visible from every headland and elevated ground on the eastern coast of Cape Breton Island. It is also the first land that catches the mariner's eye as he approaches this part of the American coast. For a short distance the way is shaded with trees that cut off the cooling breeze of the ocean rolling beneath, but coming to an opening, a refreshing circulation is restored.

Following along the north shore, more than a score of miles, there are abrupt headlands and deep valleys. Lovely lakes and lakelets shimmer at the base of distant hills; brooks bubble beside rustic log-cabins or pretty white-painted cottages; flocks graze amid the ripening harvests that give promise to the farmer of a plentiful return for his labor. In the distance, beyond intervening islands and shore, the entrance to the Bras d'Or Lake and Sydney Harbor seems marvelously near, and Low Point, Lingan Head, Flint Island, and the locality of each coal-mine from Sydney Harbor to Cow Bay, by the smoke of their furnaces, are easily discernible. On the north the descent is more regular, over a tolerably good and

shady road. An opening on the right presents an extended view. In the foreground, Ingonish Bay, pierced by a narrow strip of land, is divided into North and South Bays. On this, one of the wildest of coasts, the harbor of South Bay provides the only refuge for vessels in a gale between Cape North and St. Ann's Harbor.

Having passed the third ferry since landing at Big Bras d'Or, Cape Enfumé forms the line of distinction between the scenery, which at this point is completely changed. It also marks the vocation of the inhabitants upon the other side of the island. Mountains become irregular. Blooming fields are exchanged for barren plains and rocky heights. At Archibald Point, the northern extremity of North Bay, is Ingonish, a fishing-settlement of a thousand Scotch Catholics. At this point the facilities for boating and for bathing are unsurpassed. Sporting, whether by rod or by gun, is nowhere better. The scenery is picturesque. The atmosphere is invigorating.

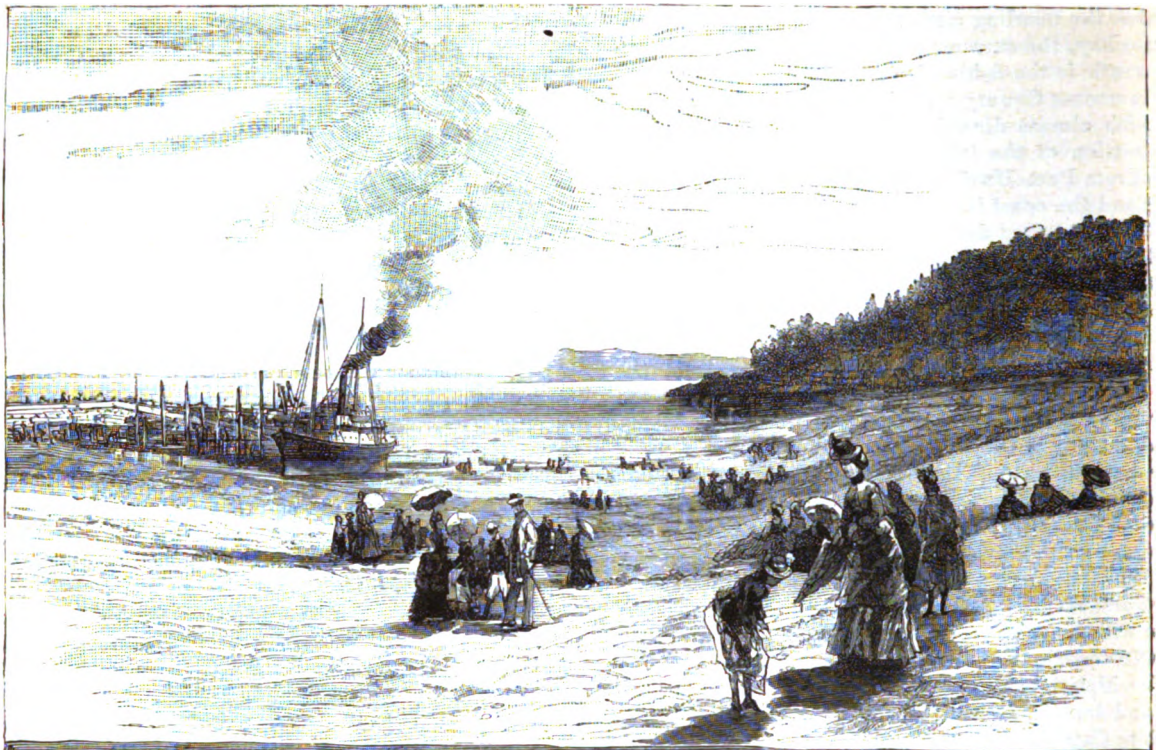
From Ingonish the most desirable route by which to proceed to Cape North is by sailing-boat to Neal Harbor Cove. This section produces a marked destitution of grandeur. The shore is rough and rugged. The coast is almost without trees. There is an absolute absence of human habitation. There are none to succor in time of storm. Scarcely a cove or a headland but holds in mute possession some story of distress and of death. Neal Cove, or, as more commonly known, Neal's Harbor, is the centre of the fishing interest on this shore. This, together with New Haven, a short distance beyond the cove, give an air of enterprise to the region. The two settlements were peopled a few years ago by natives of St. Ann's and English Town.

Resuming the land route at Neal Cove, the remaining distance to the cape may be made in a few hours by horse and wagon. The road, which is tolerably good, leads through a succession of forests and barrens. A portion of the way the shores of Aspee Bay are followed.

Aspee Bay possesses a commercial importance, it being where the Atlantic cable, laid in 1856, is landed. A short distance north of the cable terminus, White Sugar Loaf rises 1,200 feet. From its solitary height a wide range of view may be obtained. The Atlantic shore on the right, and the St. Lawrence Gulf shore on the left, bound the land extending into the foreground. If the day is fine, the coastland of Newfoundland, sixty miles distant, can be discerned to the northeast, and the Magdalen Islands to the northwest.

To appreciate fully the desolation of the black cliffs of Cape North, "the stony arrowhead of Cape Breton Island," it must be visited. Pen-pictures cannot truthfully represent it. Authorities differ as to the relative position of Capes North and St. Lawrence. Certain authors claim for the former, and other writers demand for the latter, the honor of being the northernmost bulwark of the island. Proudly both stand, steep and lofty, separated by a crescent-shaped bay eight miles wide. Thus surrounded, their "summits and sides are darkened by steeped evergreens, and are gashed with horrid fissures and ravines." Money Point, upon which the Cape North light, visible fifteen miles to the north, and to the east, and to the west, is one of Captain Kidd's places of treasure-trove. The point is said to have received its name from the wreck of a vessel from Europe freighted with specie.

Standing upon Cape North, the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the west and north, and the Atlantic on the east, surrounds the beholder. At the south, away to the Bras d'Or, is a tableland, with bold cliffs ranging 1,000 feet in height, steep down to the sea, unexplored and unsurveyed save by sportsmen and venturesome tourists.



PARSBORO' PIER—HIGH AND LOW TIDE.



DAISY'S DILEMMAS.—"SOPHY LEANED OVER HER AND PUT A HANDFUL OF ROSES TO HER FACE."

DAISY'S DILEMMAS: HOW THEY BEGAN AND HOW THEY ENDED.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED).

DAISY gave Herbert a little slap in the face.
 "How dare you say I'll never walk again?"
 "The doctors say it, anyhow."
 "Why should they say so?" cried Daisy, white with fear and dismay. "How can they know about my walking? Doctors know nothing about *that*. They feel your
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pulse and look at your tongue, and give you nasty things to drink, and have only one eyebrow; but we run and walk of ourselves, without the doctor's leave."

"Nonsense, Daisy! Sir James knows all about backs and legs, and he was telling uncle, and I heard him—he has a hospital full of cases just like you—"

"I'm not a case ; so that proves it."

"Well, of accidents——"

"I'm not an accident."

"Now mind, Daisy, he says they get quite well, and do lots of things with their hands, and are happy and content. And your mother is going to have you taught to do lots of things with your hands, too, and when you are well and out of bed you won't mind. You'll get quite used to it. Indeed, I often would not object to be carried about, I can tell you." And Herbert gave himself a good stretch and yawned, while he talked to Daisy in an encouraging, kindly way.

But Daisy did not feel encouraged ; all the uncomfortable feelings rushed back into her mind, increasing to a sort of terror. She stared with her blue eyes, now looking preternaturally large because her poor little face was so white and thin, into Herbert's, as if she would read the very truth there ; and then she said, in a wonderfully calm way :

"Does mother say I shall never walk again ?"

She held her breath till he spoke, but Herbert did not see that the calmness was that of great excitement, and replied :

"Oh, yes, and she's—why, Daisy—Daisy, what's the matter ? Speak to me!—why don't you speak ?"

But Daisy had fainted away.

CHAPTER XI.

SOPHY'S HOPE.

POOR Daisy ! I am sure all who have read her history are now wondering how she will behave under what would be a heavy trial for any one, but which to her—wild, tameless, undisciplined and so active and lissom—was an overwhelming one.

It was very sad when she woke up again from that fainting fit. Herbert, thoroughly frightened at what he had done, ran for his aunt.

Of course, after she came to her poor little self again she did not at once remember what had made her faint, but when she did, her grief was extreme, and her rebellion against her fate greater even than her grief. Her mother made her drink a soothing draught, and when she became a little quieter she knelt down by her bed, and implored God to give her little girl strength to bear the trial He had laid on her, and a perfect submission to His will herself, and all those who loved her.

Daisy listened, awe-struck ; quite quiet now, and with wide-open eyes. It was the first time the idea had presented itself to her mind that any one was to be pitied except herself.

By degrees Daisy's mind became calm, and she fell asleep.

Herbert had been thoroughly frightened, and he sat on the stairs, tears rolling down his cheeks, and sometimes shivering as if he was cold or ill.

Daisy dead ! How very dull, with all her mischief, the house would be without her ! Daisy carried to the churchyard and laid under the green sods ! And then ? What afterward for Daisy ?

But Daisy—if Daisy was to die ? The thought of our Saviour's death for all sins rushed unbidden into his mind—but that death was for those who repented the sins for which He had died—and if Daisy had died as Herbert saw her ?—suddenly ?

Herbert covered his face with his hands, and sobs ran through his frame, while he, too, prayed—perhaps at the same moment that her mother was praying—so earnestly praying for them all by Daisy's bedside.

The two prayers did not seem to be connected, yet who can say by what links they might not be twined together to the ear which they addressed ?

Herbert rose without a moment's doubt, and went straight to Mr. Dean's study. In his presence, nervous fears—those natural to his disposition, and which he had never struggled against—almost took possession of him ; but he struggled against them now, and conquered, too, as all do who set the *right* way about it.

"Uncle," he said, "it was I who threw that ball which hit the greenhouse."

"You ?" cried his uncle, all amazement.

"Of course I did not mean to hit it—I threw it at Daisy."

"And you have allowed Sophy to bear the blame—first Daisy, and then Sophy ?"

"I did not know Sophy was blamed."

"But by not confessing you laid every one open to suspicion—and Sophy has been nigh breaking her heart about it."

Herbert expressed his sincere contrition, and Mr. Dean was surprised at the frankness which he now showed.

It was a weary life for Daisy and those around her during the next few days. Her temper was worse than ever, although her health was improving, and she was every afternoon lifted on a couch, upon which she lay for hours, the couch being sometimes placed out of doors. These exertions being disagreeable to her, she scolded and cried while she submitted to them ; but as she liked being in the fresh air again, she did submit.

One day she heard Anne telling Fanny that she did not think she could stay any longer with Mrs. Dean, as Miss Daisy was intolerable. Daisy, as we have seen, once or twice had flashing gleams come across her, revealing to her how selfish and ill-tempered she really was.

"Sophy," she said, suddenly, one day, "why are all of you so kind to me, since everybody dislikes me so much ?"

"Everybody is so sorry for you, dear Daisy. How can they help being kind to you ?"

"I won't be pitied !"

"Oh, Daisy ! you can't help it—and I do like pity so extremely. If I only cut my finger ever so little I like to be pitied for it. Of course we are all so very sorry for you."

"Then you sha'n't come near me."

Daisy told her mother afterward that she did not want Sophy to come near her, and Mrs. Dean made a joke of it ; but as, by the doctor's orders, she was obliged to humor the poor child, she agreed, and for the present Sophy was banished from her presence.

Notwithstanding this dislike to see Sophy, a feeling of gratitude rose in Daisy's heart toward all, which led to a desire to be kind to them in return.

She was very thirsty one night, and hearing fat Anne in the adjoining room, she called her.

"Please, fat Anne," she said, "could you get me something to drink ? I am so thirsty."

The servant stared at her civility and went off, quickly returning with a cup of milk, for which Daisy thanked her, and when she had drunk it, returned the cup to her with a smile.

"Bless your heart, Miss Daisy !—you're not feeling worse, be you ?" asked Anne.

"I think you are so kind to me," smiled Daisy, "though I'm so intolerable ; and I mean to be kind to you, too. I think it would be pleasant—don't you ?"

"Indeed, then, I do, miss," replied the other, heartily.

"Fat Anne, do you dislike my calling you fat Anne ?"

If you do, I won't ; but I like doing it, and it will be rather hard upon me if I mayn't, because I am so ill, you know, fat Anne."

"Bless the child ! call me what you like, and I'll do anything for you, my dear !" And fat Anne kissed the little white face, while the blue eyes looked out of it at her, full of kindness and fun.

Then Daisy, after having returned the kiss, settled herself in her bed to go to sleep, and felt very much pleased.

"Why, it is like a game or a joke," she said to herself, cheerily ; "and I feel so pleasant now." And fat Anne told Fanny that she would stay for ever with Miss Daisy if she "always behaved as pretty" as she had done that night.

Always behaved as pretty ! It was not easy for Daisy to do this, as bad habits and unrestrained tempers are not quickly overcome ; but she had plenty of strength of character, and she had made resolutions which she would have despised herself if she had not kept.

"It is almost like telling a falsehood to yourself," she said, "not to keep a resolution. It is mean."

Mr. Dean and Herbert had left home for a few days, when Sophy went, one morning, to visit a child who was ill, and bring her some toys to amuse her. Mrs. Dean had driven to a friend's house to call—it was some miles from the Manor, and while she paid the visit, she allowed Sophy the pleasure of taking the things to the invalid. Of course, after the doll and box of tin soldiers had been presented, and thoroughly admired by little Jane, her mother began to inquire about Miss Daisy ; and when she found what the accident was, and Sophy described all its sad consequences, she seemed to take a double interest in it, and eagerly asked what doctor had attended her ?

Sophy mentioned the names of the one who lived near the Manor House and of the London surgeon—"and he, too," she said, "is the cleverest in all England about spines, and so there is no hope."

"He may be the cleverest in all England," Mrs. Watkins said, "but he needn't be the cleverest in all Germany. There is Dr. Schroeckburgen, who cures all accidents—he is a German, to be sure, but he is in London just now. Dear heart, why don't they have him to Miss Daisy ?"

Mrs. Watkins told Sophy of a case she had very lately known about. The son of a lady in whose service she had once been had met with a fall out hunting, and she had gone to her old mistress to help nurse him. And it seemed, as far as Sophy could judge, to be just like Daisy's case, and Sir James had said he must be a cripple for life ; and after that, Dr. Schroeckburgen had been called in and had cured him. She also mentioned other people he had cured in the most wonderful way.

Sophy's joy knew no bounds ; yet what to do she could not think of at the moment, Mr. Dean and Herbert being away. Before she had time to confide her difficulties to Mrs. Watkins the carriage called for her, and she was obliged to leave, the last words the good woman said to her being :

"It is a pity they didn't have this German for Miss Daisy. And perhaps it's too late now, or will be soon, for in illness I've heard say it is half the battle to take it early."

Sophy was a very silent companion on their drive home, thinking of Daisy.

The day was deliciously fine, and Sophy sat in the garden. The post would soon go out, and she must write to her mother. And first she must think the whole matter out, as to what she should say, and what she

should propose, and she had no one to tell her what to do, or even to advise her—a very unusual situation for a girl of her age, especially for such a quiet, timid girl as Sophy.

If her mother would bring Dr. Schroeckburgen down ! If he should cure Daisy !

She had heard so much talk of doctors since Daisy's illness, their traveling expenses and their fees, that she was quite learned on the subject. She thought that her mother would go to London and accompany Dr. Schroeckburgen down here, without a word being said to any one ; that she could then tell Mrs. Dean what she had done, so that her time of new hope and suspense should be very short, and that Mr. Dean could not refuse her if, the doctor on the spot, she implored him to let him see—just only see—Daisy. Such was Sophy's blissful little romance, as she sat that fair Summer morning among flowers and shrubs.

And her blissful romance was not incomplete. She took even the money part of the question into consideration, and with a little shout of joy—more like Daisy before her illness than quiet Sophy—saw how that could be managed as well as all the rest. Sophy had fifty pounds of her own. Think of that ! Though she and her mother were so poor, she actually had fifty pounds of her own. Her godfather had left it her, and some friend of her mother's took care of it for her, and her mother had told her that it increased a little every year, though Sophy did not understand how, and that she meant to keep it till she grew up, when she might want it, but that if at any time they required a little money very much indeed, Mr. Green—that was the name of the friend who kept it—would let them have some of it. By the greatest good fortune Mr. Green lived in London, too, so that everything could be done at one stroke. Her mother could go there, get the fifty pounds from Mr. Green, and bring Dr. Schroeckburgen to the Manor House. Sophy would write her a letter—she would get it to-morrow—and she might have the doctor here two days later—that is, on Thursday evening ; and on Thursday morning Mr. Dean was expected home.

Happy little Sophy ran away from under the soft shadows of the chestnut—ran out into the brilliant sunshine, less gay than herself, and so up-stairs to the schoolroom, where her letter must be written.

CHAPTER XII.

SOPHY'S LETTER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"DEAREST DEAR MOTHER : Please go to London, *quite at once*, and bring Dr. Schroeckburgen, who is in Portman Place, down here to cure Daisy. Only think—is it not happy ? He has cured just the same cases. Please come on Thursday evening, because he leaves London so soon. Uncle is worse than ever about German doctors. He is away, so I cannot tell him. He comes back Thursday morning. I must not tell aunt, because she is so ill that hope is bad for her ; but if you come with Dr. Schroeckburgen you can tell both, and when he is here I am sure they will let him cure Daisy. I know he can't come, and you can't do anything, without money, but you can take that fifty pounds from Mr. Green, which will make it all right. It is so fortunate that he keeps the money in London. Dear mother, mind you do this. They say it is Daisy's only chance. Oh, please bring him on Thursday. I don't know how I can keep the secret till then.

"Your own loving little daughter,

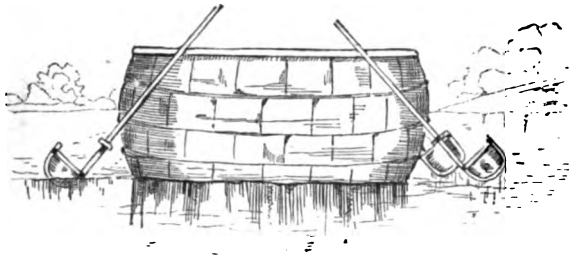
SOPHY."

Sophy directed and stamped her letter, and herself put it in the post-bag. Her heart beat and her fingers trembled as she did so, but from excitement, not fear, for our timid little Sophy was as brave as a lion on this occasion, just because she was thinking altogether of Daisy being cured, and not one bit about herself.

She and Mrs. Dean dined together, and the latter asked her, with a languid smile, whether Daisy would yet see her.

"No," Sophy answered; "I pitied her, and she cannot bear it."

"Well, she will be in the garden after dinner, and you



THE EVOLUTION OF THE RUDDER.—FIG. 1.—ASSYRIAN.
SEE PAGE 120.

had better stroll up to her and begin talking as if nothing had happened. She can't carry such nonsense on longer, and it is so much duller for her not to have you to talk and play with."

Sophy promised to try, but from habit she felt more afraid of doing this than of all the independent great things she had planned that morning, and it was in a very timid way that she approached Daisy some time afterward.

Daisy was cross. It offended her that Sophy should come without her leave; and though she was much improved and trying to be good, she did not, as I told you, find it easy to be so all at once. She felt a strange, unhappy feeling when she saw Sophy running through the bushes, and then settle herself quietly to come up to her. It gave her a keen pang to think *she* should never run

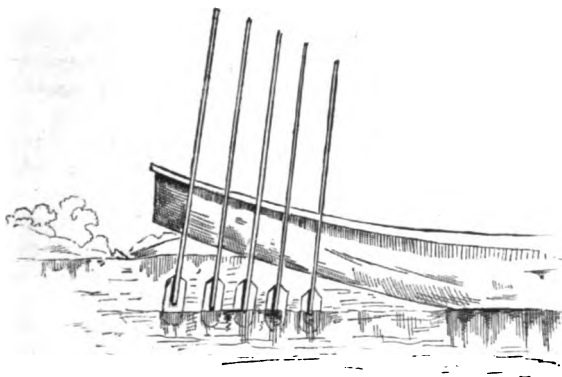


FIG. 2.—FROM LEPSIUS.

through the bushes again, and a ball seemed to rise in her throat, ready to choke her, at the idea that Sophy had stopped running in order that she might not see her and feel that pang; so she turned her head away when Sophy approached her, as she felt ready to cry, and did not wish it to be known that she did; and she pretended not to see her, and when Sophy said, "How sweetly the birds are singing!" she pretended as if she did not hear any more than see, and kept her head well turned away.

"Daisy, shall I tell you a story?" Sophy asked, softly.

In reply to which Daisy gave a loud snore.

But Sophy knew that she was not asleep, and Daisy knew that she knew it.

"Go away; don't be obtrusive!" Daisy cried, loudly, when, half turning her head, she found Sophy was still there. "Don't you know that is the latest Egyptian

fashion? The Khedive snores when his satraps are troublesome, and if they don't leave immediately they are beaten. You can't ever read the newspapers, or you'd know *that*."

"Do let me tell you a story!" was this poor little satrap's only reply.

"I won't hear a story. I don't want—you don't tell stories well. No one would listen."

Sophy leaned over her and put a handful of roses to her face, gently rubbing them against her cheek. Unfortunately, there was a thorn came in contact with the smooth skin, and gave Daisy a little touch more than a prick, but

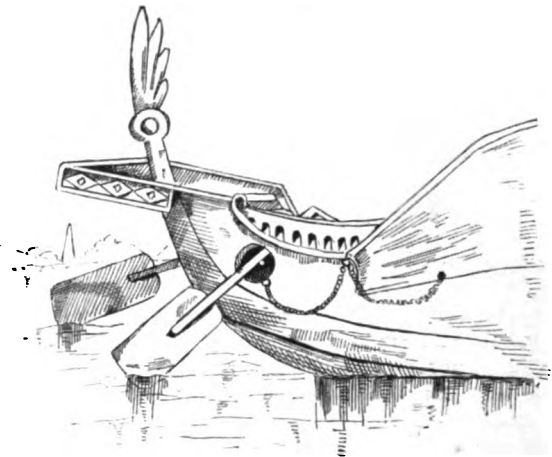


FIG. 3.—POMPEIAN.

it was enough to make her burst into one of her loud roars; and when Sophy begged her pardon, she only replied, "Go away. I can't bear the sight of you!" on which poor Sophy went very sorrowfully away.

But Sophy, though hurt and sorry, did not cry. "And I do think," she said to herself, consolingly, "that when Daisy finds how I got the doctor to come and cure her, she will love me and like to have me with her, and then everything will be too happy, almost."

When Sophy's mother received her little girl's note, she was sorely puzzled what to do. She lived only half an hour from London by railway, so, after thinking about it a great deal, she considered that there was no harm whatever in her going up to see a friend, in order to consult with her as to whether she had better inquire about this wonderful Dr. Schroeckburgen or not.

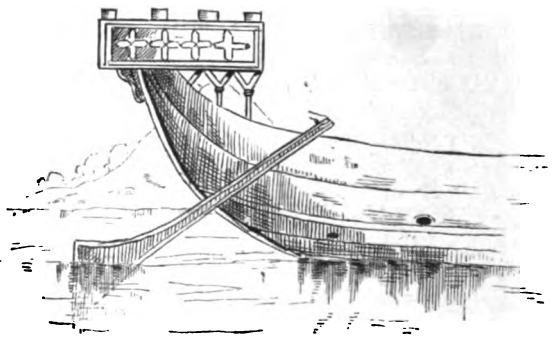
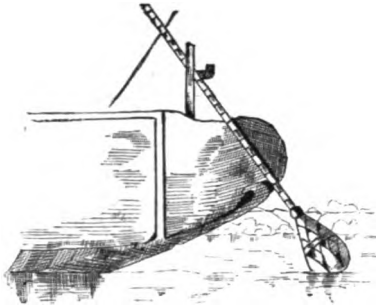


FIG. 4.—FROM THE SEAL OF DOVER.

As it happened, Mrs. Lee found that Dr. Schroeckburgen was going to leave London for Germany on the Friday morning; but he was a kind, philanthropic man, and also devoted to his profession. His interest in particular injuries to the spine was intense, and if Daisy's was one of those cases that he had made his special study, and

been several times successful in treating when all other doctors had failed, he caught at the idea of having her under his care, almost as much for his own sake as for hers.

Mrs. Lee's friend knew all about him, and after making every inquiry, and taking the doctor into her confidence



THE EVOLUTION OF THE RUDDER.—FIG. 5.—FROM ROSCELLINI.
SEE PAGE 120.

as to the possibility of his services being declined, she made her arrangements, and wrote a note to Sophy, telling her that they would come down by the evening train. Dr. Schroeckburgen was rather an eccentric man, and a very enthusiastic one, and the tinge of romance which was given to the transaction by his unexpected arrival was not the objection to him that it would have been to many. He smiled at the idea of curing a man's child against his will, nodded his German head, and said he would come.

Sophy received her mother's note at breakfast on the Thursday morning. She colored crimson when it was given her, and glanced anxiously at Mrs. Dean to see if she was observing her. Mrs. Dean was reading a note of her own, but happening to raise her eyes at the moment

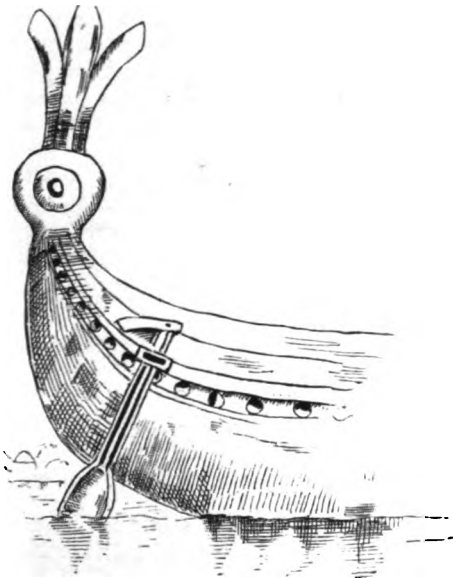


FIG. 6.—ETRUSCAN.

Sophy looked at her, she was amazed at the expression she met in hers.

"Is the letter from your mother, dear?" she said, in her surprise; "why don't you open and read it?"

Poor Sophy silently answered the question by opening and reading her letter. Mrs. Dean never wished to see her correspondence with her mother, unless she voluntarily showed her any part of it, and there are so many little things that a mother and daughter say to each other that

are not meant for any third person, however near and dear, that it was quite usual for Sophy to only read out or tell parts of the notes she received. Mrs. Dean saw that this was a very short one, and wondered why the sight of it had brought such an expression into the child's face, but she was not at all surprised at Sophy's putting it into her own pocket and saying nothing.

Sophy had read the few words in which she was told that her mother and Dr. Schroeckburgen would arrive by the evening train. The excitement took away her appetite; she hardly ate anything, and for the rest of breakfast-time felt in a state between laughing and crying, and as if at any moment she might do either.

The first incident was to be the arrival of Mr. Dean, which she dreaded exceedingly, as she almost felt as if

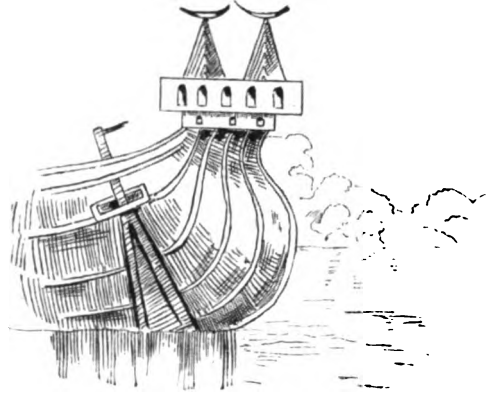


FIG. 7.—FROM THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

the secret she carried was against him, and that he might be angry when it was a secret no longer.

It was a relief to her when the dogcart that was sent to meet him at the station returned empty, but that was only at first; afterward she feared his absence might complicate matters. Mrs. Dean was used to her husband sometimes changing his plans, so she was not uneasy.

The day passed on; minute followed minute, and hour, hour, just as usual, but to Sophy no day had ever before appeared so long. Would six o'clock never come, when the London train would reach the nearest station?—or somewhere about half-past six, when passengers by it might appear at the Manor House? When six o'clock at last struck, and she felt that very soon her mother and her companion, the doctor, must arrive, if they came at all, she fairly shivered and said not a word.

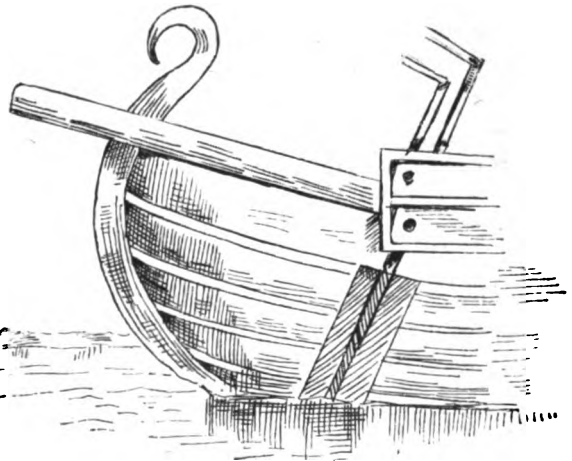


FIG. 8.—FROM THE BORGHESSE COLLECTION.

She could not remain in the drawing-room with Mrs. Dean, her excitement every moment growing almost more than she could bear, so she went into a little room off the hall, from which there was a view of the drive up to the door; and hardly had she run to the window to look out, when a cab turned rapidly round the corner of the approach, and reached the house before she had time to breathe. She could scarcely keep from giving a little scream, just as though it was not the very thing she was watching for and expected to see; but the next moment the disappointment was almost more than she could bear, for a man jumped out of the cab and ran quickly up the steps, and no dear mother followed him.

The cab was now empty; so, after all, it was not Dr. Schroeckburgen—it was some other visitor!

The butler came into the room and told her a gentleman wished to see her, giving her a card on which the name Dr. Schroeckburgen was printed in capital letters. She rushed into the hall, and found herself face to face with a tall, big, burly, bald man, a thick fringe of yellow hair surrounding the shining top of his head, and a yellow beard resting on his chest.

"Where is mother?" she cried, breathlessly.

"She is quite well, but she is not here. She gave her ankle a little sprain. It will be all right in two or three days if it rests itself—but I would not let her come."

He spoke with a slight foreign accent. Sophy felt his words did not arrange themselves quite as those of an Englishman would have done.

"Oh, poor mother!" was her first thought, and "How shall I manage?" was her second, both spoken aloud.

"I must be put somewhere," said the big man, "and the young lady must explain all to her uncle and aunt."

For a moment Sophy did not see that "the young lady" meant her, and could not help smiling when she did. He looked very big to be "put somewhere," but she asked him to step into the little sitting-room she had just left; and then, her heart sinking within her, she went slowly toward the drawing-room, wondering what words would come to her in which she could explain everything to Mrs. Dean. What a mercy it was that Mr. Dean had not returned! She was a little afraid of him, and believed that she could not have told him anything about her daring behavior and Dr. Schroeckburgen.

As she entered the drawing-room, summoning up both courage and words to her aid, she started with dismay, for she heard Mr. Dean's voice. He had missed the morning train, and having plenty to do in London, had waited for the evening one, and he was talking when Sophy entered the room, so that neither he nor Mrs. Dean took any notice of her.

"I traveled down," he was saying, "with one of the most agreeable and cleverest men I ever fell in with—a German doctor, of all people in the world—and I wish some of our English doctors resembled him in immense learning and keen originality. He would be enough to conquer even my prejudices against his kind; but from what we were discussing I think he is a physician, not a surgeon, or, I assure you, if Sir James had not pronounced her case hopeless, I should have been inclined to give him an idea of our poor Daisy's state, if only to see what view he would take of it."

Then Sophy's fears all vanished, and she cried out, on the impulse of the moment:

"But he is a surgeon, and has come down to cure Daisy!"

Mr. and Mrs. Dean both stared at her in such utter amazement that, under any other circumstances, Sophy—always too sensitive—would have been covered with

shame and confusion, and unable to speak another word. Instead of that the child answered their looks, eagerly saying:

"He is in the morning-room now—he has come to cure Daisy. He has cured heaps of people just the same as she is. Oh! uncle—oh! aunt, do go to him and take him to Daisy."

And as she said the last words, and felt her work was finished, the long strain of overwrought feeling was too much for her, and sitting down on the floor, she burst out crying.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean had turned mechanically to obey her, though scarcely understanding her words, which seemed like utter nonsense, yet there was something in her manner and voice that impressed them with reality. Mrs. Dean's kind hand caressed her head as she passed her.

"Don't cry, Sophy," she said, softly; "we are going to see what you mean."

What she saw and what she meant certainly must have appeared to them most extraordinary when Mr. Dean found himself face to face with, and at once recognized, the clever physician with whom he had traveled, and whom he had almost wished was a surgeon for Daisy's sake.

In his own quaint, original way, with a dash of dry humor in it, Dr. Schroeckburgen told the story, giving Sophy just credit for all her part of it, and describing how her mother and himself had been mere puppets, and her hands had pulled the strings which made them move and act. He called her the little heroine, and expressed his surprise "at the amount of, what I believe you call in your language, *pluck*" which she had.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Dean could help laughing at the idea of little timid, sensitive Sophy, who seemed always clinging to others, having "*pluck*"; and Dr. Schroeckburgen, on hearing what her usual character was, said:

"She is a true woman, then; a 'ministering angel' in times of trouble, as your Scott says—it shows how affection and unselfishness will give courage to the most timid. She is more a heroine than if her nature was dashing—is not that your word?—and I think she has plenty of good sense, too, to judge of me"—tapping his broad chest, and with a humorous twinkle in his eyes—"as she has done. But may I be permitted just to see the little Miss Daisy, for whose sake I have come?—and then the English father can decide whether he will trust her in German hands or not."

Daisy was already in bed, but not asleep.

When Dr. Schroeckburgen saw the little white face and innocent blue eyes, that turned wonderingly on him, he felt the sincerest pity, and made with his tongue against the roof of his mouth that clucking sound which seems the natural vent of regret, but which I have not an idea how to spell.

Daisy stared at him, and though her mouth did not smile, her eyes did, and she held out her hand to him and said, "How do you do?"

This made the doctor smile in right good earnest, as he clapped, in a friendly way, the little white fingers in his big hand.

"I suppose, as you come right up to my bedside, you are a doctor," said Daisy, composedly; "and you have got two eyebrows and don't sneer" (Daisy always declared that Sir James Dickson had sneered at her, he having a trick of curling his lip). "I like you," she continued, earnestly, while she never took her eyes off his face; "do you think you'll make me run?"

"And I like you," said the doctor, cheerily; "and I

have made people run who were just as little able to stand as you are now."

After that, Dr. Schroeckburgen asked a vast number of questions, and made a thorough examination, and his opinion, as expressed, was that he "could do her a great deal of good"; for in his own mind he believed he could cure her quite, but as he was not sure, he did not say so lest he should raise hopes he might not fulfill.

I wonder what my readers expect? Whether they think poor Daisy is to be a cripple always, or that her German doctor will restore the use of her limbs?

Well, I will keep them no longer in suspense. Daisy got quite well under the system he pursued. She first stood, then walked, and then one day, to the astonishment of everybody, jumped over the sofa. After that there was no more to be said about it—except that Daisy was well.

But while her cure was only beginning she was told of all Sophy had done for her—Sophy to whom she had been so unkind, and whom she would not let come near her! Perhaps if Daisy's conscience had not grown more sensitive during her illness, if her eyes had not partly opened to her faults, and she had not tried to correct them, she would hardly have appreciated Sophy's affection, unselfishness, and courage, or have understood how much she had gone through for Daisy's sake; but Daisy had been preparing her heart to receive good seed, and it now took root, sprang up, and flourished.

She was heartily ashamed of her conduct, and admired and loved Sophy so much, that she grew humble and unselfish herself.

She did not become timid and quiet, like Sophy; she was as gay, high-spirited and wild as ever, and just as full of fun and of quaint, droll sayings. Long before she was able to run about again everybody had grown fond of her, and every servant in the house was anxious to be allowed to wait on "dear Miss Daisy." And so you see we may bring Daisy's Dilemmas to a close, and have the pleasure of leaving her happy and good. We have all seen how the dilemmas began, and if the end of them is not satisfactory and delightful, I don't know what is.

THE END.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE RUDDER.

By F. S. BASSETT, LIEUTENANT, U. S. N.

The rudder is the will of the ship. Which way soever it lists, the vessel must go. Like the reins that control the restless steed, it directs her wandering way. A rudderless ship is in great danger of loss, and is the image of uncontrolled power. To steer the ship is to govern her, and this is recognized by many names for the rudder, from the Latin *gubernaculum* to the French *gouvernail*.

The wise pilot "cons," or knows, the vessel when he

"Directs with skill the faithful helm."

And, figuratively, the ruler holds the helm of state, and the skillful statesman steers a message through. The same word in Greek signifies a ruler and the helm, and the Latin *clavus* is both "helm" and "key."

Our English name more clearly indicates the origin and development of this important part of the ship. Skeat tells us that "steer" was a noun meaning a pole, or paddle, to keep the ship in the right course, becoming afterward a verb indicating the action. "Rudder" is from the same root as "to row," and is in Anglo-Saxon "rother." Hence, a vessel was steered by the oar, or rower.

The "Ille robur" of the poet who first ventured on the treacherous deep doubtless paddled his own canoe, and therefore steered his own bark. So the skill of the savage in his birch canoe, or the Sea Islander in his "dugout," is all-sufficient to guide his boat with the paddle as he propels it onward. The gondolier likewise directs his elegant craft with the oar, and the Chinese boatman shapes the course of his rude "sampan," even when many oars propel it.

As the boat increased in size, the paddler could no longer direct its course, and thus the oar was used to steer the vessel, and experience soon proved that it is best used astern. From this the rudder gradually developed.

We can trace this growth in the representations from several early monuments, coins, and mediæval frescoes and paintings. The earliest sculptures from Assyria and Media show us the paddle rudder only. The boat of inflated skins from Koyounjik (Fig. 1) shows a primitive oar made by bending a stick and stretching a skin in the curve, and by such an oar the boat is steered. A similarly rude sketch from Takt-i-Bastan, in Persia, shows steering-paddles resembling these.

A paddle thus held in the hand would become unwieldy as it increased in size, and the next step would be to seek a support for the oar. This is the way in which the steering-oar is used by surfmen and whalers, and such oars, or sweeps, are effective in guiding the motions of the immense rafts of timber seen on the Mississippi. The great leverage, the considerable area of the immersed blade, and the large angle through which it may be moved, combines to make this a very effective rudder, especially where quickness of motion is desired.

Boats steered by oars arranged in this manner are often represented in the sketches from Egyptian monuments of an early period. These are seen in small row-vessels, in larger Nile boats, under oars or sails, and in Red Sea vessels of considerable burden. From one to six oars, used to steer the vessel, are shown—sometimes on the starboard side, frequently on the port, but never on both sides at once. These sketches are from sculptures made before 3000 B.C., and are doubtless the first modification of the primitive steering-paddle. The action is similar to that of the modern rudder. The blade is turned at an angle with the keel—the after-part in the direction the ship's head is to go. In the sketch shown from Lepsius (Fig. 2) five steermen stand on the poop, their motions, necessarily simultaneous, directed by a helmsman.

This simple mode of steering was long in use, and is often seen in representations of Greek ships. The sketch of the stern of a bark from a Pompeian fresco (Fig. 3) shows such a steering-oar here thrust through the bulwarks. So late as the twelfth century, small vessels used this rudder, as seen in the sketch (Fig. 4) from the seal of Dover. These steering-oars were of all sizes and shapes, as will be seen from the sketches.

Such oars would be manœuvred with difficulty in all vessels of any size, and a further improvement was next made by applying to the shaft of the oar a handle, by which it was more readily turned about its axis. This handle is the helm, or tiller, and was usually joined to the shaft by a mortise.

The Egyptian river-barge (Fig. 5) from Rosellini is perhaps the earliest example of the use of such a tiller. It is here a straight rod, projecting downward in the plane of the oar-blade, precisely as it is applied to the modern rudder. On account of the length of the oar, a second support is given to it by crotching it in upright support. In the Etruscan ship (Fig. 6) the rude rudder

is clamped to the ship's side, and has a short tiller projecting aft, all entirely outside the bulwarks. The short tiller of the ship from the Leaning Tower of Pisa (Fig. 7) projects inboard, while those of the two rudders in the ships from the Borghese collection (Fig. 8) also point aft.

The tillers in the two sketches of river-boats from Roscellini (Figs. 9 and 10) are attached to the steering-oar in

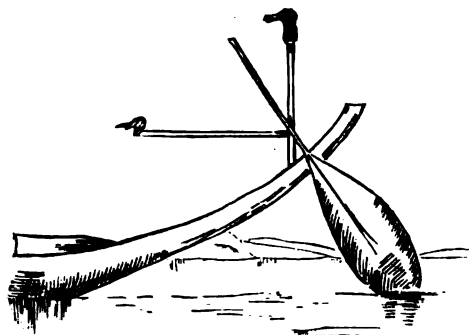


FIG. 9.—FROM ROSCELLINI.

a somewhat peculiar manner. The leverage is greatly increased thereby, and the effect in the case of the last (Fig. 10) is not only to turn the blade in the water, but also to thrust it out at a greater angle with the keel.

Succeeding sketches show a further improvement in steering-gear. The long and cumbrous steering-oar is, in the Nile boat from Wilkinson (Fig. 11), and in the rowboat (Fig. 12) and sailboat (Fig. 13) from Roscellini's work, crotched in an upright post, abaft which is the long, curved tiller, projecting downward in the plane of the blade of the oar. In the light river-boat from Lepsius (Fig. 14) two steering-oirs, one on either side, are used, and the tillers are united into one, steered by one man. The imperfect condition of this sketch makes it uncertain just how these oars were used. M. Jal thinks

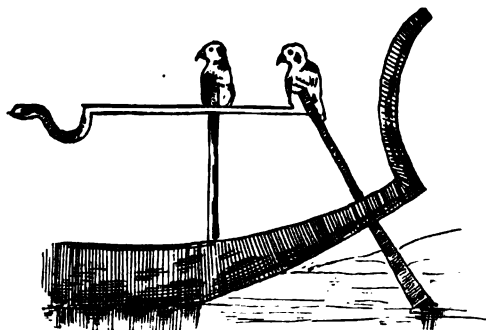


FIG. 10.—FROM ROSCELLINI.

but one oar was used at a time, the other being raised out of the water. This is scarcely probable. If we suppose these two tillers to be cords, attached to horizontal tillers in the handles of the oars, we may readily see how one man would steer with both rudders. This is, beyond doubt, the arrangement in the next two sketches (Figs. 15 and 16). Cords are here held in the helmsman's hands, and their use is noted by Wilkinson, who does not, however, explain the manner of their attachment. M. Jal here agrees that there must have been short horizontal tillers, projecting inboard at right angles to the plane of the blade of the oar, and to these the steering-cords were attached. This is an improvement on the perpendicular tiller, as the tiller can be easily moved

through an angle of 90°. The oar in Fig. 15 approaches the modern rudder in form. It is used at the stern of the ship, and is apparently made up of several pieces, bolted to the shaft.

Many of the peculiar features of these Egyptian vessels are seen in ships of later date. Crescentio, a mediæval writer on sea affairs, tells us that the Siamese had vessels with double sterns, in which three rudders were used—one in the middle of the double stern, the others on either quarter. Venetian ships, called Burchii, used in the fourteenth century, had one rudder in the middle, and one steering-oir on either quarter. Joinville tells us that the Marseillaise ships in St. Louis's fleet had two side rudders in addition to the one astern. A passage from the chronicle of Pedro Niño, as cited by M. Jal, shows us that the Spaniards, in the sixteenth century, used side rudders in stormy weather as *preventer* rudders in case of the loss of the ordinary one.

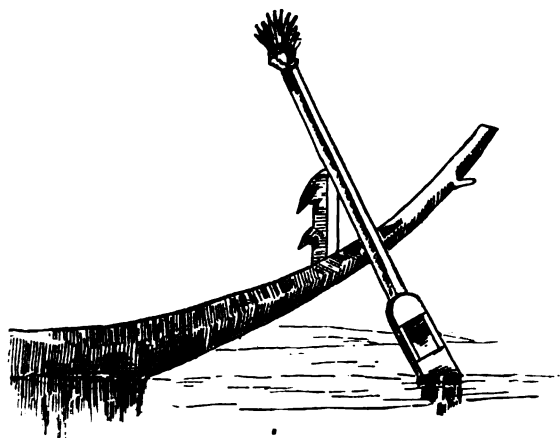


FIG. 11.—NILE BOAT. |

The steering-oir was, as we have seen, placed to starboard or to port in ancient ships. It is apparent that the right-hand one would be more easily managed, and it is invariably so shown in ships of a later date. The seals of maritime towns, the ships of the Bayeux tapestry, and the Norman vessels pictured by Strutt have one rudder on the right side. We have thence a nautical word, *starboard*, the steering-side, from the Anglo-Saxon *steorbord* (German, *steuerbord*). This rudder-side has been for centuries the sacred or privileged side of the ship.

This arrangement of rudder and tiller explains also two other nautical terms that long puzzled the word-mongers.

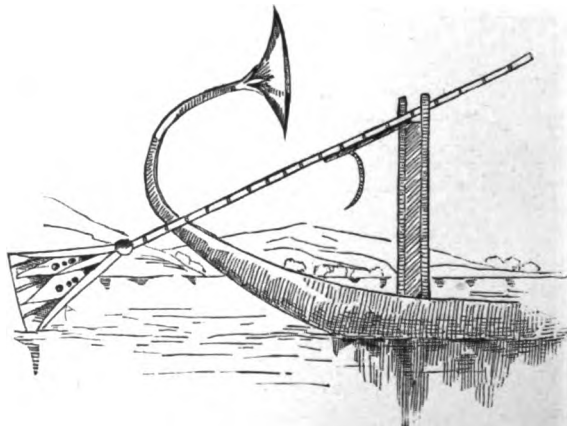


FIG. 12.—NILE ROWBOAT.

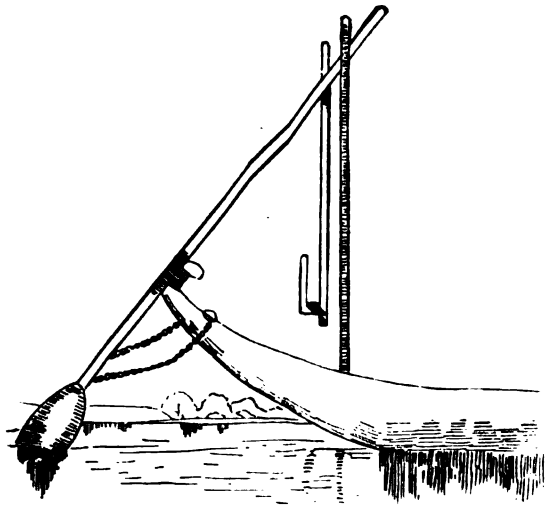


FIG. 13.—FROM ROSCELLINI.

These words are very old, since they are found in Wace's "Roman de Brut":

"Chascun de gouverner s'apeine
Al governaille ke la nef menie,
Aval le hel si curt senestre,
Ensus le hel, si curt a destrè."

Which may be freely translated:

"Each to steer his bark, directs
The rudder, that the vessel guides,
Puts down the helm, to port she goes,
And up, to the right she moves."

It is evident that when the horizontal tiller was pulled down, the after-part of the rudder-blade would approach the ship's side, and thus the water, acting on the left side of the rudder, would throw the ship's head to port. In row-vessels, these terms "up" and "down" would then always refer to motion to starboard and to port. When applied to sail-vessels, they seem to have been substituted for the more exact terms "alee" and "awether," so that

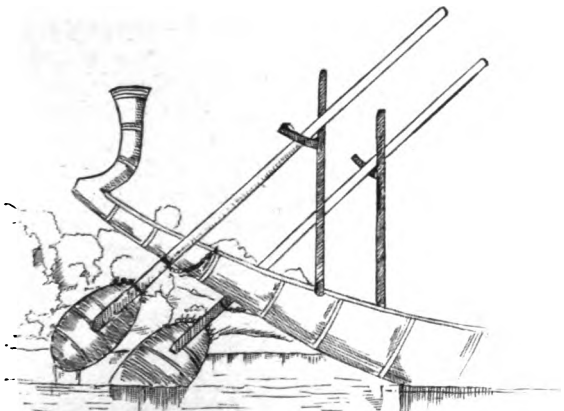


FIG. 14.—FROM LEPSIUS.

the helm is put down to luff the ship into the wind, and up to bear away.

Although the date of the precise change from the steering-oar to the rudder cannot be named, we are able to indicate the locality of the origin of the rudder from its old name. The rudder hung astern upon its pintles and

judgeons, was called *Timon à la navarresque*, or *Timon à la bayonnaise*, indicating that Navarre or Bayonne ships first used it. The earliest representations of the modern rudder that I have been able to find are those from a manuscript of Vegetius (Fig. 17), and from the seal of the village of Dam (Fig. 18), the latter being dated 1226, and

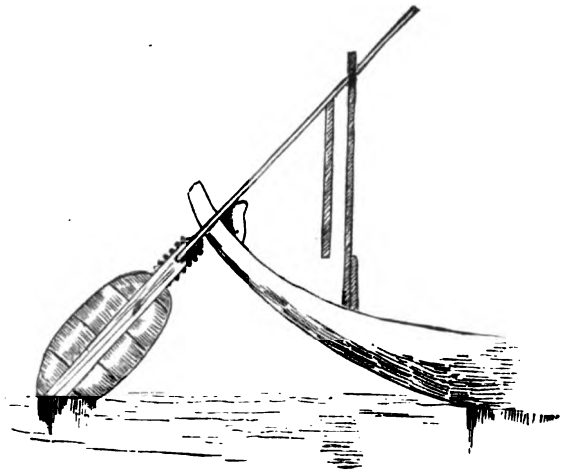


FIG. 15.—FROM WILKINSON.

the former of an unknown date. This Bayonnaise helm probably came into use in the twelfth century. The same form of rudder has been used in Chinese vessels from a remote date. It is there arranged so as to unship readily, and is very large in proportion to the size of the junk bearing it.

Every luxury of decoration was lavished on the steering-

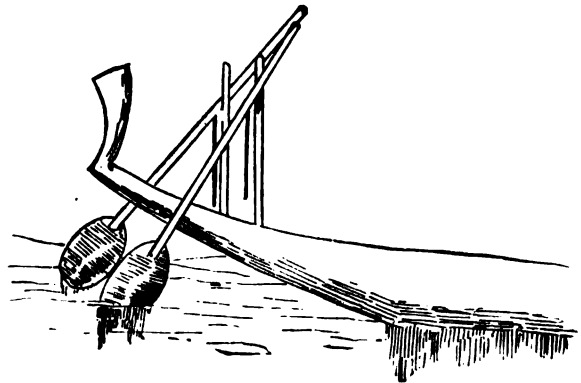


FIG. 16.—FROM WILKINSON.

gear of Egyptian ships. The sacred lotus, the mysterious eye, combined with ornamental figures, were painted on the blade, while the extremities of steering-post, rudder and tiller, were adorned with representations of the figure of Hather, the hawk-headed goddess, or of the asp or other divinity. The steering-oars of Greek ships were

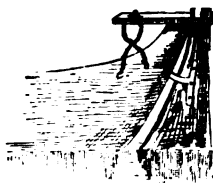


FIG. 17.—RUDDER FROM VEGETIUS.

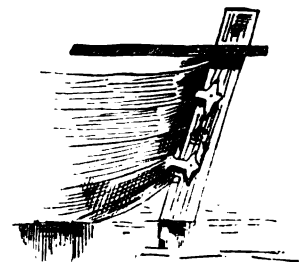


FIG. 18.—ON THE SEAL OF DAM.

of every variety of form and size. Some were fiddle-shaped, some lancelike in form, and others a shield or heart in figure. The gorgeous decorations of mediæval galleys extended to their rudders, which were painted with the colors of the rainbow, gilded or silvered, and provided with carved heads and decorated tillers.

The tiller, held in the hand, just as in the sketch (Fig. 18), is still used in small boats. As ships grew larger, mechanical devices for increasing the power were adopted. The more common of these is the usual arrangement of tiller, steering-ropes and wheel. The ropes give the system great elasticity, and the peculiar sympathy thus established between the rudder and the helmsman enables the latter to anticipate the yaws and plunges of the vessel. It is the part of the skillful helmsman to anticipate these motions by counteracting movements of the helm.

It is desirable to accomplish this by giving the tiller as little lateral motion as possible. The effect of the moving particles of water on the rudder is greatest when it is at a right angle to the keel, but its *drag* then retards the motion of the vessel; hence *small helm* is desirable. When to these requirements are added the necessity of reserving a correct compass course, of anticipating the effects of blows of the wash on the ship, of keeping the sails full, and sometimes of watching the stars, it will be seen that the task of the pilot is not an easy one, and he is truly the wise one (*Perdoctus, Perdolito, Pedolito, Piloto*).

Other mechanical contrivances to replace the rope have been used. An endless screw, or worm, led directly to the tiller by appropriate gearing, has been successfully used, but is not in great favor with seamen. Further increase in the size of ships has made greater power necessary, and steam and hydraulic power have been used to steer ships for many years. The valves of the engine or hydraulic pump are in these cases controlled by the wheel. An attempt has been made to steer without a helmsman, by moving these valves by the means of electro-magnets, actuated by a current through wires passing to a compass, so arranged that the circuit is controlled by the needle of the compass.

Finally, the rudder has been entirely dispensed with, and a return made to the method of the gondolier and Chinese boatman. Propellers have been invented which, more or less successfully, take the place of the rudder. In the best of these, the ship is steered by changing the angle made by the axis of the propeller with its shaft, so that the effect of the revolving screw is to move the ship's head in the desired direction.

More than one rudder is frequently seen. Mississippi River steamers have two—one at either angle of their square-sterned hulls. Ferry-boats are usually provided with one at either end, and the "double-enders" designed for use in our rivers during the Rebellion were arranged with rudder at both ends.

With her rudder gone, the ship is dangerously mutilated. Men-of-war frequently have spare rudders provided, and the skillful seaman may improvise one when none is at hand. But, failing in this, the vessel may be steered by the means of lawasers, spars, or boats veered astern. Such expedients are not new to seamen. The following lines from the "Documento d'Amore" of Barberino, of the eleventh century, make allusion to a similar practice. Speaking of the loss of the rudder, he says:

"In luogo di timone
Fa spero, e in acqua pone."

(In place of rudder lost
A spar astern is tost.)

And Ariosto probably alludes to the same practice when he observes:

"Remedio a questo il buon nocchiere troua,
Che comanda a gettar per popa spere.
E columa lu gomena e far proua,
Di duo terzi del corso ratenere."

(The skillful pilot finds a cure at last,
Commands some spars astern to cast,
And veering cable, onward sails:
Two-thirds his course to make, he fails.)

The spars dragged astern, while aiding to steer, would check the vessel's speed, as the poet says. These are interesting instances of the antiquity of the devices of the seamen.

THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.

BY JOHN I. PLUMMER.

UPON a moonless night in the early Spring, and several hours after the sun has set, we cannot fail to notice a conspicuous phenomenon which then makes its appearance near the western horizon. Rising in an oblique direction to a considerable elevation is a hazy cone of soft light, that might be mistaken, but for its definite form and the lateness of the hour, for the last fading gleams of twilight (Figs. 1 and 3). In brilliancy it about equals the Milky Way; like it, also, its position among the stars is fixed, so that it gradually sinks down with them as evening advances, but without any diminution of lustre other than may be caused by the haziness of the sky. Although the position of the apex of the cone may be determined with some precision, and the direction of its axis is distinguishable with some accuracy, the outline fades so imperceptibly into the blue expanse of the heavens that it is impossible to trace with certainty its full extent.

At the opposite season of the year a precisely similar phenomenon may be witnessed upon the other side of the sun or before sunrise. This has been well and poetically termed the False Dawn by the inhabitants of Eastern countries, whose skies admit of its frequent observation. A little consideration will show us that each of these cones of light must exist on either side of the sun at all seasons of the year, and that nothing prevents us from so observing them but the peculiar position in the heavens that they may occupy and the prolonged twilight in northern climates. The latter especially, equally with the light of the moon, is fully sufficient to mask so ill-defined and hazy an illumination, and is a frequent cause of its invisibility. We may, therefore, be prepared to hear that the zodiacal light forms a much more distinguishable feature in tropical regions, where the duration of twilight is less, and where the direction of the axis of the cone is never less favorably situated than it is in the month of March in England. There is, however, insufficient evidence to show that it is either more brilliant or more extended than it is with us.

Upon a few occasions, however, a much more complicated aspect of the zodiacal light has been witnessed. Humboldt has put it on record that during his sojourn in South America he has seen at the same time, at or near midnight, the illuminated cones on either side of the sun, and his observations have been confirmed by others. What this implies is that the apex of the western cone has risen before the eastern one has set, and that the entire stretch of these winglike appendages to the sun occupies more than 180° of longitude, or half the vault of the heavens. Such simultaneous appearances,

while they give us a better idea of the form and actual extent of the zodiacal light, are exclusively to be seen near the equator; for, as we shall see later on, the season most favorable in temperate climates for seeing the eastern portion would be the most unfavorable for seeing the western, and *vice versa*. By admitting their correctness, however, we are brought to the important conclusion that, occasionally at the least, the matter composing the zodiacal light extends from the sun as far as, or even further, than the earth itself—*i.e.*, that its diameter exceeds 180,000,000 miles. Whether this is a permanent condition may perhaps be doubted, but it is beyond dispute that the orbits of Mercury and Venus are always included within its limits.

Several observers, including Arago, concur in stating that the color of the zodiacal light is decidedly yellow or orange in the parts nearest the horizon, though, to ordinary eyes, it generally appears of the same pale-white which has given to another and entirely different phenomenon the name of the *Milky Way*. If, as we shall find reason to believe, its light is derived exclusively from the sun by reflection, we cannot expect that it would be possible very readily to detect the slight excess of yellow which distinguishes the light of that great body.

The common axis of the cones of light, whenever they are visible, occupies an invariable position in the heavens, and is either precisely upon that great circle of the sky which is called the ecliptic, or lies so nearly thereto that it is difficult to decide whether it may or may not be inclined at a small angle to that plane. In this fact we have an indication of its planetary nature, for it will be remembered that all the planets revolve round the sun in orbits that lie very near this plane. We have also the explanation of its apparently capricious character, as the ecliptic, unlike other great circles, is variously inclined to the horizon at different seasons of the year.

As this most important circle is the course apparently described by the sun among the stars during the year, and is the actual path which the earth itself would appear to trace out if its motions were viewed from the sun, we may perhaps advisedly give some means of identifying its position. If about the time of the vernal equinox (March 21st) we take our station shortly after sunset, we may easily trace out the ecliptic from a knowledge of the position of the celestial equator. This latter circle spans the heavens from the east to the west point of the horizon, rising as far above it in the south as is equal to the co-latitude of the place (90° —the geographical latitude). The other half of the equator, the continuation of this curve, is, of course, below the horizon. It is, in fact, the diurnal path of the sun during the twenty-four hours upon this day of the year. Now, the ecliptic, along which we shall find the zodiacal light extending itself, and near which will be found all the major planets, is a circle passing similarly through the east and west points of the horizon on this day and hour, and still further elevated in the south portion of the sky by $23\frac{1}{2}^\circ$. Thus the zodiacal light at this season, in the evening, rises from the western horizon at a considerable angle, approaching to perpendicularity, and boldly separates itself from the decaying twilight. At the autumnal equinox, however, the other half of the ecliptic is above the horizon at the hour of sunset, the half that dips below the celestial equator by the same angle of $23\frac{1}{2}^\circ$, and the direction of the zodiacal light will make but a small angle with the horizon, and will thus fail to free itself from the haze and twilight that lingers near the horizon in temperate and, particularly, in insular climates. The direc-

tion of the axis of the cone with reference to the horizon varies, therefore, the maximum angle corresponding to the eastern extension, or portion visible after sunset, in Spring, and to the western extension, or portion visible before sunrise, in Autumn. The axis always passes through the sun (Fig. 4).

The true form of the body, whatever it may be, that is thus seen on either side of the sun, whenever his resplendent orb is hidden, may now be comprehended. We have but to regard it as a flattened disk, or lenticularly formed body, viewed edgewise from the earth—an enormously extended envelope of the sun, possibly of extreme tenuity, but yet none the less an integral portion of that body, which exists only in a definite direction or upon the plane of the ecliptic. From observations that have been made during the total eclipse of the sun, visible in America in 1878, there is even reason for believing it to be a portion of the solar corona; while its strangely flattened form reminds us forcibly of the rings that surround the planet Saturn, or of the figure which, according to the celebrated hypothesis of Laplace, the solar nebula, and each of the planets that separated themselves from it, must have assumed previously to their formation in solid bodies.

Having been able to identify the zodiacal light with the sun, it will be well next to inquire whether it is affected by any of the changes to which that body is liable. The principal of these variations, so far as at present known, is an alternation of seasons of activity and of comparative rest in the eruptive forces of the sun, as indicated by the greater or lesser number of spots upon his surface. Though subject to slight irregularity, these periodical changes recur, upon the average, at intervals of about eleven years. Unfortunately, the zodiacal light has not been watched with sufficient care to enable us to say whether it waxes and wanes in complete sympathy with these forces, but a strong suspicion exists in the minds of those who have paid some attention to the subject that its brightness is variable. There can be no doubt that in 1874, when sun-spots were numerous, the zodiacal light was much more conspicuous than in 1880, when these spots were rare. From the observations on the solar corona which have been assiduously made during the last twenty years, whenever a total eclipse of the sun has rendered them possible, there is little doubt that its extent and brilliancy vary in a marked manner with the intensity of solar activity, and this may fairly be regarded as strongly confirming the suspicions already entertained.

That these two phenomena are identical, or closely associated, is not only shown by observations, but also by a similarity of spectrum. The inner portion of the corona is distinguished by some very remarkably bright lines, one of which—and, indeed, the most conspicuous of them—is a yellow-green line, which cannot be identified as appertaining to any known terrestrial element; but toward the outer portion these lines one by one fade out, and are replaced by a faint, continuous spectrum, in which no dark absorption-lines can be seen. It is probable that they exist, and that the light itself is merely reflected sunlight, in which case it would be crossed by all the fine dark lines that characterize the solar spectrum. In the faint light of the corona, after it had been still further weakened by its dispersion by the prisms, it is not to be expected that such delicate lines could possibly be traced. As the polariscope gives the like evidence, we are justified in concluding that, while the inner part of the corona is self-luminous, the outer portion is not, but is capable of reflecting a portion of the fierce light that



FIG. 1.—THE ZODIACAL LIGHT AS OBSERVED AT ORSAY, FRANCE, IN MARCH, 1874.

shines upon it ; and further, that the extreme limits of the self-luminous region shine by virtue of a single line on the confines of the green and yellow of the spectrum.

The spectrum of the zodiacal light has been investigated by two able spectroscopists, and although their results are opposed to each other, neither is contrary to the theory which we have already laid down. Dr. Angstrom finds that the light is composed mainly of the bright line

for which we have no terrestrial equivalent ; and Professor Piazzi Smyth, that it is a faint, continuous spectrum, without lines, either bright or dark, in all respects similar to that of the outward part of the corona, or of faint reflected sunlight. The latter authority has explained the discrepancy on the ground that the observations of Angstrom having been made in the latitude of Stockholm, where the aurora borealis is a common occur-

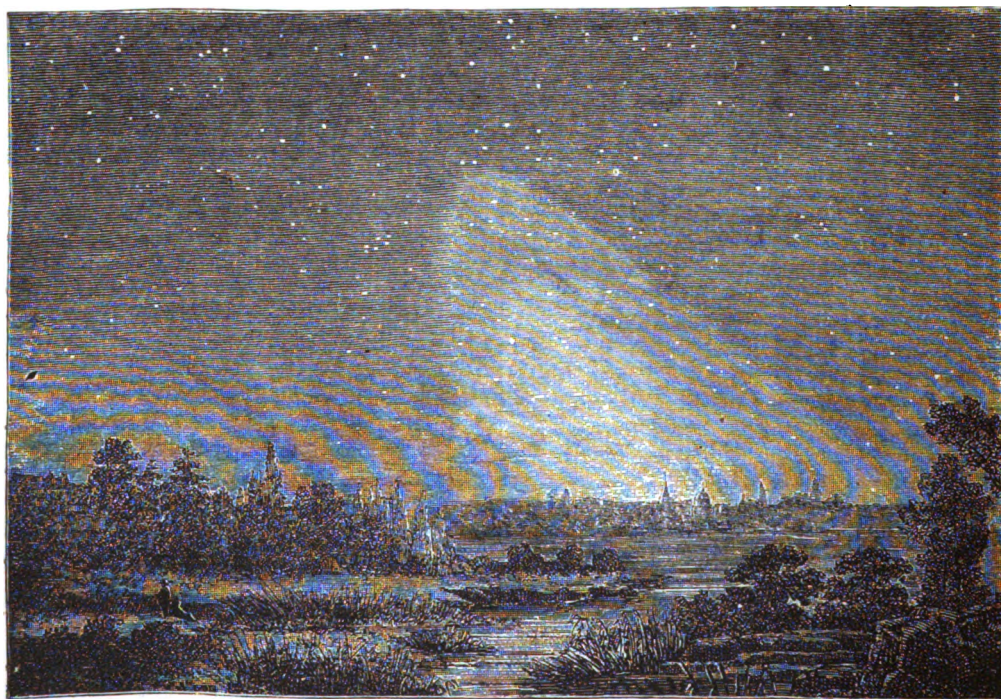


FIG. 2.—ZODIACAL LIGHT AS OBSERVED BY HEIS AT MÜNSTER.

rence, have been vitiated by the presence of that light; or, in other words, that the spectrum he has observed is one of the lines of the aurora, and that the faint, continuous spectrum proper to the zodiacal light he has overlooked. Though this explanation is quite allowable, and has been generally accepted, it would seem more complimentary to the discrimination of the veteran spectroscopist to suppose that he had hit upon the interior part, or core, of the zodiacal light, from which the yellow-green line had not entirely faded; while his later competitor, in the more favorable situation of Palermo, being under no necessity to seek out the most conspicuous part, had failed to detect it.

It is necessary to point out that this explanation of the nature of the zodiacal light is one that has only recently found favor with astronomers, and that the more common theory has been that the sun is surrounded by myriads of meteoric bodies slowly gravitating in spiral orbits upon his surface, after having been detached from the trains (not tails) of the numerous comets that have passed round him. Such bodies certainly exist in the near neighborhood of the sun, and each will reflect a small quantity of solar light, just as an exceedingly minute planet might do, but it is doubtful whether they would be able in the aggregate to affect the eye with the brilliancy of the zodiacal light. But the main dif-

ficulty that his explanation has to encounter is, that whereas comets pass round the sun from every direction of space, and thus furnish that body with these attendants on all sides, the zodiacal light is derived from one particular and somewhat narrow region only.

On the other hand, if we regard the light as being reflected by an extension of the gaseous or cloudy corona, we are met by the difficulty that such a form of the solar atmosphere is opposed to our ideas of the behavior of gases under ordinary circumstances, and we are bound to admit that further knowledge of the subject is called for. Of the two difficulties, the latter is to be preferred, as more likely to submit to a legitimate explanation, which is required whether the theory is correct or not.

An atmosphere that extends so far should certainly be of an exceedingly rarefied description, and that it is so we have some evidence. As already stated, the two interior planets, Mercury and Venus, have their orbits almost entirely included within its limits; and yet we are unable to detect the slightest variation in the form of these orbits, consequent upon the impediment to their motions which even a medium of extreme tenuity would be able to produce. The general result to be anticipated from a medium capable of offering some resistance to the motion of a planet would be that the orbit of the latter would tend to

contract, that the planet would revolve round the sun at a less mean distance than formerly, and hence, that it would perform its journey in less time. This effect, too, would be of a cumulative character, since the cause would be constant, and after the lapse of many revolutions, would become apparent, however small it might be, if the rarity of the gaseous or cloudy obstruction were not beyond our ordinary conceptions. It is, therefore, certain that solid, dense, and comparatively small bodies, like the planets Mercury, Venus, or the Earth, are able entirely to disregard the slight opposition they may encounter. Comets, however, whose mass is much smaller, and whose magnitude is more considerable, do not necessarily enjoy the like immunity. Of the seven

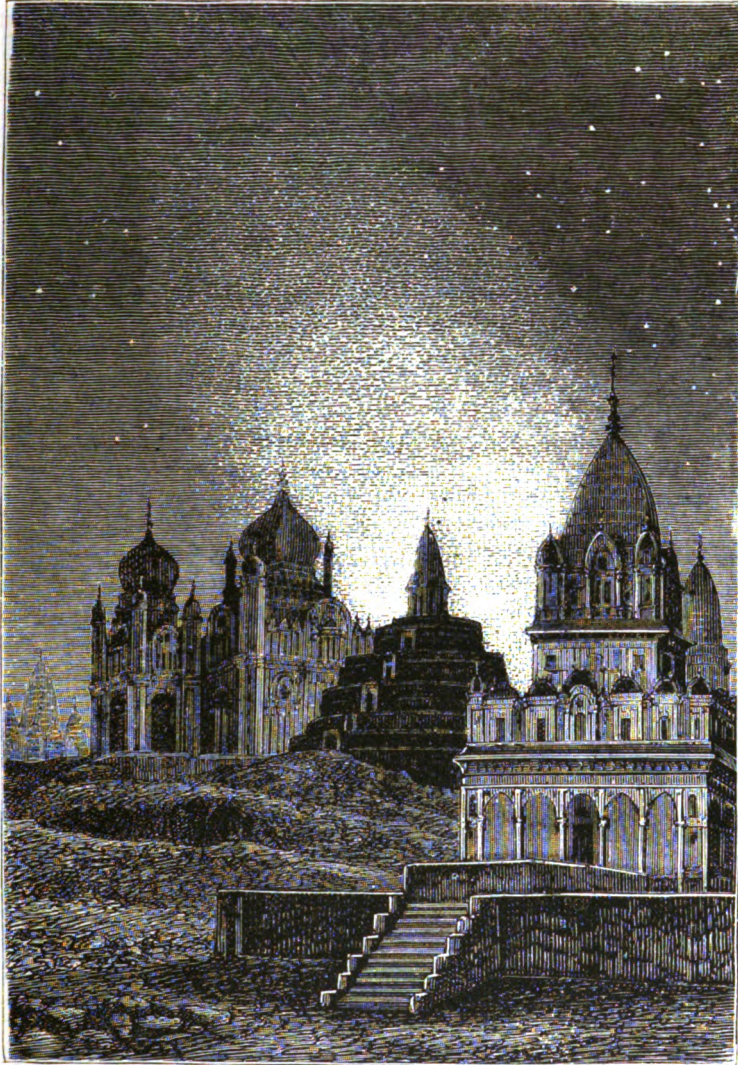


FIG. 3.—THE ZODIACAL LIGHT AS OBSERVED IN INDIA AT THE END OF DECEMBER, 1874.

periodical comets, whose frequent returns have enabled us to watch their motions narrowly, one has certainly presented to us the peculiarities of a body that suffers some retardation of motion in its movements through space. This comet, which is known as Encke's, has a period of little more than three years, which is being slowly reduced at the rate of about two hours during each revolution. As there is no cause known capable of explaining this fact in accordance with the law of gravitation, it was long since suggested by the illustrious astronomer whose name it bears that there must exist in space a "resisting medium," opposing the free movement of such bodies, and which is too attenuated to make its presence known to us in any other manner.

Although this solution of the difficulty has been generally adopted, it is not usually connected with the zodiacal light; yet it is important to notice that the comet which exhibits this peculiarity is precisely that one of the seven which approaches the sun most nearly, and thus passes through what we must regard as the denser part of the zodiacal extension of the corona. It would therefore be the most affected by retardation, which is practically insensible in all the other cases, if we except a suspicion

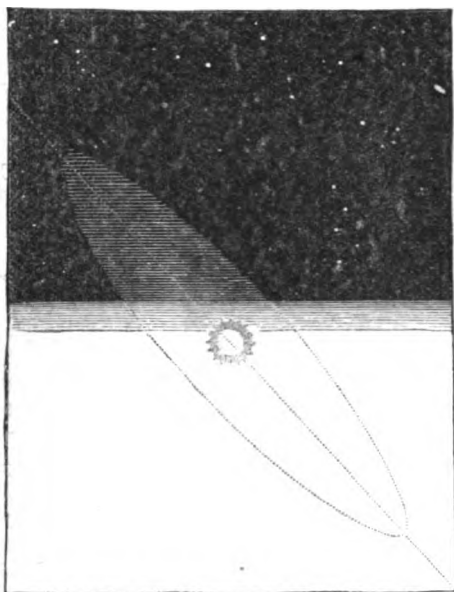


FIG. 4.—DIRECTION OF AXIS OF ZODIACAL LIGHT.

that has recently been entertained of a still more minute reduction of period of a second member of this family of comets.

Meagre as our information is upon the subject of the zodiacal light, we may look upon the following facts as certainly known regarding it: 1st. That it is constantly visible on either side of the sun, and is only hidden or masked in temperate climates when its position in the heavens is favorable to its being confounded with the fading twilight. 2d. That it is in the form of a disk, or lens, of which the sun occupies the centre; that the diameter of the lens occasionally exceeds 180,000,000 miles, and perhaps seldom falls short of 150,000,000 miles, and that its thickness, though unknown, is not considerable in comparison therewith. 3d. That its position in the heavens is invariable, and either coincides with the plane of the earth's motion or lies very close to it.

It is to be considered as less certain, though highly probable, that it varies in brilliancy, possibly in dependence upon the recurring periods of sun-spot frequency, but that it shines with equal lustre from whatever portion of the earth it is observed. It is also very likely that it consists of a peculiar extension of the ordinary corona or exterior atmospheric envelope of the sun, the same that has been traced during total solar eclipses to a distance of 5,000,000 of miles from the sun.

While the spectrum of the zodiacal light may not have received all the attention it deserves, it must be admitted that it is not a hopeful question for further inquiry, owing to the faintness of the light itself, and still more to the continuous form of its spectrum. But it is abundantly proved that, if gaseous, the matter of the zodiacal light must be of extreme rarity. The evidence deduced by the spectroscope points with certainty to the fact that

it is merely reflected solar light, and that probably no portion is self-luminous.

On the other hand, the theory that it consists of meteoric matter slowly subsiding upon the solar surface, or until the heat to which it is subjected is sufficient to volatilize the constituents, although it has been frequently advocated, cannot be held so satisfactory as that previously shadowed forth. That such meteoric matter exists, and doubtless performs important functions in the solar system, is nevertheless a supposition on which the hypothetical character of the zodiacal light need not necessarily throw any doubt.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

AMERICAN anthropologists have been doing a great deal of work during the past year or two to increase the evidence of the theory that the history of man in this country goes back to, and before, the Glacial Period. Dr. C. C. Abbott's long labors at Trenton, N. J., where paleolithic implements are found imbedded in the glacial drift, was the formation of the researches. Thousands of implements, similar in appearance, have since been reported from various parts of the country, but generally from the surface, so that their history is open to criticism. In the valley of the Little Miami River, in Ohio, paleolithic relics have, however, been taken from deep in the soil; and more lately, by Mr. H. T. Cresson, from undisturbed glacial gravel in Southern Indiana. "A study of the glacial boundary in that vicinity," remarks Professor G. F. Wright, who is an expert in regard to that period, "adds much interest to the naked facts. To those familiar with the recent maps of the glaciated area it will be remembered that a large triangular section in Southern Indiana, with its base extending along the Ohio from Louisville to Evansville, and its northern apex in the vicinity of Indianapolis, was unglaciated. Here, in the midst of these forest-covered hills, with its numerous preglacial gorges and temporary glacial lakes, was a most suitable place for paleolithic man to maintain an existence in conditions very similar to those which abound at present in portions of Alaska. At any rate, here we find some of the unquestionable implements of this early and hardy race, who, if they did not at an earlier time, as some suppose, retreat before the advancing ice, did probably follow it in its retreat to the coasts of Greenland and Alaska, being still represented, perhaps, in their descendants by the Esquimaux of the Arctic regions." A third most interesting locality where stone implements of this most ancient of prehistoric peoples is found was discovered some years ago at Little Falls, Minn., by Miss Babbitt. These paleoliths lie in gravel laid down during the floods which marked the close of the Glacial Epoch, and are made of quartzite, which was the best available material of the locality, while the New Jersey implements are all of argillite, and the Ohio and Indiana ones of tough pebbles—in each case the best material at hand in those localities.

THE largest southern tributary of the Congo is the Kassai River. It is navigable for a long distance, and its banks are fertile and populous. It has been ascended by Lieutenant Wissman, and more lately by Lieutenant E. H. Taunt, United States Navy, who has brought to Washington, and deposited in the National Museum, a large collection of interesting objects of native use and manufacture. "Notable among these," to quote the curator's letter to *The American*, of Philadelphia, "are short swords that show iron-working of the best kind. One of them has a very thin blade, almost like sheet-iron, evenly hammered out to a width of eight inches at the widest part. It is strengthened in the middle by a semi-fold that makes the two sides of the weapon curve away differently, and forms a shallow groove along the centre of the blade. There has been a theory that this is a 'blood-groove'—a sign of the murderous character of the weapon, or made to retain some of the blood. It is really only a very effective way of making a thin, soft-iron blade rigid, on the principle of the hollow column. The bows are straight and very stiff, with wooden knobs at the ends, and for bowstrings have strips of rattan. The currency of the country is a copper St. Andrew's cross, weighing about five pounds. It is the only thing taken by the natives in exchange for ivory and slaves over a large region in Africa. This copper is said to contain gold, and the negroes cannot be deceived by European counterfeits of the money. Carved drinking-horns, wooden cups, pipes, and articles of personal adornment, mark these people as having a great deal of barbaric taste. This is most strikingly shown in their embroidered and dyed grass cloths. The designs are lozenges worked in lighter colors than the background, and then cut, forming a pile-like plush, making a unique and pretty fabric." The Museum is to be congratulated upon getting this collection, inasmuch as the Congo Association allows nothing of the kind to be carried away by travelers. Lieutenant Taunt, however, was permitted to do so because he was on a Government expedition.

AN English gunmaker urges his fellow-tradersmen to give up the use of spelter in joining gun-barrels, and substitute a silver solder instead. He says: "Joints run with this are in every respect as strong as spelter, and can be made closer; and, as it runs at many degrees of heat lower than spelter, there is no danger whatever of burning the metal, and thus rendering it so brittle and dangerous;

and used in the following manner it is much more manageable: The borax used as a flux should be burnt—i.e., placed on a clean plate of copper or brass large enough to prevent any lampblack reaching the upper surface. Hold this over a gas-jet, and the borax will very soon begin to boil and expand, or, as technically termed, 'cauliflower.' It should be carried barely through this process, and stopped just short of its running into glass. When cooled, it should be rubbed down on the plate with the face of a hammer into a white powder. This should be put into a clean gullipot, and clean water added, but only enough not quite to dissolve all the powder, as this solution should be a thoroughly saturated one. Apply this solution with a camel's-hair brush, over both surfaces of the joint, and bind the work up while wet. The silver solder should be cut into strips straightened, or, if the joint be crooked, bent to follow its course. Place this over the joint, then thoroughly wet it with the solution, allowing as much as will to run down between the metals; place the work in the furnace or blast; if the latter, it should be applied very gently at first, to enable the metal to heat regularly throughout—i.e., not one part at almost a white heat, while another is merely a cherry-red. The running of the solder will be readily seen by its bright, almost incandescent appearance, and in a few seconds will follow the flux through a very large joint. Take the work out, and allow it to cool slowly. I have run hundreds of joints, large and small, in my lathe-room, in this manner, without a single failure or defect. If the borax is not burnt and treated as above described, its expansion is so great and rapid on being first placed in the heat that it inevitably drives the strips of solder a long way from the joint—often half an inch or more—so that it runs over and defaces the work, instead of at once running into and thoroughly filling the joint and making it sound and complete throughout. Care should be taken that enough be used to insure this thorough filling of the joint."

SAYS Garden and Forest: "There have been in Germany during the last twelve years sixteen scientific stations devoted to the investigation of meteorological and other phenomena connected with the forest. At the Eberswald Station, observations have been taken during a number of years for the purpose of determining the difference in the temperature of the soil in the forest and in the open ground. Two posts were established—the first in a grove of Scotch pines, forty-five years old, and 375 feet from the open ground; the other at a point 795 feet from any wood. At each of these stations readings of the thermometer have been taken daily at 8 A.M. and 2 P.M. at the surface, and at depths varying from six inches to four feet below the surface. The results of these observations may be briefly stated to be: That the temperature of the soil at the different depths averages one degree higher in the forest during the Winter than in the open ground, and that it is nearly three degrees cooler in Summer, so that the extreme variations of the soil are four degrees less in the woods than in the open ground; that the forest has the same effect upon the temperature as depth below the surface has—that is, it retards and modifies extremes, and makes variations slower and more regular in their appearance and disappearance. A full account of these experiments, and others carried on at these stations, can be found in the annual reports which Dr. Mutrich has published since 1875, and which can be obtained from the Berlin bookseller Springer, 3 Monbijonplatz."

Some discussion having lately been aroused in Germany over the possibility of disease-infection being communicated by means of books from circulating libraries, the municipal authorities of Dresden undertook a thorough investigation of the subject, which is recounted in the *Lancet*. A number of much-used volumes from the town library were taken for the purpose. The dust from the leaves and covers was sown in nutrient media, and cultures reared, the result being that no microbes belonging to infectious diseases were found, the dust being, in fact, nothing but ordinary dust of a harmless character. Again, the dirtiest leaves in the books were rubbed, first with the dry finger, and then with the wet finger. In the first case scarcely any microbes were found on the finger; in the second case plenty were found, but all appeared to be of a non-infectious character. Especially it is noted that there were no tubercle bacilli. Lastly, books were soaked for two days in spirit containing ten per cent. of carbolic acid. This treatment destroyed all the bacilli, and proved harmless to the volumes. The conclusion arrived at was that the danger of circulating libraries spreading infection is very slight; but a recommendation is given to dust books well before reading them, and never to wet the finger in the mouth for the purpose of turning over the leaves.

There have recently been published in the *English Mechanic* valuable articles entitled "Microscopical Advances," in one of which Dr. Royston-Pigott states that a new kind of micrometer has been designed and constructed, which reads to the half-millionth of an inch under a power of 2,000 diameters. Measurements will now be attempted of bodies hitherto baffling all investigation in the minute world. The attenuated lines, Dr. Pigott says, discoverable in the hairlets of the plumed gnats seem to pass all microscopical experience; hundreds of bosses, or cups, project tapering hairs displaying two black margins, and around these bosses extremely minute bulbs, or bosses, glitter, and carefully treated, reveal forests of cilia, or hairlets, of most astonishing attenuation. They are best seen at the insertions of the antennae into the head of the gnat, where they are slightly coarser, and throughout the internal tube of the antennae, where they are closely sprinkled. They are best seen by daylight illumination, and their size is appallingly small for estimation. Dr. Pigott, speaking of the mode in which the gnat—he probably means the mosquito—bites, says that mosquito-wounds may be cured in a very short time by dilute prussic acid.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

THE cook is the proper party to hold the steaks.

HOWEVER much actors may quarrel, they generally have to "make up" before they come upon the stage.

SMITH—"Squivens has broken himself completely down."
Brown—"Ah, how so?" Smith—"Practicing on the health-lift."

IN MUSICAL CIRCLE.—He—"What would you think, dear, if I should say you were a harp of a thousand strings?" She—"I should think, love, that you were a lyre."

"You must not do that, my dear," said a mother to her four-year-old daughter; "nice little girls never do so." "Yes, they do, mamma, sometimes; didn't you just see me do it?"

HANDSOME FLIRT (to Bashful).—"What would you do if a pretty girl came to you suddenly and kissed you?" Bashful (blushing to the roots of his hair).—"I—I—should be—very much obliged to her."

"Would the ladies be in favor of a uniform marriage law, do you think?" asked a member of Congress of one of his fair constituents; and she replied: "Very likely, if the uniform were a pretty one, and had a handsome man in it."

THE *Scientific American* justly denounces the habit of visitors kissing the baby. A strictly pathological view of the subject leads to the belief that the best way is to kiss the mother, when she is young and pretty, and let her give it to the infant.

AGNES—"Mamma told you that you were not to go to Bessy's house." Sally—"I know she did, but I couldn't help it." Agnes—"Couldn't help it—and why?" Sally—"Because—because Satan tempted me." Agnes—"Well, then, you should have put Satan behind you." Sally—"I did—but—he pushed me."

"M' DEAR," said he to his lady-love, "I've been busy all day; not manual labor, you know, but brain-work, which is the hardest kind." "Yes, indeed; I know it must be for you." And there was in her eyes a look of tender sympathy which aroused him. She was quite in earnest. He changed the subject.

"BLANCHARD has been going about town declaring that I am the most illiterate ass in the world, because I have made it a rule never to subscribe to any paper," said Banks. "What do you read?" asked Blakeley. "Oh, almost everything; but his particular paper was a promissory note. He wanted my indorsement."

A LITTLE girl who had listened to a temperance address for the first time in her life was so impressed and interested that she went home and wrote out the following rather novel pledge: "I promise not to drink rum, or wine, or brandy, or smoke, or swear, or cider either." She signed it, and got several of her playmates to sign it also.

A FRENCHMAN, who was troubled with gout, was asked what difference there was between that complaint and rheumatism. "One very great difference," replied monsieur. "Suppose you take one vice, put your finger in, you turn de screw till you can bear him no longer—that is de rheumatism; den s'pose you give him one turn more—that is de gout!"

FIRST BOY—"Come on. What are you waiting for?" Second Boy—"Mamma won't let me go." "She won't? My mamma lets me go most everywhere. You's awful strict, ain't she?" "Yes; she used to be principal of a seminary." "Was she?" "Yes. I suppose pa didn't think about the trouble he was makin' for me when he married a schoolteacher."

SIR WALTER SCOTT's wife, though an excellent and sensible woman, was a matter-of-fact one. One day, while walking in the fields in the early Spring, he dilated to Lady Scott on the beauties of Nature, the verdure, the wild flowers, the playful lambs, etc. "Ah, my dear," said the lady, "you remind me that we must have a nice roast leg of lamb, with mint sauce, for dinner to-morrow."

CHARLES READE, who saw "Lohengrin" at Dresden, relates: "Two or three of us had taken a front seat in a proscenium box. Suddenly a stranger took a seat behind us, and expressed himself in German in such sentences as 'Ach, Heaven! Very good!' 'Ach, bad—very bad!' and many other gutturals of the same sort, clapping his hands meanwhile and stamping like a demented creature, until he became absolutely intolerable. As soon as the first act was over, I sought the usher and requested him to have the apparent lunatic removed. But I can never hope to give you the gestures or expression with which he replied, 'Ach, that is Hart Wagner!'"

THEY HADN'T GOT IT EXACTLY RIGHT.—"Now, baker," said the counsel, "you change the joints—the legs of mutton, for instance—sent you to be baked. You buy a small one, and change it for the biggest one sent in, don't you?" "Not exactly," replied the baker, grinning. "Answer the question, sir," said the judge, with judicial sternness. "The gentleman ain't right; that's not how it's done." "Well, tell us how it is done," said the counsel. "You see, we buys a little 'un—that's true enough; but on a busy day we may have a dozen or more to bake. Well, we changes the little 'un for the next largest, and that one for the next, and so on—so that none on 'em suffers much, and we get the biggest of the whole lot."



AT THE GOLDEN GATE.



FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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OUR WOULD-BE STATES.

BY AUSBURN TOWNER.

Not more than a generation ago, that portion of our country indefinitely called "The Great North-west" strongly attracted the attention of "prospectors," looking out for eligible sites wherein to settle, or for opportunities for the investment of their capital. It was amusing, rather than otherwise, to hear their wise remarks,



suggestions, or conjectures as to the availability of what they called "points." All sorts of localities were selected and considered as these "points." Where two streams of water united, or at the foot of some lofty mountain, or in the very midst of some great prairie, some one would be sure to find a spot that he would designate as a "good point."

Not many of these selected places have ever realized the expectations of their discoverers. Something besides the wishes or the prophecies of these wise men was necessary to develop these "points." Maps of the country had something to do with these disappointments. In those days, the maps of what we now call Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming, then known as the Territory of Nebraska, were very curious things, displaying rather the imagination and invention of the artist than the accuracy of the geographer or surveyor.

As I write, there lies before me an old school atlas of 1858—about the last of my experiences in that direction ; and in this, the region I have named—indeed, about the whole country between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains—is laid down as the "Great American Desert"!

There was a famous map-maker in those days, who constructed a thin, stiff-covered pocket concern, in which was folded the map sometimes of one Western State, sometimes of the whole country west of the Mississippi, sometimes of one Territory, each drawn on a large scale, and so, easily examined and understood. He himself said once, in my hearing, referring to a brilliantly colored map of the Great North-west, that he didn't know any more accurately of the topography of that region than he did of the centre of Africa, but that the country must have maps of it to supply the demand. He gave his engraver directions to lay down the rivers from their known mouths, and to run their courses rather with a desire to make graceful lines than to indicate for a certainty their sources and direction! It wouldn't do to have mere blank spaces anywhere, so mountains were introduced here and there, having the effect of delicate shading, and other rivers were manufactured which are not now to be found.

In a map of that period, the great Red River of the North, the eastern boundary of Dakota, has no place, although the little village of Pembina, near it and the Canadian line, was settled as far back as 1812; the Missouri River, that has many of its large tributaries in the same great Territory, seems to be wandering disconsolately about to find its head; and the Columbia River is hundreds of miles from where it should be.

With one of these maps in his hands, an intending settler might, of a certainty, feel something more vigorous than disappointment, to find rivers laid down where none were in reality, and to discover vast prairies where he had been led to expect mountains.

I think a better notion of the look or characteristics of this immense tract of country west of the Red River of the North was given by that remarkable man, George Catlin, who, as artist, traveler and author, went into this region in the thirties of this century and spent eight years there.

There was not much in all that country then except Indians, buffaloes and prairies; but these, as well as all else that were there, he put upon his canvas in a life-like and realistic manner, that, one hundred years from now, when all that region is threaded with railways, dotted with towns and villages, and filled with a civilized population, will become of immense interest and value—a pictured record of a race that will at that time have passed away;

an illustrated story of the past, as curious as are the painted walls of Pompeii.

A sprightly town in Dakota is named for one of the gentlest and most hospitable tribes that Catlin visited, Mandan, so gentle and domestic that they were obliterated by the fierce Sioux, by whom they were surrounded.

Can any one who ever read this charming book by Catlin forget his account and the pictures of their games of ball played on the great prairies, the mysterious performances of their "medicine-men" and "rain-men," or their delight at the portraits he painted of their chief men?

One of them, clad in a buffalo-robe, with the horns of the animal forming a semblance of a crown for him, gaudy with bright-colored feathers and earth, objected to his portrait because, in the requirements of his art, the artist had painted one half of the chief's face in shadow! He wouldn't have it so, even the squaws of his tribe mocking him for it as "half-face." So the artist was obliged to produce another one in which there were no shadows.

Neither Catlin nor the earlier settlers of this region found anything anywhere, through the vast extent, indicating that it had ever been the home of an ancient or prehistoric civilization. It was all as nature left it when it came from its original mold.

It is well, from this point of view, that the names chosen for the different portions of this region have a strong flavor of the soil. What could be more musical, or peculiar and characteristic, than Dakota?—"In the land of the Dacotahs," one of Longfellow's memorable lines, used by him long before the Territory was organized; Idaho, Montana, Utah, whose associations somewhat interfere with the pleasant vowel sounds, and Arizona, or, as it is originally and better in the old Spanish, "Arizuma"?

Perhaps the nomenclature as it gets down to towns and villages, or smaller regions and localities, may be subject to some criticism. Patriotic settlers seem to be obliged to remember Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Jackson, Cass, Lincoln, Monroe, and even Pierce, in this way, and many a spot carries with it the memory of the old home in the East to the early emigrant, in its name; but we should be thankful that the classical dictionary has been left at home in seeking designations. College-bred comers appeared in these regions long after their names had been fixed.

What could be smoother or pleasanter to the lips and tongue, or more agreeable to the ear, than Missoula, Alturas, Owyhee, Cheyenne, Laramie, Cassia, Walla Walla, Garden Valley, Kootenai, Oklahoma, and the thousand and one names of similar derivation scattered all through this region? Or stronger, more distinctive, more expressive, and showing more clearly their origin, than Deadwood, Yankton, Bitter Root, Black Hills, Tucson, Yuma, Salt Lake, Big Horn, Tombstone, Great Falls, Lost River, Vermilion, Bear's Foot, Broadland, or Painted Wood?

But why Fargo for the metropolis of such a land as Dakota? It is certainly not descriptive, unless there is a concealed intimation that it is a long distance there from anywhere else, although perhaps one of that name made the spot memorable. And what business has there to be a Bismarck—a name synonymous with the most odious tyranny, kingcraft, the "divine right" of princes, and the absolute rule of one man over many—as the capital of a land where freedom and democracy, the rights of man as man, are as well defined and broad as the prairies whereon that capital is located and over whose expanse it looks?

Out of this "Great North-west," in March, 1861, was

rather arbitrarily carved this Territory of Dakota, so called as meaning a league, such league being all of the Sioux tribes of Indians who were gathered about the upper waters of the Missouri River—a league somewhat similar to that of the famous Iroquois in New York, made up of the Six Nations.

I say arbitrarily carved, or formed, for, with the exception of the Red River of the North separating it from Minnesota, the dividing lines between Dakota, Canada, Nebraska and Montana are entirely imaginary, not depending at all upon the natural features of the country.

Perhaps, however, in the south-west, the valley of the Missouri, terminating in the Black Hills, might be taken as defining well the boundary of the Territory in that direction. Then, too, the natural features of the country might mark it out for a State, Empire or Territory by itself.

The Missouri River running diagonally through it from the north-west to the south-east, and navigable for the whole distance, with its innumerable branches, gives a character to the whole region. With a large bend of the Mouse River, which, rising in Canada, also has its mouth in that Dominion in Lake Winnipeg, and the great number of lakes in the north of the Territory and the Red River in the north-east, there is no chance for any mountains at all.

They leave the Territory one vast plateau of undulating land, over whose 150,000 square miles of almost level surface the winds and storms from the Rocky Mountains, unobstructed, gain such momentum and force that nothing can stop them until they ruffle and anger the waters of the Atlantic. And it is more than a theory that over these regions the whole eastern portion of the United States gets its weather, be it fair or foul.

It is no easy matter to give one an idea of extent of country. You can say that Dakota is three times and more larger than the State of New York, or about eighteen times larger than Massachusetts; that it has more than 95,000,000 of acres; that it is 451 miles in length, north and south, and 350 miles in width, east and west; but all of that is not entirely satisfying. One is conscious that it is rather a big spot, but it is like space and time—one can get little idea of it. You want to see it once, even if you can see only a small portion of it at a time, to appreciate it, and understand why some one has called it "in dimensions geographically appalling."

It has come to be an accepted fact that, in the settlement of all newly opened Western lands, it takes three relays or detachments to furnish the permanent citizens. First comes along the vedette of civilization, the "chronic pioneer," who gets feverish and nervous if any neighbor settles nearer than three miles from him. He does but little in the way of improving the land, and seldom "takes it up" to keep, speedily hurrying away to the farther confines of civilization.

The next one coming, eager to get on, loads his land down with mortgages, and leaves it gladly to the third comer, who, with a little money, buys much—has the advantage of all that his predecessors have done, at little cost, and comes to stay.

This rule does not apply to foreigners, who are almost always thrifty people, accustomed to hardship, if not to actual want, and when they have selected a spot, settle upon it to stay. Dakota has been highly favored with an emigration of this character from the old countries, the majority of which has been of the Scandinavian race—careful, prudent, painstaking folk, who make the best of citizens and are given to saving.

You will not find on their lands any heavy burdens of

Eastern mortgages, that have, at high rates of interest, sucked the life-blood out of the productiveness of the West.

The Territory has a greater mixture of foreign races than any other region in the country, for, besides the usual German, Canadian and Irish settlers, there are whole colonies of Russians, Polish Jews, Turks from Roumelia, and natives of Iceland. There are also more Indians in this Territory than in any other Territory under the United States, except the one especially devoted to them, and the larger half of Southern Dakota is one vast reservation, being nearly 27,000,000 acres in extent.

The proportion of foreign born in the Territory to the entire population is about one in three, and the increase in population since the Territorial Government was organized, twenty-eight years ago, to the present time has been from a modest 5,000 to a rather magnificent 700,000.

This is not a very large number to be spread over so much territory, but it is a good many persons to have but one Representative in the National Congress.

When the time comes, there will likely be two States formed from this great Territory, and they will be called North and South Dakota, the dividing line being the 46th parallel of latitude, cutting the Territory squarely in two, the upper half reaching to the 49th parallel.

However much it may be regretted that the North and South nomenclature of the new States is to be used, when there are so many suitable names at hand, it should be remembered that the citizens of a State soon get attached to its name. It is something local around which their feelings quickly rally. The citizens of Yankton, one of the expectant capitals, and Pierre and Columbia in the south, are no more willing to give up the State name than are those of Fargo, Bismarck, Sanger or Valley City in the north. So it is more than likely that when the dignity of Statehood falls upon the Territory, it will be as North and South Dakota. All the requirements of the law, so far as population is concerned, are much more than fulfilled for the division, and the proposed line of separation makes all things between the two sections about equal.

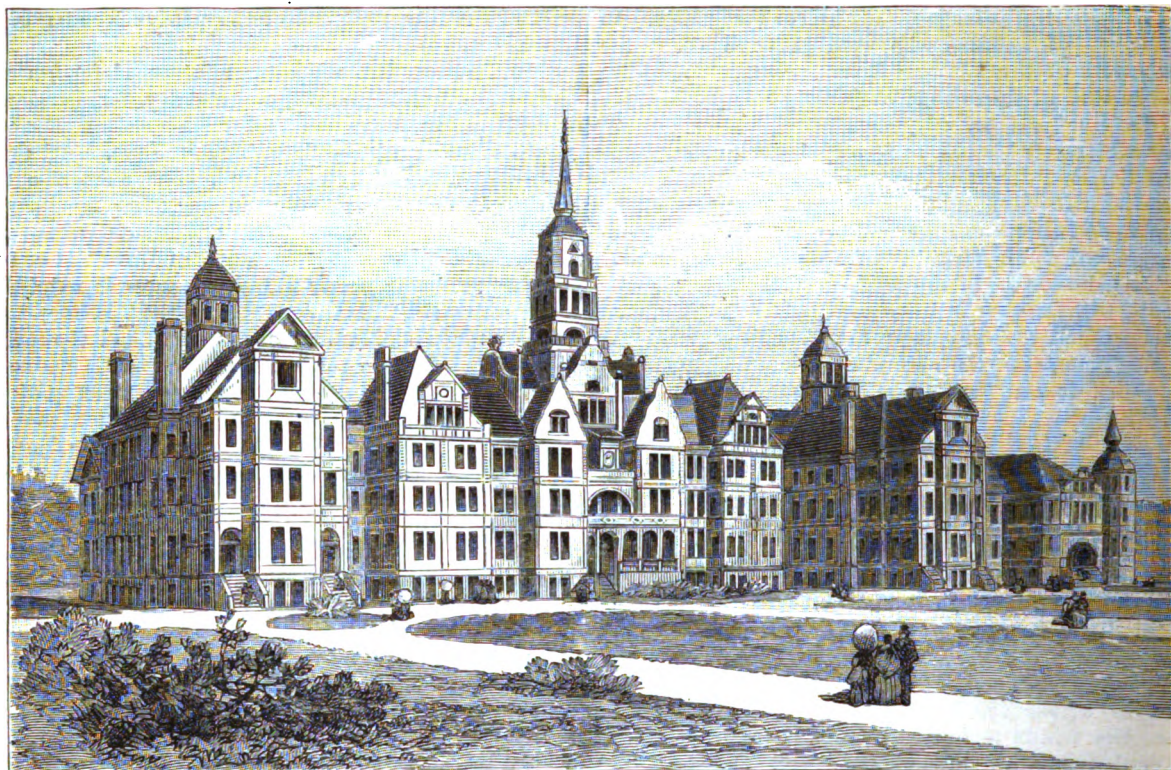
Already, at the recent election, a Governor—A. C. Mellette—has been chosen for South Dakota, ready to take charge of his portion of the Territory when it becomes a State. They call him a Provisional Governor, meaning, I suppose, that he will be one in earnest provided a State is organized. North Dakota, not to be behindhand, held a mass convention in Jamestown early last December, taking the first steps toward Statehood. It was an enthusiastic and representative gathering.

Down in the south-eastern part of Pennsylvania there is a small township called Wheatland, known in history as the long-time home of one of the Presidents of the United States. It got its name from its production of the most important cereal that grows.

How meagre and thin, with its few hundred acres, its name seems when contrasted with the Dakota land, that assuredly merits the title of Wheatland, the "Land of Wheat"! Its production of this cereal for the past year has been, as estimated from the best-informed sources, 62,500,000 bushels; and the growing, of course, has not been on small patches of farms.

What would have been the emotions of Joseph if he had had knowledge of such a prolific supply? If he were alive, he would telegraph to his brethren to come on to Dakota, with Jacob, by the next train!

Many of the fields of wheat are thousands of acres in extent, one of the most remarkable, if not most remarkable, of farms for this purpose in the whole world being



THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA, GRAND FORKS.

that in charge of Oliver Dalrymple, in Cass County, of 75,000 acres, of which 25,000 acres are under cultivation!

Much of this land was obtained by exchanging for it Northern Pacific Railroad bonds, that had greatly depreciated, to save their holder from utter loss.

How the ancient poetry of the harvest-time vanishes before the magnificent romance of farming as it is done in the wheat-fields of Dakota! There is no more any Ruth to glean in the fields after the kindly disposed reaper has passed over them; rural life takes on the form and substance of a great manufacturing, rather than an agricultural, vocation, and the tiller of the soil becomes the commander of armies, rather than the "boss" of three or four "hired men."

The plowing, harrowing, and sowing look like the advance of a line of artillery or cavalry, with their numerous machines in regular ranks.

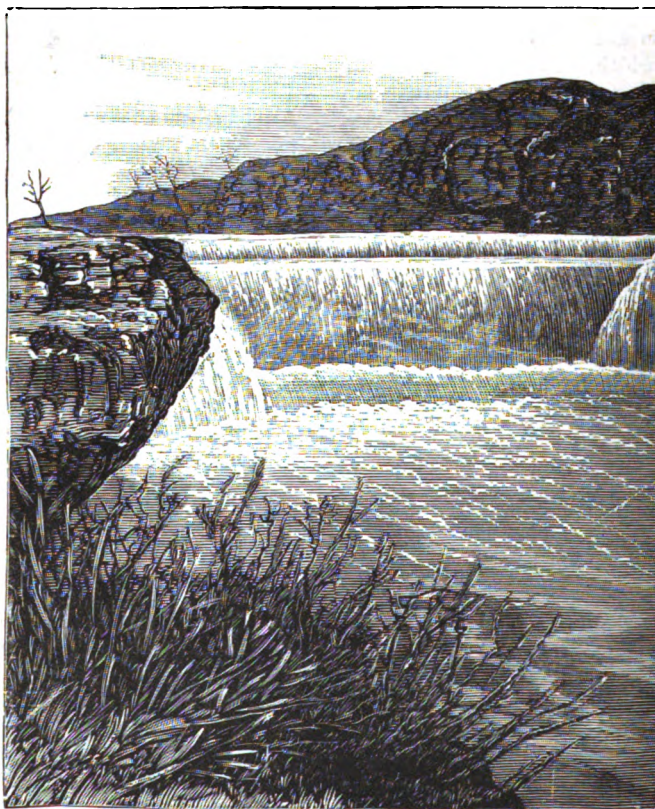
This enormous development of wheat-production in Dakota, in

the last ten or twelve years, is without parallel in the economic history of the world, and has been the means of attracting settlers to that region about as eagerly as they were drawn to California, forty years ago, by the

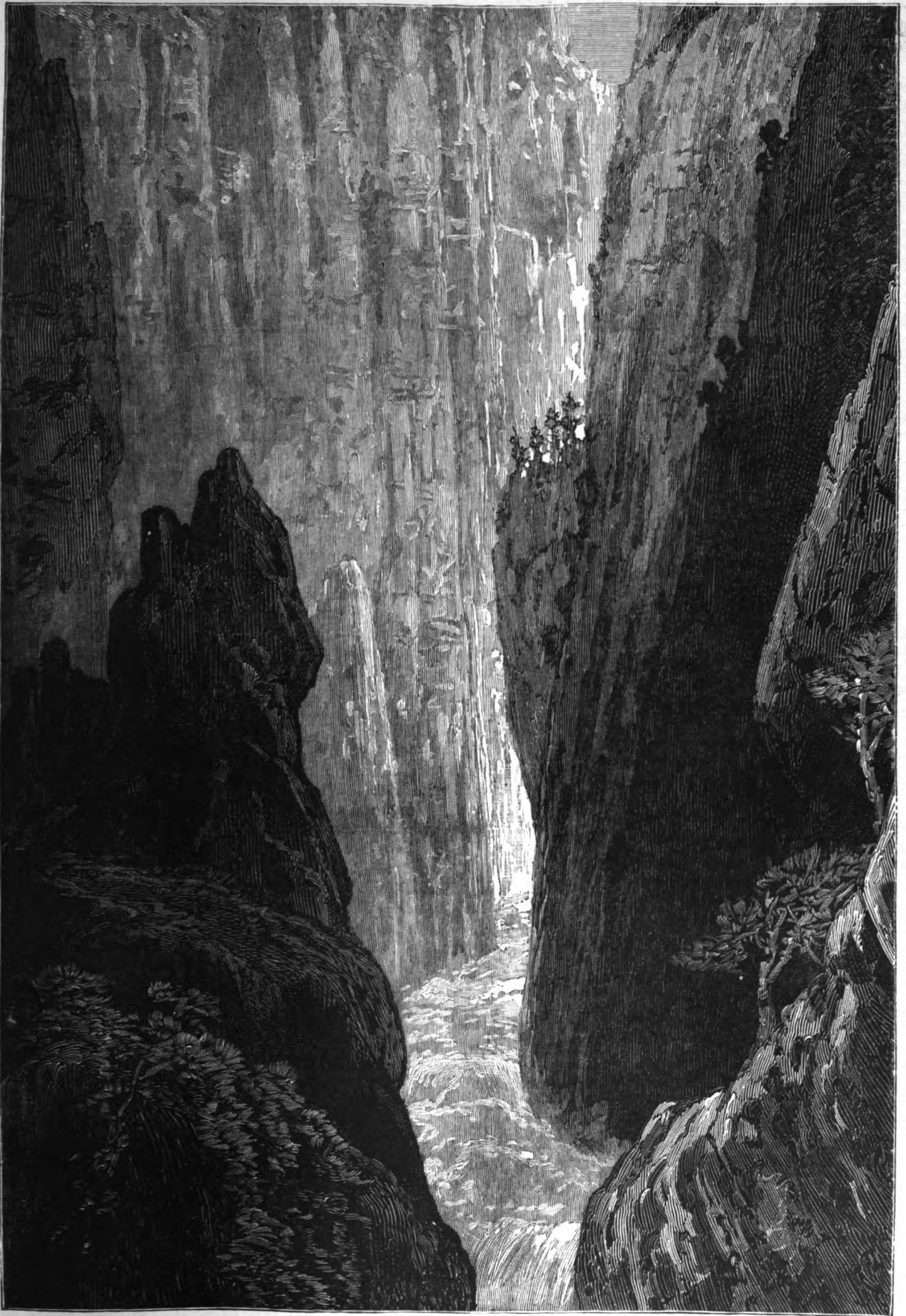
discovery of gold. Land is taken up with great rapidity, sometimes officers finding "squatters" in localities before they can make their surveys. During the past year, 2,500,000 acres, or 3,900 square miles—an area twice that of the State of Delaware—have been purchased by immigrants for settlement.

This seems a large tract of country, but when we remember that there are yet more than 22,000,000 of acres, about equal to the State of Indiana, of public lands in the Territory not taken up—exclusive of the 27,000,000 acres contained within the boundaries of the several Indian reservations—it does not argue a very thickly populated region.

We are all the more impressed with the



DELL RAPIDS, DAKOTA.



THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

same notion when we read that a little town near the centre of the Territory—Aberdeen by name—came near being destroyed by a prairie-fire, as it did last November. The wind swept the flames through the tall, dry prairie-grass, said the telegram, toward the "city." The fire-brigade fought manfully against the fierce flames. Several plows were set to work to turn up a strip as close to the advancing fire as possible. Several townships were burned over.

Railroads have been in Dakota, as elsewhere in the West, the real pioneers. They have reached out, as it might be said, in the dark, planting their glistening iron and steel rails in the wilderness and waste, like silver threads, leading the way for mankind to follow.

The story of the Northern Pacific Railway, whose mileage in the Territory alone—and that a small part of its holdings—is more than 800 miles, is one that can hardly be equaled in modern times, certainly not in ancient ones. The classical myth of the journey of the good ship *Argonaut*, or, if we knew it, the account of the building of the Pyramids even, are, or would be, mere chips and sawdust to the history of this great thoroughfare.

Three other railroad corporations have been largely instrumental also in developing Dakota—the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, with nearly 1,200 miles of trackage in the Territory; the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, in the extreme northern portion, also with nearly 1,200 miles; and the Chicago and Northwestern, with its 800 miles. These, with some smaller lines, make, up to the first of this year, a little more than 4,500 miles of railroad in the Territory.

Along with the first permanent settlements all through our country has been sure to come the school-house. It is no different in any of the Territories and no different in Dakota, and now one can see school-houses, normal schools, colleges and universities in spots where, twenty years ago, the blizzard roamed unobstructed by chimney or roof-tree, and from the tops of which, even now, can be seen land that the plow never touched. And what a magnificent school-fund the Territory possesses, estimated at 3,000,000 acres of land, and in value at least \$18,000,000! This is somewhat in the future; but if the next double decade shows the advance of the recent decade, it will all speedily be available.

Some account of the University of Dakota, at Vermilion, with its twenty professors and its 500 students; or of the University of North Dakota, at Grand Forks; or of the Agricultural College, at Brookings, or of the several normal schools, could be made entertaining and valuable, but they are worthy of separate articles and treatment in detail, as are also other institutions for the care of the unfortunate and ill-disposed.

The wheat-fields form by no means the one source of wealth of the Territory. Stock-raising there has advanced to somewhat commensurate proportions, the value of this business, during the last year, amounting to \$15,000,000.

The Black Hills, in the south-west corner of Dakota, is a more famous locality than any other gold and silver producing land in the world, except it may be Guinea, and they have made the Territory the fourth in rank of those producing the precious metals.

The chief town of this section, by its vividly exciting history, more wild and tragic than that which usually falls to the lot of even a frontier or mining settlement, and by its ghastly and ghostly name, is known the wide world round. It has been made as familiar in London as is the sound of Bow-bells, and is known in Paris as well as is Notre Dame, or in Berlin as is Unter den Linden.

Deadwood has taken its place in the annals of the generation, and it will keep it alongside cities founded by monarchs or rising in favorable situations that nature has made ready for them.

The people of Dakota are pleading earnestly for admission into the Union. They have given evidence of their capability to manage their own local concerns; they contend that they cannot be satisfactorily governed afar off by those not familiar with their wants or needs, and wish for that local self-government which is the stronghold of our country's safety, and which means Statehood. It is safe to prophecy that their prayers will be heard.

Dakota is not alone in ambitious desires. Just to the west, and divided from it by only an imaginary line, lies another immense and fair domain, which, as we shall see, has gained for itself the title of the "Golden Summit," and which will soon present its claim for recognition.

On the maps and in official publications it is known under the apt and beautiful name of Montana. It extends from where the Yellowstone River joins the Missouri, each making broad valleys respectively to the south and north, for about 540 miles westward, until the Rocky Mountains, running irregularly north-west and south-east, make a natural boundary with the neighboring Territory of Idaho.

This natural boundary is well preserved, and the crests of the chain make the great Territory of irregular rather than rectangular shape in its south-west corner—a rather grateful appearance in a land where boundaries are laid down by the meridian lines or parallels of latitude.

Montana will ever be memorable for that terrible conflict on the Little Big Horn River, in June, 1876, when General Custer was slain. His death and the other circumstances of the massacre give this Indian fight a character and an importance that will preserve it, in the history of Montana, as a mark from which to start in its annals.

The Territory lies on what is called the "great divide." It looks both east and west, within its extreme western portion being the heads of two of the greatest rivers that wind through the lower countries to the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, the Columbia and the Missouri, the latter navigable through the whole length of the Territory.

Montana was a part of Idaho when that Territory was organized, in 1863, and was made a Territory by itself in 1864. With its 93,000,000 of acres in extent, it almost equals the magnificent proportions of its next-door neighbor east, and possessing just about as many acres as there are miles between the earth and the sun.

Of this great area, more than three-fourths, or about 69,000,000 of acres, all in the eastern part of the Territory, are grazing lands, probably the finest in the world. Here springs up profusely the famous "bunch" grass, that, in its kind, is as well known as the blue grass of Kentucky. It grows not only in the "bottoms," or valleys, but on the foot-hills and the mountain-slopes. Its tender and wonderfully nutritious spears start forth early in the Spring, and mature rapidly.

Settlements in the eastern part of the Territory have not been, and are not, very numerous nor frequent, the country there being largely given up to cattle-grazing, and that business does not invite towns or villages, but prefers vast extents of the open country, where the cattle are counted by the thousand head. These lands are the home of the "cowboy," whose place in the ethnology of the world, as well as that of his contrast, the "tender-foot," has become as distinct and peculiar as that of any race that history has ever known.

Last year, the number of cattle produced in the Terri-

tory was 1,500,000, and of horses, 190,000. Besides these, the production of sheep for the year was more than 2,000,000 head, whose wool, sound and soft, the result of the succulent grasses and remarkable climate, has a standard of its own in the markets of the world. It is not unlikely that when the means of communication shall have so multiplied that this Territory will be at the very doors of the centres of trade, Montana will carry as distinctive and excellent a meaning in commerce as do now Southdown or Merino.

It seems as though wild animals themselves understood these things as well as men do when they discover them. In Montana, the hunting for animals that by instinct have sought its herbage for their sustenance, and by this means possess the finest grades of hair or wool, has been the greatest and most-sought-for sport. The elk and antelope and Rocky Mountain sheep, though much thinned out now by constant forage upon them, still abound, and furnish a chase, for those inclined that way, no less exciting, inspiring and dangerous than the pursuit of the chamois in the Alps or the llama in the Andes.

The agricultural possibilities of Montana cannot yet be said to have been tried at all. Farmers in large or small enterprises are not frequent in the Territory. Its inhabitants are mostly miners or cattle-raisers.

It is beyond the table-lands, in the eastern part of the Territory, and nearer the Rocky and Bitter Root Mountains, that the strength of Montana, so far as its population of 140,000 souls is concerned, lies. Here its wealth is hidden also, to an extent that no man can estimate; and here is where it deserves its second name of the "Golden Summit," leading one to ask, somewhat with awe: Are the Rocky Mountains simply vast deposits of about all of the minerals that man needs? Certainly, from Montana alone have come gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, iron and coal. What more could any one ask?

The total of gold and silver taken out from the mines of Montana, for the twenty-five years past, is more than \$225,000,000. During the year 1888, all the mines produced \$26,000,000.

This average increase comes from the multiplied facilities for intercourse with the outside world that the railroads give, all converging to this valuable district of the Territory, that lies in a circle whose diameter cannot be much more than 100 miles. Here come in the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba and the Northern Pacific from the east, crossing Dakota, as we have seen, to get there, and the Utah and Northern—a branch of the Union Pacific—from the south.

They have nearly 2,000 miles of these "connecting links" in Montana, of which 626 miles were built last year. At the close of the coming quarter of a century, it is not unlikely that this number of miles will be multiplied by fifty at least, and that is not more than the vast extent of the Territory will require, or than will be necessary to accommodate the population.

Within this circle I have named there are four towns, three of which, at least, might be called typical cities of the country. Helena, the capital of the Territory, and likely to be the capital of the State of Montana (that has a decidedly pleasant sound), when it gets its commission from the General Government; Butte City, Deer Lodge City, and Bozeman. The combined population of these four places is about 46,000.

Helena has 18,000 inhabitants; is lit by electricity; has a well-organized fire department; is furnished with water by the mountain streams, and rejoices in an opera-house! Of course all of these things involve banks, hotels, beautiful residences, district telegraphs, a telephone system,

and a sufficiency of churches and public-schools. And still, it is so far away from either end of the world that, regarding it, one is like a child at night in a large mansion, brilliantly lit, where there are, to be sure, plenty of people, music, and dancing, and all the good things of life, but he is afraid to look out-of-doors, for everything there seems so dark and so far away.

Much the same applies to Butte City, with its 22,000 inhabitants, and to Bozeman, with its 5,000 people and its Collegiate Institute!

Just "over the hills" from these cities, and toward the west, but not "far away," if one were given to making the contour of countries or oceans a likeness to well-known or common objects, as Italy to a boot, South America to a pear upside down, or Lake Erie to a whale, he would find an area that in shape has the appearance of a chair, always facing the east, cut from a big block of wood, the Rocky Mountains furnishing the seat and back. This is the Territory, and would-be State, of Idaho. In the north or top of the chair, where it touches Canada, it is only about fifty miles wide; at the south, where it borders on Nevada and Utah, it is nearly 300 miles wide. Its western boundary is nearly 500 miles long, while on the east it is but 150 miles.

The natural boundaries are not extensive, for, with the exception of the mountains in the north-east, and the tortuous curves of the Snake River at the west for a few miles, it is divided from its neighbors by the surveyor's straight line, which arbitrarily starts where it pleases, goes as far as it can, and stops when it must.

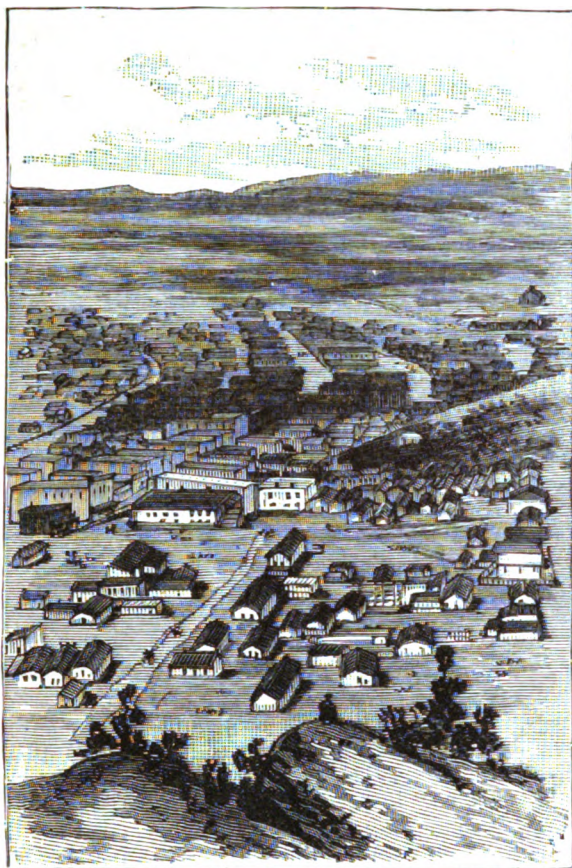
It is not easy to get about in Idaho just now, for the mountains are many and there are only about 1,000 miles of railroad all told in the Territory. This number of miles might alarm Rhode Island or Delaware, but one scarcely knows in Idaho that they are there at all, for they are located away in the extreme northern and the southern and extreme eastern parts of the Territory.

Besides, the forests of Idaho are estimated to cover about 9,000,000 acres! These forests are mostly of a kind of pine called black or lodge pole, the trees being seldom more than 8 or 10 inches in diameter, spindling up to a height of 60 or 100 feet, and growing so closely together that one can scarcely pass between them. It forms a very durable wood, and could be used for flooring, like Georgia pine, or commoner purposes, as fencing. But there are also equally immense forests in Idaho of white and yellow pine, the trees being from 2 to 4 feet in diameter, and mounting up 50 or 60 feet without a limb. That would make "clear" lumber indeed, and, perhaps, when the facilities for transportation are quadrupled, dealers will take of Idaho pine as they do now of that of Michigan and Canada.

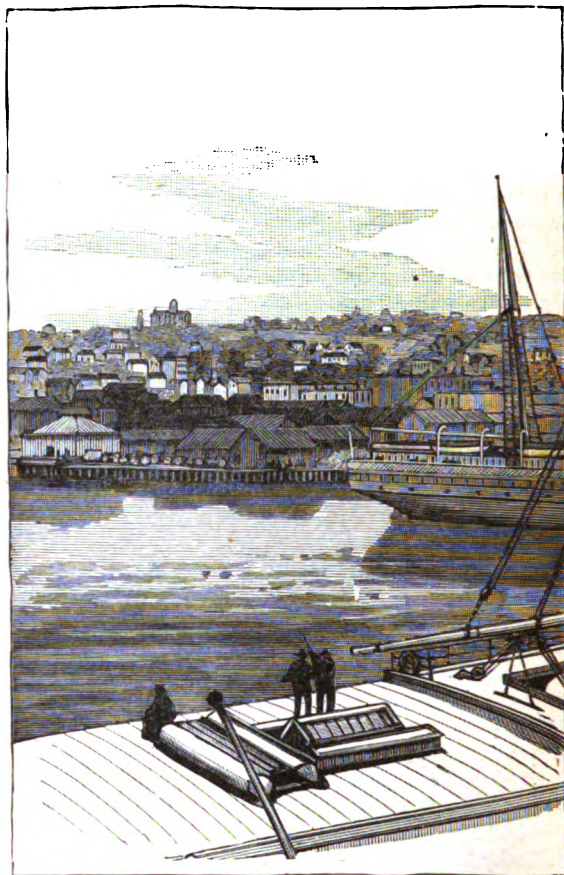
Of other portions of the 53,000,000 acres of the Territory of Idaho, about one-third of them, or 17,000,000 acres, are absolutely barren.

And here, the question of irrigation, which is agitating other portions of the North-west, is one of the most important before the people of Idaho. There seems to be plenty of water in the numerous streams of the Territory, but, like that liquid, it runs down-hill so rapidly that it does no good where it might be useful. The whole of these now waste lands, capable of sustaining millions of people in comfort, could be reclaimed could this wasted water be stored and used as needed.

The question is only now attracting attention because the original settlers of Idaho did not come there for any agricultural purpose requiring irrigation. Its more than 100,000 citizens were attracted thither mainly by the gold discoveries.



HELENA, MONTANA, FROM THE SOUTH.



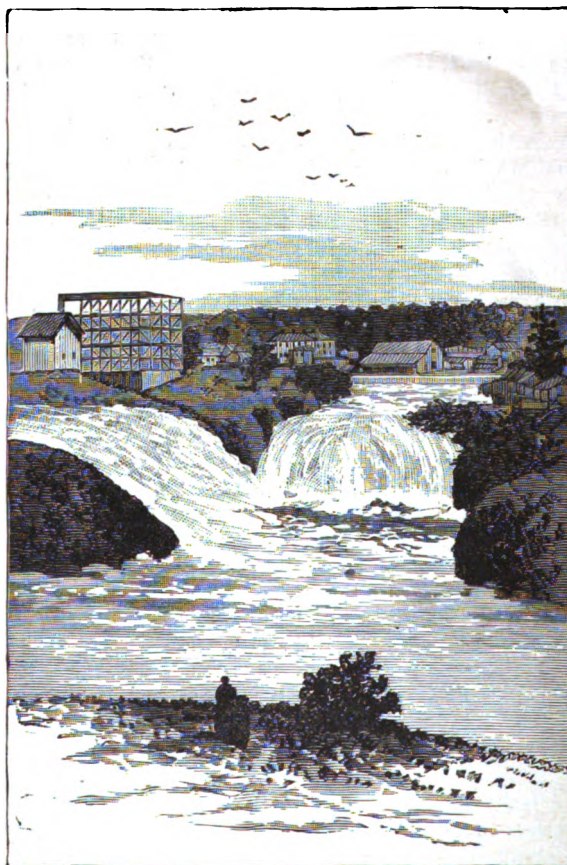
SEATTLE AND ITS HARBOR, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Some Mormons, indeed, came into the central part of the Territory, in Bear Lake and Lemhi Counties, so long ago as 1856, but they were driven away by the Indians.

In all the Territories the fairest portions of their area are devoted to Indian reservations. In Idaho nearly 3,000,000 acres are thus given up for the support of a little more than 4,000 Indians—a piece of land about 800 acres in extent to each one.

Being earliest settled and in the most populous region, Boise City has naturally become the capital of the Territory, and will doubtless be the capital of the State. It is not centrally located, to be sure, being in the southwestern portion of the Territory, but ease of access, rather than geographical position, the oftenest governs in such cases.

In many ways—in its shady, wide and regular streets, and its many fine private residences and public buildings—it is entitled



SPOKANE FALLS, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

to the distinction it enjoys and will enjoy. It is in a region that will be noted, in time to come, for something more than the fact that up to the present time more than \$30,000,000 in gold-dust has been taken. The "Boisé Basin," as it all might accurately be called, contains the "Garden Valley" and "Long Valley."

They have all the prolific qualities of rich Eastern localities, and, besides, are surrounded by high mountains, whose denizens—elk, bear and deer—have not yet sufficiently overcome their surprise at the recent appearance of so many new neighbors to enable them to seek some other quarters suitable for them. Then there are lakes near at hand, one at least ten miles long, of unfathomed depth, which abound in fish—salmon, trout, and the famous red-fish. Hither come geese, brants, cranes and ducks, in great flocks, to spend the Summer and rear their young; and swans, too, are

often seen there. A little further north, in the valley of the Salmon River, also, there grows wild, and in great profusion, a peculiar vegetable called the camas. It is a very nutritious bulb, and is highly prized by the Indians for food.

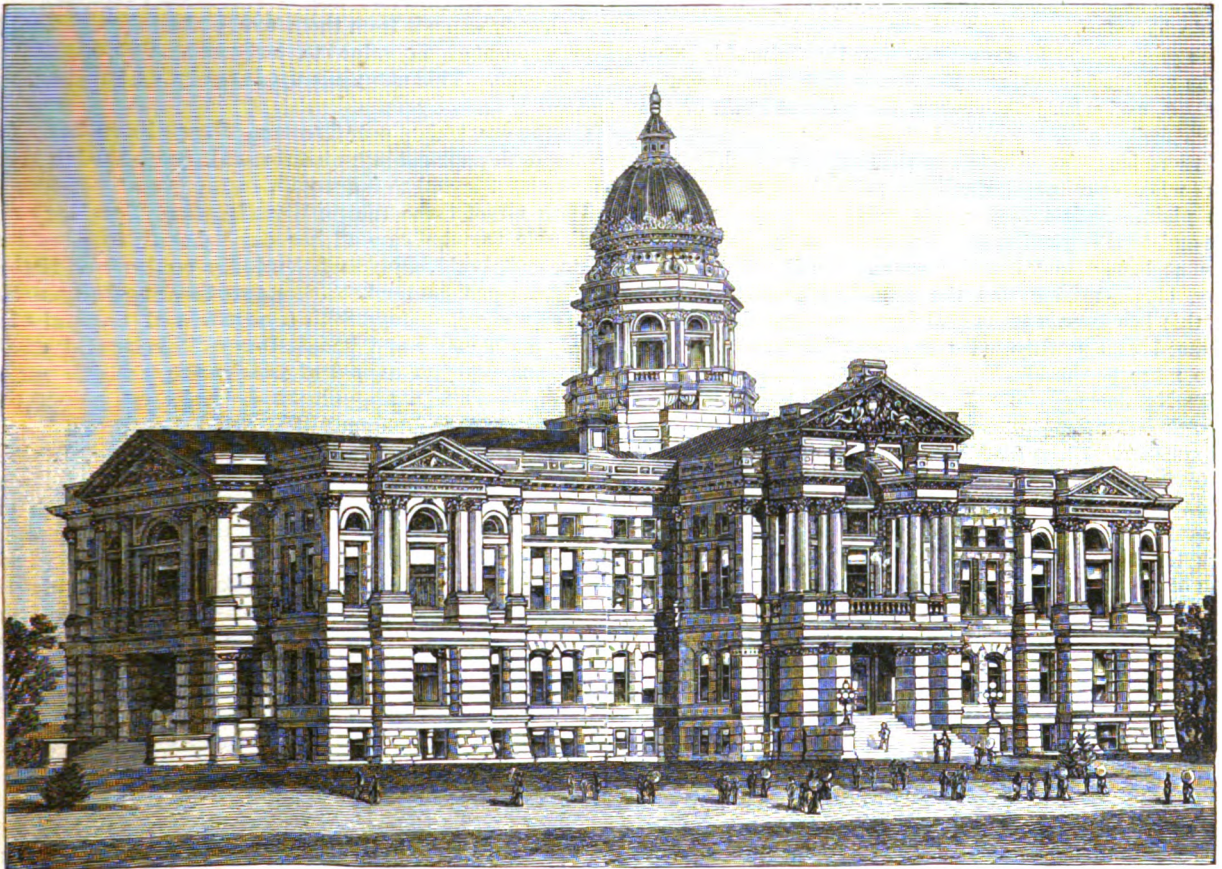
No wonder we are told in official publications that these valleys are being settled very rapidly. No wonder, also, if their Governor is to be believed, that the people of Idaho are very anxious to have the privilege of voting for the President and Vice-president of the United States.

The voter's privilege is rather hedged about in Idaho, and gives rise to the reflection that out there they are distressingly afraid of the Mormons—of whom there are now about 3,000 in the Territory—and that it is the rule, rather than the exception, to buy and sell votes, and to gamble on the results of elections.

the west of them, now wants their narrow northern portion to increase its extent. As making the contour of both would-be States more regular and rectangular on the map, such a demand is reasonable, and the Clear Water River would furnish a boundary between the States that should seem to be intended by nature.

But the inhabitants of the region in question have another reason why they do not want to be thus cut off from Idaho. They would have nothing in common with Washington Territory. Their interests are almost exclusively mineral, while Washington Territory is practically non-mineral, almost wholly agricultural. They say, if they are to be set off, they would prefer to go with Montana, whose interests are almost identical with theirs.

This Territory of Washington, formerly a portion of Oregon, is the oldest but one—Utah—of the present



THE CAPITOL AT CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

It is not to be wondered at that complaint is made that not one-half the voters of the Territory appear at the polling-places on the days of elections, but stay at home and fairly yearn for the time to come when they can vote for the President and the other officers that govern them. They say, could they do so now, they would cheerfully incur the expense of going long distances to be registered, and then, after a time, traveling again over the mountains for many miles to deposit their ballots.

This is the hope of the Idahoans, but they have a fear and dread, as well, that strikes hard on their local pride. It is that some of the counties in the northern part of the Territory will be taken from their area to help out the extent of a neighbor, and thus put farther from them the Statehood that they covet.

They have some reason for this fear, as Montana was once within their borders, and Washington Territory, to

organizations, so called, dating its existence from 1853. Attention was called to it thus early partly from the gold discoveries in California, but mostly from the profitable fur trade which had long been carried on by the Hudson's Bay Company, and which had trading-posts all along its 200 and more miles of coast. It was kept for many years before the attention of the country on account of the disputes with the British Government regarding boundaries, islands, sounds, and the rights of the company named.

Agitation for another name for the Territory, when it enters the Union as a State, has been going on ever since the movement for its admission was begun. It is not likely that a change will be made. It began its political existence under its present designation so many years ago that it has become fixed. The locality is so married to the name that it will be difficult to divorce them.

The world has been so long acquainted with the Territory that, throughout its length and breadth, more is known of it than any other part of the North-west. As far back as 1792, Captain Gray, sailing in the good ship *Columbia*, of Boston, Mass., entered a river on the coast, and named it, from the name of his vessel, the Columbia River. But he never knew what a magnificent stream he had discovered and christened.

This Columbia makes one of the two chief features of Washington Territory. Its course is extremely tortuous. Its head-waters, as we have seen, are in the north-western portion of Montana. It crosses Idaho and then moves north, just touching the British possessions. Then taking a sharp turn about, it flows south and west until it reaches just about the centre of the Territory. It then turns to the south-east until it meets its most important tributary, the Snake River. Then flowing westerly, it makes a boundary-line with Oregon, and empties into the Pacific at Astoria.

The great extent of country having the Columbia River on the north and west, and the Snake River on the south, is called, and with great reason, the "Great Plain of the Columbia."

If there is any spot in the world that can equal Dakota in its wheat-producing qualities, it is this great Columbian plain. It is 40,000 square miles in extent. It is a vast and fertile grazing and farming country, its natural garment being the "bunch" grass. Until within a few years, stock-raising was the principal industry here; but this has been superseded by wheat-growing, which increased and multiplied transportation facilities have made more profitable.

The Northern Pacific Railroad runs almost directly through the centre of this region, for nearly 800 miles. Other roads in the Territory run the number of miles up to nearly 1,200 at the present moment.

The Upper Columbia River has its own peculiarities. In some places are to be observed such highlands as mark the lower part of the Hudson River, or some portions of the Rhine, increased, however, in their impressiveness by having in the background lofty mountains like Mount Hood, its grand, towering peak, with its icy slopes and glaciers, piercing the blue vault over the southern horizon. In other places the banks roll away from the river as do the bluffs on the Upper Mississippi or Missouri, with peculiar formations of the land, looking like the outer faces of immense fortifications.

Wheat is not the only profitable product of this basin. Wool is also one of its great staples, many portions of its large areas being well adapted to sheep-husbandry. Hops, too, are grown in large quantities, the production last year being 1,125,000 pounds.

The world has so long known of this Territory that one seems to be contemplating familiar matters or objects of interest in the next county when he reads, speaks about or hears of Walla Walla, at one time a most important centre for the grain interest; of Spokane Falls, that have few equals in the splendor of their snowy, tumultuous beauty; and the city of that name, with its population of nearly 10,000 souls—(this Spokane River has future possibilities that could scarcely be over-estimated. In the space of half a mile it has a fall of 150 feet. The number of mill-wheels to which it could be harnessed is simply incalculable); of Medical Lake, near by, that is noted for its curative properties, and bears evidence of having been the scene of an Indian sanitarium for very many years; of Tacoma, with its 15,000 inhabitants, its fine harbor, and its metropolitan airs; of Olympia, the capital of the Territory, and doubtless also of the State,

with its 5,000 population and all the attributes of a city. There is Seattle also, on Puget Sound, with its population of 15,000; and a hundred more towns and villages in the Territory, with the number of their inhabitants ranging from 300 to 1,000, making up the whole population of the would-be State, in round numbers, to 168,000.

The "Cascade" Range of mountains divides Washington into two unequal portions. The western side is called the "Coast," and the inhabitants speak of those who live on the east side as those "east of the mountains," seemingly a race of another and an entirely different country. Their pursuits are, indeed, entirely different. We have seen what they were in the Columbia Basin; on the coast they are more of a mining and commercial nature.

The trade and shipping interest promises to grow to magnificent proportions. Puget Sound, that has very deservedly been called the "Mediterranean of the Pacific," furnishes harbors that are not excelled anywhere, and already exports from them are extensive. Last year they amounted in value to between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000. This was made up largely of lumber, wheat and wool.

On the coast, also, near Tacoma, there have been found immense deposits of bituminous coal, from which are now taken about 80,000 tons a month.

With all of these things, Washington Territory seems well able to take care of her own local interests as a State, and, besides, seems financially to be but little dependent upon the East. There are twenty-four national banks in the Territory, with a combined capital of very nearly \$2,000,000; and twenty-three Territorial and private banks, with a capital of nearly \$2,000,000 more.

Washington is a magnificent domain of 43,000,000 of acres as it is, and as such it should be united to the Union without disturbing its good neighbor, Idaho, for any more land. There are only 4,000,000 of its acres devoted to Indian reservations—about one-tenth of its whole area—and it will not be many years before these are "reclaimed."

These Indians must be very quiet, too, for their peculiar names never get into notice as making any disturbances. Who, east of the Columbia River, ever heard of such tribes as these in Washington Territory: the Puyallup, Chehalis, Nisqually, Squakson, S'Kokomish, S'Klallam and Quinaliet? They must be very different people from the Sioux, Blackfeet, Apaches, Comanches and Nez Percés, of which we have heard so much, and whose names we have had so much cause to remember.

There is, lying almost in the exact centre of this great North-west, like a huge rectangular block cut from some of its own marble, another Territory and would-be State, whose name suggests, indeed, one of these tribes.

Why Wyoming? Who can tell?

Why perpetuate that name, and not Cherry Valley, Schenectady, Minnisuk, or any other scene of an Indian massacre? Certainly not because of a physical likeness between the two localities, for the Territory, with its 63,000,000 acres, with the Rocky Mountains running diagonally across it from its north-west to its south-east corner, is no more like its namesake in Pennsylvania than one of the peaks of the Himalayas is like a kitchen-floor.

This is the latest organized of the Territories, dating its existence, as such, just twenty years ago.

Up to about two years ago, the lands of the Territory being much better adapted to grazing than any other business or pursuit, nearly its whole available area was given up to the occupation of stock-raisers. The business was overdone. One-half of the area of Wyoming is good

grazing land, but it did not furnish enough grass to support the immense herds. The terrible "blizzards" of 1886 and 1887 completed the work of almost destroying the numerous and expensive enterprises.

Besides these, in retarding the settlement of the Territory and the development of its resources, the railroads, doing so much for other regions, were backward in this. There are now in all this Territory only about 900 miles of railroad.

It was claimed that the cattle-men, being compelled to come to the railroad to ship their cattle to the Eastern markets, could take back, in wagons, their ranch-supplies—and a few miles, more or less, to drive the cattle, when water and grass were abundant, did not amount to much. There was, therefore, indifference on the part of the one railroad in the Territory, certainly not weakened by the fact that it had no competitor.

Two or three other companies, reaching out toward the Territory recently, will soon change all that—a change made even now more manifest by the fact that, within the past two years, there have been 2,360,000 acres of public land taken up by actual settlers within the borders of the Territory.

The natural resources of Wyoming are almost undeveloped, and the very large proportion of its 90,000 inhabitants are settled in its southern limits and along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, from Cheyenne City, the capital, in the extreme south-east, to Evanstown.

The interminable and often exaggerated gold and silver stories, that form so large and interesting a portion of the annals of the other Territories, are wanting in Wyoming, but in their places come those that will add more permanent wealth to the land than they. The marble of Laramie County, of the purest and finest quality, must find its way speedily to the markets where it is surely needed. It has been found of almost every variety and color—pure white, black, pink, gray, spotted and span-gled.

Specimens indicating immense deposits of mica, lead, plumbago, iron and granite have been found, and there are strong indications just now, in several of the counties of the Territory, that point to the transfer of the petroleum excitement and production to Wyoming, when the supply in the Bradford, Oil City and other North-western Pennsylvania regions have exhausted themselves, or have been pumped dry.

In Laramie City, where, among other public enterprises, is a \$50,000 university, to which the Government has recently presented a fine library, there are works of which there are none other of the kind in the whole region, clear to the Pacific Coast, west of Rock Island, Ill.—a window-glass factory. One would hardly think to go so far west of the Mississippi River to find an enterprise of this kind.

The materials for the glass—soda, limestone and sand—are found in plentiful quantities right at the very doors of the shops, the limestone being of extraordinary purity. The sand is pure white, every grain appearing, under a magnifying-glass, to be a perfect quartz crystal, as clear as glass itself. It is thought to be one of the most valuable deposits of glass-sand in the world.

But Wyoming possesses within her borders a marvelous section—that the General Government has very wisely taken under its own care, to preserve, in its pristine, wonderful character, for the future generations of the world to delight in—the famous Yellowstone Park. This lies in the north-west corner of the Territory, is more than three times as large as Rhode Island, twice as large as Delaware, and half as large as New Jersey, containing

3,600 square miles of some of the most astonishing natural formations existing anywhere.

There are as remarkable things existing isolated in other parts of the world, but nowhere so many all gathered in one region. It is as if Nature had here gathered a museum of her own, and when tired, in other localities, of laying out conventional mountains and valleys, she had come to this spot to see what she could do that was strange and *outré*; or as if this was a model-room, where she had worked out originally certain designs, and then adopted them elsewhere, where they would do the most good, or excite the most admiration, or form the most complete contrasts.

Long before there was even a suspicion of the existence of the wonders of Yellowstone Park, a people expelled from Illinois, driven out of Missouri, and persecuted to the point of death in Iowa, decided to abandon their beautiful Nauvoo, and seek another home. They departed from the United States, and came into what was then a portion of Mexico, and there settled. It was not long, however, before, without themselves stirring, they were moved back again into the United States, for the Mexican War of 1846 gave us all the magnificent country that, besides others, is now comprised in Arizona, New Mexico, and the Territory of which I speak, Utah.

No one can think, write or speak of this rich Territory without having in mind that curious and remarkable people, the Mormons. To the general apprehension, the Mormons are Utah, and Utah is the Mormons. Whatever it is, they have made it. They wandered thither so far from civilization that they thought they would never be overtaken or disturbed by it. They made a desert bloom like the rose, and out of the waste places, borrowing a system of irrigation from their predecessors, they have compelled plenty and profusion to arise.

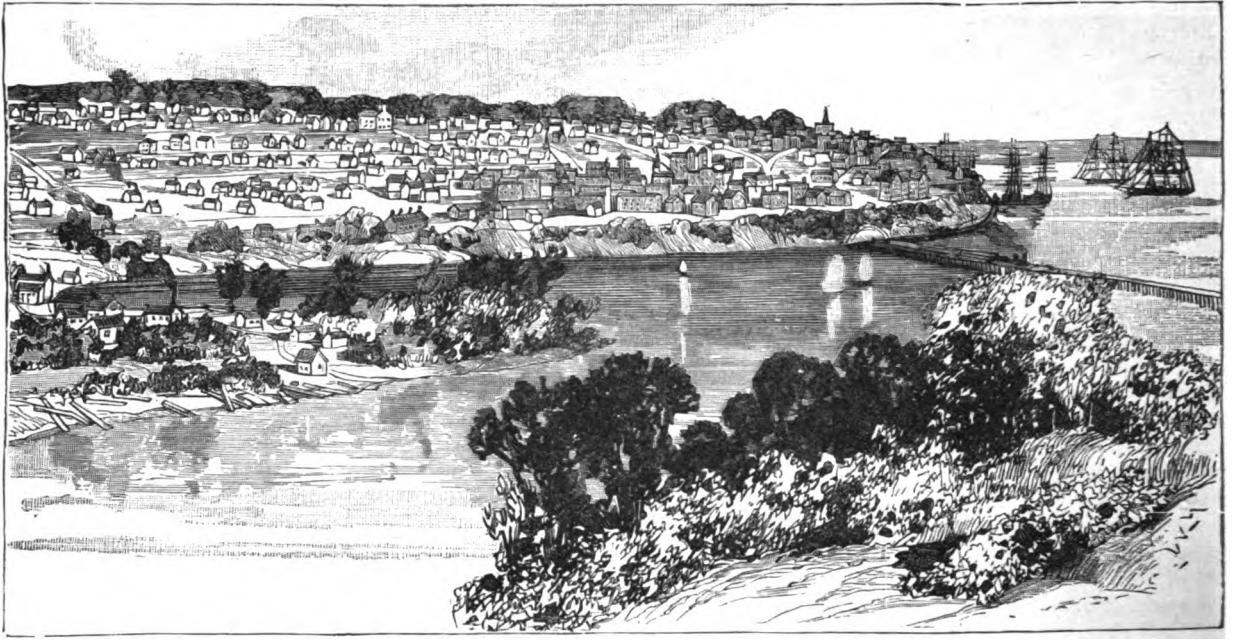
Just forty years ago, the people of what is now Utah—all Mormons then—applied for admission to the Union, under the expressive State name of "Deseret." Every requirement of the Constitution, so far as regards population, was fulfilled, but Congress refused the request, for much the same reason that a similar request is refused now, when the Territory has more than 200,000 inhabitants, and 21,000,000 acres have been taken up for settlement by permanent immigrants, 10,000,000 acres of this being homestead entries.

About two-fifths of Utah is composed of lofty mountains, through which runs a vein of silver so rich that the Territory stands third in the States and Territories producing this precious metal, and there has come from these mountains already, up to this time, since 1871, in gold, silver, lead and copper, the vast sum of \$113,000,000! At the present moment there are ninety mining districts in the Territory, employing fully 10,000 persons.

Both silver and gold were discovered against the protest of the Mormon prophet, Brigham Young, who declared that the "Gentiles" would never find it. "They would even stub their toes against it, and not know what hurt them!"

Nevertheless, silver was discovered in so simple a manner as by a lady, a surgeon's wife, who had had experience in California, and who, one day, being with a picnic party, picked up a piece of rock which she declared, and which was eventually proved, to be from a ledge of silver-bearing quartz.

But the precious metals are not the only natural products of this Territory of Utah. Salt, of course, is now so plentiful as to be scarcely an article of commerce. How else could it very well be when of this nature, in the midst of the Territory, is that large body of water, the



TACOMA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

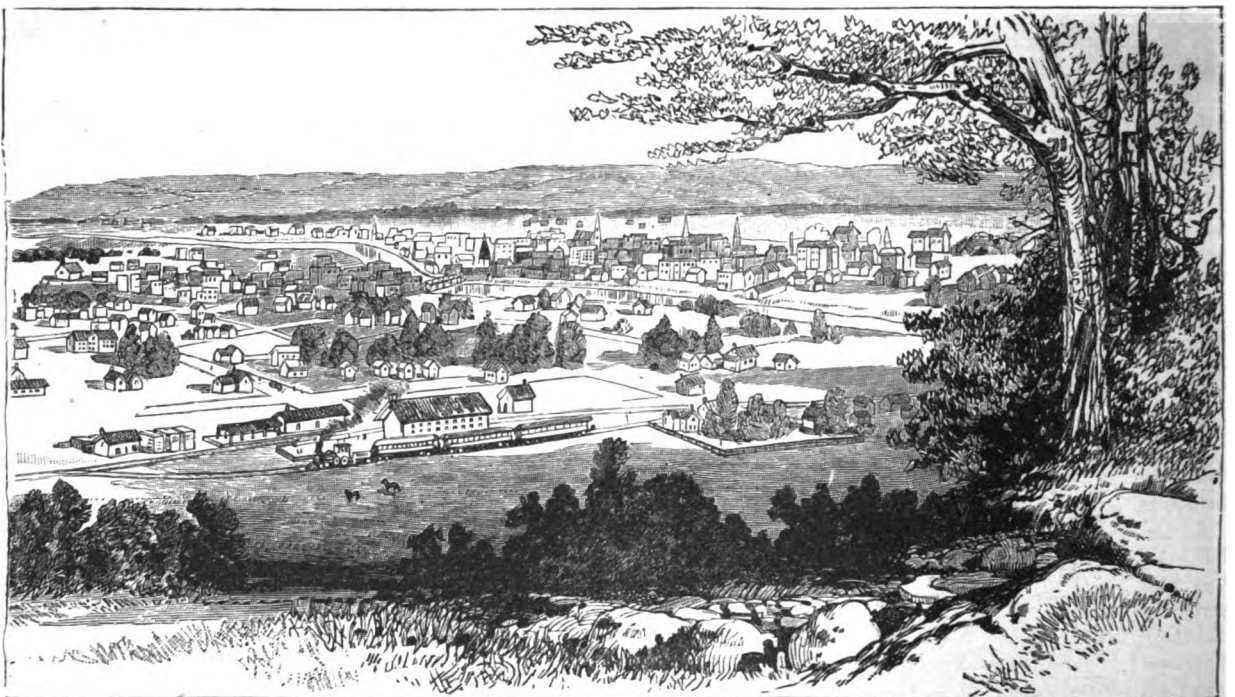
Great Salt Lake, 130 square miles in extent, that might have stood for another Dead Sea?

This inland saline sea, as one writer has observed, is a "strangely beautiful sheet of water. Under the sunlight its wide surface gives the eyes such a mass of brilliant color as is rarely seen in the Temperate Zone. Over against the horizon, it is almost black, then ultra-marine, then glowing Prussian blue, or here and there, close by, variegated with patches of green and the soft, skyey tone of the turquoise. Gazing straight down off the end of the pier, the water is seen to be as transparent as glass, the ripple-marks on the bluish-white sand being visible at a great depth."

Near this great body of water you can shovel salt into a wagon as you would sand, and carry it home.

Nor is this all, for graphite, black-lead, native sulphur, alum, borax, gypsum and carbonate of soda are widely disseminated throughout the Territory, beds having been discovered that will richly repay working. Fire-clay and sandstone are also abundant, and kaolin of finest quality. All the ochres used for polishing, and pigments and lapidary works, are practically inexhaustible. The Territory will not average one acre in forty that is fit for agricultural purposes, but nearly all the rest are valuable for some kind of mineral.

When the present 1,200 miles of railroad in the Terri-



WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

tory is increased by ten or twenty times, all of these products will speedily find a profitable market.

Everything is vast and magnificent in these immense Territories. There seems to be no petty interests nor dwarfish impulses abounding there. One forgets a general average that would even up the productions of Eastern farms so that a comparison with the West would not be so much of a contrast. When one reads that in Utah, last season, notwithstanding the unusually light rainfall, there were produced 60,000,000 pounds of potatoes, 1,500,000 bushels of oats, and that the wool-clip for the same period, notwithstanding the severe Winter and short pasturage, was 10,000,000 pounds, it all seems so large and profitable.

Would it not be well to remember, in this as in other

whether in this country there shall be in any community, Territory or State, a Church or any authority that is superior to the law of the land.

A far different interest attaches to the remaining portion of this great North-west section, which is seeking admission to the Union, than that which belongs to the region we have been contemplating. There the romance and sublimity of nature, untouched by the work of man until these modern settlements opened it and them to the view of the world, prevailed; here the mystery of a former civilization, of which we know and can know nothing, obtains. More than 300 years ago, or 100 years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, the Spaniards visited these lands, finding there the same evidences of an occupancy by unknown races that puzzle us still.



SANTA FÉ, FROM OLD FORT MARCY.

instances, that Utah is more than twice as large as New York, or Pennsylvania, or Ohio, and more than ten times as large as Massachusetts? Then make your comparisons as to the relative value and quantity of natural products other than mines.

The Mormons are pressing eagerly for admission to the sisterhood of States; indeed, they have been ready, as we have seen, for such a recognition for forty years.

A commanding and beautiful site of twenty acres on a hill overlooking Salt Lake City, the capital of the Territory, and the proposed capital of the State, has been given by the city to the Territory, upon which to erect the Capitol buildings. Money has been appropriated to improve the grounds and prepare plants, and the people await with intense eagerness the action of Congress. It seems to be all narrowed down to the simple question

and in 1595 formally added them to the already dazzling possessions of Spain. During the war with Mexico, they were taken possession of by the United States Army, and in 1848 they were added to our wide domain; in 1850, forming the Territory of New Mexico, comprising then what is now known by that name, a part of the State of Colorado, and what subsequently became, in 1863, the Territory of Arizona. Santa Fé, the capital of the first named, and destined to be the capital of the State of New Mexico, was first settled by the Spaniards, about 1600, as a seat of Spanish Government, and is therefore, next to St. Augustine, the oldest town settled by Europeans in this country.

That which we call New Mexico is about half of the area of which General Kearny took possession in 1846, being 79,000,000 of acres in extent; but less than half of

it counts at present, as we shall see, for any practical purposes. It is rectangular in shape, having no natural boundaries between Colorado on the north, Texas on the east, Mexico on the south, and Arizona on the west. The Rocky Mountains extend through it north and south, and the Rio Grande, starting in the southern part of Colorado, runs directly through the central portion of the State for more than 400 miles.

This river has, very truthfully, been called the Nile of New Mexico, and it could be made to serve a similar purpose that the original river of that name serves in Egypt. And the Territory needs it sorely.

The river, with its numerous tributaries, has a fall, for nearly the whole length of the Territory, of an average of ten to twenty feet per mile. What a water-power that would give! Compare it with those seemingly miniature streams that turn the water-wheels in New England or the old country.

The destruction of property brought about by these fierce torrents in one year, during the high-water periods, has been estimated to be in amount sufficient to pay the cost of a system of storage of water for the entire water-shed, with an area embracing, probably, 20,000,000 acres. By a proper system of canals, taking away the water from the river and storing it, two results would be attained—a stoppage of this destruction of property by the periodical floods, and a reclaiming into tillable land of at least 60,000,000 of acres that are now little better than barren waste. Then, indeed, would the Rio Grande be the Nile of New Mexico.

Perhaps if the claim that the Territory should be raised to the dignity of a State should be allowed—and its 175,000 inhabitants seem to second very strongly such a claim—the local Government could and would manage these interior improvements in such a manner as to make the State of New Mexico one of the most productive, agriculturally, in the Union. That they do mean to care for themselves in this respect, if given the opportunity, is shown by the fact that last year there were nineteen irrigating companies organized in the Territory.

Other reasons than mere population emphasize the claim for Statehood. A constant increase in this is shown by the entries last year of more than 700,000 acres on the public lands, and this in the face of the trouble that has arisen concerning land-grants in the most valuable portion of the Territory, the determination of which has crowded the calendars of the Territorial courts. This increase, too, has been in the face of the other fact, that the population of the Territory is composed of nearly one-fifth Indians; and that for more than a generation the settlers were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with them, much of the time unaided and alone, the mementos of which are yet to be seen in the thousands of lonely graves that mark all the highways and mountain valleys. This is all changed now. For many years there has been no public outbreak of a serious character.

Besides these, the ever-advancing railroad companies, creating a field for their enterprises, have laid down, to this date, more than 2,000 miles of railroad, touching almost every available spot in the whole vast area of the Territory.

Notwithstanding the lack of water generally in the Territory, the portions thereof where agricultural developments have been possible have produced results that were very favorable and, in some cases, surprising.

County fairs, for the past three or four years, have been quite the thing in Las Cruces, Santa Fé, Las Vegas and Albuquerque. Fruits have been displayed that would astonish, in size and flavor, the Delaware peach-grower,

the Hammondsport vineyards, or the Cortland County orchards. What would one think of deliciously flavored apples that weighed from twenty to twenty-three ounces, and peaches, pears, quinces, apricots and plums of corresponding size and quality, gathered from every quarter of the Territory? These are rather the fruits of a long-time civilization than the results of a cultivation extending over less than twenty years.

The stories of rich mines in the mountains of New Mexico are similar to those told and known of the other portions of the region we have been contemplating. The production of gold and silver is not as large as it is in Montana or Idaho, but it is sufficiently inviting to prospectors, holding out promising inducements to those seeking wealth in that arduous way. If not, in these precious metals, up to the average, the deposits of copper are certainly of great extent, and of coal, still greater, this latter aggregating, it is thought, a field fully 4,000 square miles in extent, of at least ten-foot veins.

The companion and bedfellow of coal, as one might say—iron—is also indicated in almost as extensive quantities. All these natural products, as well as the tannin-plant, which produces superior tannic acid, and which grows spontaneously and in great profusion in all parts of the Territory; several varieties of the cactus, having an excellent fibre for making cordage and the finest quality of paper; the immense deposits of clay, suitable for the manufacture of the finest pottery and queen's-ware—all these will have to wait until the railroads bring them within a marketable distance from the world's centres, before the State of New Mexico shall take her place alongside other commonwealths and empires, the peer of any of them.

There was a mistake made by the Government of the United States when the boundary-line between New Mexico and the parent country was settled upon. It is a mere line at the best, that requires artificial monuments to determine it, and why it should have been run so irregularly perhaps Minister James Gadsden, who negotiated the treaty, in 1848, could tell. I doubt much if any one else could.

From a determined point in South-western Texas the line starts and runs westward for about 170 miles to the Rio Grande, then south ten or twelve miles, following the course of the river so as to keep the bright little town of El Paso in Texas; then straight away west 100 miles; then south—for what reason no one can tell—twenty or thirty miles; then straight away west again for perhaps 150 miles, and that brings it to a point about one-third the way across Arizona. Then the line strangely takes a north-westerly course, and ends about fifty miles from the mouth of the Colorado River.

The mistake was that while they were about it they didn't start from that determined point in Texas and run straight away west, without crook or turn, for the 675 miles.

Why?

Because the western end of the line would then have been precisely at the mouth of the Colorado River, and at the upper end of the Gulf of California, and Arizona would have had a sea-port that would have been of untold value to her as a State, and as well to the United States.

This great river, whose banks have been said "to be three or four leagues in the air," forms nearly the whole western boundary of Arizona, separating it from Colorado and Nevada. A straight line marks the division on the north from Utah, and on the east from New Mexico, making the whole area of 73,000,000 acres of the Territory very nearly rectangular.

The descendants of those warlike Indians that kept the Spaniards at bay 300 years ago are still plentiful in Arizona. Some of them are the Apaches, the Pimos, Mariposas, Papagos, Moquis, Navajos and Hualapais. Of these, the Navajos, whose reservation is a large portion of the north-east corner of the Territory, are prosperous, intelligent and enterprising. The men, as a rule, are broad-shouldered, swift-footed, and handsome; and the squaws are pretty and pensive-looking, with the merriest of silvery laughs and the most winning of faces. They deserve attention as being, doubtless, the wealthiest tribe of Indians in the United States. There are about 15,000 of them, and they own 20,000 horses and 2,000,000 sheep.

There is not the slightest sign of hostility on the part of any of the Indians. The roving bands, away from their reservations, are unambitious and without spirit, while as to those who gather in their farming villages, all their paths are peace.

These savage tribes kept up their warlike objections to the entrance of the white people into their country until very recently. But the discovery of silver in the Territory was too great an inducement to the white people, and they have finally got the best of the red ones, and have made Arizona the second in rank of the silver-producing sections of our country.

The length of the struggle there between civilization and savagery is well shown by that fact that, so late as 1876, the population of the whole Territory was only a little more than 20,000. To-day it is very close upon, if not beyond, 100,000, most of the inhabitants being native born or emigrating from the South-western or North-western States of the Union; and in a less time than before the close of the coming Administration Arizona will be entitled, by population, to take its place with the other States of the Union.

There is the same disadvantage here that is retarding the growth and prosperity of New Mexico—the want of water, the great Colorado doing for its water-sheds what the Rio Grande is doing for the latter-named Territory. But, in this case, local enterprise is working out the country's salvation.

Perhaps there were hints given, by ruins of ancient water-ways found in the Salt River Valley, of structures erected by a native race for the purpose of irrigating the arid lands—ruins so extensive that it is estimated that the valley supported, in those far-away, obscured days, a population of 300,000 souls!

That there was an ancient race peopling the valleys of the Colorado, Salt and Gila Rivers, in Arizona, where the gentle Zunis dwell, has become a trite subject, although a thorough and complete exploration and examination has never yet been made. The curious inscriptions on the rocks, the strange dwellings, the peculiar ancient religion, the eternal sacred fire that was finally extinguished in the little Pecos village less than fifty years ago, the specimens of pottery and manufactures of copper that abound all through the region, are subjects that will forever excite the speculation of the inquiring and the curiosity of the imaginative.

Perhaps, following the suggestions of these ancient water-ways, there has been expended in Arizona, within the past few years, \$2,500,000 for storage-reservoirs for water and irrigating canals, and in the coming year it is expected that \$1,500,000 more will be expended for a like purpose. More than 200 miles of these canals have been constructed, and it is expected that 100 more miles will be completed during the present year.

It is an historical fact—as in China, ancient Assyria and

Egypt—that where land is cultivated by irrigation, it will support a dense population. Both New Mexico and Arizona, it would seem, are paving the way for a test of the truth of this, and Arizona is, besides, laying a foundation for a future trade that will give it a rank with the cities and countries of ancient times, the annals of whose commercial trophies have stretched over many centuries to our times.

In Northern Arizona apples reach an extraordinary perfection, and in Southern Arizona fruit-culture has already obtained a powerful impulse. Every kind of fruit, or nut, known to the palate of man, even to pomegranates, prunes, nectarines, apricots and lemons, grow here, perfect in size and flavor. Oranges are as much at home here as in Florida and Messina; olives, as in Spain; figs, as in Smyrna; and dates, as in Arabia; but the fruit of the vine is most especially adapted to the soil and climate. Grapes, like all the other varieties, ripen earlier here by several weeks than in California, and it is the early fruit that catches the highest and most eager offerings of the Eastern and Western markets.

It can truthfully be said of Southern Arizona that there is not a month in the year when ripe fruit cannot be picked from vine, bush or tree. Strawberries ripen in February; apricots and peaches, in May; and grapes, in June. It somewhat turns about the course of nature to which we are accustomed, in a country like this, when crops are planted in November and December and reaped in May, and where a valuable and nutritious grass called alfalfa, or lucern, is cut from four to six times annually, yielding at each cutting from four to ten tons an acre.

If there is one desire greater than to become a State, in Arizona, it is for a further multiplication of transportation facilities, affording a readier and quicker access to the markets of the world. In all the extent of Arizona, there are, now, only a little more than 1,000 miles of railroad.

The mining interests of the Territory would redouble their production if there were more facilities for removing it. The timber interest is immense, but it lies practically a waste. In the neighborhood of Prescott, the capital city of the Territory—and named, justly, for the one who made the land of Mexico rather a region of fancy and romance than one of cold facts and Spanish armor—there is a tract of fine timber-land called the Mogollan Forest. It covers an area of 10,000 square miles, or about 6,400,000 acres, being, with only one or two exceptions, the most extensive body of timber in the world. It has never yet known the stroke of an ax.

With fifty times the number of miles of railroad now possessed by Arizona, and a sea-port town at the head of the Gulf of California, what a competitor to the productions of foreign vineyards and fruit-farms this great Territory would be!

This country is only yet in its formative or nebulous period. Who is able to foretell its grandeur, when it is solidified into a body of great States, imperial in all their attributes, and reaching, without a break, across the continent?—when one can travel from one Portland, on the Atlantic, to another Portland, on the Pacific, and pass by and through a continuous line of prosperous villages and cities, and a never-ending succession of highly cultivated farms? The nineteenth century, rapidly approaching its close, boasts itself on its magnificent achievements in all lines of human endeavor, but in the respect I have named, at least, the twentieth century promises to surpass it. Who is there among us that would not give much for one glance at our country when that century is as near its close as is this?



MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



"WHEN CLARA CAME, IN HER WHITE DRESSING-GOWN, LIKE A BEWILDERED GHOST, TO ASK AFTER HER CHILD, THE LITTLE INVALID LAY ON HER FATHER'S BREAST, IN A DEEP, PEACEFUL SLEEP."

DIVORCED. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

"WHAT o'clock is it, John?"

"Nine o'clock, sir." And the English valet of Richard Lestrangle drew aside the curtains of the bedroom-window, to let in the light of a leaden-skied, cold December morning.

"Any letters?"

"Three, sir; and eight Christmas-cards."

"Ah, yes; it is Christmas Day. I declare I had entirely forgotten it. Order breakfast to be ready in an hour, and open the register in the dressing-room." And Mr. Lestrangle sank back upon his pillow, to enjoy a delicious quarter of an hour in bed before rising. Half waking, half sleeping, his eyes wandered vaguely over the fresh new fittings of the elegant room, enlivened here and there by the brilliant tones of a water-color by some famous French artist—such as Leloir and Madeleine Lemaire. The most fashionable upholsterer of New York had done his work well, and while contemplating the rich coloring and artistic arrangement of the apartment, Richard Lestrangle became absorbed in thought.

Free once more—unfettered, unmarried, and his own master! His divorce had been pronounced only ten days before, and a smile of satisfaction curved his blonde moustache at the idea that the affair was settled at last. He could celebrate his first free Christmas at his ease. What a bother it had been, to be sure!—what with lawyers to consult and papers to sign, and all the torment of uncertainty! All was ended now, like an evil dream. He could go his own way and amuse himself as he liked, without accounting for his movements to anybody. Free!—absolutely and delightfully free—at last! He turned on his pillow with a sigh of satisfaction, and then he began to meditate concerning his marriage.

It had been a mistake from the very first. What had he, a gay young society man of New York, with ideas of life learned mainly in Paris and in London, to do with a pious, prudish New England damsel with a taste for art and a turn for science? When he met Miss Clara Frost, of Providence, seven years before, at Newport, he had been at once fascinated by her delicate bloom and the sweetness of her expression, and by the charm of her manner—naturally winning and, as yet, unsophisticated. She had been the belle of an unusually brilliant Summer season at that renowned watering-place, and half the men of his own especial set had been in love with her. That had piqued him to the pursuit of a prize that so many of his friends had striven in vain to win. She had been indifference itself to him at first, and he could not resist the temptation of striving to melt the light veil of snow—half coldness and half purity—beneath which the expression of her real feelings was concealed. In this effort, he had become himself sincerely interested in a feminine nature that differed so widely from any he had heretofore known. It was probably this spark of genuine affection that had made his wooing irresistible. He succeeded in his suit, and Miss Frost became Mrs. Richard Lestrangle within a very few months after the date of their first meeting.

From the earliest moment there had been elements of discord in the nuptial harmonies. Two people more thoroughly unsuited to each other in tastes, habits and convictions it would have been hard to find. Mrs. Lestrangle was unaffectedly reserved in her manners, and exceedingly particular as to her own mode of life and

her choice of associates. She turned a cold shoulder on the flirtatious dames and damsels, with histories attached to every one of their names, that she encountered in society. She frowned upon the petted libertines of the hour, and would have nothing to say to any of them. She preferred the strains of Wagner to the melodies of the *opéra bouffe*; read Browning and George Eliot in preference to Zola; was a devout church-goer; kept the Sabbath strictly, and was in all respects a woman of serious and severely irreproachable life and manners. And, what was probably the most trying of all her peculiarities to her husband, she developed an abnormal propensity to jealousy. In the comfortable seclusion of his new bachelor-quarters, Mr. Lestrangle passed in review the trying scenes to which this tendency on his wife's part had subjected him: The hysterical tears called forth by her discovery of certain scented notes directed to her spouse in feminine handwriting; the outbursts of indignation aroused by sundry drives and dinners he had taken with ladies who probably were *sans peur*, but who were assuredly not *sans reproche*; and especially a scene of vehement wrath, induced by the discovery of a bill for a bracelet that never had encircled the arm of Mrs. Lestrangle, and which she afterward recognized as a sparkling adjunct to the very scant costume of Mademoiselle Joliejombe, the leading *danseuse* in the new ballet of "Argentine," at Niblo's Garden. The birth of their little daughter, an event that usually furnishes a fresh link to unite a young, newly married couple, had only brought in its train fresh sources of dissension. For Mrs. Lestrangle, like many young mothers, ran into the opposite extreme from the usual actions of fashionable maternity, and devoted herself exclusively to her infant. She gave up society altogether, never went anywhere with her husband, relinquished all practice of the accomplishments in whose perfection he had been wont to take pride, and thereby had insensibly weakened the already slender ties that bound him to his home. His little Kitty!—ah, yes; she certainly was a charming little creature! And at this point in his meditations Richard Lestrangle stirred uneasily on his pillow, as though a thorn, unfelt till that moment, had suddenly developed the sharpness of its prick in the midst of his bachelor comfort. Then rose before him a vision of a former Christmas Day, when the young mother had delighted in showing off, for the first time, his baby daughter's first accomplishment—that of walking alone. It was a pretty picture thus recalled to him by memory: His wife in the elegant afternoon costume of dark-blue velvet and costly laces, donned by her in honor of the day; and the little one, flushed and eager in her embroidered frock and wide blue sash and dainty little shoes—the first that had ever been of real use to her—and the great blue eyes wide open in wondering delight; and the pretty head all covered with rings of golden silk, and the quick, tottering run from the safe shelter of her mother's bosom to her father's outstretched arms! The nymphs and fairies by Leloir, the fruits and flowers depicted by Madeleine Lemaire, seemed pale in coloring and uninteresting in subject beside this vivid sketch from the pencil of Memory. Really, if Clara had only been a little less exacting, not quite so insupportable— But at this moment John knocked at the door to announce the readiness of all things in the dressing-room for Mr. Lestrangle's morning toilet, and the reverie

was abruptly brought to a close. It was better so, as it was beginning to grow disagreeable. After all, he had not lost his little girl. He would be able to see her from time to time without being bothered by her mother's straitlaced ideas and jealous nagging.

Breakfast was served with dainty accompaniments of egg-shell china and glittering dishes; but though he scorned to confess the fact to himself, he missed the merry chatter of little Kitty over her bread and milk, and her coaxing petitions for a spoonful of papa's egg, or for a taste of the half-melted sugar at the bottom of his coffee-cup. To get rid of these ideas, Mr. Lestrangle devoted himself to the perusal of his newspapers and letters. These last, three in number, were not altogether satisfactory. The first one ran as follows:

"DEAR LESTRANGE: I regret to say that it will be impossible for me to keep my engagement to lunch with you to-day. My sister has just arrived from Europe, and, naturally, I shall be detained at home for the best part of the day. With sincere regrets, your friend, most truly,
WILSON CARRINGTON."

He threw down this missive and opened another.

"DEAR OLD BOY: When I promised to lunch with you this morning, I quite forgot that it was Christmas Day. I have a host of things to attend to—forgotten presents to buy, and there is a Christmas-tree that claims my aid at the last moment. The little ones are clamoring at the door, and my wife insists that I shall lend my aid to the tying on of tapers and bonbons and gilt balls. So, with many regrets, pray excuse your sincere friend,
"HARRY DELESSART."

"You need order no luncheon to-day, John—I shall lunch at the club. As for dinner— But what is here?" And he tore open the third letter.

"Impossible, my friend, to join you at dinner this evening. The Christmas *matinée* and the evening performance together will take up too much of my time. A thousand regrets, and many thanks for the ear-rings. I shall wear them to-night. Pray come to the Folly Theatre and judge of their effect. ADRIEN JOLIEFOMBE."

"The little deceiver! As if I did not know that she does not dance at the *matinée*, and was to sham sickness to get off from the evening performance! I wonder who it is that she is going to wheedle out of a brooch to match my ear-rings?"

And in a decidedly bad temper with himself and all the world, Mr. Lestrangle put on his hat and overcoat and sallied forth for a walk.

It was a cheerless day, so far as the weather was concerned. The sky kept its leaden aspect, and the wind was sharp and chill. Now and then a few stray snow-flakes came floating upon the air, as a reminder of possible drifts and blocked-up trains and slippery pavements in the near future. The Christmas services at the various churches were at an end, and Fifth Avenue was crowded with promenaders. Mr. Lestrangle met numbers of ladies who had been *habitués* of his household during the period before his final quarrel with and estrangement from his wife, but none of those who had been accustomed to frequent the reception-afternoons of Mrs. Lestrangle, and to come to her dinner parties, seemed at all inclined to greet her divorced husband very warmly. Decidedly, society, in the purer and higher atmosphere to which his wife was accustomed, did not smile upon him. Young girls drifted past him with a shy glance and a simple bend of the head. Serene matrons sailed past in the dignity of their velvets and furs, and vouchsafed to him only the chilliest of bows. Nobody paused to speak with him, or to wish him a Merry Christmas. There were other divisions of society in which he might be welcome, but the high-toned families of ancient descent that had formed

his association in olden days were not at all inclined to treat him with cordiality.

With his equanimity far more ruffled than he cared to confess even to himself, Richard Lestrangle strolled off into the shopping-streets of the metropolis. The gay holiday aspect of the stores, the glittering displays in the windows, and the animation and bustle that were evident on all sides, somewhat revived his spirits. But presently he fell to thinking again about the Christmas Days that he had once known. The great Winter festival is so essentially devoted to children that he could not but remember the gifts and the gayeties that he had planned at one time, at similar seasons, for his little Kitty. He recalled particularly a Christmas-tree party gotten up for his little one, and at which a swarm of joyous children had been present. He had been rather bored at the time by the noise and confusion created by his juvenile guests, but on looking back at the affair he remembered only Kitty's delight, and her screams of merry laughter with which she greeted every separate offering from the wonderful tree that bore such enchanting fruit.

Just then he met, face to face, a certain disreputable man about town, one Hiram Tait, to whom he had been introduced more than once. Heretofore he had declined to accept the acquaintance, owing to Mr. Tait's decidedly shady reputation and dissipated habits, and that personage had met his tacit refusal at recognition with surly acquiescence. Now he swaggered up to Mr. Lestrangle, accosted him in hilarious tones by the cognomen of "Dick the Divorced," and insisted on going to take a drink with him then and there.

Set free at last from this unwelcome hanger-on, Mr. Lestrangle bent his steps to Delmonico's, in the hope that he might meet some old friends at one of the dinner-ables of the famous restaurant. But the attractions of home festivities claimed, apparently, all his former associates, for he found no one there that he knew. He was compelled, therefore, to dine in solitary state, and to strive to chase away the growing depression of his spirits by the help of choice dishes and costly wines. But, as ill luck would have it, at the next table to his own was established a family party that had come from some suburban home, so that the children might enjoy a Christmas treat in New York. These were three in number—two solemn-looking schoolboys and a bright-eyed little girl, a few months older, perhaps, than his own daughter. There was no resemblance between the children, for his small neighbor was a peachy-cheeked, dimpled baby brunette; but her winning ways, and her prattle about the *matinée* that the whole family had just attended, and her unceasing questions about the theatre and the actors, and the wide-open astonishment of the great dark eyes at the unwonted details of a dinner at Delmonico's, all brought vividly little Kitty to his mind. And, his dinner once finished, he took a sudden resolution. He would go to see his little one. It was nearly two weeks now since he had seen her, and surely it was allowable for a father to pay his own child a visit on Christmas Day.

It was snowing hard when he went out into the street, but he went in search of a toy-shop, and purchased there a costly but portable plaything as a pretext for his call. And then he set forth, not without certain misgivings, for the house in Forty-fifth Street, so lately his home, and where the lady who had been his wife was still residing with her only child? He got there speedily, but as he drew near he found his courage fail him. What right had he to present himself before the woman whose peace he had so sorely troubled, and from whose claims he had freed himself by a long and unrelenting effort? He

would merely ring the bell, inquire after Kitty's welfare, leave his gift for her, and go away. The house showed no gleam of light, no symptom of Christmas gayety, as he approached it. Doubtless the mother and child were out, called away by some one of the musical festivals of the holiday season.

His hand was on the bell-knob when the sound of a carriage dashing up to the door caused him to glance round. He recognized at once the *coupé* of the family physician, Dr. Watson, and the white-haired old doctor him-



THE PRIMA DONNA.—MME. ADELINA PATTI.—SEE PAGE 150.

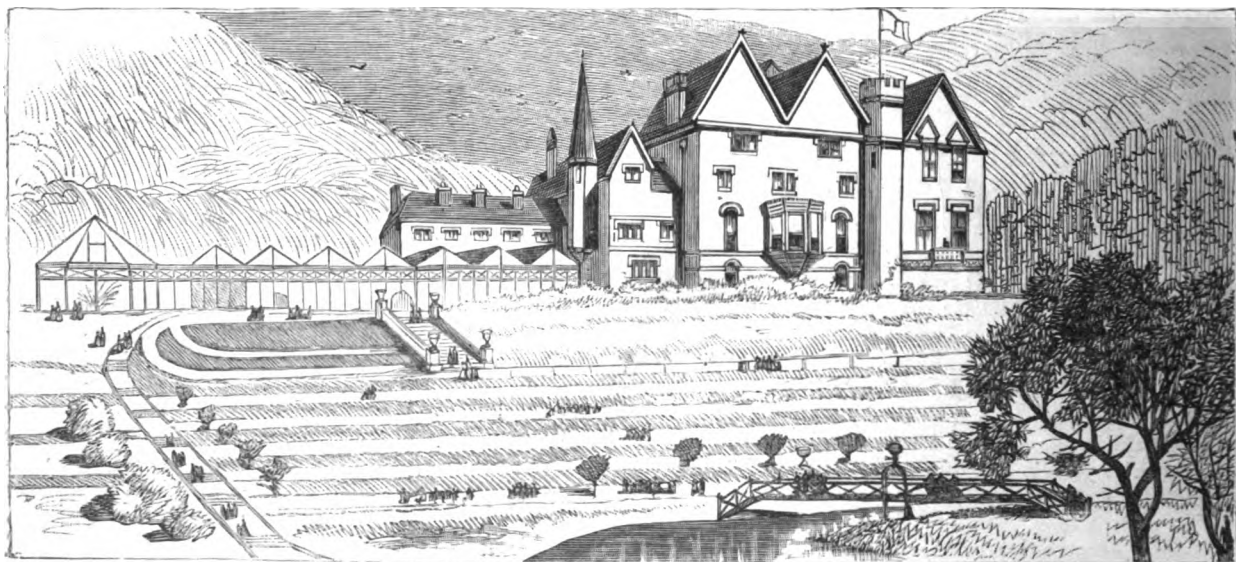
self stepped out and came briskly up the steps.

"Who is ill here, doctor?" inquired Mr. Lestrangle.

"Mr. Lestrangle, is that you? I did not know you at first in the dark. I am sorry to say that your little girl has been at death's door from diphtheria."

"She has been? She is better now, I trust?"

"Rather better, but not out of danger by any means. She gets no sleep except while her mother walks up and down the floor with her in her arms. This has been going on for five days past, and poor Mrs.—Mrs.—her mother, I



CRAIG-Y-NOS, MME. PATTI'S CASTLE IN WALES.



THE PRIMA DONNA.—MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON AT HER FAREWELL CONCERT, ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON, JUNE, 1887.—SEE PAGE 150.

should say—is worn out with fatigue and grief and anxiety. We shall have her falling ill next, I fear, even if the child recovers.”

“If!” It needed only this word to impel Richard Lestrangle to quickly enter the house, and to follow close behind the doctor as the latter sought the sick-room.

Poor little Kitty was a piteous sight to behold as she lay, wan and moaning, on her mother’s breast, while the unhappy lady paced the floor with tottering steps, essaying, in a voice broken with weeping and with weariness, to croon forth some old nursery ditty in response to the hoarse wail of the little one, “Sing, mamma—sing to Kitty—do sing!”

A firm touch was laid on her shoulder, and she paused in her walk to confront the man who had once been her husband. She started back as though to flee from his presence, but the sick child had recognized him, and held out her wasted arms with a murmur of, “Papa—Kitty’s own papa; do take Kitty!”

“Give me the child, Clara,” said Mr. Lestrangle, in a pleading tone. “I will take care of her to-night, and do you go and rest.”

“Yes, do—I insist upon it,” said Dr. Watson, authoritatively. “You will be falling ill next, and then who will look after Kitty while she is getting well?”

“You will not take her from me?” whispered the pallid, exhausted woman, as Mr. Lestrangle tenderly lifted the little one in his strong arms.

“Never!—never! Go and lie down, Clara, and I will watch over the child till morning. Here, Susan, can you find me a dressing-gown and a pair of slippers? And what do you think of your patient to-night, doctor?”

“If she can only get a few hours’ sleep, I think she will do well. Otherwise I cannot answer for the result. If you will do as her mother has been doing—walk up and down and sing to her all night—I think she may possibly fall asleep. I will call the first thing in the morning.”

And with some directions to the nurse concerning the medicine and nourishment for the patient, Dr. Watson took his departure.

All night long Richard Lestrangle paced the floor of the nursery with the little sufferer lying on his shoulder, and with one thin, burning arm twined around his neck. “Sing, papa!—do sing!” was her constant plaint. And, by a strange mockery of memory, there came to his lips only fragments of drinking-songs, or scraps of *opéra-bouffe* airs—nothing appropriate, nothing soothing—but the tunes served their turn, and perhaps, too, the magnetism of the powerful, healthy form on which the sick child was pillowed helped her, for when the tardy dawn was stealing in at the windows, and Clara came in her white dressing-gown, like a bewildered ghost, to ask after her child, the little invalid lay on her father’s breast in a deep, peaceful sleep, such as she had not known since the beginning of her illness.

But Kitty was not yet out of danger. The terrible malady with which she had been attacked, and which had so nearly caused her death, was not lightly to be overcome. Mr. Lestrangle quietly installed himself at the sick child’s bedside, and proved a most watchful and indefatigable nurse, so that when, late on the evening of December 31st, Dr. Watson announced, gayly, that his little patient had nothing left to do but to get well as fast as possible, he added, gravely:

“And I think, without your care, Mr. Lestrangle, it would have gone hard with her. To you and to her mother belong, under Heaven, the chief credit for having saved her.”

As the doctor closed the door behind him, the father

and mother looked at each other across the low bed in which their darling lay, and beside which, during the past week, they had knelt side by side during long hours of bitter agony and suspense, watching every breath and fearing each one might prove the last. Finally, Richard Lestrangle stretched out his hand toward his divorced wife across the sleeping child, and she laid her cold palm in his own.

“Clara, I have learned during these last sad days that there is a tie between us that no lawyers can dis sever. What has been done can be undone. Will you send me away?”

Her head drooped lower, and her hand trembled.

“I was not altogether blameless, Richard. Let us forgive each other, as we hope to be forgiven hereafter—for our darling’s sake!”

He came around the bed and stood beside her. And then he took her, unresisting, into his arms.

“Clara, let us begin a new life with the New Year. We must be married again—how strange that seems! Mrs. Frost, I kiss you as your betrothed before I go to get the ring and the necessary papers. And we will be wiser and more forbearing, dear, will we not, in our second married life than we were in our first one?”

And Clara did not contradict him.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

OPERA is objected to by two great classes of persons: those who think it unnatural that men and women should throughout a drama be made to sing—as if it were not equally unnatural that in tragedies they should be made to talk in blank verse, or even in rhyme—and those who do not care for music at all. Both these classes, however, entertain a sort of admiration for the operatic prima donna, who, unlike the work she adorns, seems to appeal to all sections of the community. Musicians and the sterner class of musical critics have never ceased to utter lamentations and protests in connection with the undue regard shown for the prima donna—often to the neglect, it must be admitted, of the opera in which she appears. To many the story will be familiar of the gentleman who, after taking stalls for the next Patti night, went back to the office to ask what opera would be played! From the time of Adriana Baroni, whose charms were celebrated by Milton in no less than three Latin poems, to the present day, when the star of the moment prefers to be praised in intelligible English, the prima donna has often been the cause of operatic success. For that excellent reason the position of the prima donna is one that excites much admiration, and some envy.

To be thoroughly successful, a prima donna should possess a variety of gifts and acquirements in addition to perfect vocalization. She ought to be personally interesting, and the enthusiasm of an audience will be more easily aroused if to her artistic accomplishments she also unites great personal beauty. Of course she must be an excellent actress, and it is absolutely necessary that she should exhibit the most refined taste in the matter of dress. To enjoy European favor she must have several languages at her command. Italian, if not the first, is the second language of every prima donna; and the most successful of contemporary prime donne have—like Malibran, the most striking type of the class—possessed a complete mastery of several tongues. Perhaps the gift of language and the gift of song go to a certain extent together.

The public have but little idea of the indomitable energy that a great prima donna should possess—called upon, as she is during the season (and with a great prima donna, changing perpetually from capital to capital, it is always and everywhere the season), to take part in morning rehearsals, afternoon concerts, evening representations, and often private concerts when the operatic representations are at an end; or of the knowledge of society of various kinds and countries which a prima donna of the highest class cannot, with such a varied life, fail to acquire. She ends by knowing something of the artistic, literary and fashionable society of every capital in Europe, and has been on speaking as well as singing terms with the members of all the principal courts. The cosmopolitanism of the really absolute *prima donna assoluta* is one of the most remarkable things about her. Of the thousands of singers who dream of competing, of the hundreds who actually compete, for the highest honors in the profession, of the dozens who are very near attaining these honors, there are scarcely more than three or four at any time by whom they are really gained; and from these fortunate few a certificate of nationality is the last thing that would be demanded. They may come from Italy, Canada, the United States or Sweden, from Hamburg, Paris or Pesth. The one thing necessary is that, possessing the rare qualifications I have spoken of, they shall sing habitually in the Italian language. They are more than cosmopolitan, for instead of being citizens of the world—that is to say, of no city in particular—they are citizens of each and every city at which they happen to be engaged.

Prime donne do certainly receive immense salaries. Still it must not be forgotten that their expenses—above all, traveling expenses and outlay for dress—are very great. They are for the most part charitable even to excess. They are surrounded at the theatre by attendants of all kinds, some of whom expect money for the most trifling services. Nevertheless, after making due allowance for the prima donna's inevitable expenditure, the fact remains that she is exceedingly well paid. Indeed, no women receive larger incomes except empresses and queens. There is this difference, however: that the income of the sovereign, apart from revolutions, is for life, while that of the prima donna is only for the life of her voice, which in the case of a happily constituted and exceptionally successful prima donna may be reckoned at twenty-five years—say, from twenty to forty-five. A duration of twenty years for voice and of twelve for popularity would, however, be nearer the average.

The prima donna was never more highly appreciated than in the present day. Like all persons who hold exalted positions, she is exposed to reverses, and a fall in her case amounts often to a catastrophe. Many prime donne have had tragic ends; and this may in some measure console envious persons who cannot forgive them their dazzling successes. Voltaire—or, rather, a character in one of Voltaire's tales—said of theatrical queens and of the style in which they were treated toward the end of the eighteenth century, "On les adore quand elles sont belles, et on les jette à la voirie quand elles sont mortes." We treat them with more respect in these days, and justly so; for of many of them it may be fairly said that they are ornaments of society as well as of the stage.

As a rule they do not marry well. What agreeable woman ever did in the opinion of her male friends? But the prima donna's husband deserves a separate study.

The social position of a prima donna, as long as she remains single, extends over so much ground that it is

really undefinable. Afterward it is regulated to some extent by the *status* of her husband. Wherever she is invited he, of course, must be asked; and unless he be a man of tact, he runs the risk of being looked upon as little better than the husband of a professional beauty. In view at once of her art and of her happiness, she cannot, perhaps, do better than marry a leading member of her own profession.

The operatic prima donna, as we know her to-day, belongs essentially to modern times. Like the actress, to whom she is generally superior by her indispensable artistic training, though often inferior in native wit, she is a product of the last two hundred years. Mrs. Coleman, who took the principal female part in Matthew Lock's and Henry Lawes's "Siege of Rhodes," at Sir William Davenant's theatre, in 1656, was the first dramatic singer—the first prima donna, that is to say—who was heard in England; as she was the first actress, moreover, who appeared on the English stage.

Margarita de l'Epine was the first Italian singer whose presence in England has been recorded. She could not, for the best reasons, sing on her arrival in Italian opera. But she sang with the greatest success Italian airs; and she remained there so long that she was able to take part in establishing Italian opera in England, when, during the early part of the eighteenth century, that form of entertainment was at last introduced.

A so-called Italian opera, by an Englishman named Clayton, who had composed his work in Italy, was produced at Drury Lane in 1705; the same Clayton who afterward set to music Addison's "Rosamond," and who, as representing native talent, joined the two foreigners, named Nicolo Haym and Charles Dieupart, in an attempt to put down the foreigner Handel. "Arsinoe," as Clayton's lamentable work was called, could not, being composed to an Anglicized libretto, suit Margarita de l'Epine, who sang only in Italian; and the part for the prima donna was assigned to Margarita's English rival, Mrs. Tofts. From the very beginning of operatic representations in England, no prima donna of mark has ever been without a rival; nor has either of the rivals failed to find support from a sworn body of partisans among the public.

Mrs. Tofts, then, was the first prima donna who sang on the English stage in what was professedly an Italian opera.

In 1714, Anastasia Robinson came on the scene, to displace from Italian opera and from the stage generally in 1724. This takes us up to and beyond the time of Durasanti, and brings us to the period of the two formidable rivals, each formidable to the other, Cuzzoni and Faustina; and it is interesting to turn the pages of musical history and see how Durasanti is eclipsed by Cuzzoni, and Cuzzoni again by Faustina, while Faustina in her turn has to give way to Mingotti.

Meanwhile, Italian opera having temporarily gone under, English opera—"the beggars' opera," that is to say—has temporarily come up, and with it the charming Lavinia Fenton, who soon, however, disappears in company with a duke. This incident, taken in connection with similar ones in the lives of Anastasia Robinson and of Miss Campion, suggests the inspiring thought that at the feet of the prima donna lies a path that may lead to the most dazzling altitudes. An Englishman may gain entry to the House of Lords by way of the House of Commons, the Army, or the Bar; or, if he does not mind being only a life-peer, through the Church. But for an Englishwoman who has a career to make, the only road to the peerage is by way of the stage. That is the great

however, were sufficiently re-
amusing of her escapades
Bénil and Thévenard, tenor
Royale de Musique. Dressed
the former one night in the
, deprived him of his watch
ay produced the trophies at
dered vocalist was boasting
three robbers and had put
l to have terrified the latter

prime donne who have attained celebrity throughout Europe, though exception must be made in the striking cases of Madame Mara and of Mademoiselle Sontag. Gertrude Elizabeth Mara, one of the most brilliant and most famous vocalists of the latter part of the eighteenth century, was born to the name of Schmaling, and her father was a musician of good repute at Hesse Cassel.

Angelica Catalani was born in 1780, at Sinigaglia, in the Roman States, appeared on the operatic stage, and sang successfully at Venice, Milan, Florence and Rome.

Her principal instructor was Marchesi; and in 1798, at Leghorn, she was singing with Crivelli, Marchesi, and Mrs. Billington. She was now invited to Lisbon, where she remained four years, with a salary of 24,000 crusados (\$15,000). Proceeding thence to Madrid, she was flatteringly received by the Queen, and realized above sixteen thousand dollars at one concert in that city.

It was during her stay in the Peninsula that she married M. de Valabrègue, who was attached to the army of General Junot. Madame Catalani next paid a visit to England, in 1806, and made a brilliant *début* in the opera of "Semiramide," composed for her—in the days before Rossini—by Portogallo.

In 1809, Madame Catalani gave a series of concerts, having seceded from the London Opera, to which, however, she returned in March, 1810. She sang



BISMARCK, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH PAULINE LUCCA.

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These engagements she retained, with a slight interruption, until 1814, in which year Piccinni's "La Buona Figliola" was revived, after a lapse of nearly forty years, for her benefit; "when," says a contemporary writer, "an unbounded tribute was paid to her private character in her personation of the heroine, the *Pamela* of the opera stage."

At length, after having visited the provinces, Scotland, and Ireland, and participated in the splendors of the season of 1814, Madame Catalani quitted England, and made

the tour of Europe, during which she was received with a marked respect probably never before experienced by a public singer.

Mademoiselle Colbran's position in the history of opera and of operatic singers is marked by her connection with so many of Rossini's works, in which, from the time of her making his acquaintance, in 1815, until he ceased to write for Italy, she filled almost invariably the leading female part. She played a leading part, too, in Rossini's life; for toward the end of his Italian career she became his wife. The composer and his favorite prima donna were married in the Spring of 1822, at Castelnovo, near Bologna. She was born at Madrid in 1785, and she is said to have been a great beauty in the queenly style—dark hair, bright black eyes, imposing demeanor.

To Madame Pasta belongs the credit of having introduced genuine acting into opera. Before Pasta's time the Italian singers contented themselves with the conventional expression, the mechanical gesticulation, by which operatic singing will be always more or less disfigured; so difficult is it to find vocal and histrionic talent combined in the same artist. But when Pasta had once shown how beautiful music might be rendered intensely dramatic, the singers of her time were obliged, as best they could, to follow her example.

Malibran was, in her way as great a genius as Pasta; and in many of her parts Pasta was to be succeeded by Grisi, who, without being a perfect actress, possessed wonderful dramatic power.

It was the good-fortune of Pasta to be connected with each of the three eminent Italian composers who, in the course of thirty years—from 1813, when Rossini produced "*Tancredi*" at Venice, to 1843, when Donizetti brought out "*Maria di Rohan*" at Vienna, and "*Don Pasquale*" at Paris—supplied all Europe with operatic music. Rossini had no sooner left Italy than his place was occupied by Bellini and Donizetti. The year 1829 saw the first performance of Rossini's "*Guillaume Tell*" at Paris, and of Bellini's "*Straniera*," followed by his "*Il Pirata*," at Milan; and the year following, Rossini having now abandoned operatic composition for ever, Donizetti produced, also at Milan, his "*Anna Bolena*."

Daughter of Garcia, the original *Almaviva* of Rossini's "*Barbiere*," Marietta Malibran is also connected with operatic history as sister of Madame Viardot-Garcia, the unrivaled *Fidès* of Meyerbeer's "*Prophète*," and the only *Orfeo* of these latter days. How the Garcia children used to be bullied by their tyrant father has often been told. He would beat them until they screamed; and so little, after a time, did their cries affect the people in the neighborhood, that when shrieks of unusual volume and acuteness proceeded from the house (they were living in Paris at the time), passers-by would say: "It is nothing; it is only Monsieur Garcia teaching his daughters to sing."

The most cruel act, however, of Garcia toward his daughter Marietta was not committed until she had attained her seventeenth year, when, in 1825, he gave her to an old and profligate merchant, named Malibran. French by nationality and American by settlement, Malibran had scarcely married the idolized prima donna when he became bankrupt. He had, in his boundless mendacity, promised Garcia a present of 100,000 francs; and perhaps the only satisfactory point connected with the shameful marriage was the non-fulfillment of this engagement.

The French courts, by some process not wholly intelligible (for divorce was at that time impossible in France), are said to have annulled the marriage. In any case,

Madame Malibran became, some time afterward, the wife apparent of De Bériot, the famous Belgian violinist. According to Moscheles, Malibran's first marriage was dissolved by special dispensation from the Pope.

No one has ever given a fuller or more interesting account of Malibran than Moscheles, whose writings and sayings concerning this charming artist must always be referred to by those who wish to gain a true knowledge of her character, whether as an artist or as a woman.

Malibran's favorite characters were *Amina*, *Norma* and *Romeo*; all, it will be observed, personages in operas by Bellini. "The actions of this fiery existence," says M. Castil Blaze, "would appear fabulous if we had not seen Marietta among us; fulfilling her engagements at the theatre, resisting all the fatigue of the rehearsals, of the representations, after galloping morning and evening in the Bois de Boulogne, so as to tire out two horses. She used to breakfast during the rehearsals, on the stage. Her travels, her excursions, her studies, her performances, might have filled the lives of two artists, and two very complete lives, moreover. She starts for Sinigaglia, during the heat of July, in man's clothes; takes her seat on the box of the carriage, drives the horses; scorched by the sun of Italy, covered with dust, she arrives, jumps into the sea, swims like a dolphin, and then goes to her hotel to dress. At Brussels she is applauded as a French *Rosina*, delivering the prose of Beaumarchais as Mademoiselle Mars would have delivered it. She leaves Brussels for London, comes back to Paris, travels about in Brie, and returns to London, not like a courier, but like a dove on the wing."

No great singer met with a more tragic end than poor Malibran, the finest singer of her time died, as the medical report said, of nervous fever—but, as Molière would probably have put it, "of two doctors and a lancet."

Next, we come to Grisi and Mario—for the two names are inseparably linked in fame.

"These are your little Grisettes," said the Emperor Nicholas to Madame Grisi-Mario, meeting her one day at St. Petersburg, with her two little girls, Rita and Clelia. The third daughter, now Mrs. Godfrey Pearce, who tells the story, was not yet born.

"No, sire," answered Madame Grisi, with an appropriateness almost too happy for reality; "they are my little Marionettes."

The children, who were at once "Marionettes" and "Grisettes," had for parents the greatest tenor and the greatest dramatic soprano of their time; and the two eminent vocalists seem to have been predestined to come together, long before the fated conjunction actually took place. They sang apart for several years. But when they had once met they were not afterward to be separated except by death. What, however, is particularly noticeable in their early lives is that a similar adverse wind drove them at the same time from Italy to France, at a period when neither knew of the other's existence, and when both were unknown to fame.

They were indeed an incomparable pair—more liberally endowed by Nature with every attribute of personal beauty, vocal power and dramatic genius than any other of their kind. Their union was an inestimable gain to art, and their attachment to one another as romantic and devoted as that of any hero and heroine they ever impersonated. It hallowed and was hallowed by their common pursuit in life; it sanctified their home; it gave incessantly renewed fire and zest to their representations upon the lyric stage.

Madame Lind-Goldschmidt was one of the few perfect singers of the century, though so many years have

passed since she appeared on the operatic stage that this statement must, by most amateurs of the present day, be taken on trust. She filled her last operatic part at the end of the season of 1848. It is true that, for many years afterward, she was heard from time to time at concerts, even down to the year 1866. But the Jenny Lind who touched the hearts and turned the heads of all who heard her may be said to have disappeared in little more than a year from the day when, in the Spring of 1847, she first came before the London public. No great singer had ever a shorter career, or a career that was more brilliant.

Jenny Lind made her first appearance before an American audience at Castle Garden, September 11th, 1850. The concert-hall was crowded in every part, and when the "Swedish Nightingale" stepped upon the platform, she was saluted by an audience of over 7,000 persons, who shouted most vociferously. Her principal solo was "Casta Diva," from "Norma." She sang with Belletti, the baritone, in the duet from Rossini's "Turco in Italia"; and she was also heard in the trio for soprano voice and two flutes from Meyerbeer's "Camp of Silesia," afterward transplanted to "L'Etoile du Nord," where it now figures. The programme, moreover, contained some Swedish national airs, in which the singer created as much enthusiasm as in any of her operatic pieces.

Out of the \$26,000 realized by this concert, Jenny Lind gave her share of the profits—\$10,000—to the principal New York charities; and this was but the first of many like donations made by her during her tour in the United States.

The American tour played an important part in Jenny Lind's life; for we have seen that in the United States she made the acquaintance of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the composer and pianist, her future husband. Much was said during the tour in America about her charitable gifts, but far less than the facts would have justified. Her profits from the tour were immense; and so were the sums which she spent in founding musical scholarships, and in contributing to the support of benevolent institutions. After her return to Europe, in 1852, Madame Lind-Goldschmidt gave concerts, but she sang no more on the stage. Some years later she interested herself in the Bach choir, whose performances were directed by her husband; and when the Royal College of Music was started, she volunteered her services as a teacher of singing. That they were readily accepted need scarcely be added. In private life Madame Lind-Goldschmidt was much esteemed; and by those who knew her personally she will be remembered as an ornament, not only of the concert-room, and above all of the operatic stage, but of the society, everywhere, in which she moved. She died at Malvern Wells, England, in November, 1887.

There is no such "merciless invoker of the ghosts of the past" as music; and there are certain melodies which will always recall, more forcibly than any painting could do, the girlish figure, the artless manner, and the exquisite voice of the well-named "Angiolina" Bosio.

To show what wonderful natural gifts Madame Bosio possessed, I may mention a fact which will appear incredible, but which is nevertheless true. The most accomplished vocalist in Europe, who never sang more easily than when she was singing the most difficult passages, not only knew nothing of music as a science, but could not even read from notes.

In St. Petersburg, where Madame Bosio received more applause from the public, and more distinguished attention from the court than any vocalist who had ever visited the Russian capital before, the news of her death produced the saddest effect.

A certain number of operatic characters may be said to have died with Mademoiselle Titiens. For a time, at least, it will be very difficult to find a *Norma* or a *Lucrezia Borgia*; while it will be impossible to meet with a perfect representative of *Donna Anna* or of *Fidelio*. Years hence, when a new impersonation of Mozart's or of Beethoven's heroine is attempted, the candidate for the highest honors of lyric art will be tried by the standard of the great dramatic singer whose loss we still deplore.

Adelina Patti, sometimes spoken of as an American, is, in fact, Italian by both parents; nor was she born in America, but in Madrid, the Spanish capital. Adelina Patti's mother was herself a famous singer. It was under the name of Barilli that she obtained her earliest triumphs. Then she married Salvatore Patti, an impresario, whose operatic speculations led him to all parts of the world. Madame Barilli was a member of his company.

Adelina's father took her to the United States when she was only three years old, so that she was really brought up under American influences, including the influence of the American climate—a favorable one, no doubt, for the singing voice. Adelina received her first lessons in reading, writing, pianoforte-playing and singing from a friend of the family, Madame Paravelli; and it was to Madame Paravelli's accompaniment that the little girl sang her first operatic airs.

According to the author of the "Souvenirs d'un Impresario," Adelina Patti was in 1848 six years of age. The same writer tells us that in 1850 (no month named) she was eight years of age; whence it must be concluded that she was born sometime in 1842, though, according to Grove's "Musical Dictionary," February 19th, 1843, was her birthday. Adelina Patti, except perhaps in her girlhood, never looked her age; but Maurice Strakosch gives his dates with an air of certainty, however fantastic they may seem.

In 1850, Mr. Max Maretzek engaged little Adelina Patti, then eight years of age, and introduced her to the public at a charity concert. On this interesting occasion the little girl, who eleven years afterward was to be recognized as the most brilliant vocalist in Europe, sang the final rondo of "La Sonnambula" and the "Echo Song," first made popular by Jenny Lind. The sensation she produced was immense; and the morning after the concert she was already celebrated.

From the age of eight to that of eleven Adelina Patti traveled with Maurice Strakosch, who began at Baltimore a series of concerts in which she took part.

With commendable prudence, Strakosch had recommended that from the age of twelve to that of fifteen Mademoiselle Patti should not sing in public, a period of repose seeming necessary in order to allow her beautiful voice to develop itself without any risk of being strained.

While, however, Strakosch was engaged in composing an opera called "John of Naples," which was produced at New York in 1857, with Mademoiselle Parodi in the principal part, the celebrated Gottschalk prevailed upon Adelina's parents to allow him to take her on a tour through India.

In 1859, Strakosch became director of the Italian Opera at New York, and here, "at the age of sixteen," he says, "Adelina Patti made her first appearance on any stage. She was already at that time the charming woman and the adorable artist that she is now."

It was on the 24th of November that this interesting *début* took place, and if, as Maurice Strakosch tells us, the youthful Adelina was at that time only sixteen, it follows that, contrary to his previous statement, she must



MME. FURSH-MADL.

have been born in 1843. With a neglect which it is difficult to forgive, Strakosch, so prodigal of less important details, fails to mention the opera in which Adelina Patti sang "for the first time on any stage."

After his sister-in-law's immense success, Strakosch tore up the contract by which she was bound to sing for him during five years, on comparatively moderate terms. By the terms of this agreement Adelina Patti was to receive for the first year 2,000, for the second 3,000, for the third 4,000, for the fourth and fifth 5,000 francs a month. "Contrast this," says Strakosch, "with what Madame Patti received a few years ago at New York and San Francisco, where Mr. Mapleson paid her \$5,000 for each performance." Strakosch now signed a new contract, which, he tells us, was acted upon as long as his business relations with Madame Patti were continued, and by the terms of which singer and impresario were, after the payment of general expenses, to share profits.

Offers of an engagement were now received from every side. "North America, South America and Mexico were all," says Strakosch, "disputing for Adelina Patti, whose renown in the New World was now greater than ever." She was on her way to Mexico, where the public awaited her with the greatest impatience, when an unexpected incident occurred. In the St. Louis Hotel, at New Orleans, two young ladies told her that they had just arrived from Mexico, where they had been attacked, robbed and

maltreated by brigands. This was quite enough to determine the young prima donna not to continue her journey. Nothing could induce her to change her decision, and after a short visit to Havana she embarked for England, where an engagement had been offered to her at Her Majesty's Theatre.

After her first season in London, Mademoiselle Patti went to Brussels, where she met with as much success from the public as in London, though with less from the critics. One Belgian newspaper, while admitting her talent, is said to have recommended the young artist to continue her studies for a time at the Brussels Conservatoire.

From Brussels the new singer, who was gradually making for herself a European reputation, went on to Berlin, where Pauline Lucca was the favorite of the day.

On arriving at Berlin, Mademoiselle Patti, as a stranger and as the last comer, hastened to pay Mademoiselle Lucca a visit. Mademoiselle Lucca lived at this time on a fourth floor (though the loftiness in one's abode has not so much significance in Continental capitals as in London), and she received her visitors—Maurice Strakosch and his sister-in-law—not only in her bedroom, but in bed. "Between the sheets," writes Strakosch, "she looked like a child; and with her first words she expressed her astonishment at seeing Adelina Patti, who, like herself, was a delicate and adorable little creature. 'What!' repeated Lucca, as if in spite of herself, 'are you the great Patti?' No rivalry existed between the two singers except on the stage. Away from the theatre they



MME. EMMA NEVADA-PALMER.



THE PRIMA DONNA SOLICITING CHARITY.



MME. KRAUSS, OF THE PARIS GRAND OPÉRA.

and musical education, this charming singer is by birth a French-Canadian. She is sometimes claimed as belonging to the United States. But while she is partly Italian, partly French, and on the ground of a few years' residence in the United States may be looked upon as in some degree American, as a Canadian she was born an English subject. As the wife of Mr. Ernest Gye, she is an English subject by marriage.

When, in 1870, Mademoiselle Lajeunesse made her *début*, at Messina, in the opera of "La Sonnambula," she assumed, in memory of the cathedral of Albany, N. Y., where she had sung, and of the kind-hearted bishop who had given her such good advice, the name of "Albani." Mademoiselle Lajeunesse, of Chamblay, Mademoiselle Albani, of Albany, has at present an English name, and belongs, not as a Canadian subject alone, to England. Madame Albani is particularly associated with the heroines of Wagner's operas.

Minnie Hauk, seemingly of German parentage, though she herself is American-English—cosmopolitan, in fact—sings with equal ease and success in English, Italian, French, German and Hungarian. She was born in New York, November 16th, 1852, and came out in operatic parts when she was but thirteen. Then she retired for a time, but meanwhile studied assiduously under Signor Errani. After further successes in her native land, she crossed the Atlantic, and before many years had made the tour of Europe. Beginning her European career at Vienna, she next went to London, and in October, 1868, made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera in the character of *Amina*. The youthful Minnie was, at this time, singularly artless; and in the chamber scene, where *Amina* lies down in bed, she so gave herself up to the situation, she fell fast asleep. Fortunately the chorus of villagers was given in sufficiently loud tones to awaken in due time this by no means genuine somnambulist.

Minnie Hauk has since sung in many countries, in many languages and in many parts, with one and the same success.

At Berlin, some ten years ago, she created the part of *Katherine*, in the opera founded on the "Taming of the Shrew," by Goetz, whose fame as a writer of dramatic

music rests on this work, as that of Bizet rests on "Carmen." Both these composers, each of whom might have been expected in his own country to found a new school of opera, neither so heavy as that of our laborious composers nor so light as that of our frivolous ones, died at an early age. Each of them left a masterpiece, and each of these masterpieces was introduced to the London public by Minnie Hauk.

Minnie Hauk is the wife of the Chevalier Hesse von Wartegg, known by some very interesting works on Tunis and Algeria, and other countries.

That versatile artist, Madame Marie Roze, has also distinguished herself, during the last few years, in the part of *Carmen*. Of course she brings forward the gentle side of the character. *Carmen* has something of the playfulness of the cat, something also of the ferocity of the tigress; and the ferocious side of *Carmen's* disposition could not find a sympathetic exponent in Marie Roze.

Carmen, in which so many vocalists have been strikingly successful, is, strangely enough, the only part in which Madame Patti, when she at last undertook it, made no very favorable impression—apparently from too great desire on her part to be original.

One of the first prime donne of our time, Gabrielle Krauss, may be said to be almost unknown outside of France. Until recently she was the principal dramatic soprano at the Paris Opera House; and those who have never seen her will be glad to make her acquaintance through her portrait.

Byron is, of modern poets, the best known in the whole world, not by reason of his poetry alone, but also by reason of his adventures. So with prime donne; those being the most famous who have not only sung admirably, but have also played a dramatic part in life. Many a prima donna, then, to whom I should have been delighted to assign a place here, must be kept out, or mentioned in only the most casual way, not from any fault of hers, but often from her merits.



MALIBRAN'S TOMB, AT BRUSSELS.



ROSES AND RUBIES.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE warm, bright sunshine of the Summer of 1864 was shining with a softened radiance on the rugged coast of Brittany. But all its lustre could not shake away the gloom that hung about the old Château de Rivarde. The grim, gray walls that had braved the storms of centuries, and even the fiercer tempests of the great French Revolution, reared themselves beneath their mantle of ivy, as dark, severe and uncompromising as ever. And something of the dreariness of the huge edifice hung about its inmates, for the owner of the château, and its mistress for nearly half a century, was dying.

The Countess de Rivarde was dying, and she knew it. Vol. XXVII., No. 2—11.

"THE FACE, PALE AND WORN AND CHANGED, OF THE ONCE RADIANT LEONIE DE RIVARDEC WAS REVEALED TO HER SISTERS."

The painful disease that for years past had been wearing away her strength and her vitality was nearing its final crisis, and when that crisis arrived she was well aware that she would suffer no more. She was growing weaker every hour. Yet, like a true daughter of that brave old French nobility that went to the scaffold without a cry, and met the scorn of the rabble and death itself without flinching, she had never yielded to her suffering or her feebleness so far as to keep her bed. Those of her race were wont to die standing, like gentlemen and ladies. So, reclining in a vast arm-chair, wrapped in a long, loose dressing-gown of violet brocade, with her gray locks arranged in coquettish little curls under the shade of a scarf of fine old point lace that was wrapped around her head and throat, she preserved the immutable stateliness of her bearing, the grace that had once been praised by royalty, the charm of her expression, as well as the vague sweetness of the smile wherewith the De Rivardes were wont to conceal their thoughts. Her chair was placed near to an open window, through which came pleasantly the cool breath of the not far distant sea. Before her stood a small table, on which was an open jewel-box. The slender and ivory-white, though wrinkled, hands of the invalid, shaded by ruffles of a costly antique lace, hovered amongst the contents of the casket, now touching tenderly a diamond cross, next toying with the strings of a necklace of pearls, then holding to the light a brooch set with a large and perfect sapphire. At last the ornaments that the box had contained were arranged in three

divisions, and the countess leaned back for some moments, exhausted with her light labors. But speedily rallying, she drew toward her a small gold *bouillonnière*, with a crown and a *fleur-de-lys* enameled on the lid, and then she rang the small silver hand-bell that stood beside the casket. An old Breton woman entered in answer to the summons.

"My draught, Yvonne, and then tell the young ladies to come to me."

She drank the potion, and as she returned the cup to the old servant's hands, she answered the wistful, inquiring glance of the devoted creature with a smile and a slight shake of the head.

"It will not be long now, my good Yvonne; and I must confess that I am not sorry."

"Ah, Madame la Comtesse, and what then will become of the Roses of Rivardec?"

"When the parent stem is dead, the blossoms must be scattered; that is the law of nature. But call them to me at once. My medicine has given me temporary ease and strength, and I must hasten to profit by these moments of respite."

In a few minutes the door was thrown open, and the three Demoiselles de Rivardec (known far and wide throughout Brittany as the Three Roses, a sobriquet universally adopted by themselves as well as by their family and friends) came into the room. There was but little difference in their ages, yet they were singularly unlike each other, though they were all three endowed with a considerable amount of beauty. Henriette, the eldest, was a tall, imperious-looking brunette, with large, flashing black eyes and attenuated and aristocratic features. Haughty in expression and stately in bearing, she looked in every line and movement a true daughter of one of the proudest and oldest families of the French noblesse. According to a custom in vogue amongst the sisters, she wore a single red rose—one of that superb species known as the king rose—in the corsage of her plain but perfectly fitting morning dress of white cashmere. The second sister, Leonie, faultless in figure and feature, with a dazzling complexion in warm, velvety tints of cream and roses, and eyes and hair of that beautiful shade of reddish-brown that is at once so exquisite and so rare, was decidedly the loveliest of the three. The blush rose that she had fastened at the throat of her dress of pale-green muslin seemed decidedly her fitting emblem.

Behind her sisters, pale, timid, and shrinking, came the youngest sister, Mademoiselle Blanche. Her delicate features, half veiled beneath a floating cloud of wavy golden hair, her large, wistful, azure eyes, and her faintly tinted and expressive mouth, all wore a look of sadness and depression, the cause for which was not far to seek. The loose dress of gray linen that she wore only partially concealed the defects of her figure. One shoulder was perceptibly higher than the other, and she limped slightly in her walk. Yet so winning was the fair, pensive face under its shining veil of rippling hair, and so beautiful were the great blue eyes and the delicate skin, just touched on cheek and lip with the faintest rose-color, that no one could question the claims of the fragile blonde to be numbered amongst the Roses of Rivardec. The white rose that had been placed in her bright hair was not more pure-looking or more lovely than its wearer. Henriette and Leonie at once drew near to their mother, in obedience to her slight but imperative sign, while Blanche lingered shyly in the background. Yet she was the first to kiss her mother's cheek, to touch tenderly the wasted hand, and to look wistfully into the countenance of the invalid for those tidings respecting that revered

mother's health, for which she did not venture to ask. The countess gazed intently for a moment into the three young faces.

"I have sent for you, my dear children," she said, in clear, unfaltering tones, "to place in your hands my jewels, which I have divided amongst you with careful choice and fair apportionment. I have not been willing to have them sold—according to the laws of our country—after my decease, so I present them to you now. Take them—they are yours to do with as you please. On you, Henriette, I bestow my set of diamonds. You can wear the diadem, which completes it, with perfect fitness hereafter, when you are the Princess di Palma; and if I live but a few weeks longer, my bright Queen Rose, I shall place it myself on your dear head, to confine your wedding-vail. To you, Leonie, I give the *parure* of sapphires and diamonds that was my father's gift to me on my marriage. Ah, my Blush Rose, if I could but have survived to see you, like your sister, worthily united to some chief of a noble house, the heir of a family of an origin sufficiently lofty to aspire to an alliance with a Demoiselle de Rivardec! But that was not to be. And to you, my fragile Blanche, I give the pearls that were clasped around my throat by your father on the day that our marriage-contract was signed, and around which it has always seemed to me that the perfume of our first kiss was lingering. I should have died happy, my palest Rose, had I seen you safely sheltered in the seclusion of a convent. How will you brave the trials and storms of this world, when I am not here to watch over you and to protect you?"

"I have my art," whispered the young girl.

"Your art! Art, forsooth—and what has a Demoiselle de Rivardec to do with paints and brushes, or with clay and modeling-tools?" The voice of the dying woman, till that moment full of a caressing softness, grew sharp and imperious in its tone. "And it is for such occupations as those that you refuse to dedicate yourself to the service of religion? Often have you said to me that you felt no vocation for the life of a nun, when I pressed you to enter a convent. Nay, do not shrink from me, and turn so pale. The gift was bestowed upon you by Providence, as was Leonie's lovely voice and taste for music. See that you use it wisely and well. And now, Henriette—"

The noble-looking brunette came and knelt beside her mother's chair. The countess laid her hand caressingly on the dark braids that crowned the proud young head.

"In a few days more the Prince di Palma will come from Rome to claim his bride. Remember, Henriette, that your wedding-journey is to be to the home of our King, your royal godfather, the Count de Chambord, as men profanely style Henri V. Bear him the last expression of my unshaken loyalty and my respectful homage."

"I shall not fail, mother. I shall remember," said the young girl, rising.

"And now, my children," continued the countess, drawing toward her and opening the gold box, with the *fleur-de-lys* enameled on the lid, "take this, the latest and the best of my gifts to you." She took from the little casket, as she spoke, three large, unset rubies, each of a perfect oval as to form, and all three of a brilliant crimson hue and of faultless water. "To each of you I give one of the Rubies of Rivardec. They were presented by Louis XVIII. to my mother, the first noble bride that came, with her husband, to grace his court after the Restoration. With these you must never part. Have them set as you will, and wear them as you like,

but the Roses and the Rubies of Rivardeo must never be disunited. And now, my daughters, take away your treasures and put them in some place of safety. I am growing weak and weary. One last embrace, and then leave me to rest."

The three girls clung around her, fondly but in silence. They well knew how close the eternal parting lay to this one that was but for an hour. And Leonie, going to the piano, poured forth the rich strains of her superb voice in an old Breton ballad, "The Legend of Margarid," which tells how the saints came to console a daughter who was weeping in despair over her mother's grave.

Before the last days of Summer had waned into Autumn the grand funeral of the Countess de Rivardeo had filled the neighborhood with admiration and awe. And on the coffin lay, beside the wreath of white lilies sent by the Count de Chambord to grace the tomb of the impassioned Royalist lady, three garlands of the roses so long associated with the daughters of the house. The crimson wreath had been sent from Rome by the Princess di Palma. The garland of pink roses had been forwarded, by Mademoiselle Leonie's desire, from the establishment of the chief florist in Paris. But the one in white roses had been woven by Mademoiselle Blanche herself, and the dew on their petals were tears that had found their source in the heart-felt sorrow of a bereaved daughter.

* * * * *

Twenty-five years have passed away since the death of the aged countess. The wide windows of the studio of Mademoiselle Blanche de Rivardeo, known to the art world and to the catalogues of the Salon as Madame Rose Desrois, are thrown open to admit the warm sunlight of an unusually forward May. Situated in the most charming quarter of Paris, that of the Parc Monceau, and looking out over the trees and verdure of that exquisite park, once the pleasure-garden of a king, the pretty *hôtel* of the lady artist had long been the envy of her less fortunate comrades. Blanche de Rivardeo had never married. Painfully sensitive, like the Princess Louise of France, daughter of Louis XV., to her trifling physical defects, she had thrown herself with her whole soul into the study of art. She painted flowers only; but her violets and lilies, like the dogs of Landseer, had a physiognomy of their own. She was wont to say, when urged to take into consideration some advantageous matrimonial alliance, "Art is a jealous lover, and to win his favor, I must remain faithful to him." And truly her devotion had been well repaid. She was recognized, far and wide, as the best flower-painter of France, and the second medal, accorded to her at the Salon of the previous year, would have been a first prize had it not been for the political complications introduced into the question by her well-known Royalist convictions. On the bright May morning on which our story finds her once more, she was entertaining at luncheon, in her elegant studio, her sister, the Princess di Palma, who was visiting her native land for the first time since her marriage. The table, set out with its rare Sèvres and antique silver-ware, its vast bouquets of violets and crocuses and lilies-of-the-valley, and its pyramids of hot-house strawberries, was in itself a picture charming as any that hung upon the walls or graced the easels. The hostess herself, in a picturesque *trilette* of dark-blue sash, looked scarce five years older than she had done on the day she had looked her last on her mother's face, full a quarter of a century before. She had gained in health since then, and had acquired style and grace. The rippled gold of her beautiful hair showed to advantage in her fashionable coiffure, and her blue

eyes and delicately cut lips had lost none of their pensive sweetness of expression. The Princess Henriette, on the contrary, looked older than her years, and had a worn, faded aspect, intensified by the discontent imprinted on her features. Her complexion was sallow, and her dark hair was thickly streaked with gray, while her dress, in its awkwardness of cut and absence of style, betrayed the lack of a Parisian hand in its fashioning.

"I tell you, Blanche," said the princess, trifling with a strawberry and glancing at an exquisitely painted group of geraniums on the nearest easel, "the world is being turned upside-down. Do you know what has become of the Château de Rivardeo? It has been bought by a lot of speculators, was enlarged, and is turned into a watering-place hotel. My husband has left the Papal party in Rome, and has gone over to that of the King; talked over by Queen Margherita, who met him at the Baths of Lucca last year, and literally wheedled him out of his family principles. It is abominable, when everybody knows that he and I were amongst the most steadfast of the Papalini when we were first married. And here am I, obliged to come to Paris for the marriage of my son—our eldest son, the heir to the title—with an American girl, the daughter of a man who made his money by inventing a hair tonic—'Crowder's Hair Tonic.' I have used quarts of it, and have seen the name, blown on the bottle, hundreds of times. As to Miss Crowder herself, she is pretty, to be sure, and educated to the highest possible degree, and she is worth millions in her own right. And Paolo has quite made up his mind to the match, and raves about her perfections; and the Palazzo di Palma is almost in ruins, and it will require a fortune to repair it. But just fancy the next Princess di Palma having been originally Miss Kitty Crowder!"

"Crowder?—Crowder?" murmured Blanche de Rivardeo, thoughtfully. "Is not that the name of the gentleman that bought my last Salon picture—the one I called 'Casus Belli,' representing a cluster of red roses and of white ones lying under the finger-tips of a steel gauntlet? I think that was the name."

"I have no doubt it was he. Those Yankees carry off every year, the best works of art from the Paris Salon. It is well that our ancestral pictures are entailed in Italy, or they would not leave us one of them. To be sure, if we could sell our pictures we might be relieved of the necessity of marrying our sons to their girls." And the princess sighed, remembering a Carlo Dolce and a Guercino, the price of which, could she only have disposed of them, would have gone far toward paying for the repairs of the Palazzo di Palma. "I repeat it, Blanche, the world is being turned upside-down. Here are you, Blanche de Rivardeo, not only painting pictures for a Mr. Crowder, of Ozionsville, Connecticut, but actually accepting a prize medal from the hands of a Republican Minister, a person who could not count back his ancestry for three generations, and who holds the most detestable opinions on all political subjects. A little more sugar, please; this coffee is unusually strong. No, thanks; I never take *liqueur*. And now, do not forget your engagement to dine at the Café des Ambassadeurs with us this evening. Paolo has engaged a table in the front row, so that we can see everything that is going on upon the stage. There are some good singers to be heard, I understand, and the Ombres Chinoises are really remarkable."

"And my pretty niece that is to be, will she form one of the party?"

"No, indeed. You forget that the wedding is to take place in five days' time. Ah! you have had your Rivardeo ruby set in a ring, I perceive? I have had mine



A GENERAL WASHING DAY.

mounted on a bracelet—they were rather large, I think, to be set in rings."

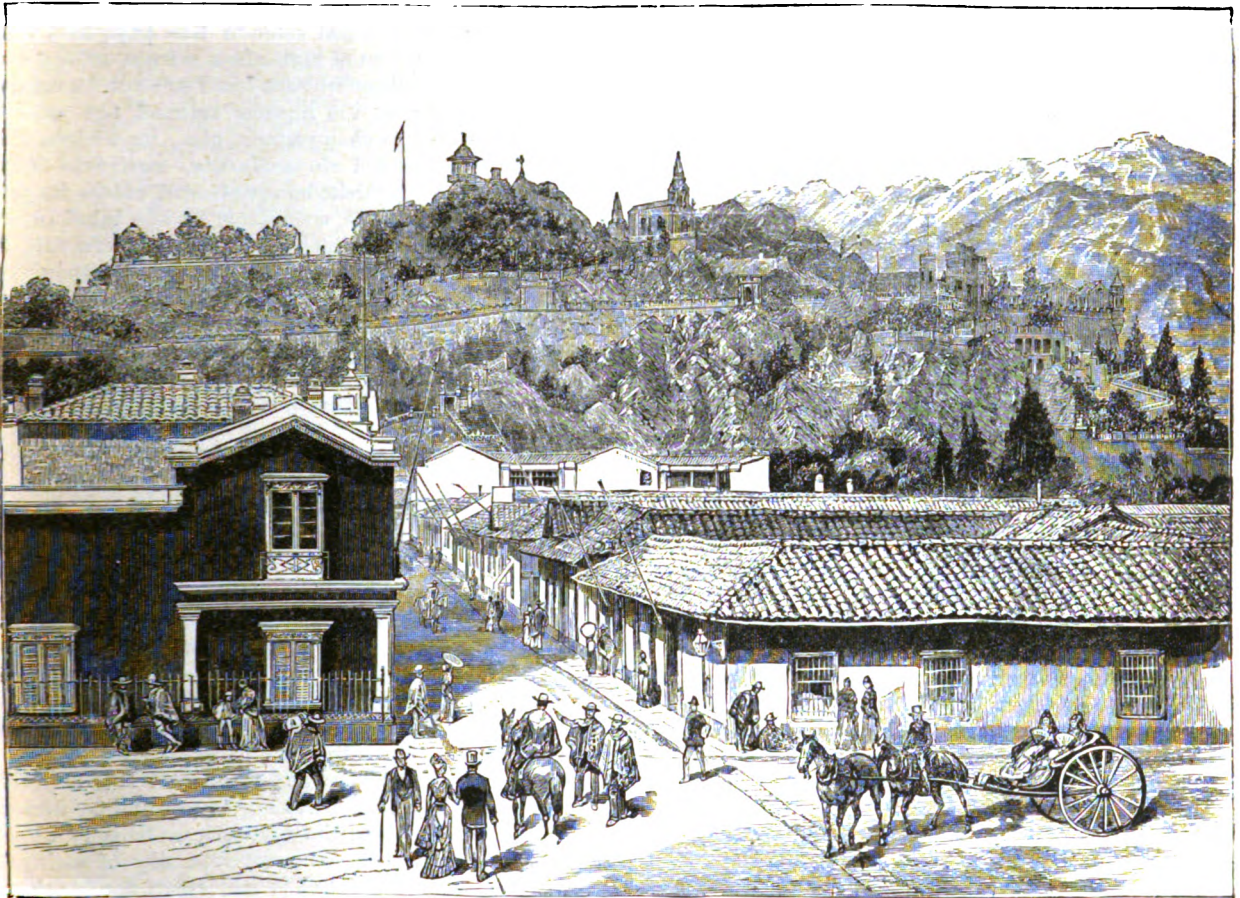
"I chose this form, sister, because I could then wear my mother's best gift continually. I wonder—oh, I wonder, Henriette, where the third ruby can be?—our Blush Rose—our poor Leonie—"

"Never name her to me again!" exclaimed the princess, rising, and flushing hotly. "When she so far forgot herself and her family as to make a run-away match with a Polish pianist (her music-teacher, Blanche), she became to me as though she were dead. I have never heard of her since, and I never wish to hear of her again."

"Nor have I had any tidings of her since her marriage, except that once, in the *Figaro*, some years ago, I saw an

to his mother and aunt, and to his future father-in-law, who was much impressed at being introduced to the famous painter of flowers. The two ladies occupied the seats against the railing, nearest the stage, and as Mr. Crowder's knowledge of French was but limited, and the rest of the party spoke no English, a good deal of attention was bestowed on the performance.

It was neither worse nor better than usual. There was the usual succession of comic songs, and grotesque dances executed by men disguised as women, and finally Mademoiselle de Rivardec grew weary of looking on between the courses, and when the dessert was placed upon the table, she became engaged in a conversation with her nephew. Suddenly she started, and touched her sister's arm. A



THE CHILIAN CAPITAL.—VIEW OF SANTA LUCIA, THE PLEASURE-RESORT OF THE CITY OF SANTIAGO.—SEE PAGE 167.

announcement that Monsieur Verelski had gone to South America, but nothing was said concerning his wife."

"Very likely she went with him, and, at all events, her possible movements do not interest me in the least. Good-by. Do not forget that we shall call for you at seven. What a lovely studio you have, and how you seem to enjoy life! I declare, Blanche, I could find it in my heart to envy you."

And, wife and mother and princess though she were, Madame di Palma cast a regretful glance around her.

The Café des Ambassadeurs that evening was at its brightest. The weather was perfect, and not only was every table occupied by aristocratic or stylish members of Parisian society, but the garden below was thronged as well. The Prince Paolo, the future bridegroom, a tall, handsome young fellow, with fine, aquiline features and superb black eyes, did the honors of a sumptuous repast

woman with tawny hair, in a cheap black-lace dress covered with pink roses, was singing an old Breton ballad in a voice that, though worn and husky, revealed a degree of finish and style almost wholly unknown amongst the female singers at such places.

"Henriette!" Blanche murmured; "listen—does not that voice recall tones that we have heard long ago? And surely the song is the 'Legend of Margarid,' the ballad that—"

"Say no more, Blanche—I insist. Your head is running upon impossibilities. Monsieur Crowder, is our dear Catherine content with the Palma pearls, and will she wear them or your gift of diamonds on her wedding-day?"

While the sturdy New Englander was slowly working out his answer in the best French at his command, Mademoiselle de Rivardec leaned forward and gazed at the

stage. But the song was ended, and the singer had withdrawn. There was an awkward pause and some confusion before the next performer appeared, and the *prima donna* in black lace and roses did not sing again.

Some time elapsed before coffee was served, and when it was partaken of, the party started to go. They were met at the foot of the stair-case by a very pale, startled-looking gentleman, in full evening dress.

"Excuse me, ladies," he said, advancing toward the princess. "A very strange—a very painful occurrence has just taken place, and I have a message to confide to you. I am the stage-manager of the concert of Les Ambassadeurs. One of our singers—her stage name was Madame Rivardi—was taken with a fainting-fit, on leaving the stage after her last song. We sent for a doctor at once, and she recovered consciousness for a little while, and she gave me a message and a little parcel for you, ladies. I believe I am addressing the Princess di Palma?"

The haughty lady merely gazed at him in lofty silence, but Mademoiselle de Rivardeo hastily interposed. "Yes—yes—pray go on."

"Well, ladies, it is very sad, but our unfortunate *pensionnaire* lapsed into another swoon—and she is dead! Heart-disease, the doctor pronounced it. She could not have lived long under any circumstances, he said; and some sudden shock—some unforeseen emotion—brought about the end. Her real name was, I think, Verelski."

"Where is she? I must see her," said Blanche, resolutely. "Come, sister—nay, you must come. It is our duty," she whispered, drawing the arm of her sister within her own. "The gentlemen can wait for us in the carriage." And with a decision which was usually foreign to her gentle nature, she followed the manager to the little dressing-room behind the scenes, where the corpse still lay, awaiting the tardy action of the police.

Yes, the identity of the dead woman could not be mistaken. Half shrouded in the luxuriant, loosened hair, the face, pale and worn and changed, of the once radiant Leonie de Rivardeo, again, after all those years, was revealed to her sisters.

With trembling hands Blanche opened the little packet that the manager had given to her. It contained a locket, on one side of which was set the ruby that matched the one on her own finger and that which shone on the wrist of the Princess di Palma. Once more, and for the last time, the Roses and the Rubies of Rivardeo were reunited.

A BIG METEORITE.

A VISIT to the collection of meteorites at the end of the mineral-room of the British Museum presents a curious commentary on the fact that, until the beginning of the present century, the orthodox scientists denied their existence, and treated all accounts of their fall as they now treat all descriptions of the sea-serpent. They would have sacrificed their scientific reputation had they done otherwise. This, in spite of the actual exhibition in London, in 1796, of a stone weighing fifty-six pounds, utterly different in composition and appearance from any rock known to exist on the face of the earth, and the fall of which was witnessed and attested by several credible witnesses.

The Royal Society of that date refused to listen to the evidence; but was forced to do so in 1802, and now it listens placidly to a theory which builds up the stars, and all the other heavenly bodies, of these wandering lumps.

The National Museum of Brazil has lately secured a

noble specimen, weighing 11,800 pounds. The cost of its transport was defrayed by Baron Greahy. The survey of its route and preliminary arrangements occupied three months; its journey commenced on November 25th, 1887, and it reached the railway by which its journey was completed on May 14th of last year. It had to cross above a hundred streams, to ascend 870 feet over one mountain-chain, besides crossing many of smaller elevation, and this in a region of mule-paths. The distance from Bendego Creek, where it was lying, to the railway that finally carried it to Rio is seventy-one and a half miles.

IMPROVED WINE.

THE experiments of Laborde and Magnan on the toxic or poisoning action of alcohols, and of the artificial bouquets that modern chemical science has supplied to the ingenious manufacturers of high-class wines, afford some cheerful reading for those who are fond of such beverages, merely explaining that the liquors named are some of those usually added to champagnes, etc., or which, skillfully applied to fortified *vin ordinaire*, converts it into choice vintage with exquisite bouquet, and raises its price five to fifty fold per bottle, according to the label or cobwebs. "Salicaldehyde, which is added to vermouth, bitter, and essence de reine des prés, produces strong epileptic convulsions. Methyl salicylate, which is used as a substitute for oil of winter-green in vermouth and bitter, also produces convulsions, although not of an epileptic form. Benzonitrile and benzaldehyde, which are added in small quantities to noyau, produce tetanus, and even death."

ICE-CAVES IN MAINE.

A PARTY of Norway and Oxford ladies and gentlemen visited the ice-caves of Greenwood recently. These natural curiosities are about a dozen in number, and are situated some three miles from the little village known as Greenwood City, relates the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal*. It is a good road from Norway to within a quarter of a mile of the caves, and we enjoyed every part of the way.

The caverns are on land owned by Mr. Eben Wentworth, and the entrance to them is about two-thirds of the way up Mount Split, as he has named this elevation. It is rather a suggestive, if not an appropriate, designation. The path to them lies through a heavily wooded tract of land where there is no opportunity of seeing the surrounding country, and had it not been for Mr. Wentworth, who acted as guide, it would have been difficult to have followed the trail. Having rested, we moved up the mountain, and soon reached the mouth of Walley's Cave, one of the largest of the whole lot. It is a double-storied cavern, the lower chambers being some 400 or 500 feet in length and about a dozen feet in width. The exit is at the top of the mountain. The upper chamber is very much smaller, and is connected with the first by a passage large enough for half a dozen to pass abreast. This cave was named by the late Dr. True, of Bethel, for Mr. Walley, of Boston, whose daughter was the first lady to pass through the entire length of the cavern.

One of the caves is shaped like a well, and is from twenty to thirty feet in depth. There are regular steps which wind around the sides to the bottom. Here are two chambers running in opposite directions, one of which leads nearly to Observation Rock. It is called Snake Passage, and to pass through it one is obliged to crawl on hands and knees. The other chamber leads into

a cavern which is huge and somewhat triangular, having several chambers, one of which connects with Well Cave. The walls of this chamber rise upward some seventy-five feet or more. In one of the caves ice is to be seen all the year round. Our torches produced a beautiful effect upon the glassy surface of the ice and the cavern-walls, enhanced by the total darkness but a short distance from our lights. There is an exit to the cavern on the other side of the mountain, and one into Amphitheatre Cave. There are two great rifts in the mountains, one running northerly and the other in the opposite direction. These are great curiosities, and attract the attention of all who visit the caves, and probably these rifts gave the name

to the mount. Table Rock is the highest of a series of ledges or shelving rock that reach nearly to the foot of the mountain. The view from here is magnificent, and is only excelled by that at the summit. While a few of the party were extended at full length upon it, looking down from the rock into the great amphitheatre below, they were startled by the exclamation of a gentleman who was seated in the "pulpit," a small circular place in the ledge: "Get off from there. You don't know where you are! You are all way out over creation." They drew back to investigate, and found that they had been hanging out some fifty or sixty feet in mid-air upon a shelf of rock only five or six feet in thickness.

IN AN OLD BOOK-SHOP.

BY EDWIN C. SMALES.

A CALM retreat, that breathes of rest
To toil-worn city mortals;
Where e'en the uninvited guest
May cross its mystic portals.

Just such a spot I chance to know
And there I often linger,
To pass a quiet hour or so,
With some forgotten singer.

There—hid beneath the dust of Time—
A poet lay reposing;
Entombed within his ancient rhyme,
The child of song was dozing.

He may have sung for Love's sweet sake,
In wretched, uncooth numbers;
If so, 'twere no glad task to wake
The minstrel from his slumbers.

Yet, when with careful hand I took
That volume—vellum-covered—
It seemed as if around the book
A subtle fragrance hovered.

Soft melodies of oaten reeds
Meandered through its pages;
God Pan, beside the river-weeds,
Recalled the mythic ages.

Coy, graceful nymphs, of birth divine,
Played in enchanted bowers;
And Pluto stole fair Proserpine
From Enna's field of flowers.

Ran through the verse a sad refrain,
An under-tone of sorrow,
As of a hopeless heart, that fain
Some ease from song would borrow.

I read the faded title-leaf—
What designation quaintest?—
"The Lyrics of a Soul-felt Grief,"
By Claude Romano, Painter?"

But more to me than goddess fair,
Or antiquated fable,
A captive lock of auburn hair
Athwart some "Lines to Mabel."

A sunbeam glow, it lightly lay
Upon the grim, black letters;
A dainty little elfin-fay,
Fast bound in golden fetters!

Then swift an airy spirit sped
From Memory's deep recesses,
And broke the bonds: a radiant head
Rose, crowned by auburn tresses;

A girlish head, with two blue eyes
That ope'd in maiden wonder;
Two red lips, framed for low replies;
A dimpled chin thereunder!

Perchance, in other days that face—
What limner's skill could show it?—
Had beamed, in all its youthful grace,
Upon our artist-poet,

Who sought in vain for Love's fond smile,
And then—his passion bringing
No recompense—had tried to wile
The sombre hours with singing!

Thus Fancy spake; 'twas sure no sin,
The tear that fell, unbidden,
As I replaced the book wherein
A human heart was hidden!

THE CHILIAN CAPITAL.

BY JAMES S. WHITMAN.

CHILIANS have reason to be proud of a capital which enjoys one of the most beautiful sites and one of the most delightful climates in the world. Santiago lies at the head of the great central valley of Chili, just where the giant Andes throws out that huge arm that extends, like a sea-wall, down the whole line of coast. There is almost a perpetual smile over the city. For seven or eight consecutive months there is scarcely any rain or cloudy sky; the Andes provide protection against the east winds, the coast range soothes the west winds, and the north winds come tempered from the Equator.

To appreciate the natural charms of Santiago and its

surroundings, one has but to climb the little hill of Santa Lucia, that rises up out of the heart of the city. You may have been charmed by the view of Rome from the Pincio, or of Florence from the Colli, but an hour spent on the top of Santa Lucia is something that you can never forget. Every thread of the spiral drive-way refreshes one with stretches of luxuriant plain and the varying panorama of the snow-clad Andes, sloping down to form a succession of basin-like valleys with the coast range. And what a richness of sky, a balmy sun, and a wondrously tonic air! Once sit for a while by the little chapel that crowns the height, and you will be tempted

to make Santa Lucia the centre of a daily pilgrimage. The people of Santiago, at the expense of many millions of dollars, have made this rocky hill—once one of Valdivia's forts—a pleasure-retreat of rare attractiveness. One may take the spiral road-way to the very top, or meander under huge overhanging bowlders, through grottoes, up picturesque stair-ways, and over little suspension bridges, and find charming lookouts from the turrets of a miniature fortress or through frequent openings in the semi-tropical growth.

Santa Lucia's principal attraction for the people, however, is of a Sunday night, when there is a variety open-air concert, to give them the full worth of their twenty-five cents, the regular entrance-fee to the grounds.

Santiago, as it is seen from this hill, has the chessboard character of all Chilian towns, with its low houses and rectangular streets; but here there is refreshing relief in the rich green of gardens and vineyards, and in the profusion of trees that seem fairly to hug the city in fond embrace. The constant dread of earthquakes in Santiago has kept people from building

their houses more than one story high. These, in most cases, inclose a neatly paved, flower-bedecked court-yard, into which the rooms open, and providing a harbor of refuge when earthquakes come. Some of the dwellings have elaborate façades and windows and gate-ways set off with iron-work of fantastic design and intricate tracery.

It is the wealthy Chilian's pride to own a house in Santiago, and a house of the most sumptuous kind. He will have rich marbles, stones of foreign importation, designs and decorations of the finest workmanship, furnishings of the best French make, and whatever is fitted

to gratify an excessive love of display and of luxurious habits. The palatial mansion of Madame Consiño, one of the richest women in the world, is a marvelous illustration of what the wealthy Santiaguian aims to own, and of the abundance of money at his disposal.

The principal houses line the Alameda, a remarkably wide avenue, with a central walk bordered with double rows of poplars, and set off at frequent intervals with fountains, flower-beds and statues of Chili's great men. The Alameda is the fashionable drive-way and promenade at a certain hour of the day, and then there is a wealth of

sumptuous equipages and handsome women such as few cities anywhere can boast of.

The Chilian rejoices in his power to entertain; no more open hospitality could be met with than here. This fact may account, possibly, for the scarcity of hotels, and the uninviting character of such as are to be found. A letter of introduction is pretty sure to result in giving you the *entrée, ad libitum*, to your friend's house and table. It may be that you will have a saddle-horse brought to your door, for your own use. This is indeed no small favor, for his horses are among



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SANTIAGO.

the Santiaguian's most cherished and conspicuous belongings. The stable is well stocked with thoroughbreds, and his equipages are of a variety and make to show them off to full advantage. In fact, no city of its size can boast of so many and such splendid private carriages as the Chilian capital. A drive to Consiño Park—the Central Park of Santiago—of an afternoon during the season, will very soon convince one of this.

Santiaguians love to imitate the French in everything, and particularly in their way of living. Coffee and rolls satisfy them until the hour for the *déjeuner*, anywhere



MUNICIPAL PARK, SANTIAGO.

between ten and twelve o'clock, when they sit down to a profusion of food, and highly seasoned, that might be expected to tax the stomach of the most experienced "high-liver." The bill of fare opens with the invariable *cazuela*, a sort of soup, properly of chicken, but more often of mutton and vegetables; then follow some kind of fish, an *entrée*, beefsteak and eggs, sugared pancakes, and other sweetened preparations of which Chilians are ravenously fond. From this, one ought to be ready to imagine on what scale the Santiaguian dines. Wine is drunk at each meal, and more often of home production. There is an abundance and every variety of this. Most of those who live in fine houses in Santiago are the owners of vineyards that yield, in the aggregate, more than seven million bottles of wine of different qualities. There are generally several kinds of wine on the table, and dinner is ended up with a thimble of whisky, neat, or a glass of *pozo*—a kind of brandy, greatly prized, made from the crushed grape after the juice has been extracted for wine. No table is without fruit, and this is to be seen in all the variety that one finds in the Sacramento Valley, but even more extraordinary in size and quality.

If one smokes, it is very seldom the cigar, but the cigarette, made with a covering of corn-husk. The *kajas*, as these are called, are something that one sees at every turn in Santiago. A friend deems it his duty to pull out his cigarette-case so soon as he greets you; clerks in the shops will "light up" while waiting on their customers, and the invariable accompaniment of the *huero's* outfit is the corn-husk and his pouch of tobacco. A man must be pretty hard up who can't afford the *kajas*, and so the saying goes, "He's too poor to smoke a cigarette."

If there is anything to make one feel uncomfortable in a Santiaguian's house, it is the complete absence of fire. During the Winter months, the evenings are decidedly chilly, but all you can do is to follow custom—muffle yourself in your wrapper or coat, sit over a *braseo*, or pan of hot charcoal, or nurse your feet in the decorative llama slippers that are at your service. It is certainly not for want of coal that the people do not have fires, for that is something that Chili supplies in abundance, and there are forests, too, within easy reach, of an extent that would lead one to suppose that wood ought to be the cheapest commodity in the country.

The streets of Santiago show about as much life and movement as one sees in any one of the larger New England towns. The principal stir is at certain hours, and is confined to certain localities. Horse-cars run through the main thoroughfares to the four quarters of the city. What gives a unique attractiveness to these are the girl conductors, though the latter appear thoroughly unconscious of the fact. They are all pretty and picturesquely set off with bright-colored dresses, Panama hats, a shawl slung gracefully over the shoulders, and a daintily trimmed apron, the pockets of which serve as money-bags, and becoming resting-places for the hands. Their passengers are very considerate; those who ride on top stop to pay their fare before mounting, and those "first-class" passengers who ride inside are unsparing of sympathetic smiles. The girls, however, are proof against all such influences, even against the persistent showers of admiration with which the young men seek to win their favor. They stand sedately on the platform, with the stolid indifference to all that is going on about them that their half-Spanish, half-Indian blood gives them, and if they are happy, it would seem to be rather with the thought that each day's work is a dollar to their credit.

The cabs in Santiago are broken-down four-wheelers, and the speed with which they are invariably made to

rattle over the ill-paved streets tempts one to question within himself how long horse and team are going to hold together. Occasionally a third horse is hitched on, and at times even four may be seen abreast, tearing along at breakneck speed, as if an earthquake were threatening to engulf the half-mile of ground ahead. It costs very little indeed to ride in one of these cabs. The charge from the railway-station to the centre of the city—two to three miles—is only fifteen cents; but then, the cabman reserves the right to fill up his carriage to satisfy himself, and, moreover, if he sees a chance to get a dollar out of you for a fifteen-cent ride, he will push it with all the pertinacity of one of his calling.

Everything that comes from France finds special favor in Santiago. Houses are furnished after the French style; French goods give the principal attractiveness to the shops; French fiction is the absorbing literature. The soldier's uniform is cut *à la Française*; Government sends her promising young men to Paris to study, and most of those who claim any position in society have seen something of the life of the "Gay Capital." The shop-keepers are for the most part foreigners—French or German. Their windows and counters are decked out in a way fitted to meet the tastes and open the *parades* of a people extremely fond of dress and of all kinds of finery, and with the means to gratify the same. They do not open until late in the morning, and close from five to seven o'clock, when the after-dinner promenade brings the tide of trade.

Santiago shares with all the towns in Chili in having a plaza, or public square, with its tree-bordered walks and prettily laid-out beds of shrubbery and of flowers; and here, as on the Alameda, there is the bi-weekly music to give additional attractions. This is one of the favorite resorts of an evening, but, for all that, it never seems to thin the throngs along the line of the more attractive shop-fronts and under the great Arcade, brilliantly illuminated, as most of the shops are, with the electric light. These nightly promenades are all the more popular owing to the fact that public entertainments or amusements of any kind are so few. The city indeed boasts of having one of the largest and finest opera-houses in the world, but this is open only during the season, and then is monopolized by the wealthy.

The streets of Santiago of a morning are full of women, their pretty features winsomely set off by the *manta*, a large cashmere shawl, often very richly embroidered, and edged with a lace frill that hangs gracefully about the forehead. They carry a little decorated knee-carpet and a prayer-book. They are the only active support of the clergy. The men, as a rule, are thoroughly indifferent in the matter of church-going. Even those who may close their stores on Sunday pass the priest with a skeptical sneer.

The informal call is one of the delightful features of society at the capital. One "drops in," so to speak, after dinner; others are pretty sure to do likewise, and the evening seldom passes without the usual installment of feasting, music and dancing. Though society at the capital is almost altogether confined to the wealthy, wealth is by no means the criterion of one's social standing. Of course, in a country where rapidly made fortunes are frequent, and where one's highest ambition is to rejoice in the possession of a big house in the capital, it is not surprising that the old families should retain all the exclusiveness and pride characteristic of their ancestors, and that they should keep so much to themselves. They are a strong, influential body in the country. It would almost seem that Santiago existed for them. They fill

the prominent public offices, have their seats in the Senate and in Congress, control the boxes at the only place of public amusement, monopolize the park; even the shops have their prices based upon what the *hacendado* is willing to pay.

In Santiago, as throughout Chili, the people are thoroughly easy-going and conservative, and although very imitative, have little sympathy with the ways of the foreigner, unless it may be with the Frenchman. The foreigner is gladly welcomed, but if he has come to stay, or to show enterprise, he will have to struggle pretty hard in the face of native dilatoriness and prejudices. They will put him off with *Hasta mañana* (I'll see you to-morrow), and will throw all sorts of difficulties in his way, before they will allow themselves to be convinced that what he can do for them is in any way to their advantage. There are comparatively few foreigners in Santiago;—probably not more than 2,000 can be counted among its population of 200,000; yet throughout the country they are numerous, and their influence is felt in every direction. They have opened up rich sections; they have given a wonderful impetus to the growth of cities; they have introduced some of the principal industries; the administration of the mines is in their hands; commerce owes its development almost entirely to them; the Government railroads have been built, and are more or less worked, by foreign enterprise and skill. The foreigner is respected in Santiago, but he experiences much to make him feel what an almost impassable gulf lies between him and one who can call himself a Chilian of the capital.

Chilians are most ardent lovers of their country, and Santiago furnishes evidences of their patriotic zeal at every turn. Every house, it would seem, has its flag-pole, reaching out from the first story to the street, so that on public holidays—and these are very numerous—to walk along the sidewalk on either side of the thoroughfares is to walk under a waving roof of the national tricolor. Santiago has innumerable statues and street names, and monumental relics of various kinds, to remind her of the country's great men and the great deeds they have done. Anything that savors of heroic endeavor thrills the Chilian with enthusiasm. I saw a youngster, one day, triumphantly lifted from his feet by an admiring crowd of spectators, who had been watching him in his rather perilous efforts up a tree to catch an escaped bird; and I once came across an old fellow, who had formerly been a boot-black, but had been set up in business for himself by the sympathetic few who saw him jump into the water after a dog swimming away with a piece of stolen meat.

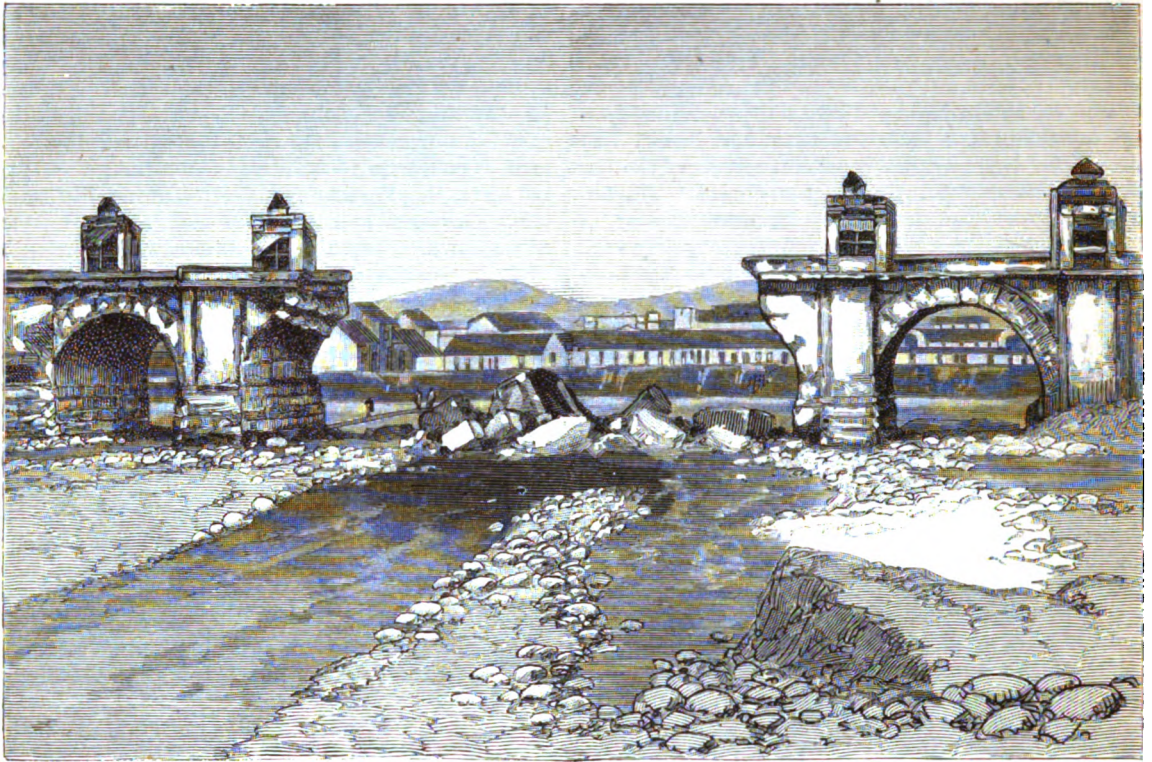
It is no wonder, then, that the Fire Department finds such ready voluntary support. Young men of good families take pride in counting themselves members of a fire-brigade. You will often see them of a Sunday, in their big water-proof hats, and with their white trousers tucked into high Hessian boots, going through their drill and manoeuvres as exactly as if the safety of the city were at stake. The people are too careful of fires to give them many opportunities for real practice. No serious fire has occurred since that memorable one of twenty-five years ago, when the great church of the Jesuits was burned to the ground, and its worshipers, to the number of 2,000 or more, perished in the flames. The city is provided with most of the modern accompaniments of a well-equipped fire-department, with the exception of the fire-alarm. Probably this would be of little service in a city where the church-bells are put to such continuous service. A lofty, cone-shaped tower in the central part of the city serves as a lookout, from which a fire may be located, after it has got sufficiently under way.

It is not strange, from what has been said, that the Chilian soldier should regard himself, and that his fellow countrymen should look upon him, as no ordinary being. As a rule, however, the soldiers are not of a very imposing make-up. They are small, ill-built men, with the uniform and the *chic* of the French soldier. They will flinch at nothing, and are as brave, patriotic and hardy a lot of men as could be found in any country. Every page in the history of the late war gives striking illustrations of this. Government supports a Military Academy, where education and board and military training are given entirely free. The number of students is limited to fifty, and there is seldom a vacancy. The Government buildings, and the necessary demands of the capital, call for a considerable number of soldiers; and these, along with the large force employed on the frontier, guarding against encroachments of the Araucanian Indians, serve as a disciplined base for the organization of quite a little army. At the outbreak of the war with Peru this numbered 45,000, and was soon augmented by more than 30,000 by the national militia.

The police are by no means formidable-looking men. Their chief boast is their uniform, which looks, however, as if it had been made years ago, in anticipation of a marked physical development in the men. Apparently, the police have very little "running-in" to do. They stroll loungingly up and down their beat, blowing a shrill whistle at intervals of every two minutes or so, in the hope, it would seem, that all malefactors will take warning to get out of their way. Their movements are supervised by a higher order of police, mounted, whose horses are to be seen standing motionless at the street-corners, as if paralyzed by the incessant whistling that their riders keep up.

Chili has of late years made rapid strides in the direction of public education. The public-school systems of other countries have all been carefully studied and balanced, foreign teachers and educators have been introduced into the country, and most effective work has already been done toward the educational development of a population nearly one-half of whom, but a few years ago, could not read or write. Education is entirely free, from the primary school to the university, the expenses being defrayed, partly by appropriations made yearly by Congress, and partly by local taxes. The elementary schools, in 1882, numbered 703, with 54,470 scholars. Girls do not go beyond this grade, but in addition to the ordinary branches they are taught needle-work, fancy-work of different kinds, and domestic economy. Secondary education is provided for by seventeen lyceums, or high-schools, at the head of which is the National Institute at Santiago, with its 1,000 pupils, which is almost one-third of the total number enrolled in the middle-class schools. The University at Santiago confers degrees in law, medicine, civil and mining engineering, theology, and *belles-lettres*. Its books showed recently a list of 920 names, almost one-half of which were of those studying medicine. The Government also sustains two establishments of professional and scientific instruction, as applied principally to manual labor, and to the producible industries and the agriculture of the country. These are the Technical School, which has supplied all the engineers of the Chilian Navy, and the Quinta Normal, or model farm, both at Santiago. In addition, free instruction is offered at an Academy of Fine Arts, a Conservatory of Music, a Military Academy, and a Naval School.

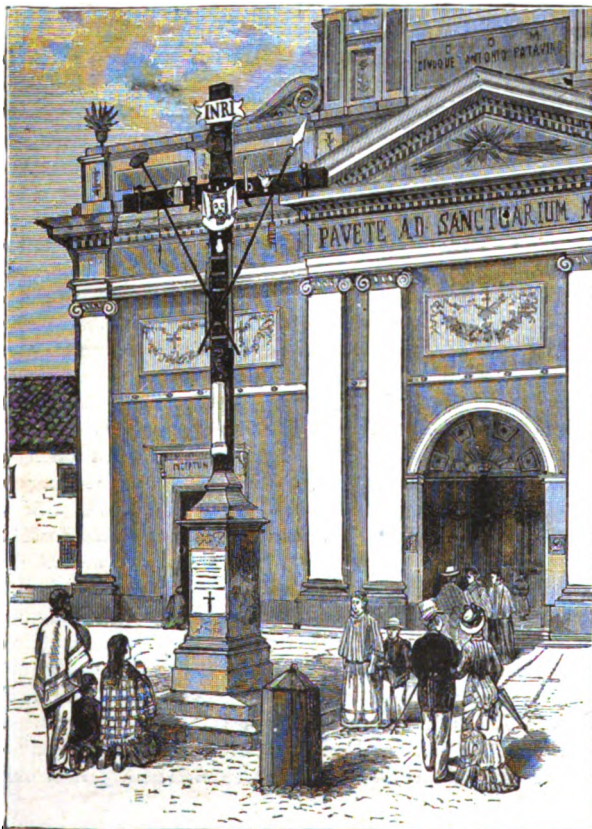
The Quinta Normal, by the way, is a very creditable institution. Its purpose, from the first, has been to



CALICANTO BRIDGE, SANTIAGO, AFTER THE INUNDATION OF 1868.

assist the culture of indigenous and foreign trees, plants and vegetables, and the varied luxuriant growth within its inclosures is an evidence of what has been done to

illustrate the marvelous fertility of the soil. The rich deposits brought down by the Mapocho and Maipo Rivers, and distributed by irrigating canals, have done marvels



CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO, SANTIAGO.



MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE FATAL CHURCH-FIRE.

for the land about the capital. Wherever these are not made to do service, the land is dry, barren, burnt up, and fairly split asunder by the sun's heat. In those places, however, where the water runs, there is the most luxuriant vegetation. One may see to-day, near Santiago, a beautiful garden of tall trees, vines, flowers, and rich green grass, where but five years ago there was a barren spot. The poplars, that form such effective fences and so prettily line the avenues, grow amazingly fast, and not less so all foreign trees—the English oak and the cedar particularly. Corn reaches to a great height, even from twelve to fifteen feet, and fruits of all kinds grow to double the size of ours. There are some charming little villas just upon the outskirts of Santiago, and they are, of course, doubly attractive after the bad roads and the ocean of dust that one has to travel over to reach them. In these *quintas*, so called, a picturesque house lies nestled amid a rich growth of trees and shrubbery;

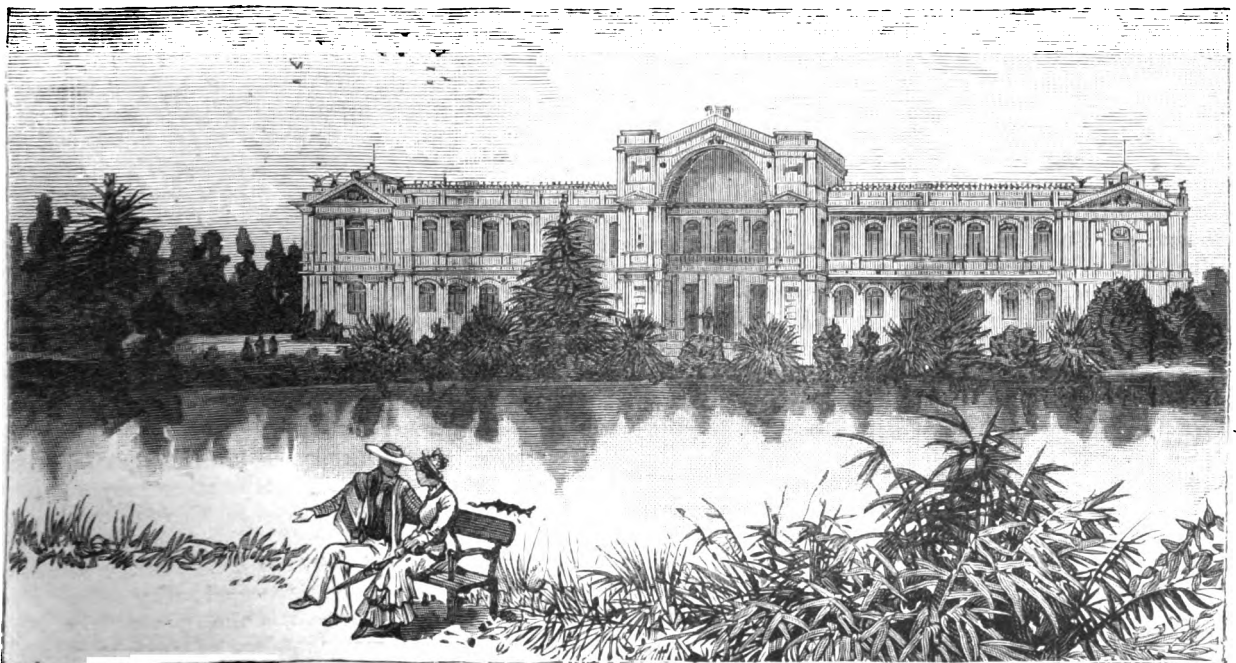


STATUE OF GENERAL O'HIGGINS.

winding paths, lined with flower-beds, and roofed here and there with trained vines, lead to romantic little nooks, from which one may catch glimpses of an artificial lake, vine-covered fields, and the stretches of cultivated inclosures that reach to the base of the towering Andine peaks in the background. Some of these estates are more than mere Summer residences, and particularly those which, for their greater size and value, are distinguished as *chacras*. These, in addition to orchard, garden and vineyards, have large stretches of arable and grazing land, extensively irrigated. Each, however, furnishes a lavish yield of wines and fruits, and every-

thing good to the eye as to the taste, and the winsomeness of the surroundings is only surpassed by the hospitality of the owners.

If the wealthy Santiaguian has not a *quinta* or a *chacra*, he can boast of his *hacienda*. These are stock-raising, corn-growing, and wine-producing estates of enormous



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

extent, covering, it may be, wide ranges of Andine slopes, and vast reaches of virgin forest and of plain and valley, irrigated by means of the perennial streams that are fed by the snows of the Cordillera.

If the Santiaguian is not at the capital, or on his *hacienda*, *chacra* or *quinta*, he is likely sniffing the sea-air at Viña del Mar—the Newport of Chili, near Valparaíso, or seeking relaxation, health and amusement at the Baths of Apoquimbo, by the capital, or the still more fashionable Baths of Cauquenes, a few hours' journey by rail and coach, far up in a gorge of the lower Andes. There he finds the best hotel accommodation, and all sorts of means offered to enable him to enjoy the wild, rocky scenery, and get the benefit of the hot mineral-springs. If Cauquenes were even 1,000, instead of 10,000, miles away, no place of its kind in the world could surpass it in wealth of patronage.

Chili combines almost all varieties of climate and soil, and these naturally divide it into sections or zones. First is the northerly zone, including the deserts of Atacama and Tarapaca, with their immense mineral deposits. Here are to be found the nitrate of soda, guano and silver which make this region, despite its sterility, the richest in the world. In this zone rain never falls. The second zone is a rich agricultural district, where rain falls only in winter. The soil owes its fertility to the rich alluvial deposits brought down from the Andes by the rivers, and utilized by the system of irrigation in vogue, creating vegetation as luxuriant as that in the Nile delta. The climate here resembles that of Italy, and all the large towns of Chili are situated within it. The third zone includes the beautiful province of Araucania, a country perhaps as favored by nature as any portion of the earth's surface. Until within two or three years ago, this region was practically in possession of the brave Indian tribes who long succeeded in keeping the Chilean forces at bay. They are now, however, completely subdued. The country is peculiarly adapted for wheat-growing. The fourth zone includes the vast forests and lands extending to the Straits of Magellan. This portion is more adapted to cattle-rearing than to agriculture.

The political constitution of Chili consists of the President and Legislature, or National Congress, composed of an Upper and a Lower House, the former renewed one-third every three years, the latter elected triennially. The President is elected every five years by the people, and is not eligible for re-election, except after an interval of one term. Under him are five Ministers and a Council of State, composed of eleven members, five of whom are chosen by the President himself, under certain regulations, and the other six elected by the Congress, their term of office being for three years. The salary of the President of Chili is \$18,000 a year. The Ministers receive \$6,000 a year, and the members of the Council of State give their services gratuitously. The various provinces are ruled by Intendentes (governors) named by the President, and removable at his will.

The Departments are administered by governors appointed in the same way, and there are sub-delegates, who are unpaid, corresponding to the unpaid magistracy of England. The Members of Congress, of whom 37 belong to the Senate and 108 to the Lower House, are, like the Members of the British Parliament, chosen from among the richest and most influential men in the country.

Although Chili is called a republic, it is governed in a very conservative manner. The change of parties means simply the retirement from office of one set of rich men to be succeeded by another set of rich men; both parties

holding much the same views, and being absolutely in accord as to the paramount necessity of peace and order. Chili is the only South American country possessing an unpaid national legislature, and to this must be attributed in no small degree her singular immunity from corruption. In no other South American country are the members of the legislature of higher standing and position than those of Chili, and in no other country is property safer, the people more orderly or the standard of patriotism higher than in this one. The fact that political services are unpaid is a great damper to the professional politician, who—a familiar figure in most of the other American communities—is ready to support anybody or anything so long as the result of his election is so much a year to himself during the sitting of the legislature.

NIAGARA'S RETROCESSION.

DR. POEHLMAN, in an address before the Society of Natural Science of Buffalo, on "Recent Changes in the Falls of Niagara," said: "The first scientific survey of the falls was made in 1842, by Prof. Hall, State Geologist of New York, and all our exact knowledge dates from his maps. Prof. Hall gives the height of the American Fall as 167 feet, and of the Horseshoe Fall as 158 feet, counting the elevations from the water's edge on October 4th, 1842—and he admits that this starting-point can vary from 4 to 20 feet with the rise and fall of the water in the river below the falls; width of American Fall, 600 feet, and of Horseshoe Fall, 1,800 feet. The Lake Survey went over the ground again in 1875, and in those 33 years the southernmost point of the Horseshoe Fall had receded 160 feet, while in the brink of the American Fall differences of 40 feet were apparent.

"When the American Association for the Advancement of Science met at the City of Buffalo, in 1886, the Section of Geology decided to make Niagara the problem of the session; and for that purpose, Professor Woodward, of Washington, and some of his assistants surveyed the brink of the falls again. He found an average retrocession for the whole face of the falls of about 2½ feet per annum; but as the central parts of the curve, where the water is deepest, retreated faster than the edges, for the southernmost point of the Horseshoe Fall it was found that it had traveled south 275 feet since 1875, or 435 feet since 1842, or about 9 feet every year. In view of such rapid changes, it seems highly probable that the older pictures of the falls, which always place the Horseshoe Fall considerably nearer than we find it to-day, are practically correct. If the rate of retrocession remains during the next 500 years as it has been for the past 43 years, the inner edge of the Horseshoe Fall will have passed to the west of Goat Island; and as the line of deepest water is near the Canadian shore, all the waters of the river will pass over the Horseshoe Fall, obliterating the American Fall entirely, and transforming Goat Island into a peninsula.

"The fall will then, perhaps, be higher than to-day, because the present descent of 50 feet over the rapids will then be added to the height of the cataract minus the number of feet necessary to give the necessary current to the river below, which at present is 15 feet to the mile. At that rate it will need about 5 miles before the Niagara shale, which now occupies the lower half of the face of the fall, is under water, and the retrocession by means of undermining is stopped. Then the changes will be accomplished simply by the eroding power of the water, and the falls will remain near the foot of Grand Island for a practically unlimited time. The hope of finally having the

Falls of Niagara at Buffalo must be abandoned, for from the foot of Grand Island to the city only can rapids exist, never a fall, on account of the nature of the underlying rock, which is soft.

"As the retrocession of the Falls of Niagara commenced in what we may call, geologically, the most recent period, the time necessary for it to arrive at its present site has had a very important bearing upon the question of the age of man on the American Continent. As long as it was considered necessary to claim several thousand years for the age of Niagara alone, the age of the human race had to be computed at perhaps 500,000 years; no matter how little such high figures agreed with other discoveries, the rocky gorge of the Niagara always presented an insurmountable obstacle against any reduction of time. But since we have discovered that, after all, the work of excavation could have been done in perhaps 3,000 or 4,000 years, our computation of the age of the human race has settled down to reasonable figures, which gives to the beds in which the oldest human implements have been found an age of perhaps 40,000 or 60,000 years; and anthropologists claim that all the facts collected so far agree well with the latter figure.

"The future surveys of the falls, perhaps every ten years, will help to settle definitely this very important question, for we are all more or less interested in the history of the human race; and as far as we know to-day, the Falls of Niagara represent the most reliable measure of time on the face of the globe."

THE WORD GOD IN NAMES.

NAMES compounded with one or other of the words which express the Deity had been common, indeed, with the Hebrews, and to a small extent had been adopted by paganism, where we find Theocritus, Theophilus, Theognis, Theodorus, Theophanes, Timotheus, and others; but after the rise of Christianity they became both commoner and more significant. From the Biography we glean the following as deserving of notice: In Greek we find Theopemptus, sent by God; Theosthenes, strength of God; Theoctistus, God-made; Theodulus, servant of God; Theognostus, known of God; Theophylact, guarded by God; Theotimus, honored by God. Both Greek and Latin express God given in various forms, as Theodoretus, Theodorus, Theodotus, Adeodatus, Deusdedit; the last peculiar form had, it seems, become common in the sixth and seventh centuries, and was borne by the sixth Archbishop of Canterbury, the first Saxon occupant of the primatial See. Of Latin names of the same class may be noted Deicolus, worshiper of God; Deiferus, bearer of God; Deogratias, thanks be to God; Quodvultdeus, what God wills—the last being a common African name, under which nine entries are given. The Redeemer's name originated Christianus and Christinus, with their feminine forms, Christopher and Christa. From redemption and salvation we have Redemptus, Reparat, Salvius, Salvianus, Soter and Soteris; from baptism, Renatus and Restitutus; from immortality, Athanasius; from the Resurrection, Anastasius and Anastasia. Of the festivals, Easter supplies Paschalis and Paschasius; Christmas, Natalis and Natalia; the Epiphany, Epiphanius and Epiphania. The three cardinal graces of the Gospel have not been barren, even in this sense: Faith brought forth such offspring as Pistus, Fidelis, Fidentius; Hope, as Elipdus, Elipdophorus, Spes, Spesina, Spesindeo; Charity, as Agape, Charito, Charitina, Caritas. To Christianity may be referred also many names

expressing happiness or joy, as Exhilaratus, Gaudentius, Gaudiosus, Hilarius, Beatus, Celestine; and although Felix antedated the Gospel, it doubtless was indebted to the new religion for a subsequent popularity, second only to that of John.

HARVESTING IRISH MOSS.

It is believed by the thirsty mortals who drink lager-beer in Summer that a sure evidence of a superior article is that as they empty their glasses the froth sticks to them, and a "remainder" of the beer, as Mr. Arnold might have said, slides slowly to the bottom of the "schooner," as if it were possessed of some of the characteristics of liquid glue.

But that propensity to linger on the glass that is supposed to mark good beer is not a property of the malt. It is due to the use of Irish moss. This moss is taken from the sea, and large quantities of it, in the rough, are gathered every year from May until September, along the Cape Cod shore of Massachusetts Bay, the best ground being off the Scituate beaches from Minot's Ledge to Old Scituate Harbor. There are several hundred men engaged in the work, and the value of the crop averages \$75,000 annually.

The outfit of a moss-gatherer is a dory and a steel rake having a handle as long as the longest spruce pole will make, fifteen to twenty feet. The teeth of the rake are almost as close as the teeth of a comb, and, in fact, the process of gathering moss is much the same as if the workmen were combing the hair of the rocks beneath the water. The moss is as tender as Kalamazoo celery, is easily torn off and deftly lifted into the boat. When the mossback has loaded his boat, she is tided to high water, the moss is carried by the basketful above reach of the sea, and spread evenly upon a patch of sandy beach that has been carefully cleaned of all weeds, drift and stones. A few days' exposure to the sun bleaches the upper surface of the moss. It is turned and dried and turned again, until the moisture is thoroughly evaporated. Then it is stored until the crop is in, and lastly packed in barrels and sold to jobbers, who sell again. Eventually it gets into the hands of the brewers, and from them goes forth to enhance the value of their beer and save malt.

AMBER-HUNTING IN THE BALTIC.

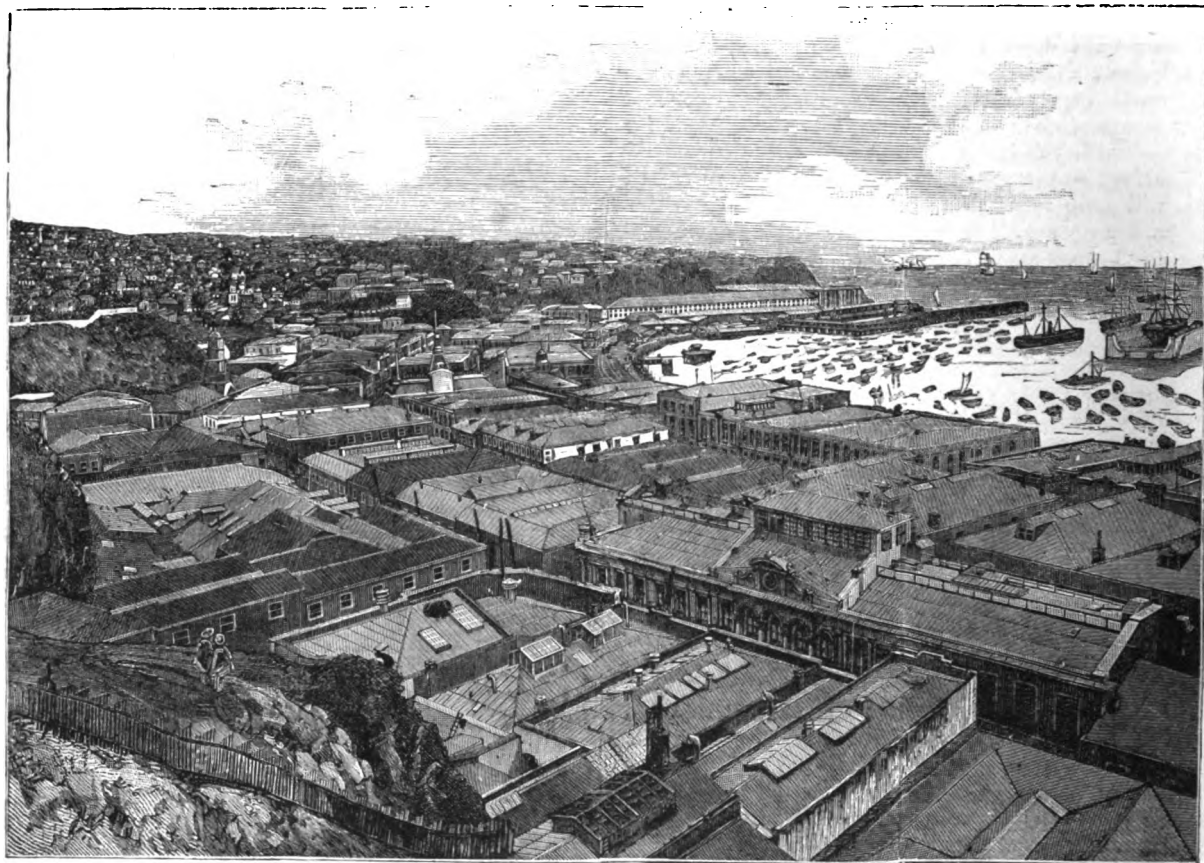
BETWEEN Dantzic and Memel is the home of the amber-fishers of the Baltic. Germans call it the California of East Prussia; and, standing under the shadow of the light-house at Brusterort, where the peninsula juts out into the sea, one can see with the naked eye, on a moderately fine day, the entire stretch of coast from which, for more than 3,000 years, the bulk of the amber-supply of the world has been obtained. Twenty, thirty feet deep and more, beneath the sand-dunes that extend for miles around and form the ocean-floor, here are the veins of "blue earth," as it is termed locally, in which the petrified yellow and yellowy-brown masses are found imbedded; and a little way out beyond the light-house on the Fox Point, where a fleet of black boats generally rides at anchor on the gray-green water, is one of the great amber-reefs of the "Bernstein-Küste," a veritable layer of amber cropping from the sea-bed, and heaped up by the ceaseless action of wind and water. The "blue earth" formation runs far back inland, so that amber can be mined as well as fished—as it in fact is in some places in the district. But as the deposit is so much nearer the

surface under water, where it is being constantly exposed by a gradual sinking of the sea-level, while the ebb and flow of the tide and the frequent storms that occur along the coast help to free the amber from the sand and weeds in which it is hidden, it is found more profitable, as well as easier, to "fish" than to "dig" it. A few years ago, digging was largely carried on in the Samland, and assumed almost the proportions of a regular industry. Five or six peasants, not possessing the right to "fish," would combine, and obtain permission to excavate in likely spots on the estates of private persons. The result was profitable, but in the end the "digging" proved a source of unmixed evil to the locality. The "diggers" began to cheat the proprietors of their proportion of the yield, and invariably concealed a good find. Dealers,

from the fact that, when the six years for which they had tendered expired, they offered 200 thalers per working day, instead of the original twenty-five. The take of amber at Schwarzort, where the dredging is carried on, was estimated at \$375,000 for the working year of about thirty weeks.

ONE WHO UNDERSTOOD BROWNING'S POETRY.

THE following Browning story is told regarding the ready comprehension that some people profess for everything that Browning has written: One lady was talking about the matter with another, a profound Browningite. "I am sure," said the latter, "that I understand without



THE CHILIAN CAPITAL.—PORT OF VALPARAISO, SHOWING CUSTOM-HOUSES, DRY FLOATING DOCK, AND BUSINESS PORTION OF THE CITY.—SEE PAGE 167.

who crowded into the district in the hope of picking up bargains, cheated the "diggers." Then people began digging in parts forbidden to them, making what were termed "moonlight" expeditions to promising grounds. Fights with inspectors were of constant occurrence; when disturbed, the "diggers" had no hesitation in having resort to fire-arms, and murders became quite common, so that the Government was obliged to prohibit this form of amber-getting. The right to "fish" belongs to the coast villages and communities, and, in parts, to the State. The latter farms out the grounds belonging to it to certain Königsberg and Memel firms. One of these, Messrs. Stantien & Becker, agreed, in 1862, to keep open the water-way of the Frisches Haff—which needs constant dredging—and pay twenty-five thalers a day besides, if they were allowed to dredge there for amber. That the contract proved not unprofitable to them may be inferred

difficultly anything that Browning wrote." "And on the first reading?" asked the other. "Certainly." The first lady took down her 'Browning,' turned gravely to one of the most mystical of the poems, and began to read it wrong end first; that is to say, she read the last line first, and then the next to the last line, and kept on till she had read the whole, finishing, in an animated delivery, with the first line of the poem. She lent to the rhyme, more or less dubious, of the poet, the music, quite undeniable, of her voice; and the new disciple of Browning drank it all in with eager ears. "There!" the reader said, when she had finished, "do you mean to say that you understood that?" "Perfectly," replied the other; "nothing could be more luminous than those glorious lines, which march from their introductory statement to their irresistible conclusion like the gleaming advance of a splendid army."



"A SHARP, RINGING SOUND ON THE PAVEMENT. THE KEY HAD FALLEN AT HIS FEET." . . . "SURELY INSANITY NEVER TOOK ON A FAIRER GUISE." . . . "I PRAYED THE GOOD GOD TO HELP ME EVERY NIGHT."

THE MYSTERIOUS ROOM.

A STORY OF OLD PARIS.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"HELP, monsieur! Oh! save me!—save me!"

Young Ormsby turned at the sound of a voice full of terror. He had been walking very leisurely through one of the narrow, historical thoroughfares of lower Paris. A brilliant moon shone on the uneven pavement, the broken sidewalks, the grim walls on either hand; and one great iron-studded gate on his right suggested a private bastille.

Now, however, as he stood there quite motionless, held

by the sudden cry, a young girl, hardly more than a child, came flying toward him like a spirit. Unearthly beautiful she seemed, her great blue eyes shining, her gold-bronzed hair floating like a veil about her neck and shoulders. Catching him by the arm, she clung desperately to him, her tearful, beseeching eyes appealing for pity and protection.

"What can I do for you? I am a stranger in Paris. What is the matter?" he asked.

"Take me with you, anywhere—even to the *gens-d'armes*—any place where I can claim protection. My grandfather will kill me. Oh, fly! monsieur—he is coming!"

The young man, thus adjured, knew not what course to pursue. To run away with a girl not dressed for the public streets, though beautiful as an angel, was not exactly what he cared to do. Where should he take her, stranger as he was? He had but one friend in all Paris, his chum and fellow-traveler, Hal Bentley, a cynical fellow, who laughed at all his romantic schemes, and kept him from going into a good many of them.

By this time a tall old man, with a grand head from which the white hair hung in clusters of curls, emerged from the gate. He was bare-headed, and in figure and mien singularly graceful, as he came toward Ormsby, one hand outstretched—otherwise calm and courteous.

"I am exceedingly sorry, monsieur, the child has given you uneasiness," he said, in soft, musical tones. "The girl must be pardoned—she does not know what she is doing at times. Monsieur can see the wildness of her eyes; he notices the *abandon* of her manner; he must observe that she has taken no care of her toilet. The child is deranged—a clouded intellect," and he put his forefinger to his forehead. "I do not permit her to be carried to the hospital, but prefer myself to care for her—the child of a beloved daughter. Permit me to say good-night."

Ormsby stood speechless and bewildered.

"Oh, monsieur!" cried the girl, as the old man caught her—not roughly—by both hands, and drew her, trembling from head to foot, toward him. "It is as I told you. Help!—will no one help me? He will kill me in his terrible experiments. I am too young to die! Oh, save me!"

"I cannot take you from your rightful protector," said Ormsby, in as good French as he could muster. "I am sorry for you, but you had better go with him. He will not harm you, I am sure."

"Oh, you don't know him—I can't make you understand—but you will not forget," cried the girl, despairingly, as she went, struggling, by the old man's side. "He will kill me—all for science! I am sane, as Heaven hears me! I am unfortunate; but you will remember."

Then the massive gate shut with a loud clang, leaving Ormsby alone—dazed, wondering and irresolute. It all seemed like a bad dream; but some one coming by stared at him, standing watching the gate, so, recollecting himself, he started on, and, after a little aimless wandering, found his hotel.

This was not one of the best, neither of the poorest. The two friends had joined expenses, and had taken two parlors. One of these they had converted into a bedroom; the other, on the sunny side of the street, and whose oriel window overlooked all the passers-by, they called parlor, library, smoking and reception room, whichever way they liked to consider it.

Bentley was writing a book. Ormsby found him bending over the fire. Manuscript covered the table and the floor; the window was open.

"I have had an adventure," said Ormsby, as, having put aside coat and hat, he threw himself into a chair.

"What! so soon? What a wonderful fellow you are! Adventures are as plentiful with you as blackberries in July, while I might traverse the length of Paris, and none of them would happen to me. It must be because you are rich and good-looking."

Ormsby laughed, but soon grew grave again, and related what had occurred.

"Upon my soul, that is rather curious," said Bentley,

looking up questioningly. "I should have been tempted to investigate."

"How could I? One can't force himself into another man's house. Besides, if that old fellow was a rascal, he was one of the most saintly and gentlemanly sort I ever met."

"Oh, you can't tell a rascal here from the outside," said Bentley. "All the grades are polished to the fingertips, and the bigger the knave the more courtly. The girl was pretty, you say?"

"Beautiful! exquisitely lovely!" said Ormsby.

"Hit!" said the other, with a laugh.

"Hit or not, she was the prettiest thing I ever saw," said Ormsby. "The moonlight may have bewitched me, and heightened her charms, but I never saw a sweeter face. I confess her piteous glances haunt me yet."

"Do you know where you met her?"

"Not the name of the street, but I could go to it again—one of those short thoroughfares where, here and there, the buildings look like prisons. When the gate was open I caught a glimpse of a garden and a long court-yard—that is all I saw; but I shouldn't wonder if there is something wrong behind the gloomy old wall."

"I should say so, if the girl is demented," said Bentley.

"It may be the girl is all right, and the old man is crazy," was Ormsby's rejoinder.

"Possibly. Well, don't let it disturb your appetite. I've ordered some fresh fish, and we must both do justice to it. Here it comes," he added, as a high-nosed, white-aproned waiter made his appearance. "We'll forget the pretty maniac to-night, and recall her, if convenient, to-morrow; only, I give you this piece of advice—don't give way to any of your quixotic notions unless I am by."

They finished dinner, smoked, and went to the theatre. Curiously enough, the plot of the play hinged upon the imprisonment of a young girl for the sake of getting her fortune, and thus served to keep up the interest which Ormsby felt in the incident of the afternoon. On the day following, both young men went round to the street in question, to take a more leisurely survey of the house; but nothing presented itself by which they might have been able to judge who lived there. The building was very old, and an ancient coat-of-arms was carved midway on the dingy stone wall. The old estate had, no doubt, once been the residence of some noble family. A few shuttered windows met their gaze upon the street side. Opposite was a small variety-shop. A few gaudy banners, some faded hose, ribbons, pins and needles, odd numbers of books and magazines, yellow strips of embroidery and cheap handkerchiefs filled the narrow, bluish window-panes, and in their midst sat a sleek Angora cat that blinked and nodded and now and then caught a fly.

"We'll go in here and buy some pins," said Bentley.

A shriveled old lady, with black eyes as bright as diamonds, answered the call. Bentley bought several articles of which he was in no immediate need.

"Do you know who lives opposite?" he asked of the spry little shop-keeper.

"Is it the tall, gray house?"

"Just there," and Ormsby pointed it out.

"Ah! the old *hôtel* of the D'Aubines. It was once a noble house. No, monsieur, I do not know. A lone man, I should think. He goes out but occasionally—a tall old gentleman, with a beautiful beard, very stately. I have but once or twice seen him. No, monsieur, I do not know."

"There is a young lady there, I believe?" said Bentley.

"That I know not. I never saw one. We are here only in the daytime. We shut up early, my husband and

"I—we are so old—and go to our home on another street. My daughter once saw some people go in over there, and carriages used to come, but none of late. The house is never lighted up now. It is a lonesome place—only one old man and no servant."

That was all they could learn. The great gate shut out all beyond. On the street the windows were dark.

"Very strange," muttered Ormsby, as they left the shop. "I certainly saw the young girl, and she was taken through that gate. It is a mystery which I should like to solve. I believe there is something wrong about the business, but of course there's no use trying to get at it. Paris, like all other great cities, has its secrets."

"Yes; and I should be very careful how I tried to unravel them," said his friend. "It is quite as true that a meddler comes to harm as that listeners hear no good of themselves. Better forget the thing altogether."

This was good advice, and Ormsby tried to forget; but it seemed to him that the incident reappeared and enacted itself a hundred times a day.

One moonlight evening, nearly a month afterward, he concluded to go down the same street. His friend declined to accompany him. He had been sight-seeing, and was, besides, in a mood for writing. Slippers, book and fire proved too great a temptation, and Ormsby went alone.

"If I'm not home by ten o'clock, old fellow, summon the police," said Ormsby, laughing, as he left him.

"Don't, for Heaven's sake, find any more adventures," said Bentley. "If I am not with you, you run naturally into scrapes—pray be careful. It's a moonlight night. Leave your pocket-book at home, and then you can turn a cold shoulder to the beggars."

Ormsby laughed heartily, as he left the house and turned his footsteps toward the lower part of the city. He knew he should be besieged by beggars and that he should give them money. No one happened to molest him, however, and he turned his footsteps in the direction of the little old shop. Something seemed to impel him there. Arriving opposite the strange old house, he noticed that the great gate was open. He crossed over, and went cautiously into the open space behind it. How vast and dismal it seemed! A few flowers languished in neglected garden-plots. A stone image at the farther end grinned ghastly, or seemed to, in the moonlight. On either hand, the walls of tall houses stood black against the sky. He could make out the face of a clock without hands at the kitchen-end of the house. Three or four trees, immense in size, cast heavy shadows on the moonlighted pavement, but in all the wilderness of stone there was no light save that of the moon, which made circles and quivering lines in the windows. A cat ran like a frightened thing along the base of the wall and disappeared in the darkness, for the moon went under a cloud. Presently the cloud vanished, and everything passed out of shadow into a white light that brightened the rock-work in the garden, the curious figures—like gargoyles on a church—along the second and third stories on the right, giving a weird, uncanny blue whiteness to the massive structure.

Suddenly a window opened. It was one that let out on a little stone balcony, and as Ormsby checked his footsteps, he looked up, and there, outside the window, stood the young girl, the moonlight making her delicate beauty more ethereal than before, and the soft breeze lifting her curling locks, which, escaped from comb or ribbon, fell all over her shoulders.

"Oh! monsieur!" she cried, in a low, strained voice, "for the love of Heaven, help! I am starving!"

"How can I help you?" asked Ormsby, his nature

stirred to its depths by her terrible confession. "It is impossible to reach you."

"Monsieur, stand aside. I am locked in here; but I have a key which I found on the ledge of the wall downstairs some time ago. It is large; I will throw it down. Heaven grant it may open some door. My grandfather went away early yesterday morning. He has not returned. Try all the doors; there is not a living soul in the house."

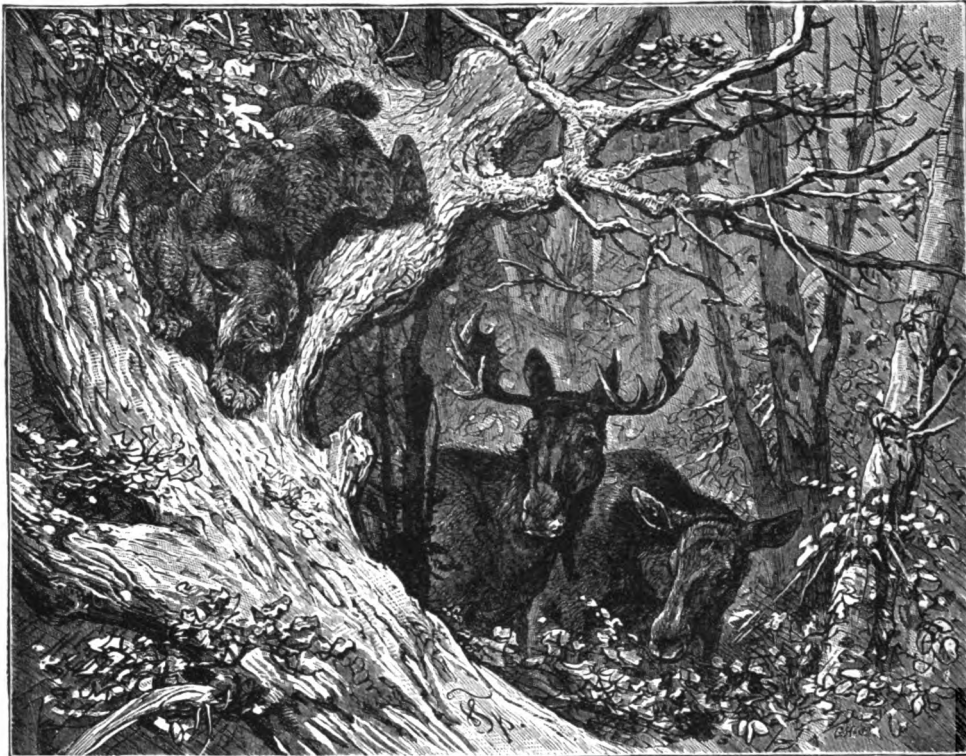
A sharp, ringing sound on the pavement! The key had fallen at his feet. Ormsby stooped, picked it up, and looked round irresolutely. If the girl was mad, surely insanity never took on a fairer guise. She stood with her hands pressed together, her eyes lifted to heaven, the fair oval of her face distinctly defined against the rough background, and though for a moment irresolute, the young man felt that he had courage enough to save her, if only he could assure himself that her grandfather was away.

"There are five doors," said the girl; "the key may fit some one of them; three on this side, two on the kitchen-end. All the rooms communicate, and more than half of them are unfurnished. Pray—pray try the key!"

He began at what was usually considered the porter's lodge. The key entered easily enough, but turned without resistance, and was of no use. In like manner he tried the other doors, but only at the last one—the out-house, or outer kitchen—was his effort successful.

All was dark on the inside, and the smell of damp and mold was something appalling. Luckily, he always carried a box of small wax matches, and had newly supplied himself that day. Carefully closing the door, he drew one of the matches across the rough side of the little brass box, and after his eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, looked about him. He was in a large, rough kitchen, probably the outer one of all, where in former years the cooking had been done. A black cavity yawned in the chimney-place, beside which were stone slabs for tins and kettles; a broad shelf hung above. The floor was black, broken, and swarmed with beetles, who scampered, however, as he moved forward. The rough walls were bare and discolored. Not a stick of furniture was visible. In a corner of the shelf, glued to the board, was an inch or two of dirty wax candle. This he appropriated, lighted, and went through a door hanging by one hinge into a second room, larger and blacker than the last, one side of which was filled with hanging-shelves, the other with bare, brown tables, over which hooks and nails were ranged, as if to hold meats or utensils. Then came a smaller room, showing two or three sinks and cupboards. Out of this he emerged into a narrow entry, where stairs led to what had probably been the servants' quarters.

Every step he took sounded with horrible reverberation through the house, or so it seemed to Ormsby's excited fancy. Now he entered a small room dismantled of furniture, great pieces of damp paper fluttering from the walls; now a room richly frescoed, here and there a cracked mirror set in the panels—in some cases all the glass had gone; then in a saloon of long-departed splendor; and then came a wide hall, running the whole length of the house. His bit of candle still served, and he tried the doors, one after another, that led into the front of the house, but they were locked. It must be this part of the house, he thought, in which the young girl is imprisoned. With fiendish deliberation, or lunatic cunning, the old man had locked her in, so that there could be no possible escape for her. He went to the end of the hall and looked out of the narrow window. Like all the others, it had a small stone balcony. Opening the



ANIMALS THAT ARE VANISHING.—THE LYNX.—SEE PAGE 184.

his shoulder to the panel, and on the third assault broke it in, and with the aid of his knife and cane made room enough to enter; so, taking his candle and grasping his cane, that he might be ready for an emergency, he crawled through.

For a moment he stood breathless, and then began slowly to perceive that he was not alone. Horror of horrors! a man's eyes encountered his, with a steady stare—another, and yet another. Great heaven! where was he?—in what silent, ghastly company? There was a table full, and yet not one of them moved—no eyes fell beneath his

window, he stepped out cautiously. To the next balcony on range the distance was fully seven feet, perhaps more. Where to find a board that would bear his weight from window to window! The distance below to the moonlighted pavement made him shudder. The trees and the plants made great blotches of shadow; the whole space was empty; no one had entered. It was evident the old man had deserted the premises, either through fear of detection or to rid himself of existence.

Ormsby went back to the door of the first room. It was heavy and elaborately carved, yet age and damp had weakened it. Trying his strength against it, he noticed that it gave a little. At the same moment a faint cry sounded not far off. The girl had probably heard the assault upon the door, and had therefore cried out for joy. Or could it be that the old man had returned? He listened. All was quiet. He had no weapon except a delicate clasp-knife, with a long, keen blade, and his cane, which was loaded.

An athlete by training, the supposition that the old man had come back rather nerved him. Again and again he applied

gaze, no hand stirred, no lash quivered. He stood like one turned to stone, as they seemed to be—stood and felt his strength desert him, his legs give way under him, and his whole body sway like a leaf.

Gradually he recovered from this fright, and as there were neither sound nor motion, he began to look about him. The walls were covered with moth-eaten tapestry. The chairs were faded, and of an old, old fashion. The table was set as if for supper; fruits, flowers, dishes of cold meat, stood upon it. One man had a knife in his hand outstretched toward the butter-dish; another held an orange; still another lifted to his lips a goblet of exquisitely cut glass; two were turned face to face, as if



ANIMALS THAT ARE VANISHING.—WILD BOARS DEVOURING A DEER.



ANIMALS THAT ARE VANISHING.—BEAR AND BUFFALO.
SEE PAGE 184.

in conversation ; and all had been made to assume the most natural positions. Was the whole thing a weird and unconscious dream ?

Mustering up his courage, seeing that they were utterly motionless, reasoning that the figures might be made of wax, as also the food and fruit, the conception, perhaps, of that strange old man, he resisted his first inclination to retreat at once from the place, and cautiously going forward, he touched one of the company. It was as cold as stone. Candles stood on the table, as if ready to light. He applied his matches, but the wicks would not catch. Examining them, he found that they did not yield to pressure. Everything was in the same condition, though not exactly petrified.

Of one thing he was certain : all this company, so strangely preserved, had once been living people. In utter amazement he walked the rounds. The man whose eyes had seemed to turn to him was very handsome—a younger edition of the crazy old grandfather. There were five figures in all. The table was an old-fashioned one, with a marble top. Every face was painted to simulate life. The eyes shone, the lips had a living, dewy look. It could be no hallucination. A slow, cold terror crept over him. How to get out of this chamber of horrors, into the room beyond ? Or was the whole thing witch-

craft, girl and all—she luring him to his death ? Such deadly deeds had been done here in old Paris !

At last, under a worm-eaten *portière*, which shook off flakes of its rotten color and fabric all over him as he moved it, he found a door. It was unfastened, but had a strong black key hanging to its handle by a string.

"The old fellow forgot to take the key," he muttered, as, opening the door, he emerged into a grand hall, hung here and

there with moldy old portraits. A handsome flight of stairs led to the story above, but he stood still, opposite the door facing that through which he had just come. Then he rapped. A glad cry reassured him.

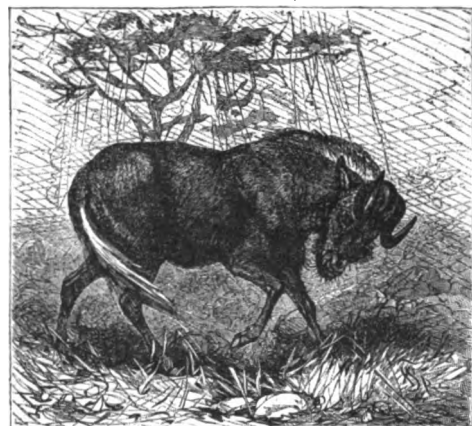
"How shall I get in ?" he asked.

"I don't know," was the instant reply. "There is a key that unlocks all these rooms, but my grandfather probably took it with him. If I were not so hungry, I could wait till you go and get help."

"I think I can find the key," he said, and hurried back the way he had come ; bought wine and food from a shop near by, and returned with candles and a covered basket. The key he found fitted the lock of her prison, and in a short space of time he was in the presence of the girl.

His first glance awakened all the pity and sympathy of his nature. Her eyes were hollow ; her cheeks, white to ghastliness. She looked, indeed, with that great mass of brown-gold hair floating about her shoulders, like a spirit risen from the dead.

"How long have you been here ?" he asked, after she



ANIMALS THAT ARE VANISHING.—THE OX.

had partaken of the food and wine, in such quantities as he allowed her.

"I have counted three nights," she answered. "He gave me a little bread and water—that was all gone yesterday morning. When he left me, he said, through the key-hole, with that terrible laugh of his: 'Good-by, grand-daughter. I shall not have the pleasure of using my great preservative fluid on you. I have done enough for science—science has done nothing for me.' Then he said something more about solids and fluids, and I heard him go down the stairs. I had been praying for release, but did not think he would leave me all alone to starve till I saw him go through the gate, then I realized it all—that I could get no aid, and should die imprisoned in this frightful house. Everything here was solidly fastened, but I worked at the window every day and prayed the good God to help me every night, and I had just succeeded in opening it, when you came in at the gate. Then I knew that the good God had heard my prayers and sent you to liberate me."

"And those people in the room across the hall?" said Ormsby.

"What people?" she asked. "There have been none here save grandfather and I."

"The people seated at table;" and Ormsby shuddered as he spoke.

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "There are some rooms I have never been in. They were always locked, and grandfather kept the key."

"We must leave the house by that way, I suppose," he said, half aloud. "It will try your courage——"

"Grandpapa always said the rooms on the opposite side were haunted, but then, his mind ran on such things. If we are to go that way, I don't mind, with you. I shall not be frightened. Only take me out of this house, where I have spent such terrible days! The laboratory up-stairs must be worth something—enough, perhaps, to pay you for your trouble. As for me, I am not afraid, once I am out in the world, but that I can make my own living."

"We will see to all that," said Ormsby, and led her to the door, opened it, and then came another surprise.

"Mother! father!" shrieked the girl; "how came they here? Oh! he has tried his terrible experiments on them! Oh, Heaven! and he told me they had died, at home!"

It was all the young man could do to soothe her. He, too, was trembling with horror.

"They are—oh! what are they? Yes, certainly they are dead! They do not move. See—here is one place, one plate left—for me!"

Ormsby noticed that there was an empty plate—a vacant chair to the left of the mother.

"We must hurry," he said, to the half-fainting girl. "It is almost midnight. My only wonder is that he left you alive."

"He was frightened. I told him you would come and have the place searched for me. Oh! take me away, or I shall lose my reason."

Ormsby hurried her through the door, which he had opened, down the stairs, and out into the fresh air. Then it seemed, as he looked up at the frightful walls, as if he heard a faint laugh echoing all over the old house. At last they had safely crossed the threshold of the old gate. Ormsby found a cab and drove directly home, trusting to the tender mercies of his landlady, who was still up, and who, on hearing the girl's story, consented to take her under her roof.

The police were notified, and for weeks the old house was the objective point for savants and scientists, who

grieved that the wonderful secrets of such marvelous preservation had not been left behind for the benefit of the world. The matter was kept as secret as possible, though it finally got into the papers, in a modified form, and was a nine-days wonder.

No tidings were ever heard of the old chemist, and it was generally supposed that either he had left the country or destroyed himself.

Ormsby became very much in love with the pretty girl, whose name was Marie, and would have married her at once but for the counsel of his friend, who persuaded him to place her first at a good school; which he did, and at the expiration of two years carried her to America as his bride.

The old house has been deserted for years, and as the talk is of making a *boulevard* in that section of the city, it will probably be torn down. What disposition was made of the personages who figured at the round-table was never divulged.

DRIP.

A LEGEND OF ARTZ ISLAND.

DRIP! drip! It is six long hours since the sound on her senses burst,

Yet the bright brown floor shows blank and dry as when she heard it first;

In the solemn hush of the midnight rings, steadily, drip! drip! drip!

To the woman who lies with wide, frightened eyes, and a prayer on her quivering lip.

The sea 'neath the cottage-lattices heaves sullenly in the dark, And the call of the rising breakers knells the doom of many a bark;

But worse than wind and wave can be is the bode for the absent ship

In the omen that speaks to the home in Artz, in that ominous drip! drip! drip!

The babe sleeps on in its mother's arms, with flushed cheek and tossed gold hair;

She would wake it an she rose in her bed to look at the window there;

She lies and tries to cheat her heart: she has cut awry the chip She rounded for the cider-cask? her can was split?—drip! drip!

Yet she knows on the boards she polished is never a sign of damp; She knows what she would see an she dared to light the old oil-lamp.

Pierre laughed when he said her floor would make the steadiest footstep slip,

And "she'd need to keep her windows tight." She did; yet listen! drip!

And when the reluctant morn'g broke over the Breton seas, And when o'er the glittering gorse on Artz swept the wild western breeze,

A corpse washed up mid the sea-weed wreathed, round the wreckage of a ship,

And the widow knelt by its side and owned the warning of the drip.

SUEAN K. PHILLIPS.

AUSTRALIAN FRUITS.

In the southern portion of Australia there are few indigenous fruits. A miserable little cherry, with the seed outside, a diminutive wild grape in the mountains, and a few unimportant nuts, form the list of native fruits of the southern part of the great island continent. In the north, however, the case is altogether different, for the pineapple, banana, cocoanut, and many other kinds of fruits, are found to be indigenous.

Southern Australia was not originally destitute of fruit, and Mr. James Harrold accounts for its disappearance

through the neglect of the aboriginal inhabitants who represent the lowest forms of human life on the earth. He says that "They made their appearance after the creation of the vegetable kingdom, and as their intellects were of very feeble order, they could not understand the propagation or cultivation of fruit."

Almost all the European fruits that have been introduced grow extremely well, and there is reason for the belief that in the near future the cultivation of fruit will become one of the most important industries of Australia.

With the exception of the grape, the orange is the most profitable fruit cultivated in New South Wales, and it is said on high authority that the orange-trees of the Parramatta district are the largest and finest in the world. They appear to have been planted there soon after the foundation of the colony. Some of the trees are known to be over sixty years of age, and they are still in the full vigor of life, and look as if they would last a century longer. They are certainly not less than forty or fifty feet in height, and measure nearly six feet in circumference. Some idea of their productiveness can be formed from a recent statement that over 10,000 oranges had been gathered from a single tree in one season.

The principal variety of oranges grown in Australia is known as the Parramatta, or Poor Man's Orange.

MANDRAGORA.

THE use of anæsthetics for annulling pain in surgical operations is but a revival of an ancient practice, and the mandrake (*Atropa mandragora*) was one of the most popular agents.

"Give me to drink mandragora,
That I might sleep out this great gap of time,"

exclaims Cleopatra, during the absence of Mark Antony; and Iago says, when he had duly poisoned the mind of his confiding master:

"Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'st yesterday."

Dr. Richardson, who has recently been experimenting, with some difficulty obtained a specimen of the root, and from it prepared the "Wine of Mandragora," according to the ancient recipe. His experiments show that the ancient reputation of this preparation was well founded, as far as its anæsthetic properties are concerned; that it is "a general anæsthetic of the most potent quality," and he has no doubt its active principle, if isolated, would be "one of the most powerful anæsthetics we have yet discovered." This is not all; mandragora possesses the valuable property of producing long-continued local insensibility. Dr. Richardson found that on applying the tincture to his lips the insensibility was very decided, and lasted for more than an hour.

Some of our very numerous aspirants in organic chemistry will do well in separating the alkaloid, or whatever else the active principle of the mandrake may be, and studying its compounds.

SNAKES AND THEIR USES.

THAT snakes should be dreaded is not unnatural—they crawl on their bellies, and carry poison in their heads—but that snakes should be generally hated, and held up to opprobrium as emblems of evil, made in the devil's image, seems rather unreasonable. To urge on the snake's behalf that he cannot help being a snake is, perhaps, not to the purpose; every creature must accept the responsibilities of its position; but he is really one of the most helpless and inoffensive of animals, and, unlike the great *Attila* and many insects, he does not prey on man. A blow that would not harm a child kills him instantly; and there is nothing he so much desires as to be let alone. It is true that when you tread on him he turns; so does the worm, the difference being that the snake, after turning, generally bites, and if he bites effectually, then the aggressor is likely to pass a very *mauvais quart d'heure*. Yet, save when hurt or otherwise provoked, the snake seldom or never strikes an animal which he does not mean to eat, and being small himself, he must needs prey on such "small deer" as he can kill at a stroke; for, being a slow mover, he is unable to run down a wounded victim. To be of any use to him, it must die instantly, and for this reason the *trigonacephalus* is provided with a poison so potent that it kills creatures of the vermin class (on which the snake mostly feeds) like a flash of lightning. Men who have studied the snake closely say that he is slow to anger, and would always much rather run away than fight. M. Coutance, who has recently written a remarkably interesting and instructive book on the subject, tells a story of a West Indian negro affected with elephantiasis, who, being advised that a snake-bite might cure him, put his hand into a cage of rattlesnakes, which, however, heeded him so little that he had to tease and provoke one of them for several minutes before it could be prevailed upon to render him the service which he desired. It was so effectually rendered that the experimenter died within twenty-four hours. There can be no question, moreover, that even in the countries where he is most redoubtable the *trigonacephalus* has his uses; he helps to preserve the balance of nature, and destroys creatures who are more dreaded or more noxious than himself. The French island of Martinique and the English island of St. Lucia are infested by a snake known as the *fer de lance*, which has acquired an almost world-wide repute. Its bite is not of necessity fatal; but the limb which it strikes soon gangrenes, and unless it be amputated, the patient dies. Strangely enough, the *fer de lance* is found nowhere else, not even in the neighboring islands of Guadeloupe and St. Vincent; and it seems incapable of living anywhere else—why, is a mystery, all the islands of the Antilles being as nearly as possible identical in soil, climate and vegetation. *Fers de lances* are so numerous in Martinique that it is not safe to venture far into the "high woods" or "cane-pieces" unaccompanied by a guide, who can at a glance distinguish a snake from the foliage and fallen leaves in which he often reposes; and after dark the highways are as dangerous as the high woods. Nevertheless, the people of Martinique set great store by the *fer de lance*; he is so much thought of, indeed, that the planters of Guadeloupe have made several unsuccessful attempts to acclimatize him in that island. For this snake is a great devourer of rats, and rats are great devourers of sugar-cane. Were there no destructive rodents in Martinique, the planters would probably be glad to dispense with the *fer de lance*; but believing that it is better for a few coolies and negroes to be occasionally

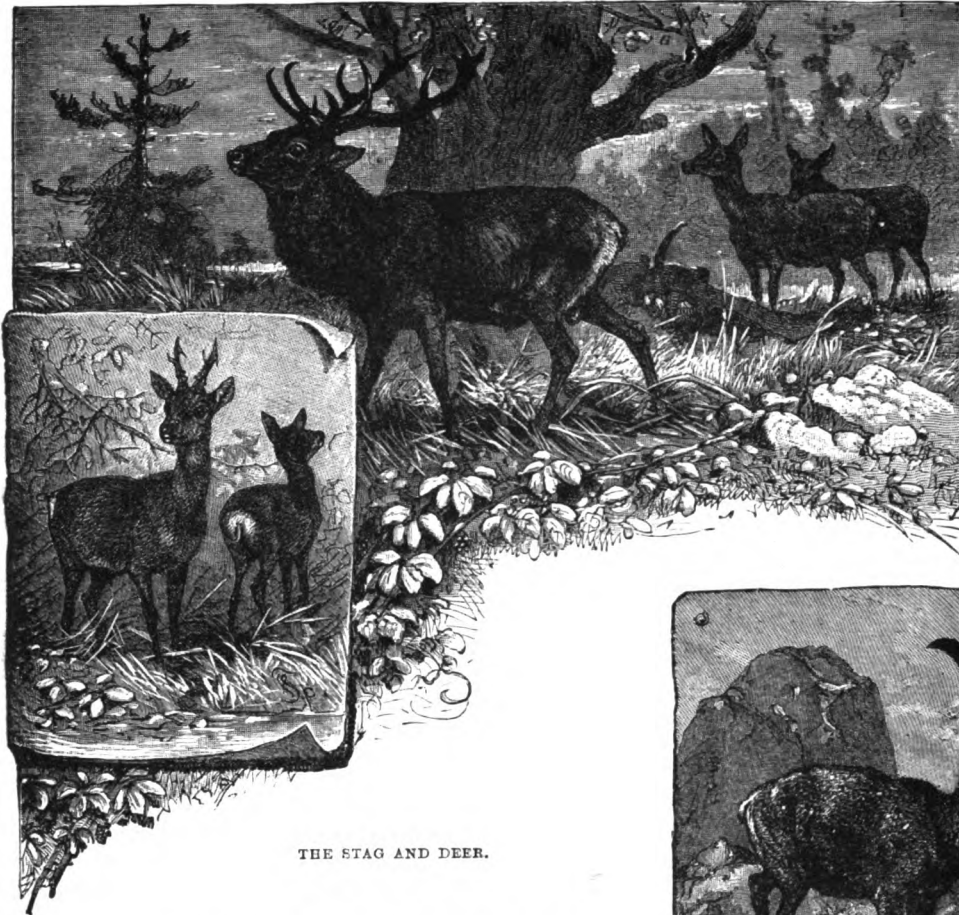
If it is a happiness to be nobly descended, it is no less to have so much merit that nobody inquires whether you are or not.

Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish.

Every animal, even the tiniest, is surrounded by hosts of enemies, apparently bent on its destruction; and the most terrible destroyer is man.

Every new means of killing, every new weapon, everything that facilitates travel and enables men to reach hunting-grounds, adds to the slaughter of animals.

Many creatures, familiar to



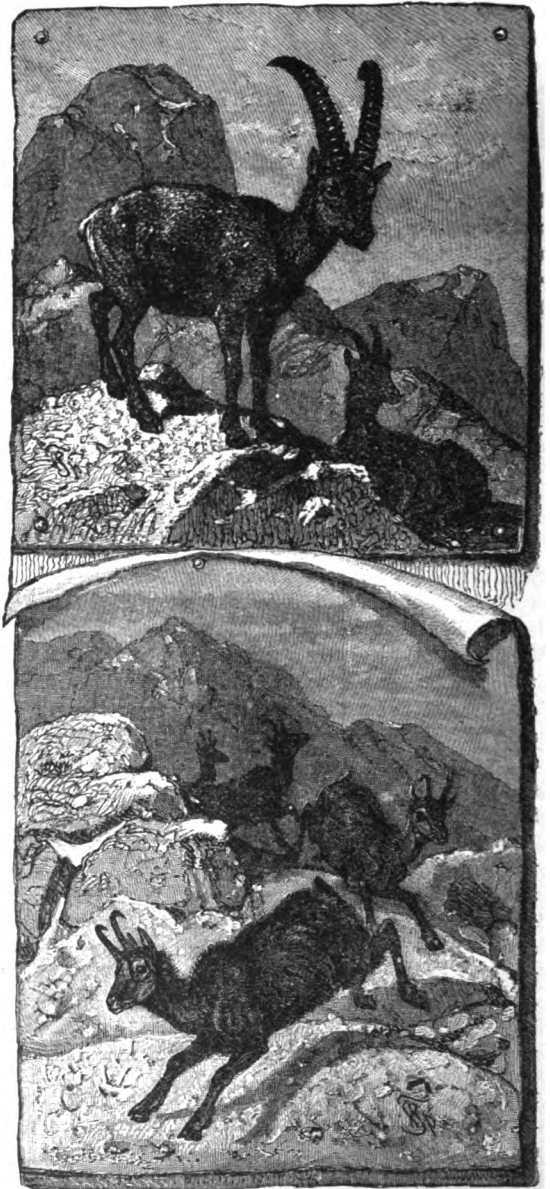
THE STAG AND DEER.

sacrificed than for the entire population to be eaten out of the island by rats, they hold him in respect. Nature generally knows what she is about. If it were possible to destroy the *fer de lance*, the result would probably be more calamitous for Martinique and St. Vincent than the introduction of rabbits has been for Australia and New Zealand. But such an enterprise is neither possible nor likely to be attempted, and M. Coutance (who spent four years in the Antilles) tells us, and the fact is very significant, that the *trigonacephalus* increases with cultivation, and abounds more in the cane-fields than the forests. The same rule probably obtains in India; for Bengal, where poisonous snakes are the most numerous, is also the most thickly populated part of the country, and the majority of their victims are bitten while working in the fields.

ANIMALS THAT ARE VANISHING.

In the great book of Nature, as we turn its leaves—the successive layers of rock and strata of earth formed by decay or deposit—we come upon remains of animals that once lived and moved on our planet. Scientific men, by collecting, arranging and classifying these relics of earth's early centuries, have been enabled to give us some idea of the strange and monstrous creatures that once had their existence here, but of whom no human annals record a syllable.

Other animals came, some to pass away, some to perpetuate their race to our own times. Yet the work of destruction goes on. Many animals, doubtless, have perished utterly, and left no trace; others are passing away.



THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP AND PRONG-HORN.

people in this century, will be known in the coming century only by descriptions and pictures in books.

We purpose treating of a few of these rapidly vanishing animals.

Time was when land and sea re-echoed with the croakings of the *Batrachia*, and the *Ichthyosaurus* and other creatures, with equally fearful, unpronounceable names. Mighty mastodons, gigantic lions, colossal deers, reigned supreme. The vast Continent of Europe was at first but a few scattered islands, next was luxuriating in a tropical climate exuberant with animal and vegetable life, and again was congealed by the biting blasts of an Arctic frost.

Less than 200 years ago, the *Dodo*, now completely

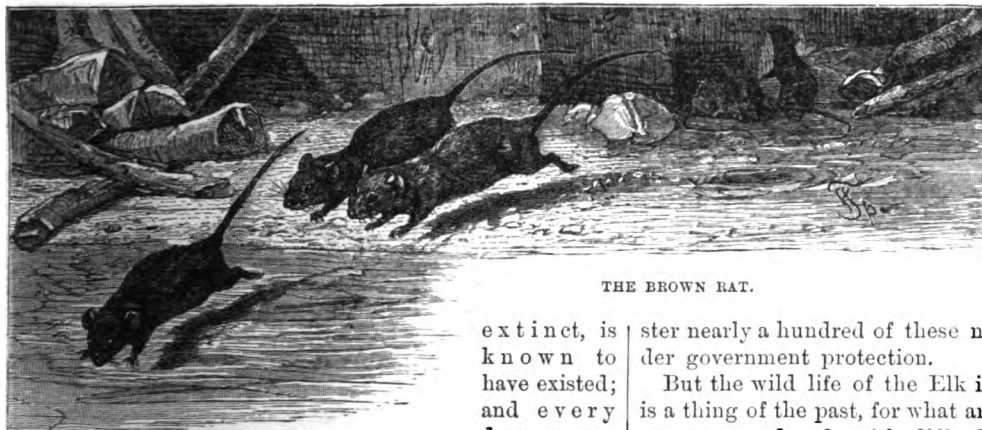


THE BEAVER.

was to be found still later in Hungary and in Transylvania, where it inhabited the Szelker Mountains. To-day it is to be met only in the forests of Bialowikzar, in Lithuania, or in the pine forests of the Caucasus, where it is under the protection of the Russian Government. Here in these vast forests, uninhabited save by a few foresters, sheltered by the giant pines, which are safe from the woodman's ax, a herd of about a

hundred buffaloes roam, a miserable remnant, gradually nearing an end.

The Elk (*Alces palmatus*) has fared little better than the Buffalo in Europe, especially in Germany. But it is still to be classed among the living animals, for in the forest of Ebenhor-



THE BROWN RAT.

extinct, is known to have existed; and every day num-

bers of beasts of prey, and useful animals as well, are being exterminated by man, impelled by motives of security or excited by the greed of gain.

In Europe, the struggle has been one of life or death, and pursued by their merciless enemy, man, the Bear, the Wolf, the Wild Boar, find their only safety in retreat to some place inaccessible to their common foe.

The European Buffalo [(*Bos bison*)], which must not be confounded with the *Aurochs* (*Bos urus*), for that creature became extinct in prehistoric times, still lived in the eighteenth century in Eastern Prussia, where the last specimen was shot by a poacher. It

ster nearly a hundred of these noble creatures exist, under government protection.

But the wild life of the Elk in the forests of Germany is a thing of the past, for what are the few specimens that are preserved only with difficulty to the great number that formerly existed! It still exists in large numbers in the densely wooded districts of Northern Europe and Northern Asia. In Sweden, Norway, and some parts of Russia, large herds are still to be found, as well as in the great forests of Asia as far as the Umar River. Here,



THE BISON.

during Summer, it seeks the loftiest points, returning to the valleys when Winter sets in. In fine weather it roams the leafy woods, but in the stormy season wanders through the pine forests, choosing the deep quiet of the heavy trees as its favorite haunt. Despite its strength, and apart from the pursuit of men, it suffers from the continual attack of beasts of prey. Let an Elk stray from his companions, he is sure to fall a victim to the bear, the lynx, or the wolverine. At times, even whole herds, hemmed in by the snow in some narrow spot, are surrounded by a pack of famished wolves, and their fate is then soon sealed.

In America, the destruction of animals began with the white settlements, and was carried out with great energy. The fur trade was the first great commerce. The Indians were induced by offers of liquor, trinkets and European goods to bring in furs. Where previously comparatively few animals were killed, in order to use their flesh as food, thousands were hunted down, and their carcasses thrown away, in order to carry the skins to the traders. As the Indians obtained fire-arms the slaughter of animals increased, till some tribes found themselves on the verge of starvation, and resorted to war in order to secure new territory. The American Elk, once common in many of the northern districts, has almost entirely disappeared.

As forests were cleared away by the progress of settlements, some animals that lurked there to prowl on other creatures have been exterminated, or driven to remote woods and mountains. Thus the Wild Cat has become rare. Its favorite haunts are the gloomy pine forests, especially when in rocky regions.

As the shadows of night begin to fall, it sets out in search of prey. The rat, the weasel, the ermine, the marten, are all fair game for this voracious beast. Failing to find these, it plunders the hen-roost and dove-cote, and will even attack the calf of the deer and roe. The Wild Cat is of some service, however, as it preys on many small animals that are destructive to the grain and other crops.

The Lynx, which existed in great numbers at one time in Germany, and was looked upon as most dangerous, has almost entirely disappeared. It is still found in the forests of this country, in Siberia and Switzerland. In the Maine woods it is called *Lucervée*, a corruption of the French *Loup-cervier*. It chooses for its abode places of difficult approach, and it is within these limits that it seeks its food. This includes every living creature from the mouse to the moose, the sparrow to the wild turkey, with a decided preference, however, for the larger game.

The Wolf (*Canis lupus*), once a dreaded inhabitant of all Europe, has been so systematically and vigorously hunted down, that it is now almost confined to Russia, Poland, Sweden, Norway, and Central and Northeastern Asia. In some sparsely settled districts, especially south of the Danube, this terrible beast has greatly increased in number during the last few years, owing, no doubt, to the wars which devastated the country. The thick forests, the barren steppes, the noisome fens, are his abode. There, with two or three companions, he passes the Summer, but in Winter he travels in packs of hundreds, and woe to whatever crosses his path! Varieties of Wolf are still found in this country, especially in the Western prairies, where the coyotes hunt in packs. Large and small game, rabbits, deer, fowls, and even the most dangerous animals, fall beneath his terrible fangs.

With the disappearance of the large forests, the Brown Bear (*Ursus arctos*) has ceased to exist in England, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Germany, and is seldom seen in France. At times one is found in the Tyrol and

in Switzerland. It is quite common in Transylvania, along the Danube, in Russia, Sweden, Norway, Turkey and Greece, and is found in great numbers in Spain, Italy and Asia. We have varieties in the United States, the most formidable being the terrible Grizzly Bear of the Rocky Mountains. The Bear seeks the quiet woodlands, and makes his home in the trunks of decayed trees, or some cave, whence it seldom goes, except to search for food.

The Wild Boar, which in appearance is very like the common pig, is no quiet, lazy dweller in a sty; his home, too, is the great, gloomy forest, where he sleeps during the day in some thicket, and at twilight goes abroad in quest of food. Sometimes he helps himself to the farmers' corn, treading it down and doing much damage in a single night. The Wild Boar is still found in France, Germany, and other parts of Europe, and in Asia and Africa, although it has disappeared from the forests of England, where it was once so common. It makes a fierce fight when attacked, and stories are told of instances in which it routed an entire party of mounted hunters. The Wild Boar was not found in America, the only animal of the kind being the Peccary.

There are other animals—not beasts of prey—which are fast becoming extinct. The common Stag, once to be found in all the forests of Europe, is now scarcely to be seen in thickly populated countries. The stag-chase, the mere mention of which stirs the heart of the true huntsman, is now a thing of the past. The animal is still met with in Poland, Bohemia, and other parts of Continental Europe, and in the forests of Asia. There it goes about in little troops, ever watching for its two most dangerous foes, the lynx and the wolf. The Deer (*Cervus capreolus*) is now very scarce, and in some countries—as Switzerland, for instance—is nearly extinct. In other places, protected by the forest laws, it still thrives, and roams restlessly through the woods of the mountain and plain. The Virginia Deer is still common in this country, but is gradually disappearing. In some States it has been utterly exterminated. Fortunately, the game laws are at last extending the hand to save the Deer and other animals. Of all animals, the Chamois (*Capella rupicapra*) and the Steinbok (*Capra ibex*) may be considered the huntsman's true ideal of the chase. But the time is past when, as in the days of ancient Rome, 200 steinboks could be brought together for slaughter. The animal can now be found only in a few valleys of the Mont Blanc region, where it lives under the special protection of the Italian Government. The Chamois, too, has become rare in the Tyrol and the Alps, where it formerly abounded, but still appears in large numbers in the mountains of Upper Bavaria, the Pyrenees, Abruzzi, and other places.

Another animal whose days are numbered is the Magot, or Barbary Ape (*Simia inuus*). This is the only wild ape to be found in Europe. A few of them live on the Rock of Gibraltar, protected by the English Government, but they are gradually dropping off, one by one, and when the last of these expires, the race will be extinct.

The Moufflon (*Ovis musimon*), the only wild sheep of Europe, was formerly common in many parts of Southern Europe. According to one account, nearly 5,000 of these were destroyed in one great hunt. Now they are seldom seen, and, as they are never met with outside of Sardinia and Corsica, they may be said to be extinct. The Bighorn or Wild Sheep of the Rocky Mountains is gradually disappearing before the hunter, or seeks the most inaccessible parts of the lofty ranges.

Another creature hard pressed to preserve its existence

is the Black Rat (*Mus rattus*). Until the early part of the last century, it was free to prey upon the larder of the housewife, but now it is gradually but surely giving way to the Brown Rat, or Norway Rat, a more enterprising and stronger species, which is fast overrunning Europe and America.

Among the animals of Africa that are being driven from their haunts by the advance of civilization is the Lion. The lordly spirit of the king of beasts does not harmonize with the quiet pursuits of the husbandman and the shepherd. Exterminated in Europe, and even in Africa wherever the white man, with his far-reaching rifle, appears, he is forced to retreat to the heart of the latter country, where he can more easily resist the cruder weapons of the natives. But with the nearer approach of the European, and the cultivation of the soil, the wild, free life of thousands of animals disappears, and the smaller become the chances of existence for the king of the forest; and the day will soon be at hand when he will be forced to surrender to his master, man.

The Elephant, that colossal beast which once held undisputed dominion over whole forests, is now giving way, not to the march of civilization, but to the greed for gain. So incessant and cruel is the war waged against the poor creature in the hunt for ivory that our manhood rebels at many of the barbarous deeds! Listen to this story told by an English elephant-hunter: "It was on the 31st of August that I spied the largest elephant it was ever my good-fortune to meet. He was standing about 150 paces from me, with his side turned toward me. I at once halted, and taking aim, fired. My shot struck him high in the shoulder-blade, and so lamed him that he was completely at my mercy. I decided to watch him for a while, and to test his endurance before putting an end to his agony. It was a grand sight, and one that impressed me with a sense of man's supremacy! After a short time, I went nearer to my captive, and fired repeatedly into different parts of his huge head. At each shot he bowed his head as if saluting his conqueror, and then, with a curious and peculiar tenderness, touched the wound with the end of his trunk. I was surprised and almost moved to pity at the resignation with which this gigantic beast accepted his fate. Determined at last to relieve him from his misery, I fired six successive shots at him behind the shoulder; but as none of these proved at once fatal, I discharged three balls from my Dutch six-pounder. At this, great tears gushed from his eyes, which he slowly opened and then almost immediately closed. His huge body shook convulsively, he slowly sunk to the ground, then toppled over on one side, and was dead." And this from a representative of civilization! What savage could be more barbarous!

From ancient Egyptian inscriptions and hieroglyphics we learn that the Hippopotamus was common in early days. To-day we search in vain for this animal along the borders of the Nile, for it has entirely disappeared from Egypt and Nubia, and we must seek it in the heart of Africa, where its thick hide saves it from the lance of the native. Like the Elephant, the Hippopotamus is of a social disposition and lives in herds. It inhabits the larger rivers, whence it emerges to wallow in the swampy marsh, or to sun itself on the sandy bank. Its principal food consists of the plants that grow by the river-side.

To all the beasts of prey, as well as to the native population of Africa, the great family of Antelopes serve as food. The Wild Cat makes great havoc among these defenseless animals, but that is nothing compared to the numbers, sometimes reaching a thousand a day, that are butchered by men. Many species that were common not

many years ago are now extremely rare. The Hartbeest (*Bubalis caama*), of the Antelope family, once very numerous in South Africa, is now nearly exterminated in the Cape Colony, and is driven into the interior of Africa. The Gnu (*Catoblepas gnu*) has also disappeared before the approach of the white man, and many others of the Antelope family are becoming extinct.

Coming nearer home, many of us can recall a time when the mere mention of the prairie would conjure up visions of great herds of bisons, moving in thousands from place to place, and trampling down everything in their relentless march. Now they, along with the native Indian, have nearly, if not entirely, died out. The "Wild West" is a thing of the past. When the first settlers reached our shores, the Bison inhabited the entire Atlantic Coast, and less than a century ago they could be found anywhere west of the Alleghanies. To-day, probably not a hundred are to be found in the whole country. They have succumbed to indiscriminate butchery at the hands of the "sportsman," who has proved more relentless than their natural enemy, the wolf.

The Puma, or Panther (*Puma concolor*), which once roamed from South America to Canada, is fast being hunted down, and will soon be extinct in both Central America and North America. The Puma is at home alike in the forest as in the pampas. During the day he sleeps in some tree, or hides in the rank grass, and at night goes out in quest of smaller animals for food.

Formerly numerous from the eastern coast as far as the Gulf of Mexico, and along the line of the Rocky Mountains, the Stag and Deer have little by little been driven into the mountain forests. Like its brother, the common Stag, it lives in herds, and becomes greatly attached to its place of abode.

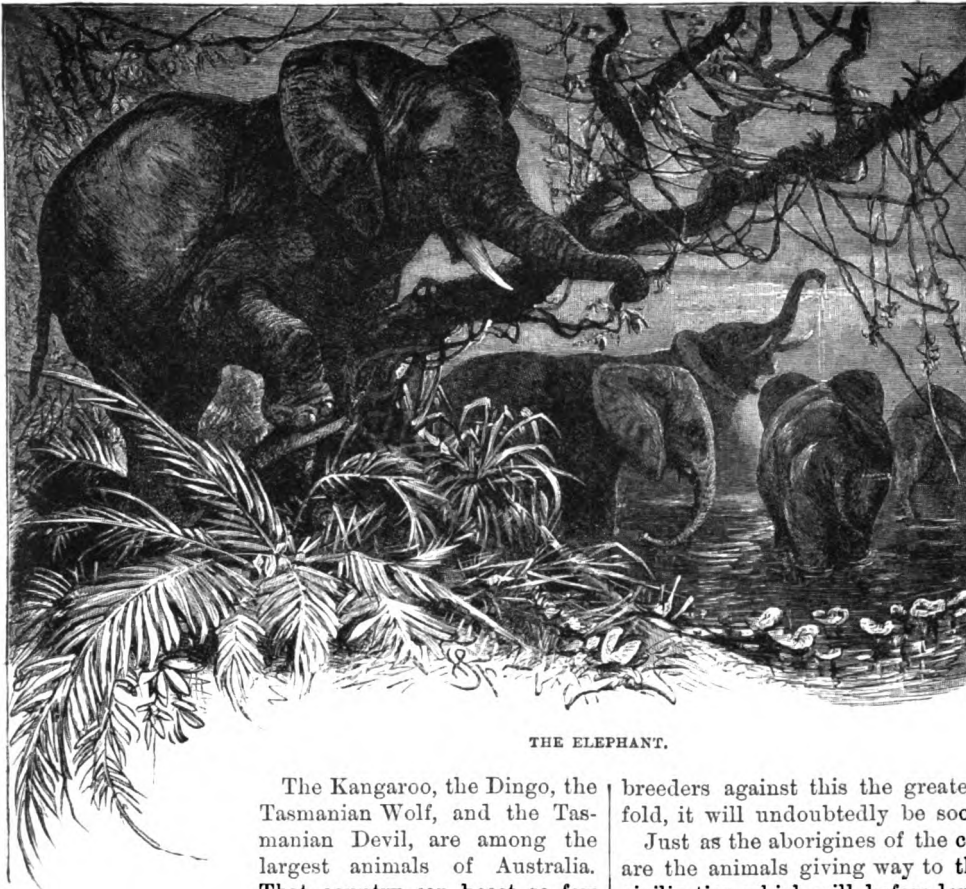
The fur-bearing animals are more persistently hunted than any other, since many people depend for a living on their capture. When we learn that in one year there are brought to the market the fur of 180,000 pine-martens, 400,000 stone-martens, 600,000 polecats, 400,000 ermines, 160,000 minx, 55,000 otters, and from America alone 150,000 beavers and 100,000 chinchillas, it will be seen that their extermination is a question of a very short time. The Sea Otter is now to be found only in the Northern Pacific, on the northern coast of California, and thence along the coast of America and of Asia. To-day less than 2,000 sea-otter furs are sent to the market.

The Raccoon (*Procyon lotor*) is so much sought after, for both its fur and its meat, that it is nearly extinct in the more populated districts of North America.

From the swamps of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, no less than 50,000 skins of the Coypu Rat (*Myopotamus coypu*) have been sent to the market in a single year. At this rate it would naturally be soon exterminated, had not steps been taken to protect it in Buenos Ayres. The Chinchilla (*Eriomys chinchilla*), which belongs to the family of the Java Rabbit, formerly inhabited the whole of the Andes as far down as the sea. But the snares and gun of the trapper have driven it to the mountainous districts.

The fur-bearing animals of Asia fare no better. The Sable, once met with from the Ural River to Behring Strait, and from the southern frontier of Asia to 68° North, and also in the northwestern parts of America, has been driven to the mountain forests of Northern Asia, and is now very rare.

The Wolverine, or Glutton (*Gulo borealis*), once common in the Alps and in Lithuania, and found, only a few years ago, in the forests of Bialowikzar, is now confined to Norway, Sweden, and other northern countries.



THE ELEPHANT.

The Kangaroo, the Dingo, the Tasmanian Wolf, and the Tasmanian Devil, are among the largest animals of Australia.

That country can boast so few large creatures that their disappearance is more noticeable. When the first colonists settled there, the Tasmanian Wolf (*Paracyon cyncephalus*) infested every part of Van Diemen's Land, but the weapons of the European soon drove him into the interior. At first the Tasmanian Devil (*Diabolus ursinus*) caused great trouble by his

breeders against this the greatest enemy of the sheepfold, it will undoubtedly be soon exterminated.

Just as the aborigines of the country are dying out, so are the animals giving way to the hostile influence of a civilization which will before long replace them with the strange intruder and his animal favorites.

The Elephant Seal (*Cystophora elephantina*) at one time inhabited all the islands in the southern part of America, in Tasmania, New Zealand, and many neighboring islands. Thousands might be seen sleeping in the mud or among the reeds, or cooling themselves on the damp sand, or moving in great bands north or south. To-day none are to be seen. It is the same with its northern brother, the



THE PUMA.

inroads on the hen-roosts, but in so doing he excited the ire of the farmers, and when, shortly after, it was discovered that his flesh formed a not unpalatable food, his extermination was



THE BEAVER RAT.

Walrus (*Trichechus rosmarus*), which at one time existed in such large numbers on the coast of Scotland that, as late as the fifteenth century, the waters there were navigable only after a severe battle with this marine monster. It has been driven north, and at present is confined mainly to the waters of the polar regions.

That total extinction threatens the Greenland Whale may be judged from the number of whale-boats that are fitted out annually, and from the fact that American

only a question of a very short time, and now he is only found in the mountain forests.

The Kangaroo, a remarkable and interesting as well as inoffensive animal, has also been so hunted down that now it exists only in sparsely settled or altogether uninhabited districts.

The Dingo (*Canis dingo*), a shepherd dog that is living in a perfectly wild state, is the only really rapacious animal of Australia. It is found in every part of the continent and in great numbers; but, thanks to the systematic and regular warfare instituted by the cattle-

whalemen alone have captured no less than 290,000 whales in thirty-eight years! During the last twenty years, however, the whale-fisheries have greatly decreased, and now bid fair to be totally abandoned; so it may be that this interesting and harmless creature may be spared.

The Beaver was formerly abundant on all the streams and lakes of this country, and many a place by its name

recalls the labors of the industrious creature. It has been exterminated in most parts of the country, and is found only in almost inaccessible and, therefore, unfrequented woods.

The Opossum and the Raccoon are also vanishing; and since the skunk-skin—under the name of Alaska sable—finds fair purchasers, even that animal is pursued with new ardor.

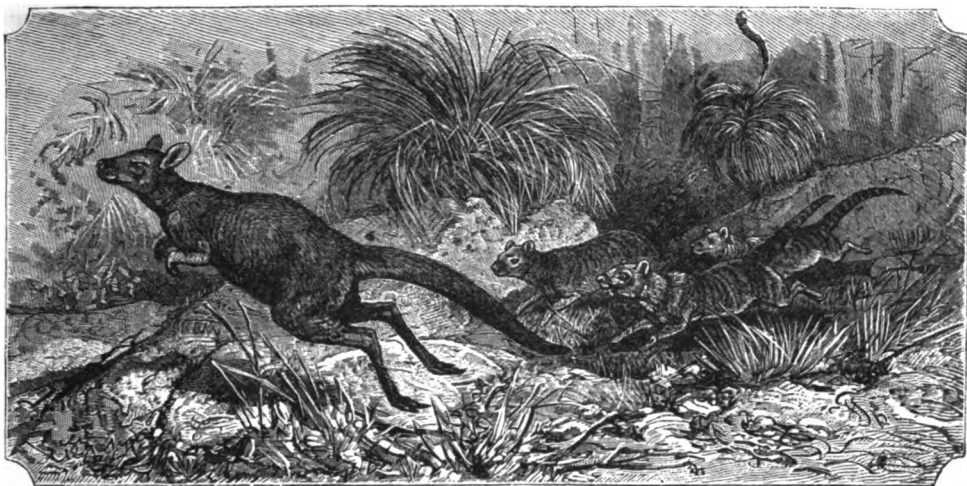
COCA.

SINCE the days of the Incas this coca has been in common use in Peru. To-day it is the preferred stimulant and intoxicant of the descendants of the original inhabitants of all these tropical countries, though its consumption is greatest in the equatorial regions of South America. It is deemed indispensable to his well-being by every Peruvian. Recently the medical profession in all countries has been induced to study the strange and unique properties and effects of coca. A peculiar force, producing nervous insensibility, distinguishes coca when used as a kaloid. It is administered freely to infants, and is the chief intoxicant of men and women. Youths

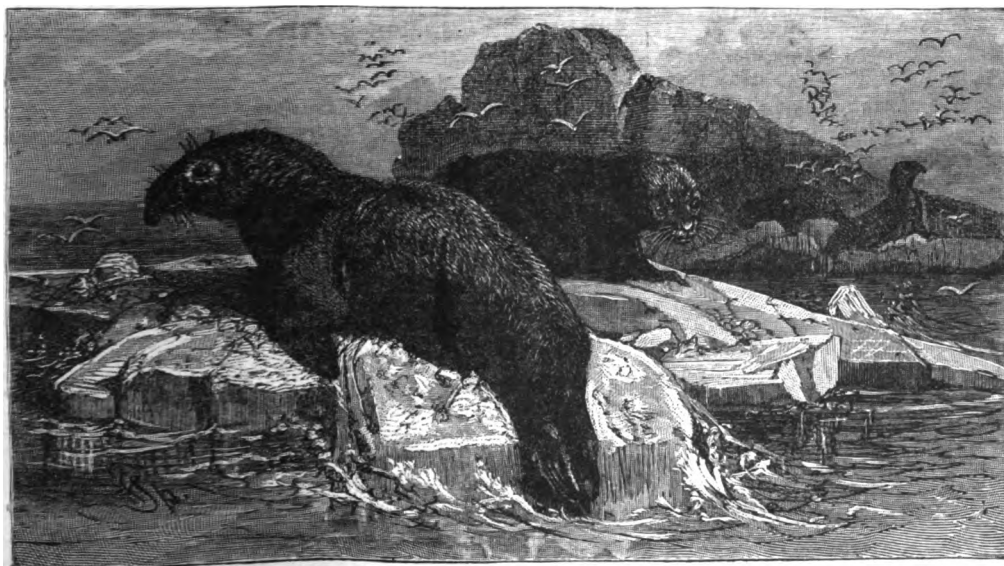
through many days are intrusted with the care of valuable flocks of llamas, having no other sustenance than that to be found in little leathern purses containing coca and its compounds. Indians chew it constantly. Their maxillary movements are incessant. From thirty to fifty *grausas* are consumed daily, serving, unlike tobacco, both as food and stimulant. Without coca habitual chewers cannot digest food; without it they are unable to ascend mountains, with long, rapid strides, never slacking their wonderful speed through the livelong day. They will not toil without it; without it they enjoy nothing; without it, practically, they cease to live. A traveler who has explored the mountains of Bolivia and Peru, in search of gold and silver mines, tells me that Indian postillions, using coca freely when driving pack-mules over the roughest roads along the Sierras, even when the *sorocho* prevails, outstrip well-mounted horsemen.

Most learned gentlemen, as well as miners from the United States and Europe, who have employed habitual coca-chewers in all descriptions of menial service, as well as in the mines of Central and South America, give unlimited credence to most wonderful stories told of the physical and nervous force and endurance supplied by coca. When, beneath a burden of 200 pounds, he must accompany a *caballero* 100 leagues; when he must watch many hours after fatigue and exhaustion; when an extraordinary expenditure of abnormal strength is required, the Indian only augments the quantity of coca that he consumes.

Its principal element is the alkalioid *cocaína*. The quantity evolved from a given volume, by weight, of leaves of the plant



KANGAROO PURSUED BY DINGOES.



ELEPHANT SEAL.

varies with the grade of development and with the state of dryness and mode of curing the leaves. It seems that more than 0.3 per cent. has never been obtained from leaves recently dried.

Its preparation for use is a very simple process. The leaves of the plant are dried rapidly in the sunlight, and then subjected to moderate compression in the purses carried by the natives.

The delicacy of the leaves of this plant is almost abnormal, and in this consists the difficulty of preserving and curing them. In its brief harvest-time, during the few hours the leaves are exposed to the sun, if rain falls on them they decay instantly, losing at once their volatile virtues. Then it is rejected by the Indians as valueless; and even after it is properly cured, if it become humid, it ferments in hot latitudes and becomes useless. Even in driest regions many precautions and infinite care are required to preserve it perfectly and render it acceptable to the Indians. It is not strange, therefore, that Europeans experimenting with coca have uniformly failed to give it effects produced in its native *habitat*. It follows that the coca and cocaine of commerce are comparatively valueless. It is best preserved in a double case of wood or tin, after being securely wrapped in tin-foil, a quantity of quick-lime filling the space between the interior and the exterior cases. Fresh and well preserved, it has a color and taste *sui generis*. It is then deliciously aromatic, and delightful in odors it exudes; but when its life, its electrical force, perhaps, departs, it is horrible to the taste, and its odors are nauseating. When coca, a few years ago, was used by the Indians alone, 10,000,000 kilograms were produced annually.

The immediate effect of chewing coca is perfect insensibility of the interior of the mouth. The immediate sensation is that which one would experience when finding that his mouth had become a great void in somebody else's head. I had a dentist apply it when extracting the roots of a molar tooth, and the effect was as described. Indians constantly using coca finally lose the senses of taste and smell. They can eat, without repugnance, most disgusting food, and drink most nauseating drafts. The sensitiveness of the mucous membrane has been destroyed.

When one goes further, and swallows the saliva impregnated with the juice of the coca-leaf, a delicious sensation of warmth and of perfect blessedness pervades one's whole being, intellectual, nervous, and physical, and he is lapped in the joys of an elysium.

Taken into the stomach, it certainly retards digestion, but begets no inflammation, not even when used constantly. Its action, it seems, is restricted to the nervous system.

To this healthful action of coca upon the organs of assimilation of food or beverage, and to the chemical and nervous or electrical action of coca, physicians here ascribe the perfect soundness of the teeth of the Indian *coqueros*. The oldest coca-eaters have perfect teeth. Sadly worn away they may be, but caries, of which dentists prate so volubly, is unknown.

The Indian *coquero's* (coca-eater's) capacity to endure hunger, or, rather, the want of food, when furnished with coca properly prepared, is surely extraordinary. Perhaps it neither supplies nourishment nor appeases hunger. It seems rather, as a scientist states, to "silence the voice of hunger" and still the yearnings of the stomach. The nerves conveying to the brain sensations of hunger or of emptiness are stilled to perfect repose. The hollow voice of the void within is silenced; it is made inaudible. Dr. Morens observes: "Coca deceives

hunger. If the toiling *coquero* does not eat, it is because he thinks he eats." In fact, as soon as the influence of coca is exhausted, and the supply wholly withdrawn, the Indian eats ravenously. His stomach, unlike that of the sober drunkard after a terrible debauch, at once discharges its proper functions perfectly. Coca, it seems, only retards digestion and organic combustion.

In doses of fifteen to sixty grains, coca produces delightful intoxication. Its joys transcend in perfect blessedness all known human delights. A sensation of lightness first supervenes; the air inhaled is zephyrs from angels' wings; there are wild imaginings and fantastic hallucinations and gorgeous visions, and then complete insensibility. It is intoxication without drowsiness, without congestion of the brain, involving a sense of perfect rest. The law of gravitation is suspended, and the *coquero* drifts bodily among the stars. Meanwhile the muscular system is stimulated to an extraordinary degree; an intellectual excitement supervenes, enabling the "possessed" of this demon to watch and toil through sleepless days and nights. No dreadful headache or more intolerable nervous prostration follows. The discovery of these facts has induced a few Americans—white people—to test the virtues of coca as a substitute for whisky, and they like it. In at least one instance when taken in very large quantities, there followed great acceleration of pulse-beats and of respiration. There were convulsion of the muscles, persistent insomnia, suppression of thirst and hunger, and diminution of secretions of the skin and kidneys. When larger doses were administered, painful sensations in the muscles ensued, itching of the skin, and feverish elevation of temperature.

AUTHORS AND THEIR WAYS.

IN the course of an address which he delivered at his chapel, in June, 1882, Mr. Moncure Conway related a touching incident in the life of Longfellow. It seems that many years ago, while on a visit to London, the poet, who had no friends in the metropolis, felt all the depression which "solitude amid a crowd" engenders. With this feeling weighing at his heart, he strolled into South Place Chapel, and as he entered, the congregation was singing his own hymn, the "Psalm of Life." Immediately his sense of loneliness left him, for he felt that he was at least among those who knew him; and he says he experienced a "thrill of joy" which was afterward renewed whenever the incident recurred to his mind.

Longfellow wrote his first poetic composition when he was quite a little fellow. Mr. Finney, his school-master, noticing that he was rather diffident about making the attempt, suggested that he should go out behind the barn, and write upon whatever he might find there to inspire him. The embryo poet followed his master's advice with an effusion of five verses, commencing:

"Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew,
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm.

"And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar."

Carlyle was one of the most painstaking of writers, almost every other word he wrote being erased and another put in its place. One day he went to the printer to urge him to push on with the work.

"Why, sir," said the printer, "you really are so very hard upon us with your corrections. They take up so much time, you see."

Carlyle replied that he was accustomed to that sort of thing; that he had had works printed in Scotland, and —

"Yes, indeed, sir," interrupted the printer; "we are aware of that. We have a man here from Edinburgh; and when he took up a bit of your copy, he dropped it like a red-hot cinder, and cried out, 'Oh, preserve us! have you really got that terrible man to print for? Why, goodness only knows when we shall be done with all his corrections.'"

The callousness of Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," about money matters, was truly wonderful, even for a poet. One day, while paying a brewer's bill, he inadvertently handed the man two bank-notes rolled together instead of one. The brewer did not discover the error until next day, when he honestly returned the second note. As may be supposed, the worthy tradesman was considerably astonished at seeing Thomson pocket the note with supreme indifference, and with the cool remark that he "could have gone on without it."

On another occasion Thomson was robbed of a valuable gold watch, and one of his friends, on hearing of it, expressed regret at his loss.

"Pahaw!" said the poet; "I'm glad they took it; 'twas never good for anything."

Samuel Rogers, the poet, was a very slow writer. One day several of his friends were talking about him, and one asked whether he had written anything lately.

"Only a couplet," was the reply (this couplet being his celebrated epigram on Lord Dudley).

"Only a couplet!" exclaimed Sidney Smith, who was one of the party. "Pray, tell me what would you have? When Rogers produces a couplet, he goes to bed, and the knocker is tied, and straw is laid down, and candle is made, and the answer to inquiries is that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected."

Washington Irving was one of the most erratic writers that ever lived. While residing in Paris, he went an unusually long period without being able to write. He says: "I sat down repeatedly with pen and ink, but could invent nothing worth putting on paper. At length I told my friend Tom Moore, who dropped in one morning, that now, after long waiting, I had the mood, and would keep it and would work it out as long as it would last, until I had wrung my brain dry. So I began to write shortly after breakfast, and continued, without noticing how the time was passing, until Moore came in again at four in the afternoon, when I had completely covered the table with freshly written sheets. I kept the mood, almost without interruption, for six weeks." The result of this sudden writing fit was "Bracebridge Hall." Irving wrote his "Biography of Goldsmith" in a similar manner. While engaged upon some of his works, he often wrote for fourteen or fifteen hours a day for weeks together; and during the time he was under the influence of these writing frenzies he was frequently obliged to rise during the night and work away for an hour or so in order to "ease his mind."

An acquaintance of Bret Harte, who knew him during his younger days, thus humorously describes the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp": "His hair is white, and his face is red enough to enrage the tamest bull in the world. He wears a section of a window-pane in one eye, and talks with a ha-de-da accent that would infinitely amuse the friends of the Harte we used to know."

Sir Richard Steele one day persuaded his very sedate

friend, the Bishop of Bangor, to accompany him to a festival in celebration of King William's anniversary. As the fun waxed fast and furious, the good bishop began to look rather glum, when all at once Steele turned to him, and whispered in his ear, "Do laugh. It's *humanity* to laugh." For his compliance with this request the divine next morning received the following couplet from Sir Richard:

"Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

No author has been made the subject of more amusing anecdotes than Dumas the elder. The following is characteristic: On the morning of his daughter's wedding-day, Dumas said to his future son-in-law, with all the habitual affability for which he was famous: "Yes, I guarantee my daughter an income of 18,000 francs a year." The bridegroom, who was quite indifferent on the subject, his marriage being one entirely of affection, began protesting that his generous father-in-law was taking too much upon himself, when he was interrupted by his *fiancée* whispering, "Oh! let him be, let him be. He can well afford to pay the first month's installment." The comment of his daughter is very suggestive of the wide margin between promise and performance which characterized Dumas in money matters.

"HURRAH!"

WHAT was the origin of the exclamation "Hurrah"? There are few words still in use which can boast such a remote and widely extended prevalence as this. It is one of those interjections in which sound so echoes sense that men seem to have adopted it almost instinctively. In India and Ceylon the mahouts and attendants of baggage elephants cheer them on by perpetual repetitions of "Ur-re-re!" The Arabs and camel-drivers in Turkey, Palestine and Egypt encourage their animals to speed by shouting "Ar-re, ar-re!" The Moors in Spain drive their mules and horses with cries of "Arre!" In France the sportsman excites the hounds by his shouts of "Hare, hare!" and wagoners turn their horses by crying "Har-bant!" The herdsmen of Ireland and Scotland shout "Hurrish! hurrish!" to the cattle they are driving. It is evidently an exclamation common to many nations, and is probably a corruption of "Tur aie" (Thor aid), a battle-cry of the ancient Norsemen.

PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPHY.

In the excellent "Dictionary of Photography," now being published weekly in the *Amateur Photographer*, Mr. E. J. Wall says: "Of late years the possibility of taking passable negatives without the use of an ordinary camera and lens has become an established fact. For this purpose any rectangular box which is absolutely light-tight will do. In one end make a minute hole with the point of a needle, and at the other end place the sensitive plate, keeping it in its place by means of a clip or other simple arrangement. A prolonged exposure is required—about twenty or thirty times the ordinary one for any given subject. No focusing is required, as the image is always fairly sharp, no matter what distance the plate is from the hole. The larger the plate, the wider the angle; and the greater the distance, the larger the image. As an experiment it should be tried by every amateur, as the materials are always at his command in the shape of an empty plate-box."



CUPID AND PSYCHE.—FROM THE MARBLE GROUP BY GUSTAVE EBERLEIN.



THE DEATH OF ARTHUR.

IRMA.

A FRANCO-RUSSIAN STORY.

BY LAWRENCE GORDON.

CHAPTER XXV.

"THOSE wretches have killed her!" groaned Philippe, in anguish, when he felt the slight form of his wife sink helplessly in his arms.

"No, no," said the duke, seizing one of the cold hands of Irma, and chafing it in his own tremulous fingers. "She has but fainted, Philippe; though," faltered the old man, "she had better die than live, if what these people claim be true."

"It is *not* true; it is a foul conspiracy," said Philippe; but his heart sank within him as he noticed the triumphant bearing of Jeanne and Gaspard. "Duke," continued he, "will you dismiss this man and woman, while I bear my wife to her own room?"

"Let the duke accompany you, Count d'Hauteville," said the baron. "I will take charge of these people;" and there was a significance in his tone which did not escape either of the accomplices.

Without another word, Philippe raised the slender form of Irma in his arms, and, closely followed by the duke, strode across the grounds toward the house.

Within the last few minutes masses of angry-looking

clouds had appeared, and were now drifting rapidly across the sky. The wind, too, had risen, and as the duke listened to its melancholy wailing, the words of D'Arcet rushed to his mind.

He repeated them over and over in a mechanical way, and shuddered as he did so.

"The sound of the wind is like the sobbing of a woman over her lost happiness."

Were they prophetic?—was his idolized Irma's happiness lost for ever? "God forbid!" prayed the old nobleman, with a sore heart, as he followed the hasty footsteps of Philippe.

It was not possible for the young man to carry his still insensible wife to their own apartments without the fact becoming known.

Scarcely had the Countess d'Hauteville made her way to the side of her daughter-in-law ere it was rumored throughout the vast mansion that the beautiful young bride had been taken seriously ill. In an instant all was confusion and alarm.

The music ceased abruptly, and a few moments later

the brilliant throng who had assembled in honor of the young wedded pair were leaving the house silently, soberly, as was befitting the occasion.

Though the duke endeavored to receive the parting courtesies of his guests with composure, his face clearly revealed his intense grief and anxiety.

His relief was unspeakable when he was at length free to return to the bedside of Irma.

What he learned there did not lessen the apprehension he felt.

Irma had indeed recovered from her swoon long enough to look around her, and recognized those standing near her bedside. Then, with a cry of wild terror, she had partially raised herself, and, grasping the hands of Philippe, convulsively shrieked, "Don't let them take me away!—don't let them take me away!" and again relapsed into unconsciousness.

This was repeated several times at intervals, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of her physicians. Finally, when daybreak dawned, the poor girl was lying in a heavy stupor, unconscious alike of her own suffering and that of those around her.

An hour later, the duke noiselessly quitted the silent, darkened chamber of the stricken girl. A servant was just opening the shutters of a window at one end of the long, velvet-carpeted corridor.

The window faced the east, and as the shutters were unclosed, the sunshine streamed in joyously. Its golden glow fell upon the pale, sunken features and red, swollen eyelids of the old nobleman. His step, usually so steady, was now slow and feeble, and his head was bent forward upon his breast in an attitude of the deepest dejection.

A pair of dark, piercing eyes had rested upon him from the moment he had issued from Irma's room.

A look of exultation and triumph shone in them as they marked the ravages which grief and anxiety had made in the appearance of the old man, but it was replaced almost instantly by an expression of the deepest sympathy.

The duke saw nothing, heard nothing, until his hands were grasped in those of D'Arcet, and his smooth voice was saying, almost tenderly :

"My poor friend, how you suffer!"

The duke raised his tear-dimmed eyes to the face of D'Arcet, and said, simply :

"Yes ; a heavy blow has fallen upon me, D'Arcet."

"I knew of the sudden illness of the young countess, but as yet have not heard its cause. It was impossible for me to sleep while *your* heart was torn with anguish."

"I know I have your sympathy, my dear D'Arcet, but even that cannot lighten my load at present. If Irma should die——"

"Is there danger of that?" asked D'Arcet, quickly.

"But she *must* not die!—she must live!"

There was such fervor, such passion, in his tone, that the old duke looked up quickly into his face.

"My friend," said he, gravely, "I would not dare say that I have committed my child into the hands of One who knows what is best for her. If He should choose to remove her from our care, I would bow my head though—though it broke—my—heart."

Here the tears which the duke could not restrain gushed afresh from his eyes.

An impatient look crossed the face of D'Arcet.

"Am I to be balked thus?" thought he. "The death of this girl would defeat everything! It must not—it shall not be!" Then he said, aloud : "Pray—pray that she may *live*, duke. I could not give her up were she my child!"

A look of anguish came into the duke's face.

"She might live to curse the hour that gave her back to us. I, too, might rebel against my Maker!"

"What do you mean?" asked D'Arcet, rather hastily.

"Would anything cause you to do *that*?"

"D'Arcet!"—here the duke grasped the arm of D'Arcet with unconscious force—"I might be tried beyond my strength. The pride which I have felt in the stainless name I bear may be a sinful one—but I—I could *not* endure to see it tarnished."

"And is it threatened?"

"Yes—yes—with disgrace. Oh, my friend, should it fall upon me, pray that neither I nor my poor child may survive it!"

His voice died away to a whisper, his head sank lower and lower upon his breast, his features grew still more waxen, and his eyes became so dim that D'Arcet thought for a moment the frail cord was about to be snapped.

He threw his arm around the sinking figure, and carried, rather than led, him into his own room, which was but a few steps distant. There, had the duke been his own father, he could not have worked more eagerly for his restoration. He poured brandy into a glass and almost forced it between the pale lips of the old man ; then he chafed the limp white hands in his own vigorous ones until they reddened beneath his touch.

Again and again he felt the feeble pulse, and watched with intense anxiety for signs of returning strength.

Only after the duke had fallen into a comfortable, natural sleep upon the couch, where he had placed him, was D'Arcet satisfied.

Then he went upon tiptoe into his dressing-room, and after swallowing hastily a cup of strong coffee, sent a message to the physician, who was still in Irma's room.

He came immediately in response to the summons he had received, and, after making a careful examination of the duke's condition, commended strongly the energetic measures that had been taken by D'Arcet.

"No ; he is in no immediate danger," the doctor said, in answer to D'Arcet's anxious inquiries. "His heart is greatly enfeebled, however, and, without excessive care, he would not long survive any heavy blow."

"But, with very great care, he may live some time yet?"

"Yes ; and should all cause for anxiety be removed, he might live for years."

"Ah ! And the young countess?"

"Though not robust, she has a constitution of unusual vigor. She has received a terrible shock of some kind, but will, I think, recover from the effect of it."

When, some hours later, the duke awoke, he found D'Arcet seated beside him and watching him with an air of the deepest solicitude.

"Irma?" said he, feebly.

"She is better," answered D'Arcet, "and will recover if no agitating subject is alluded to in her presence. The doctor has given the strictest orders to that effect, and they are to apply to you, too, my friend."

"But, my dear D'Arcet, there are some questions I would put to you concerning those—people—who——"

"You are forbidden to ask them, or I to answer them. The doctor's orders are strict upon this point," said D'Arcet, firmly.

"Tell me one thing, D'Arcet," said the duke, imploringly. "Indeed, I *must* know it! Will—will they keep silent for the present? If I thought the matter would be noised around, I should never be able to hold my head up again."

"Be content upon that point. Baron Lütke has seen

them. They refuse utterly to speak to him upon the subject that brought them here, and have withdrawn their application for—for the arrest of the young countess. They will await her recovery and yours, and have promised perfect silence upon the subject in the meantime."

"And then?" asked the duke, anxiously.

"Then," answered D'Arcet, with a reassuring smile, "you will find that it is money they want. You will probably pay them a heavy sum, and afterward discover that they have no case at all."

"You have given me unspeakable comfort, my dear D'Arcet," said the duke, gratefully.

"Then, if I have, promise me that you will not allude to the subject again until you are quite recovered."

"I promise," said the duke.

The same injunction had been laid upon Irma. When her anxious eyes mutely questioned Philippe and the Countess d'Hauteville, she was told, soothingly, that she had nothing whatever to fear from the wretches who had so rudely broken in upon her happiness. They told her, moreover, that she must not even *think* upon the subject until she was entirely well.

She promised to obey, if she *could*, but her filling eyes proved to her loving attendants that a great fear lay heavily upon her heart.

She did not allude to Jeanne or Gaspard again, but her anxious friends knew they were often in her mind, for her face grew thinner and paler, and her large eyes more sad and tearful, day by day.

Thus matters rested for nearly two weeks.

At length, after a long interview with Baron Lütke, Philippe carefully broached to Irma the subject which had been uppermost in the minds of all.

With infinite caution she was told that her persecutors were still in the city, that they had not yet abandoned their claim upon her, and that, after careful reflection, it was decided that as soon as she felt herself strong enough to bear the excitement, a preliminary examination of the case should be held, and that her presence was considered necessary.

"I—I knew this was coming," said she, sadly. "I felt convinced of it, though you all tried to reassure me. Oh, Philippe, my heart sinks. I fear they will prove I am not—your wife!"

She threw herself upon Philippe's breast, and convulsive sobs shook her from head to foot.

By and by, when she had grown calm, she whispered: "Do not delay, Philippe; let it be as soon as possible. This suspense is killing me."

It was finally decided that the interview should take place the following day. _____

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next morning, shortly before noon, Baron Lütke was announced.

He was at once shown into the library, where the duke and Philippe were awaiting him.

After they had greeted him with grave courtesy, the baron turned to the duke.

"May I inquire if your daughter is well enough to be present this morning? Her testimony is most necessary."

"She will be present," said the duke, "though she is scarcely able. The shock has shattered her fearfully."

"Baron," said Philippe, excitedly, "unless you would have her die of a broken heart, you must prove the claim of these people to be invalid."

"You wish to know the *truth*, I presume, Monsieur

d'Hauteville?" asked the baron, gravely, at the same time regaling his nostrils with a pinch of snuff.

"By all means," answered the young man. "Heaven grant that it may be favorable!" ejaculated he, fervently.

"Are the witnesses ready?" asked the baron. "If so, we will lose no time."

"They are." Philippe rang a bell, which was answered immediately. "Alain, let the persons who are waiting in the next room be shown in here."

Alain bowed and disappeared.

"I will bring my mother and—and my wife," Philippe said, and he quitted the apartment.

"My dear baron," said the duke, when they were left alone together, "can you give me any hope?"

"I do not yet know the circumstances of the case," replied he, rather evasively, "and therefore cannot venture an opinion as to the way it will terminate."

The duke had no chance to reply, for at that moment Alain re-entered the room, followed by Jeanne and Gaspard. He placed seats for them, then withdrew.

Gaspard's first words struck a chill to the heart of the duke.

"We are here," he said, in an easy, confident manner, "to satisfy the most skeptical that our claim is a just one. We *intend*, moreover, to have it recognized."

"Silence!" said the baron, sternly. "You are here to answer the questions which will be put to you."

Gaspard replied to these words only by a shrug of the shoulders and a careless smile.

The next moment the door was opened, and a little group entered the room. It was composed of Philippe, his mother and Irma. The latter, who was deathly pale, and apparently very weak, was supported tenderly between her husband and the countess. They assisted her to a sofa, and placed themselves upon either side of her, comforting and reassuring her by their presence and sympathy.

Hardly were they seated, when a knock was heard upon the door.

"Come in," said the duke.

All eyes were turned expectantly toward the door. It opened quietly, and D'Arcet appeared upon the threshold.

In an instant the attention of every one in the room was riveted upon him.

His face was as pale as marble, and his features were set and composed, but his eyes shone with such wonderful brilliance that every one felt instinctively the composure of his manner was but a mask that covered strong inward excitement.

He advanced into the room in the midst of a profound silence.

After bowing respectfully, and with an air of deep sympathy, to Irma and the countess, and gravely saluting the gentlemen, he turned toward a chair which stood a little apart from the seats of the rest.

The duke, whose courtesy never failed him under any circumstances, had arisen upon the entrance of D'Arcet. He now advanced a step toward him, with outstretched hand, and said:

"My friend, your presence alone was wanting."

"Had my presence not been absolutely necessary duke, I should not have intruded on a scene like this."

He spoke quietly, and seated himself without seeming to see the offered hand of his host.

Then he folded his arms across his breast, and continued, with his gleaming eyes resting upon the duke's face:

"Believe me, I feel a far deeper interest in the situation than even *you* imagine."

A long, shuddering sigh escaped the countess, and Philippe, who turned to look at her, saw, to his surprise, that her eyes were fixed upon D'Arcet with an expression of suspicion and dislike.

The duke, too, had remarked the peculiar expression of Madame d'Hautville, and for the first time a doubt of D'Arcet's sincerity crossed his mind.

This little by-play had not escaped the observation of Baron Lütke, though he had not appeared to take any note of it.

He coughed once or twice significantly, then, after consulting a slip of paper which he held in his hand, spoke abruptly.

"You call yourself Gaspard Duret, I believe?" said he, looking attentively at the individual whom he addressed.

"Yes."

"Is it your real name?"

"I may say so, I suppose, since I have never borne any other."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty years old."

"What is your occupation?"

"I have had so many that I can scarcely lay claim to any one in particular."

"Name a few of them."

"I have been gamekeeper, under-steward, a sailor, have worked in a printing-office, have kept books, was private secretary for a short time—in fact, have tried almost everything."

"Ah! You claim that you were married to this lady, do you not?"

"Yes; she is my wife."

Irma shuddered, and a flush of shame swept over her fair face.

"Do not mind what he says, dearest," whispered Philippe. "I am confident that we will prove this fellow to be a villain, and to have no claim whatever upon you."

"God grant it!" said Irma, fervently.

The baron resumed.

"I understand that the Countess d'Hautville utterly denies that any ceremony of marriage ever took place between herself and you."

"That cannot alter the fact. She is my wife, and the law must pronounce her to be such."

"That remains to be seen. What were your reasons for marrying her, as you claim you have?"

"I had two—the most important of which is, that I love her."

A low moan of anguish broke from Irma. Philippe pressed her hand tenderly, but did not trust himself to speak.

"When did you see her first?" continued the baron.

"Two or three weeks before she was brought to our house by my mother. She was walking with one of her companions in the convent-grounds, and I watched her from the window of a house which commanded a view of them. I feasted my eyes daily upon her for more than a week, and became more deeply in love with her continually."

"Finally, after learning her name, I confided my secret to my mother."

"To my great joy and delight, I was informed that nothing could be easier than the accomplishment of my desires."

"The young girl whom I loved had been left in my mother's care when a mere infant, and by her was placed in the convent, where she had received her education."

My mother was her guardian, and could, of course, select a husband for her. We matured our plans, and made our arrangements accordingly. Mademoiselle Irma was removed from the convent, and installed in our humble home. This she chose to resent as an indignity, and when I was presented to her as her future husband, she turned from me with scorn and indignation. I was not dismayed, however, but pressed my suit upon her persistently."

"Finally, she ceased her tears and entreaties, and upon the arrival of the priest and witnesses, the marriage took place without any further objection upon her part."

"Ah!" exclaimed Irma, springing to her feet with a cry of horror—"I see it all now! I became ill—unconscious. You took advantage of my helplessness and—married me then!"

"Exactly," said Gaspard.

"Oh, Philippe, it is true—true!"

She threw up her white arms despairingly, and before he could prevent her, sank upon the floor and moaned in tearless misery. Philippe would have raised her in his arms and tried to comfort her, but she shrank from him, saying, shudderingly:

"No, no!—I am not your wife—not your wife!"

"My God, this is terrible!" said the duke, raising his eyes to heaven. "It is worse—far worse—than death!"

Sinking helplessly into a chair, he buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud in anguish.

"You see, the lady admits my claim upon her," said Gaspard, rising to his feet and making a motion as if he would approach Irma.

"Do not dare to touch her, or to speak to her!" said Philippe, threateningly, "or I will not answer for the consequences."

"You can afford to be patient, Gaspard, since you are sure to triumph in the end," said Jeanne, speaking for the first time since she had entered the room.

At length, Irma suffered herself to be raised from the floor and placed upon the sofa. Then, with her head upon the breast of the countess and encircled lovingly by her arm, she lay back, pale and tearless—the image of despair.

Then, while Philippe and the baron held a hurried consultation in one corner of the room, Jeanne and Gaspard conversed together in whispers, and D'Arcet retained his seat—a watchful, but thus far quiet, spectator of the scene.

CHAPTER XXVII.

At length, Philippe and the baron approached the duke with slow, reluctant steps.

He tottered to his feet as they went toward him, and turned his eyes imploringly upon the face of the baron.

"What comfort can you give me?" he asked. "Tell me, baron, you do not think that wretch has any claim upon my child?"

"My friend," said Baron Lütke, very gently, "we can now scarcely doubt that a ceremony of marriage *was* performed. My own opinion is that such a marriage could not be regarded as binding, but that is a question to be determined by the court before which the case must be tried."

The duke gazed, incredulously, into the face of the baron for an instant.

"The court!" gasped he—"tried! Must—must the matter be made public?"

"My dear duke, there is no help for it," said the baron, gravely. "Remember, the honor of the young countess is at stake."



KLYTIA.—STATUE BY JOHN BENKA, VIENNA.

The duke staggered back, as though he had received a mortal blow. A deep-red flush mounted to his face, the swollen veins stood out like cords upon his forehead and neck, and his eyes had a fixed, agonized stare that was more expressive than words could have been.

Fearing that he was about to have an attack of apoplexy, Philippe and the baron grasped him and seated him with gentle force in the chair from which he had just risen.

The next moment, however, the breast of the duke heaved convulsively, terrible sobs shook his frame from head to foot, and great scalding tears gushed from his eyes.

At the sound of those agonized sobs, Irma rose slowly from the sofa where she had been reclining, with her face buried upon the shoulder of Madame d'Hauteville.

There was a look of dreadful despair upon her face, but no tears came to her relief.

"Grandfather!" she cried, in a tone of great agony—"Philippe! It is I—the unfortunate! the accused one!—who have brought this upon you! Oh, God! let me die!"

With a sudden movement she threw herself upon her knees beside the chair of the duke, seized one of the tear-moistened hands which lay in his lap, and bowed her head upon it.

At the sound of her despairing cry, a spasm of terrible agony contracted the old man's face. A long, shuddering sob rent his breast, then he groped about like a blind person, partially raised the drooping form of Irma in his arms, and bending forward, rested his head upon hers.

Both faces were hidden—one by snowy locks, the other by waving golden hair.

With his arms clasped closely around the slight form of the stricken girl, he whispered:

"Yes—let us die! We are both disgraced!—ruined! broken-hearted!"

There was silence for an instant. Suddenly it was broken.

"Now, at last, am I revenged! For this hour I have waited thirty long years!"

These words were uttered in tones of intense triumph, and were spoken near the spot where the duke and Irma were locked in that sorrowful embrace.

Every one in the room turned to look at the speaker.

It was D'Arcet.

His tall, fine figure was drawn up proudly, his arms were folded upon his breast, and his face was almost transfigured by the joy and triumph which shone in his eyes.

No words can express the amazement with which he was regarded by all present save Jeanne and Gaspard.

"What do you mean?" gasped the duke.

D'Arcet took a step or two nearer the old nobleman.

"Do you not know me, Adrien de St. Aulaire? Nor you, madame?" continued he, turning to the countess, who, pale and agitated, had risen hastily to her feet.

For an instant the duke gazed at D'Arcet as though he were spell-bound, then a change swept across his face, and he recoiled violently.

"George Fauvel!" he said.

"Yes; George Fauvel! Oh, you were blind not to recognize me! Know, duke and countess, in whose power I was helpless thirty years ago, that it is to me you owe the shame, the *disgrace*, which now falls upon you!"

"We owe this to you?" said the duke, gazing at him in amazement and incredulity.

"Yes," said D'Arcet, triumphantly; "this is my work.

These people were my tools—they were my puppets. I pulled the wires which directed their movements."

"You? Yet when I was ill you cared for me tenderly—your hand nursed me back to life," said the duke.

"Yes; your death would have spoiled my plans. I wished you to live, that I might know you to be what a moment ago you said you were—disgraced—ruined—broken-hearted."

He laughed aloud in the glee of his heart.

"Monsieur D'Arcet," said Irma, who had risen to her feet, and was regarding him with an air of bewilderment, "can it be that you have played so base a part? Yet you appeared to be my friend and protector!"

"Yes—*appeared*!" said he, turning upon her and meeting her reproachful gaze with one of fiendish triumph. "I hated you because my enemy's blood ran in your veins. My appearance as your rescuer was arranged between me and my confederates. Their arrest was a sham; they were removed to comfortable quarters, where they awaited the summons for their appearance *here*."

"You infamous wretch!" said the duke.

The terrible shock which he had received upon learning the identity of D'Arcet had had the effect of restoring his composure in a great degree, and he now rose to his feet and confronted his declared enemy with an air of stern dignity.

D'Arcet smiled scornfully.

"Call me what you will," he replied. "Know, proud duke, that your granddaughter, the last representative of your noble race, has been, through my work, the mistress of the young count here."

At these words, Philippe sprang toward D'Arcet with clinched hand.

"By Heaven!" said he, "if you use that word again in this house, I will make it your last."

"Come, come, no violence, count," said D'Arcet, coolly. Then he turned again to the duke. "Such a fate as you meted out to me I have measured unto one of your race. You forced me into a marriage with a menial whose hated presence I left the next hour. I have never troubled myself to inquire what became of her. I swore revenge upon you; but years passed, and I saw no means of accomplishing my vow. George Fauvel had disappeared from the face of the earth. In his stead a man calling himself André d'Arcet thrived and prospered. All that he touched turned into gold.

"He was accounted the richest man in the city in which he dwelt, and was held in such esteem that he several times declined the honor of becoming its mayor. He did not lose sight of the two families upon whom he had sworn to be revenged. When you, madame"—here he glanced toward the countess—"became impoverished through the speculations of your husband, I rejoiced. My heart was gladdened when you became a widow, and again when death claimed your only daughter.

"I rejoiced, duke, when your son fell in battle, and was happy in the belief that you were childless and alone in your old age.

"A blow was struck at my heart when I learned, through a strange chance, that you had a grandchild living, and I could not bear the thought of your happiness when she should be restored to you.

"Suddenly it occurred to me how I might have the revenge for which I still thirsted, and I gave myself up wholly to the accomplishment of what had been deferred so long. It is attained. You gave me a servant for a wife—I have given your child an ex-galley slave for a husband. We are even at last!"

All eyes were riveted upon D'Arcet, and no one had

observed the violent agitation which was apparent in the manner of Jeanne while he spoke.

Scarcely had he finished when she approached the countess, hurriedly, and said to her:

"I beg you, madame, to tell me the name of the girl to whom this man was forcibly married?"

"Her name?" repeated the countess, glancing in surprise at the agitated countenance of Jeanne. "It was Françoise Dubois!"

A sharp, bitter cry rang suddenly from the lips of the wretched woman.

"My God! what have I done?" and she fell upon her knees and rocked her body to and fro like one in the extremity of anguish.

Every one, even D'Arcet, turned to look at her in surprise. Gaspard seemed too amazed to speak, and looked from the crouching woman upon the floor to D'Arcet, with the air of one upon whom some startling idea is just beginning to dawn.

The Countess d'Hauteville stooped down and touched Jeanne gently upon the shoulder.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

Jeanne sprang suddenly to her feet, and revealed her face, quivering and distorted with anguish.

"It seems," she cried, despairingly, "that I, the sister of that Françoise Dubois—that I, who loved her so, have aided the man who broke her heart, in bringing misery and disgrace upon her protectors!"

Then she turned upon D'Arcet with an air of indescribable ferocity.

"So you were the villain who wrecked the life of my sister!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN intense silence followed her last words.

Then D'Arcet spoke, drawing his breath hard.

"I knew nothing of the relationship between you until now—but I care not!" he said. "My purpose is accomplished; it matters nothing to me by what means."

"But you will care, though," rejoined Jeanne, very violently, "to know that you have a son—a lawful son, who has been twice in the galleys! Behold him!—a forger and a thief!"

She pointed with outstretched and trembling hand to Gaspard.

D'Arcet recoiled violently, and turned pale, even to the lips.

"Impossible!" he gasped. "It cannot be that *he*, that low-born, low-bred wretch, is my son!"

"It is true," said Jeanne, her wrathful eyes fixed full upon the dismayed countenance of D'Arcet. "He is your son and that of my sister Françoise. She fled to my humble home, to hide her grief from the eyes of the world. Eight months after, when her child—your lawful son—was born, her unhappy life ended!"

"So the secret of my birth is revealed at last, eh?" said Gaspard, with a careless laugh. "Come, papa, shake hands with your hopeful son!" And he offered his hand to D'Arcet.

"Do not approach me!" said D'Arcet, with a shudder. "I will never acknowledge you!"

"I'll acknowledge you, then, and it'll amount to the same thing in the end. I say, papa, I'll help you spend your money!"

"Silence, you wretch!" said D'Arcet, a deep-red flush mounting even to his brow. "Our paths lie apart from this very day."

"Don't you believe it, Monsieur Papa! I can track you wherever you go. My training in Toulon has taught

me many tricks." And Gaspard laughed heartily in anticipation of the annoyance he expected to cause his newly found parent.

"We will prolong this scene no further," said D'Arcet, after a pause. "I will now take my leave of you all forever." And as he spoke he turned toward the door, without glancing at any one in the room.

Jeanne rushed suddenly toward Baron Lütke.

"Monsieur, do not allow him to go!" she cried, agitatedly. "He must not escape the punishment he deserves! Duke, your granddaughter was drugged by the orders of that man! The priest was deceived—was made to believe that the girl was dying, and that the marriage was her earnest wish! Tell me, was not this a crime?"

"A very grave one," replied the baron. "Monsieur D'Arcet, consider yourself under arrest. You need not try to escape—my agents surround the house."

A terrible change came across the face of D'Arcet at these words.

He paused, irresolutely, for an instant or two, then moved his hand in the direction of his breast-pocket.

A gleam of polished metal was seen, but before he could raise and fire the pistol, as he had intended, it was wrenched from his hand by Gaspard, who had sprung toward him with the rapidity of a tiger pouncing upon its prey.

"None of that!" he said, coolly. "I have just discovered the existence of my respected father, and am not prepared to give him up so soon."

"Fool!" said D'Arcet, passionately. "Do you not see that——" And he paused suddenly, unwilling to complete the sentence that had sprung to his lips.

"Oh, yes," responded Gaspard, with a careless laugh; "I see that in all probability all three of us will serve out a term in the galleys. 'Twill not matter to me, as I shall meet many old acquaintances, and my mother (or aunt, rather,) will no doubt go to prison willingly, since she will have the satisfaction of knowing that you will bear us company."

D'Arcet's eyes met those of Gaspard for a moment with a look of intense hatred, then he slowly withdrew them and sank into the nearest chair, with the air of one whose strength had suddenly deserted him.

Gaspard smiled, and took his station near him, as though determined not again to lose sight of him.

Jeanne, who had watched every movement upon the part of D'Arcet and Gaspard, now turned suddenly to Irma. Her countenance was still flushed and agitated, but the fierce look which it had worn for the last few moments had given place to a different expression.

Her eyes rested remorsefully upon the pale face of the innocent girl upon whom she had brought such terrible suffering, and she said, with a groan:

"Oh, that I could undo the bitter wrong I have done you! But have no fears. Gaspard shall renounce his claim upon you—the law will free you from the bond that binds you to him."

At this instant the heavy *portière* hanging across one of the tall doorways was drawn partially aside, and the rustle of a woman's dress was heard. The attention of every one was fixed upon Irma and Jeanne, however, and the white, eager face of the woman who had paused under the shelter of the velvet hangings was unnoticed.

Jeanne went on, in softened, pleading tones:

"If we are allowed, he shall return to France with me, and you will never hear from us again."

A groan of despair escaped the lips of the unhappy girl.

"But I am not Philippe's lawful wife!" she cried,

wringing her hands in agony. "Though unintentionally so, I have been guilty of a crime."

"You are mistaken, madame," said a clear, musical voice.

Every one turned in the direction of the person who spoke, and to the intense astonishment of all, the Princess Olga stepped forward from the doorway.

"You are the legal wife of the Count d'Hauteville, and I am here to prove it. Gaspard, look at me; who am I?"

Here she turned her white, beautiful face toward Gaspard, who had stood like one spell-bound from the moment the first sound of her voice had fallen upon his ear.

"Valentine!" he gasped, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "I thought you drowned! I saw your dead body at the morgue."

"You saw what you thought to be my dead body. The face was unrecognizable, but in size and general appearance the unfortunate creature resembled me strongly. As I had left the house and returned to it no more, the inference was natural that I had taken my life. I read an account of my death in the papers, and determined that Valentine Duret *should* be dead. I appeared in Russia as Olga Ogareff, was seen by Prince Schuvaloff—and—the rest is well known."

"Great Heaven! what mystery is this?" cried Philippe. "Princess, what does this mean?"

Olga turned toward Philippe. Her eyes met his eager gaze calmly, steadily, and her voice was only slightly tremulous when she replied to his hurried question.

"It means that I, the child of a noted French actress, at the age of fifteen was foolish enough to marry that man—Gaspard Duret. His coarseness and brutality killed my caprice for him in less than three months."

"You are, then, his wife?" asked Philippe, now deathly pale, and quivering from head to foot under the strong excitement that pervaded him.

"Yes; consequently he can have no claim whatever upon—"

A shriek of joy cut Olga's words short. It came from Irma.

"Upon me!" she panted, breathlessly. "Oh, Philippe, I *am* your wife!" and with her face transfigured with rapture, she held out her arms to her young husband.

"My own, my adored, my lawful wife!" said Philippe, as he clasped her to his breast in a fervent embrace. Tears which did not disgrace his manhood streamed from his eyes, while his lips met those of his now blissfully happy bride, and in the almost dreadful joy of that moment, when he knew her to be again his own, he felt repaid for all the suffering he had so recently undergone.

"My God, I thank Thee! I thank Thee!" said the duke, solemnly, and he raised his tearful eyes to heaven. "Now, if it be Thy will to take me, I am ready to go!"

A look of ineffable joy illumined his venerable face, and his lips continued to move as though in prayer.

D'Arcet, who had watched this scene with inexpressible bitterness, now groaned aloud in his despair.

"And I have failed, after all, in obtaining my revenge! Shame and disgrace are my portion, instead of theirs!"

The duke turned his now serene face toward him. His eyes rested without bitterness or anger upon the man who had striven to ruin his life, and he said, gravely:

"George Fauvel, you are receiving the consequences of your own evil acts. You are reaping what you have sown. The remembrance of your failure to harm me and mine will be your most fitting punishment. You and your confederates are free to go where you will."

He pointed toward the door as he concluded. D'Arcet opened his lips as though about to speak, then a look of

terrible despair crossed his face, his head sank upon his breast, and without a word he turned toward the door.

"Come!" said Gaspard to Jeanne, and he seized her hand in his own. "He shall not escape us; as long as his pockets are lined with gold, he'll find me more faithful to him than his shadow."

As Jeanne went toward the door she cast an appealing look upon Irma, as though to implore her pardon, then she and her two accomplices passed out of the presence of those they had tried to injure, never again to enter it.

Every one in the room breathed more freely when the door had closed upon Jeanne and the two men.

The Countess d'Hauteville turned toward Olga and took her hand in her own. She gave it a long, fervent pressure, then said, her eyes swimming in tears:

"And it was this generous hand, dear princess, which has lifted the cloud of shame and sorrow that hung over our household. But how can we ever sufficiently thank you?"

"Madame," said Olga, gently, "I have but partially requited the debt I owe your son."

"Partially requited the debt you owe me, princess?" said Philippe, looking at her in amazement.

"Yes; I can never fully repay you all I owe you. Your hand tore away the veil that hid my soul from my own view. I saw all its hideous deformity. I shuddered at the sight, and out of the agony I endured was awakened the determination to lead a new life. All that I possessed I have bequeathed to the poor. To-morrow I enter the Convent of St. Catherine—shall be known no longer as the Princess Schuvaloff, but as an humble Sister of Charity."

"A convent?" said Philippe, in amazement and incredulity—"you?"

"Do not fear that I shall repent my resolve, count. I would not resign the peace and happiness that have been mine since making it for all the world could give me."

She raised her glorious eyes to heaven, and though they were filled with tears, and her lip was slightly tremulous, a serene smile overspread her face. She was more beautiful at that moment than she had ever been in her life, and there was such a thrilling sweetness to her voice that it caused the hearts of her hearers to throb with a feeling of exquisite pain.

Suddenly, and with a movement full of grace, Olga turned to the countess.

"Madame," said she, in a voice that melted all who heard it to tears, "I have no mother; will you not, for one moment, imagine me your daughter, and give me a mother's blessing?"

She was about to kneel, but before she could do so she was caught in the arms of the countess and clasped closely to her breast in a warm, loving embrace.

"I give it to you, dear Olga," she said, smiling through her tears, "with a mother's love, which shall be yours while I live." She drew her more closely to her heart, and kissed the beautiful white brow again and again. "Be happy, dear child," she said, tenderly; "your resolve has caused joy in heaven."

"Why, dear countess?" asked Olga, turning her great dark eyes, now shining through tears, upon the face of the lady.

"It is said, 'There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance,'" was the answer.

THE END.

INDULGE no doubts—they are traitors.

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WINTER—AN ALLEGORY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY REICHANOW.

THE KISS.

By E. NESBIT.

THE snows are white on wood and wold,
 The wind is in the firs;
 So dead my heart is with the cold,
 No pulse within it stirs,
 Even to see your face, my dear,
 Your face that was my sun:
 The ice enshrouds the buried year,
 And Summer's dreams are done.

The snakes that lie about my heart
 Are in their wintry sleep:
 Their fangs no more deal sting and smart,
 No more they curl and creep.
 Love with the rose has ceased to be,
 The frost is firm and fast;
 Oh! keep the Summer far from me,
 And let the snakes' sleep last!

Touch of your hand could not suffice
 To waken them once more,
 Nor could the sunshine of your eyes
 A ruined Spring restore.
 But ah! your lips! You know the rest:
 The snows are Summer rain;
 My eyes are wet, and in my breast
 The snakes' fangs meet again.

TEARS.

By AUSBURN TOWNER.

THERE are a number of words in the English language, and of every-day use, that, by their mere sound, clearly express the idea that is sought to be conveyed; others, whose origin is lost in the far past, but connected with the idea within so strongly by ancient and constant usage, that the utterance of them brings up a train of thoughts only allied and associated with them. There are still others, that, whatever may be their original or inherent meaning, by certain associations make different impressions, when seen or heard, on different persons. This is especially true as regards proper names, whether Christian or surnames.

Every one must be able to illustrate this for himself, and certify to its truth.

Take the names of Hannah, Mary, Eliza, for instance; neither of them, by their sound or construction, seeming very attractive or pretty. But I know those who regard them as being the most beautiful names that could be bestowed on a human being. This simply because those they designate possess to them supremely lovable and admirable qualities.

So, on the other hand, the names Ethel, Alice, Emeline, that slip so smoothly and sweetly over the tongue and lips, to some are the reverse of the beauty and charm they have inherently, and only because they are associated with those possessing to them repellent or repulsive characteristics.

In a broader view, and more generally, who would think of calling a child Delilah, Jezebel, or Ishmael? Any one of them would seem to carry a curse with it, as they are intimately associated with what is, at least, unfortunate, although in themselves they are very musical, and their meanings not objectionable, the first being "a head of hair"; the second, only "an isle of habitation"; and the third, far from meaning that "his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him," is, "God has heard," or, "one whom God hears."

Most of the first kind of words alluded to are of home growth or Saxon origin, like "whir," for example, which

is very plainly the approximate sound made by certain objects in nature or art, expressive to us of the result of a certain action; or "grating"—does not that, indeed, instantly suggest to us what happens on the movement of a rusty hinge or of teeth rough, hard and uneven?

Many of the second kind of words mentioned are importations incorporated into the English language from other tongues. "Beautiful," for instance, which has been said to be the most beautiful word in the English language; or "home," the liquid semi-vowel dwelling long on our lips, even as the memory of the place designated lingers long in our recollection, wherever our lot may be cast.

Or, still further, the word "tears"—a most suggestive term, enveloping within its five letters volumes of meaning. Coupling with it no other word, binding it into no sentence, but allowing it to stand by itself, it appeals to every one with its own sense and signification—to some in one way, to others in other ways, but always in connection with sorrow, unhappiness or misfortune.

Tears of joy, tears of gladness and rejoicing, may be heard of and experienced, and are heard of and experienced, but the term itself must be qualified, to take away from it the clear association that belongs to it and always goes with it when it stands alone.

Tears! Who has not shed them, or caused them to be shed? And happy the person who has no recollection of being the occasion of them to those who love him or those whom he loves.

Thoughtfully considered and examined, it is rather peculiar that by tears a method should be provided by nature as an outward manifestation of emotion. They are, practically and honestly, for far different purposes; but, like many another operation, their primal and every-day work is overlooked, and their real use but little considered, being overshadowed by the occasional and infrequent, but more open, exhibition they make of themselves in supreme moments of our lives.

All of us, who are in a healthy condition, have tears all the time, although we are not always prepared to shed them—except, perhaps, some extremely emotional person, who has a reservoir of them constantly on tap, and ready to be turned on at the slightest provocation.

Some one has recently invented a little machine called an "automatic lubricator," out of which he is rapidly making a fortune. It is a very diminutive contrivance, considering the purpose it subserves; it can be attached to any kind of machinery—a locomotive, for instance—and it will keep the joints, axles and every movable piece oiled and in running order all of the time, without human help, except to keep its reservoir filled.

Something of a similar nature every person has attached to the eye, or near the eye, to keep the organ well lubricated, so that they can act without friction.

You rub even as soft and delicate a surface as the inner side of the eyelid over the equally delicate globe of the eye as frequently as is done in winking, without some lubricating medium, and the friction would soon be productive of great injury to the sight. Tears furnish this lubricating medium. They are manufactured in an almond-shaped gland, or cistern, at the inner corners of the eyes, and are constantly poured over the eyeballs by means of little pipes, or ducts. If the chief use of tears was—what it is not—to supply something with which to weep, we might be said to be crying, or manufacturing tears, all of the time, that we may have healthy eyes and preserve a good eye-sight.

There is no nonsense or mistake in the expression, "briny tears," for an analysis of them shows that they

contain salt—that is, common table-salt, with some albumen and phosphates of lime and soda. These are not the component parts of ordinary oil, but they make up a substance that furnishes the best kind of lubrication for those parts on which they are used.

No one can answer the question why, when one's emotional nature is highly excited, the cistern or gland where the tears are manufactured becomes so very active and secretes a vastly increased amount of them, sometimes swells up with its exertions and pours them in a flood into the eyes. No one can answer this question any more than he can the other question, why the salivary glands are excited by the touch or approach of some material substance—chewing-gum or tobacco, for instance—and set to work instantly to produce additional quantities of saliva.

It can be said that certain nerves inform the brain of the fact that more of the fluid than is on hand is required to dissolve or make away with the intruding matter, and the brain sends back word to go to work and supply the demand. But that answers neither question.

As to the illustration of the salivary glands, the question could be the easier answered than as to the lachrymal or tear-producing glands; for in the salivary glands something material is brought into contact with them, and might furnish a portion of the fluid required, or there is something for the fluid to act directly upon. But in the tear-producing gland the result comes from no material contact. The cause is only a mental one, and the manufactory must produce what is required from within, relying not at all upon what is without.

The production of tears, in the case of grief or sorrow, may be likened somewhat, so far as the result produced is concerned, to blushing. A thought or a memory will produce one or the other with as much profusion or intensity as though the exciting cause was of the present.

Why should we weep when we feel bad or are in pain?

It cannot be because the sense of sight has control of the matter, although the weeping is produced in the near neighborhood of the organ of such sense.

An appeal to any one of our other senses will often cause the tears to flow, and the blind weep as well as the clear-sighted.

So far as taste or smell is concerned, we can readily see that some material substance has excited the delicate organs at the upper part of the nose, and nature makes an effort, by her water-works located there, to wash away the offending matter.

In the way of feeling, see how quickly the response comes when a foreign substance, be it ever so minute, gets into the eye. The flood-gates of the lachrymal gland are instantly and completely opened to wash away from the organ the uncomfortable intruder. This, not because an appeal has been made to the sense of sight, but to the sense of feeling. Indeed, seeing and hearing are the only two senses an appeal to which, except in intensified cases, has no effect on the tear-manufactory.

Any undue physical effort of the eyes, like straining them to see an object in the distance or in the gloom, will, of course, start the tears, but that is a peculiarly material view of the case, and as much to be expected and as easy to be accounted for as any other effort of nature to equalize and balance the different parts of the system—as yawning is only an effort of nature to restore the equilibrium of the flexor and extensor muscles.

So the sense of hearing, as simply a sense, never appeals to the tear-producer. The sentiment uttered and heard may cause tears to flow, and you may have seen persons cry over music that was exquisitely sweet or

execrably bad, but in neither of the cases was it the mere sound produced that caused the tears.

It is, therefore, easy to understand why the operation of those senses that excite the production of tears have the power to do so. But why mere sentiments, emotions or situations have the same power, as has already been said, no one can assuredly and clearly determine.

If, as some philosophers assert, ideas are just as material, although not quite as visible, as chunks of chalk or pieces of marble, and always act upon the brain from the outside, making the expression, "hit by an idea," a literal and not a figurative one—if this is so, the actual contact of a sentiment or an emotion with the brain might be so unpleasant as to result in a call upon the tears to wash it away. But if this is not so, we can only fall back upon that unsatisfactory, but certainly conclusive, explanation made use of by Watts, in one of his most famous hymns: "It is their nature to."

There are some who have contended that tears and weeping are only artificial, outward expressions of sorrowful feelings, as laughter is of joyousness and mirth; that if mankind had only begun in that way, we might now be crying when we would express our gratification, or laughing when we were sad. As though in the early ages a convention had been held, and after due deliberation, it was decided that tears should flow in unhappy times and should be the evidences of grief, and laughter shake its sides when stirred by merriment—and thus it had been ever since.

They say it is simply by long association with sadness that tears have come to stand as a sort of representative of that, and the same as to laughter and mirth!

What is there in a tear of itself that indicates sorrow? Or in the rising of the midriff that includes a suggestion of mirth? You can often see a tear shining at the end of a man's nose on a cold day, or rolling down his cheek, and they are constantly doing their work, as we have seen, between the globe of the eye and the eyelid. These are pure, genuine tears, unsurrounded by extraneous circumstances and acting the part for which they were intended. Surely, they contain in themselves no trace of an element of sorrow or grief. Then the hyena and the lunatic go through a physical operation similar to what is called laughter, and which is, indeed, pure and simple laughter; yet there is nothing mirthful or amusing in it.

Why, then, should tears, manufactured and used constantly for a far more necessary purpose, be employed, on occasion, in making a material and observable manifestation of mere mental disturbance? Why should they come to be recognized, as they are, and by popular apprehension supposed to be, solely and only for the latter purpose, having no other use or existence whatever?

There is much reason, indeed, for supposing that, away back in the past, some one who controlled such matters said, "We'll shed tears when we feel bad," and so it has been ever since. That is, at least, as good an explanation of the matter, considering all things, as can be offered by the most patient investigator or by the most thoughtful philosopher.

Certainly there is as much good sense and appositeness in this explanation as there is in the name given to a certain kind of wine grown in a certain district in Italy and famous all over the world. This is the "Lachrymæ Christi," or "Tears of Christ." It is a dark, rich wine, and is esteemed by some to be worth more than its weight in gold. The grapes from which it is pressed can be grown only in one particular spot in Italy. They are peculiarly flavored, and can be distinguished always

by any one who has once tasted them. The wine is supposed to be the same over which the Latin poet Horace goes into such ecstasies under the name of "Falernian," and wine, the name of which such a toper as Horace made immortal, must indeed have been a tipple worthy the palates of the gods.

Whatever their origin, or why their use as manifestations of feeling, these little saline drops that we call tears have borne a very important part in the history of the world and of individuals, and have been a power that men and nations have vainly fought against, or been overcome only by utterly disregarding them. They are stronger and mightier than their cousins, the rain-drops, and these, every one knows, when sufficiently numerous, are considerably beyond the reach of man to stay or subdue. In both cases, all that can be done is to wait until the storm is over and then, as you can, gather up what fragments remain.

In another view, it is strange what a relief a good, generous flow of tears, or a "fit" or "spell of crying," will bring to a sorrowing one, especially when it is remembered what the real office of tears is. It would seem from this, that some mistake had been made in locating the seat of the sentiments and emotions, and that it should be in the eye rather than the heart.

Looked at in this light, popular speech, which most usually strikes right down to the core of a subject, apprehends this notion clearly, although we may think it to be rather a cruel misapplication of terms, when, to indicate one's disbelief in a statement, or to show he was not convinced as to the accuracy of the description of a situation, or to manifest an assurance of the insincerity of a companion, the strongest way which it prescribes to express the feelings aroused is in the remark: "It's all in my eye!"

Certainly, when any emotion is to be the most forcibly set forth, so that it may be brought to the apprehension of others, the eye does all of the hardest work and furnishes the most effective weapons.

But withal, it is no wonder that tears, coming to stand, as they do, for sorrow, misfortune and misery have borne and do bear such a prominent part in the world. It is no hyperbole to call this life "a vale of tears." No person ever lived who, as he approached that other valley, where the shadows are so deep and whose opposite side is so dim and uncertain, if not completely blank, could truthfully say that he never had had occasion to shed tears, or who, in balancing up accounts, could aver with accuracy that he had seen or experienced more in this world that excited his amusement than had aroused his tears.

The birth of a child, even amidst the most fortunate surroundings, is rather the subject of apprehension and tears, in the certainty of sorrows, disappointments and misfortunes that he must meet with along his journey to the grave, than it is an occasion of rejoicing and glee.

And what is that idea that we are only traveling to the grave but an idea full of tears?

A journey with such a termination!

How much enjoyment would a traveler take, no matter how beautiful might be the scenery of the countries through which he passes, no matter by how much of delight and pleasure he might be surrounded as he went along, if he knew at the end—and an end to be reached at a moment of which he would have no forewarning—he was to step off a precipice into the dark, and be carried he knew not whither?

Yet that is precisely the journey we are all taking.

To many, there is a light beyond, which, while it robs

the hereafter of apprehension, does not dry up the tears of the present. Among the promises to them is one that there, whither they are going, there will be no more sorrow or sadness; and it is a curious circumstance that in the Bible, wherein are contained all of these promises, the very last time that the word tears is used—as though it would emphasize the fact that they would be done with them forever—is an assurance that there shall be a place provided where there will be none, and no occasion for any.

"For the Lamb," says St. John, in his Revelations, "shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

THE COLONEL'S REVIEW.

By J. M. M.

It was Sunday morning. Six o'clock rang out from all the time-pieces of the little town of Potinbourg, when Colonel Machefer, of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth of the Line, opened his eyes. He gave one or two tremendous yawns and stretched himself lazily. He, good man, seemed very much annoyed. Others will admit that he had good cause to be so; is it not, in fact, a most distressing thing to be obliged to get up early on Sunday morning? On Sunday, the day when the least little errand-boy, the most humble shop-keeper and the most insignificant copyist are able to take an easy morning. It is, one must acknowledge, a melancholy necessity.

The colonel was sadly thinking of it when Mrs. Machefer, who reposed by his side, also awoke. After he had inquired how she was, according to his custom each morning, the colonel cried:

"I must dress myself. Review of the whole regiment on the parade-ground at seven o'clock. What a dog's life it is!"

"Come, my dear," said Mrs. Machefer, "lie still a little longer. If you get up at half-past six, you will still have plenty of time."

"No, no," replied the colonel, who desired nothing better than to follow this advice.

"However——"

"It is decided."

"But if——"

"It's no use insisting."

"I will not say another word," said Mrs. Machefer, with dignity.

"Well," said the colonel, seeing his wife yield, "you do whatever you like with me. I'll stay."

A smile lighted up the face of the colonel's wife. She seemed in very good-humor that morning. Usually her eyes were scarcely opened before she began to pick a quarrel with her husband. That day she appeared to have made up her mind not to contradict him.

What was the cause of a change so unforeseen? The colonel did not have to wait long to find out.

"Tell me now," said she, in a timid voice; "you know Mrs. Plumet, the wife of your colleague of the Thirtieth Dragoons?"

"Yes. What of that?"

"Mrs. Plumet," she repeated, with slight hesitation in her tone; "you know who I mean?"

"Yes; Mrs. Plumet, the wife of my colleague."

"Exactly; I saw her yesterday at the house of the Baroness of Viel-Masure."

"Ah!"

"Yes. She wore a hat so tasteful, so elegant! The baroness was lost in admiration of it."



THE FIRST VOLLEY.

Here the colonel heaved a deep sigh. He began to suspect what was the matter.

"I believe," said he, rather hastily, "that it is high time——"

His wife interrupted him unceremoniously.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear, listen to me a moment! This hat, I say again, is a real work of art. It is the talk of the town, and it seems to me that they say: 'There's Mrs. Plumet, she's one who has good-luck. She no sooner wishes a thing than her husband gives it to her immediately. This is not like Mrs. Machefer——'"

"Ah! do they say that?" said the colonel, whose face had become as red as his regimental pantaloons.

"Yes, they say that!" repeated Mrs. Machefer, with energy.

"All right; let them say it."

"What! let them say it?" replied the colonel's better-half, in an indignant tone. "Ah, you are always the same Mr. Machefer. If I were a man myself—if I called myself Colonel Machefer—I declare to you I would shut the mouths of these clamorers by my deeds. I would buy for my wife a hat still more beautiful than Mrs. Plumet's. But stop! I just saw one in the front window of——"

"But," interrupted the colonel, "you do not consider that you have a hat, almost new, that looks very well."

"What's the use of arguing? Do you pretend to be a good judge in such a matter? Will you, yes or no, give me that hat?"

"But——"

"Oh, no more words! Yes or no?"

"Let me see——"

"Yes or no?"

"Think a moment."

"Oh, isn't this provoking! Yes or no?"

"Very well. No."

"I was sure of it," said Mrs. Machefer, wringing her hands in despair. "My poor mother was right when she used to say to me, every day, 'Your husband is a monster, who will kill you by inches.'"

And the good lady forced herself to bring at least one tear to the corner of her eye. Thanks to long practice, these lachrymal glands could obey almost instantly.

Scarcely a few seconds had elapsed when the colonel saw his wife's eyes moisten.

"Humph! The Deluge presently," he murmured.

"That's right," replied his lady, in a tearful voice; "now laugh at your victim."

At this minute half-past six sounded. The colonel jumped out of bed.

The conjugal shower kept on. Worthy Machefer was furious.

"*Morbleu! ventrebleu! sacrebleu!*" he muttered, between his teeth; "we have had enough of it to last till evening." He dressed himself rapidly. As he was buckling on his belt, "Come," he said, softening his voice, "acknowledge, Stephanie, that you were wrong."

"Oh, of course I'm the one at fault," rejoined the amiable wife, whose tears stopped as if by magic. "Leave me alone, sir!"

"I assure you that the hat you wore last Sunday——"

"That is not the question."

"Nevertheless——"

"I say to you again, leave me."

"I must give way," thought the colonel. "Very well," replied he; "let us make peace."

"You know my conditions?"

"Women are hard! After all, how much will this hat cost?"

"By bargaining, I can get it for one hundred and twenty francs."

"A hundred and twenty francs! But then, we shall have to give up for a whole month one of our usual dishes."

"What does that matter?"

"But I sha'n't have enough even to buy my tobacco."

"What does that matter? What is necessary is to avoid humiliation at any cost. We ought not to descend from our rank; we ought not to let ourselves be eclipsed by the Plumets; we should not allow it to be said that the cavalry takes precedence of the infantry. When you buy this hat, you will have the right to hold your head up high. And then," she added, in a coaxing tone, "will not Colonel Machefer be happy when he gives his arm to his little wife, to his Stephanie, to hear whispered behind him, 'What a charming hat! Come, you said you would, dearest, did you not?'"

The colonel dared not say "No." Nevertheless, the prospect of being deprived of tobacco for a month appeared very hard to him. He smothered a deep sigh; then seeing that Mrs. Machefer was preparing to make the fountains play again, he hastened to imprint a kiss upon her forehead, saying, "It is settled."

The face of the colonel's wife regained instantly its habitual serenity.

The colonel, the peace having been signed, turned upon his heel with military precision and went out.

He was a brave man, Colonel Machefer, before the enemy, but before his wife he trembled—trembled as never raw recruit trembled on the day of battle. In his youth he had not been unsuccessful in his love-affairs, amusing himself by mingling, as he said, "the culture of Venus with that of Mars." However, in spite of the fervor of his adoration, neither of these two divinities had spared him. The life of a bachelor, too much prolonged, had somewhat "softened" him, using his own expression, and a bullet which he had received in his right leg had not added—far from it—to the elegance of his walk.

Mrs. Machefer, as has been seen, was a woman of ability. Everything moved with military precision in her house, beginning with the colonel. He tried hard occasionally, poor man, to resist and to impose his will, but his fight was never long and only served to render the triumph of his wife more brilliant. That day, however, Mrs. Machefer had had difficulty in winning the victory. So much elated by this success, her heart felt joyful. While the colonel was descending the stairs with dejected mien, she wrapped herself cozily in the coverlet with the prospect of rosy dreams.

The colonel, ashamed of having given way, was in a ferocious humor. Woe to the one who should furnish him with a pretext to vent his anger. His orderly, who was waiting in the street, holding his horse all equipped, was not long in finding this out.

"There's a badly groomed beast," cried the colonel, in a terrible voice. "And you yourself, you are as badly dressed as a raw recruit. Who the deuce gave me a trooper like that?"

It is well to add, for the edification of the reader, that horse and soldier were irreproachable. But is it not well known that one is never so dissatisfied with others as when one is not satisfied with one's self.

"Do you know," continued the irascible officer, "if I should want another clothes-brusher, it would be very easy for me to replace you. Candidates are not lacking. This position which you have is very much envied, although you don't seem to think so, *mille tonnerres!*"

Rage choked him. He wound up this rebuke with a volley of oaths of all nationalities—souvenirs of his campaign. Swearing all the time enough to put a truck-driver to the blush, he got into the saddle, and his irritation constantly increasing, showed itself by violent digs with the spurs into the flanks of his steed. The poor beast, unused to such treatment, threw up his heels, and the unfortunate colonel just missed being thrown out of the saddle. He contrived, however, to regain his seat, and went off at full speed. His orderly, the impassible witness of the scene, followed him with his eyes to the turn of the road, then hastened to go in, muttering to himself: "Hum! he will make it warm for us. Look out for the bomb-shell!"

Meanwhile, the colonel was coursing through the town at a dizzy gallop. He went, spurring his horse without mercy, quick as lightning, like the fantastic cavalier in Burger's ballad. The regiment had been on the parade-ground for an hour. The arms were piled up and the men were talking in groups, awaiting the time for review, when they saw the colonel in the distance. Scarcely a few seconds had passed when he reached the soldiers, of whom more than one, astonished at the unusual speed of his horse, said to themselves with the orderly:

"He will make it warm for us."

This prophecy was not long in being realized. While the men ran quickly to arm themselves and form in line, the colonel came to a halt before the centre of the regiment. The lieutenant-colonel, who was giving his last instructions to some officers, hastened to salute his superior. Notwithstanding all the diligence he had used, however, the colonel received him with these words:

"Make haste there, *mordieu*! I've been waiting an hour."

"But, colonel——"

"Since you have dared to reply, sir, you will remain under arrest eight days."

Thereupon the colonel, striking both spurs into his horse, reviewed the regiment. When he had finished this long operation, he turned toward the lieutenant-colonel, who was expecting congratulations.

"Your soldiers are very badly drilled, sir," he said. "Moreover, the discipline is relaxing. Each one takes his ease. You, first of all, ought to set the example. But, *sacrebleu*! this shall not continue! You will remain under arrest fifteen days!"

"Nevertheless——" began the lieutenant-colonel, tired of restraining himself.

"*Mille tonnerres*! I never saw such an officer. Always talking back. You will remain under arrest, not fifteen days, but a month, and no protests this time, or I shall inflict upon you the utmost punishment. Now, one more word: you can say to your officers that I am very much dissatisfied with the drilling of the regiment, and that, for that reason, I suppress all leaves of absence until further orders."

Upon this speech he departed at full gallop, leaving the lieutenant-colonel all the more angry and humiliated that this insult had taken place in the presence of the whole regiment.

As soon as his superior officer had disappeared, the lieutenant-colonel regained his equanimity, and having called the four commanding officers, he said to them:

"Gentlemen, the colonel has ordered me to communicate to you his formal dissatisfaction. Your battalions are very badly drilled. In consequence, you will remain under arrest eight days."

Astonishment of the four commanding officers, who, in turn, inflict the same punishment upon their captains.

Astonishment of the captains, who give as much to their lieutenants and sub-lieutenants.

Astonishment of these last, who give eight days in a lump to the adjutant.

Astonishment of the adjutant, who inflicts them upon the sergeant-major, who hastens to bestow them upon the sergeants, who rush to grant them to the corporals, who dispense them generously to the soldiers.

In short, you never saw in any regiment such a deluge of punishments; not an officer went out of his house, not a soldier left the barracks, that day.

And all Potinbourg cried: "What an energetic man is Colonel Machefer! He's not the one to allow discipline to perish."

That's the way that history is written.

What would the Potinbourgs have said if they had known that this thunderbolt of war was, in spite of his warlike name, a sheep that Mrs. Machefer led at her will?

Madame the Colonel had her hat, and everybody admired it, without suspecting that it was the occasion of all this disturbance.

Is not this the time, in ending this true story, to say that if you will substitute kings and queens for the colonel and his wife, and nations for regiments, you will have before you a great deal of what we call history?

THE INDIGO-PLANT IN CHINA.

THE indigo (*indigofera*) is a leguminous plant, with a stock and leaf not unlike the ordinary fish-geranium in size and shape, as near as I can compare it, but of a color much darker green. It is hardy, easily cultivated, of prolific growth, and little subject to disease or the inroads of insects. The ground is prepared by the plow and harrow, thoroughly pulverized, and enriched by liquid manure, the latter in common use by the Chinese in the cultivation of all their crops—a practice which, in the spring-time of the year, is very trying to the olfactory nerves of the wanderer by the country-side, and does not invite him to linger, however enchanting the other surroundings may be.

As in the cultivation of rice, the seed of the indigo-plant are sown in patches of ground and as thickly as possible. In a month, when the plants are several inches high, they are transplanted into a larger piece of ground, and in rows about eighteen inches apart. From that time until they are gathered they require very little care, with the exception, in a scarcity of rain, of being occasionally watered. When they reach a height of about two feet, and the leaves have assumed a dark, rich, blue color, they are cut to the ground and gathered for the manufacturing process. From the roots, when the plants are cut down, another growth springs up, and two crops are made in the year. In every farm-yard there are a dozen or more large earthen jars, or "kongs," as they are called, with the capacity of a whisky-barrel, which are used for the manufacture of indigo.

Those who go into the manufacture more extensively have a large brick-lined tank built in the ground, six or eight feet in depth and of a diameter of ten or fifteen feet, with a capacity of many hundred gallons. The plants are placed in these receptacles and covered with fresh, clear water, where they are allowed to steep for several days, till the *indican*, a peculiar substance contained in the juices of the plant, is decomposed by fermentation. This process is aided by the application of a little slaked lime and frequent stirring, when the indigo is precipitated in



THE LOVE THAT LASTS FROM YOUTH TO AGE.

the form of a dark-blue sediment, which, when dried, forms the indigo of commerce.

During the process of manufacture, women with flowers in their hair (a universal custom in China) are not permitted to approach the kongs, as it is a belief that their presence is prejudicial to the quality of the indigo, and for a like reason the kongs are removed to a situation protected from the atmosphere of the fields.



"'TAKE ME!' SHE CRIED, REACHING OUT HER HANDS. 'I WILL BE A GOOD WIFE. I WILL WORK HARD.' 'NO. GOOD-BY, GIRL-WHO-LAUGHS,' I SAID; AND I STEPPED UP THE SHORE. 'GIRL-WHO-LAUGHS!' AND SHE AROSE, WRINGING HER HANDS. 'NO, NO, NO! I AM GIRL-WHO-CRIES! GIRL-WHO-CRIES!'"

GIRL-WHO-LAUGHS.

BY WOODRUFF CLARKE.

Few places were better known throughout the Far North-west, twenty years ago, than the Dinwoody Ranch, in Idaho.

This was located in an isolated valley, amid rugged mountains which make the northern half of that Territory well-nigh inaccessible. The wagons of pioneers were never seen there, but to all who visited that wild region on horseback, in quest of gold or game, this ranch was famous for prosperity and good cheer. Hither came the hardy employes of the great fur companies with their pack-trains, making it their annual rendezvous. Here the adventurous prospector was sure of hospitality, and

to this stronghold fled many trappers and miners in times of Indian troubles. The ranch was well calculated for defense. The stout log buildings, mudded and roofed with rough fire-proof *adobe*, stood upon a grassy knoll, where a cool spring gushed at the very door, and where the corrals, dug into the banks below and heavily walled, were under the direct oversight and protection of the dwellings.

Hiram Dinwoody and his two stalwart sons had great repute for courage, and were both feared and respected by the Kootenais, Shoshones, Colvilles and other neighboring tribes. He and all his household were noted for

honesty of speech and conduct, loyalty to friends, and abhorrence of treachery.

One Autumn day, in 1870, the family were at dinner—Hiram Dinwoody, his wife, his son Ralph, his daughter Clara, and the two hired men Reynolds and Vandiver. They were eating in silence, beset by anxious thoughts.

Hiram had contracted to deliver fifty beeves to a detachment of Government troops at a point on the Mullen Trail, a hundred miles eastward, and it would be necessary to begin the drive next morning in order to keep his appointment. He had purposed to take only his son Ralph as assistant, but the day before, some mounted travelers gave warning that a band of Nez Percés Indians were on the war-path, fifty miles southward. This news made it necessary for Hiram to take his hired men along also, which would leave the two women without defenders.

Another cause of worryment was the absence of his son Hector, who had gone with a party of English tourists to guide them to Clarke's Fork, where they expected to meet comrades and boats. Hector should have been back three days since, and did not yet appear.

Vandiver, sitting where he could look out through the open door, uttered a cry of surprise and pointed down the slope.

"Injun!" he said.

The ladies gazed in alarm. The men all turned about. Through the brown grass a tall native was striding up the knoll, his black hair flying down his shoulders, his bronzed face held eagerly forward, his ragged blanket trailing on the earth behind.

Hiram scowled, and muttered, with increased anxiety: "What does this mean?" Not for months had they seen an Indian. The tribes had gradually withdrawn from this vicinity.

The rapid gait of the new-comer soon brought him to the door, and he stood looking in—thin, haggard, speechless. Hiram Dinwoody arose. This did not look like an Indian. His oval face, his sharp chin, his eyes—

"You are a white man?" he cried.

The stranger staggered in.

"I am," he answered, huskily.

Uncontrollable tears rolled down his cheeks. He looked toward the two ladies. Mrs. Dinwoody was very near—a gray-haired matron, neatly dressed. He caught her apron with his tanned fingers, sank upon a stool and hid his face in the gingham, while his whole form shook with sobs that could not be suppressed.

"He's been a prisoner, and got away!" exclaimed Mother Dinwoody, sympathetically.

All arose and crowded around the fugitive, while Hiram laid his broad hand on the blanketed shoulder.

"Count yourself home. You're with friends. Nobody can harm you here." And he surveyed with grim satisfaction the rack of rifles against the wall, and long rows of cartridge-boxes above.

The stranger lifted his head.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"This is the Dinwoody Ranch."

By the flash of joy in his face Hiram knew that the stranger had heard of the ranch before. The frontiersman felt a thrill of pride and friendship, and smote his visitor again upon the shoulder.

"Brace up! You're safe now. Take a bite to eat? You look starved."

No second invitation was needed. The fugitive fell to like a famished animal. The repast over, he told his story. It was very simple. His name was Laxlie. He had been taken captive, three years before, by Okanagon

Indians, adopted into the tribe, and only recently escaped. He expressed such intense delight in seeing white folks once more that all were touched, and the tender-hearted Clara especially shed many tears. The men took him in hand, and when, a half-hour later, he reappeared in civilized costume, Dinwoody pronounced him as fine a looking fellow as he had seen in many a day. Laxlie made himself immediately useful, by bringing water, cutting wood, and finding similar ways to show his gratitude and his capacities. Dinwoody regarded the arrival as quite opportune, and rode off with his companions next morning, driving his cattle, leaving Laxlie in charge of the ranch until Hector should return.

* * * * *

A week later, Hector Dinwoody came down from the mountains and entered the valley at a point some two miles from the cabin. He was on foot, bearing his roll of blankets—a young man of twenty-two, strong, active, sunburned and erect.

Half way across the prairie he was met by Clara, who came out on a fleet pony to welcome him. Never, it seemed to him, had Clara appeared so handsome. She was dressed with great care. Her brilliant black eyes sparkled, and her cheeks were aglow. Her lovely face looked unwontedly tender as she bent over in the saddle to kiss him. Few brothers and sisters were ever more congenial and confidential than these two, playmates from childhood, mutually proud of each other.

He explained that his horse had been drowned in Clarke's Fork, and he had made his slow way home on foot. She, in turn, told of her father's departure.

"I'm so glad you're back. I've something very important I wish to talk about." Whereupon she informed him of Laxlie's arrival. Then she stopped, shyly.

"Well?" inquired Hector.

"He is such a gentleman, Hector! So candid, and helpful, and brave, and has suffered so much!"

"Ah! What else?"

Clara replied in low tones.

"Hector, he wishes to marry me."

The butt of the carbine in Hector's hand dropped with a thud on the sod. His face turned purple with wrath. He looked angrily at Clara, but his tongue was still when he noted her embarrassed and thoughtful face. It was Clara—Clara, the only daughter, the kind sister. How could he be harsh? He only said:

"It is very sudden. Does mother know?"

"He has not told her. I want you to meet him before he speaks to her. I am anxious to get your opinion. I don't want to make a mistake."

Hector deliberated a few minutes.

"Where is this man?"

"Down the valley now. He won't return before supper."

"I'll go back to the woods, and not show myself till night. Does Mr. Laxlie know I am expected?"

"Yes."

"That's too bad. Then I'll call myself by my middle name, Dowds. I'll go into the bunks and see him, not telling him I'm your brother. That way I can find out his character better. If he's a true man, fit to be your husband, why, I'll stand by you, of course. Now go to the house."

Clara thanked him, and went off triumphantly. She had no distrust of Laxlie. She had gained her end, which was to secure her brother's support. Hector leaned for a short time on his carbine, watching her swift course over the prairie, then returned gravely to the hill-side.

After the cattle were housed for the night, and the

chores all done, Laxlie strolled up to the cabin to see Miss Clara, but she had retired to her own room. Accordingly he went back to the lodge, where he raked the coals, put on some tamarack-knots, lighted a pipe, and sat down in a rustic camp-chair, lined with bear-skin, before the blazing fire.

A fine-looking man was Laxlie—sinewy, well-proportioned, with long black hair, and a face that would have been handsome but for the lines about his mouth, which were hard and selfish in expression. He was about thirty years of age, and had gained marvelously in flesh during the week since his arrival.

He was rolling forth long whiffs of tobacco-smoke, and gazing toward the door-way in reverie, when a young man appeared there, bearing a carbine and a roll of blankets.

"Halloo, partner!" cried the new-comer, in a jovial and cheery tone. "Where did you come from? Stop-ping here?"

"Yes, I'm stopping here," responded Laxlie, cordially. He was glad to see some one he could talk with. "Won't you come in?"

"Come in? I rather think so. Many's the time I've slept in this bunk." And the young man tossed his bundle of blankets into one of the vacant berths ranged along the wall, and then hung his carbine on the hooks, like one long accustomed to the place. "Have you got a job with Dinwoody?"

"Not exactly. He went on a cattle-drive, and I staid to take care of the ranch. Do you work here?"

"Me? Yes. I'm Dowds. Heard of Dowds, haven't you? Just in, off the range."

"No. But you're welcome all the same. It's lonesome here evenings. My name is Laxlie."

Hector Dowds Dinwoody took a seat in one of the rude chairs, and stretched his feet toward the fire. He felt justified in thus obscuring his identity until he should know more of this stranger who had so abruptly and clandestinely sought Clara's affections in the absence of her father and brothers. The night without was cold. The tamarack sputtered like a roman candle, sending forth showers of sparks. The dry log walls were gray and scarlet by turns, as the fire-light flickered. He looked attentively at Laxlie, and asked:

"Where are you from?"

"Osooyoos Lake." This was far north-west, on the line of British Columbia.

"Trapping?"

"No. Trapped. I was a prisoner among the Okanagans. Only just got away."

"A prisoner! How did that happen? When did they catch you?"

"Three years ago. I was a soldier then, and a party of Indians came upon me in a thicket, shot my horse, and lassoed me before I had time to wink."

"Where was your troop?"

"Oh, I was alone."

"I see. You had jumped the camp, eh?"

Dowds looked at Laxlie in a matter-of-fact way. The latter was startled by this quick inference, and hesitated a moment, then nodded. The face of the inquirer grew grave. Deserters from the army were not held in high esteem by any of the Dinwoodys, but he mastered his feelings, and said, with much interest:

"Tell me all about it."

Laxlie filled his pipe afresh. He lighted it with a tamarack-ember, puffed a few times, leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes a moment, dreamily, as if soothed by the narcotic. Then he began his tale. Evidently he was very talkative, and glad to have a listener.

"Well, I got sick of the cavalry service, and left camp one night when I was on picket, and struck east for the Walla Walla road. That was out near Fort Spokane. I thought if I could get to the Pacific coast I'd ship south, where I'd be beyond all likelihood of arrest. But as luck would have it, while I was crossing a ravine at day-break in a thicket of cotton-woods, these Okanagon Indians ambushed me.

"It was only a hunting-party, which had strayed south. They had their squaws along. But they hated the whites, and they staked me out flat on my face, with hands and feet fast to four picket-pins stretched wide apart; then they held a debate as to what they should do with me. They were greatly excited, and I gave up hope. Finally, an old squaw named Klochem came down and out the cords and set me free. Then she took my hand and marched me up to the band, and declared me her son. It seems she had lost her own son in a fight with the Spokanes, only a month before. That saved me. They took me north, and I've been with them ever since, until two weeks ago.

"But they never trusted me a particle. I was kept about the camps, and not permitted to accompany the hunters, so that I learned nothing of the country. I fished, and stood day-guard, and trained the dogs, and so on, but never had the slightest chance to get away. I was unhappy and discontented, and longed to get back to white folks. Yet I don't know now but I was better off there. I'm tired of the work here already. You see, I'm out of practice, and find it irksome. There I never did any labor unless I chose. On the whole, I had a good time. I learned the language, and took life easy. Old Klochem thought a great deal of me, dressed me well, and looked after my comfort all the time."

"How did you escape?"

"Oh, I found a chance when the tribe was all collected at Osooyoos Lake."

"I've been through that country. It's a terrible tangle. Strange they didn't catch you, if you were unacquainted with the mountain-passes and short cuts."

"Well, they didn't."

"You had a guide?"

"No."

Laxlie spoke curtly, and looked askance at Dowds, who was gazing into fire with every appearance of *nonchalant* interest. There was manifestly something back which Laxlie did not care to disclose, but presently his loquacious tongue got the better of his judgment.

"I'll tell you. I did have a guide, or I'd never have got away alive. It was old Klochem's daughter, Kloochman He-he, or, as we would say in our language, Girl-who-laughs, just about sixteen years old now. Klochem said from the first I must marry her after awhile, but He-he would not listen to it. She was rightly named, I can tell you—pretty and plump, the gayest Indian woman I ever saw, full of merriment and jollity. She made all manner of fun of me, and I never liked her very much, I can tell you.

"Well, the whole tribe collected last month at Osooyoos Lake for a grand festival. It was the first time since I was taken captive that all the people were together in one place. Generally there were so many parties scattered through the country that I dared not try to leave, knowing they would intercept me. I was informed, one day, that the next afternoon I must marry Girl-who-laughs, and all the squaws prepared for a special feast in honor of that event.

"I saw He-he, and spoke with her about it.

"When the moon is at its highest," she said, solemnly,

'Girl-who-laughs will lie at the bottom of Osooyoos Lake.'

"I was scared enough. I saw she meant it."

"'You are not fit to have a wife,' she said. 'You sit down. You cannot hunt. You cannot fight. You can only tend the salmon-traps, and go with the squaws when they gather camas-roots. Girl-who-laughs would die of shame.'

"I saw then what I had never suspected. She was ambitious, and wished to marry some chief, instead of an alien and a captive. It nettled me, and I said: 'Among my own people I am a mighty man!'

"'Go to your people, then,' she cried. 'I will go too. I have heard that the whitesquaws live in tepees of big shining stone, and wear blankets that are bright as the setting sun. Girl-who-laughs would like to see the camps of the great white race. She will marry you there; but if we stay here, He-he lies to-night in the wet tules of Osooyoos Lake!'

"I saw my chance. She knew the country well. She was an expert horse-woman. I gave her no time to alter her mind.

I promised everything, and we stole from the camp at midnight on swift cayuses, and reached the Okanagan River next day. There we hastened down to a place where the canoes were tied. I sunk them all except the one we kept. Then I took an easy place in the stern, He-he paddled, and away we sped southward.

"Well, sir, that girl was made of iron. When I awoke next morning, she was still paddling as lively as ever, and not a sign in her face or her strokes to show that she felt fatigue.

"All day we kept on steadily until we came in sight

of the *buttes* I knew, and I felt sure I could work my way to the Mullen Trail. Then I stopped her and got out. I had thought it all over. Of course I couldn't take her back to civilization. I wouldn't know what to do with her. She would be a disgrace to me. It was rough, but I had to do it. I stepped ashore and pushed off the canoe.

"'Good-by,' I said.

"She glared at me, all eyes. She dipped her paddle and held the little boat in one place on the water.

"'You go away and not take me! They will kill me!' she cried.

"I knew they would treat her terribly if she returned to camp. It was hard to reply, but I saw no other way.

"'Go back to your people,' I said.

"'Take me!' she cried, reaching out her hands. 'I will be a good wife. I will work hard.'

"'Oh, no. Good-by, Girl-who-laughs,' I said. And I stepped up the shore. She threw away her paddle, and gave a pitiful cry.

"'Girl-who-laughs!' And she arose, wringing her hands. 'No, no, no! I am Girl-who-cries!'

With that she threw herself on her face in the canoe, tearing her hair with her hands. She drifted down-stream, and I hurried away toward the *buttes*."

Laxlie bent forward to stir the fire, and as the crackling tamarack once more spit forth sparks, he looked around at his silent companion.

Dowds was on his feet, gazing with scorn and contempt upon the story-teller. His face was purple. The veins were rounded on his forehead and his fists were clinched. Then he strode to the door and vanished.



IN A FIX.

"What is the matter?" cried Laxlie. He arose and followed to the threshold.

The stars twinkled in a clear blue sky. The moon shone brightly across the hazy tops of the neighboring mountains, but everything was still as the grave.

heights when Laxlie came from the corrals next morning.

Clara was on the veranda in front of the main dwelling. He sauntered boldly forward and saluted her.

"Don't come up here!" she cried.



A WOMAN'S BRAVE DEED.—"SHE THREW HER SHAWL OVER THE BULL'S HEAD JUST AS IT WAS ABOUT TO CHARGE THE CHILD."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Dowds had passed from sight or hearing amid the buildings near.

"Have I told too much, I wonder?" muttered Laxlie, uneasily, as he returned to the fire.

* * * * *

The sun was not yet visible above those ruddy eastern

He halted, his foot on the first step. She faced him with blazing eyes.

"You deserted the army. You would desert me. If you were false to the poor squaw, you would be false to me if I were weak enough to marry you."

She put her hands to her face and turned away.

By her side now appeared Hector Dinwoody, a rifle on his arm.

"She is my sister," he said, quietly, gesturing toward Clara. "Be off!" He pointed his finger with authority.

Laxlie's hand fell to the knife in his belt. The hammer of Hector's rifle clicked ominously. Laxlie turned at once and hurried out upon the meadows.

"The poor squaw! Poor Girl—who laughs! I have partly avenged her—but it hurts me, too," murmured Clara, through her tears.

Hector's stern gaze was fixed upon Laxlie's retreating form. "It ought to be easy for a Dinwoody to forget a traitor," he said, proudly, taking his sister's hand.

A WOMAN'S BRAVE DEED.

"HI-HI!" shouted again and again a group of excited people who had a few minutes before been quietly sauntering along the streets of San Diego in California.

The cause of the violent uproar soon became painfully clear. A herd of wild cattle was being driven through the town. Now, as is well known, the temper of these animals is uncertain, and on the afternoon of which we write the horrified by-standers had proof of this fact.

A little child was playing in the street not far from the spot where the cattle were passing, when one of the bulls—a huge creature, with large horns—made a sudden rush at the poor bairn.

To add to the terror of the scene, the drover was tipsy, and in trying to turn the furious animal, he fell off his horse. Then arose those warning yells from the spectators, as they beheld the terrible fate from which, as it seemed, nothing could save the child.

At this very moment a lady happened to come into the street, and the noise of the tumult at once attracted her attention. She saw the child's appalling danger at a glance, and immediately sprang into the empty saddle.

She succeeded in catching up with the wild bull, and threw her shawl over its head just as it was about to charge the child. She then, without leaving the saddle, lifted the child to her lap, and took it away to a place of safety.

This brilliant act of bravery awoke round after round of hearty applause from every one who witnessed it; and as one reads of the splendid act, one can almost hear the cheering yet.

MARRIAGE AMONG THE GOAJIRAS OF VENEZUELA.

THE ceremonies attending marriage, which is a mere matter of buying and selling, are as follows:

As soon as a girl reaches a marriageable age she is shut up alone in an isolated hut, deprived of all ornaments, and dressed in a long white gown. During the first few days she must not drink water, sustaining herself only with a composition of medicinal herbs called "haguape." She is then publicly spoken of as "surtirse surupauru"—the literal translation of which is, "shut up in her house."

The duration of this retirement varies according to the position of the family. The poorer Indians cannot permit their daughters to remain idle for more than a few weeks, while among the rich this seclusion may continue for two, three, or even four years.

During this time the girl learns all that a woman is supposed to know. She is taught to spin and weave, make clothing and hammocks, and everything pertaining

to aboriginal domestic economy. The inactive life soon makes her fat, her complexion becomes clearer, and in many cases there may be noted absolute beauty of feature.

It is not forbidden to the young men to glance at her through the door (though they may not enter the house), provided the inspection is made with matrimonial ideas; and should an eligible suitor demand her hand, she is usually at once released and the bargain is made, though the richer bridegrooms often prefer that the full period of seclusion be observed.

When the young lady is thus restored to society, a grand family feast is celebrated, cattle are killed and a ball organized, while the heroine of the day, dressed in the clothes which she has made during her retirement, and in the glory of her restored ornaments, is then considered as married without further ceremony, except the payment of her stipulated price. This consideration generally takes the shape of cattle divided between the father and other relatives of the bride. The woman is then obliged to maintain her husband in food and clothing, and is the principal in all matters of business, no bargain made by a man being considered valid unless it has received the sanction of his wife. Women are treated with much consideration, and it is important for a stranger to gain their good-will.

An Indian cannot maltreat his wife, as, by the law of compensation, her relatives would demand a reckoning; and should the woman die in childbirth, the husband must pay to her father an amount equal to her original price; but if the wife prove unfaithful, which is of very rare occurrence, her father must refund to the husband the payment made at the time of the marriage. Should he be unable to satisfy this demand, he looks to the seducer to make good the amount, besides the "payment of tears" to the girl's mother.

Upon the death of the husband, the wife becomes the inheritance of one of his brothers, usually the youngest; and if there are no brothers, of the nephew.

SWEARING.

HUMAN ingenuity has seldom been more industriously employed than when attempting to restore successive breaches in the observances of swearing. Among the Western nations, it is said, religious sentiment had nothing to do with the foundation of the usage. With them, swearing is represented to have been of purely military origin, and the oaths taken upon sword and javelin to have owed nothing to the emotions of piety. The process undergone by the military oath of Gaul before it finally culminated in an expression of religious import was of a very slow and gradual kind. The Franks were accustomed to appeal to the drawn sword as being the only arbiter of existence. In course of time the sanctity of this engagement was broken through, and to insure due regard for the solemnity of the oath, it was found necessary to make the weapon the subject of an impressive ceremony. By the capitularies of Dagobert, the sword and harness of the warrior were required to be consecrated. Still later, the name of God was brought into the compact. "If two neighbors," ordains King Dagobert, "are in dispute as to the boundary of their possessions, let them bring into the camp a turf of the disputed territory; and each, with hands resting on the points of their swords, and taking God to be the witness of the truth, shall give battle until victory decides the question." Not only was the military oath superseded; but, as years wore on, even these additional guarantees

proved themselves to be ineffectual. The interposition of saints next came to be deemed essential, and again with the most conflicting results. When Chilperic and his brothers divided the kingdom of Clotaire, and swore never to enter the capital except as allies, their treaty was solemnly ratified by oaths taken in the name of St. Hilaire, of St. Policente and of St. Martin. As time advanced, these further methods of precaution had in their turn proved abortive. Chilperic, seizing Paris in contravention of his oath, carried as an antidote the relics of more potent and illustrious saints in the van of his victorious army. So dangerous a precedent being once admitted, it became necessary to resort to still other expedients. It was thought as well to ascertain with what degree of veneration the intending swearer might happen to regard that particular member of the calendar whose name was proposed to be invoked. In doubtful cases, therefore, it was not unusual to conduct a deponent from one shrine to another, that among the multitude of oaths one of them at least might prove effectual. A son of Clotaire, being plied by a rebel agent with insurrectionary advice, thought it prudent to conduct his adviser before the altars of no less than twelve churches before he felt himself justified in listening to the representations that were offered him.

MARIO AND GRISI.

MARIO AND GRISI were nearly, if not exactly, of the same age; they were both born in the year 1810.

Mario, to escape the consequences of a duel, fled from Italy. He left Genoa for Marseilles in a fishing-smack, and he was seventeen days at sea; during which time he suffered greatly, first from storms of the most formidable character, secondly, when the stock of provisions had been exhausted, from hunger. From Marseilles he had intended to make his way to Spain; but he met with some friends who urged him to go to Paris. There accordingly he went; and he was warmly received on his arrival by Prince Belgioso, the Marquis Aguado, and others whom he already knew, or to whom he carried letters of introduction.

Grisi, meanwhile, after "creating" with signal success, at Milan, the part of *Adalgisa* to Pasta's *Norma*, had rebelled against her director, and thereupon determined to leave Italy and seek her fortune in France. She could not, however, throw up her engagement with impunity; and, to escape the consequences of her daring act, she had to hasten in all secrecy to the frontier. Her journey across the Alps, through Switzerland, into France, at the beginning of a very severe Winter, lasted twelve days, and was attended with considerable danger. But upon reaching Paris she was received by her elder sister, Giuditte, who was fulfilling an engagement as *prima-donna* at the Théâtre des Italiens, then under the direction of Rossini. Such a singer as Giulia Grisi could not fail to be appreciated by such a musician as Rossini; and the services of the newly arrived vocalist were at once secured. On the 13th of October, 1832, she appeared for the first time before the Parisians, in the part of *Semiramide*; and, in spite of the day being the 13th of the month (for both she and Mario were very superstitious on such points), sang with the most distinguished success. It may here be noticed that Grisi never again sang in Italy; also, that Mario never sang in Italy at all.

From the year 1834, when she made her first appearance in London, until the year 1861, when she retired finally from the operatic stage, Madame Grisi missed only one season in London—that of 1842. And it was a very

rare thing throughout her career for illness or any other cause to prevent her from appearing. She seldom disappointed the public by her absence, and never, when she was present, by her singing. There is significance in styling such a vocalist "robust"; for there are robust sopranos as there are "robust tenors." Indeed, no one who has not really a robust constitution could stand the wear and tear which are the inevitable accompaniments—which, indeed, form the very substance—of a singer's existence.

WITH US STILL.

By C. J. LANGSTON.

On the moorland, wild and barren, where few sounds of life
may be,
Where the tall grass waves in whispers, like the murmurs of the
sea,
Sinks the sun in clouds of sadness that a weary day is told
On the wrinkled brow of labor: and the night is dark and cold.

Not the plover's parting clamor, not the owl's note I hear,
Not the wind amazed and frightened on the moorland dark and
drear;
But the sound of many voices and the feet that leave no tread,
Coming thus to meet me homeward—they, the legion of the dead.

Some with bright and youthful faces—ah! I knew them well of
old;

For we parted in the morning, when the east was tinged with gold,
When the air was light with gladness and the earth was white
with flowers,

Ere the bitter Tree of Knowledge cast its shadow on the hours.

And some who held our trembling hand with tearful look and
fond,

As they crossed the chilly river to the land so dark beyond,
And we bent to catch the whisper, that they saw through mist
and chill,

The light which lights the cheerless soul ere the weary heart is
still.

And the dear ones in the sunlight of our home, our stay and
guide,

Working with us in the vineyard till the call at even-tide,
Smiling yet as they once did smile when we watched the brief
adieu,

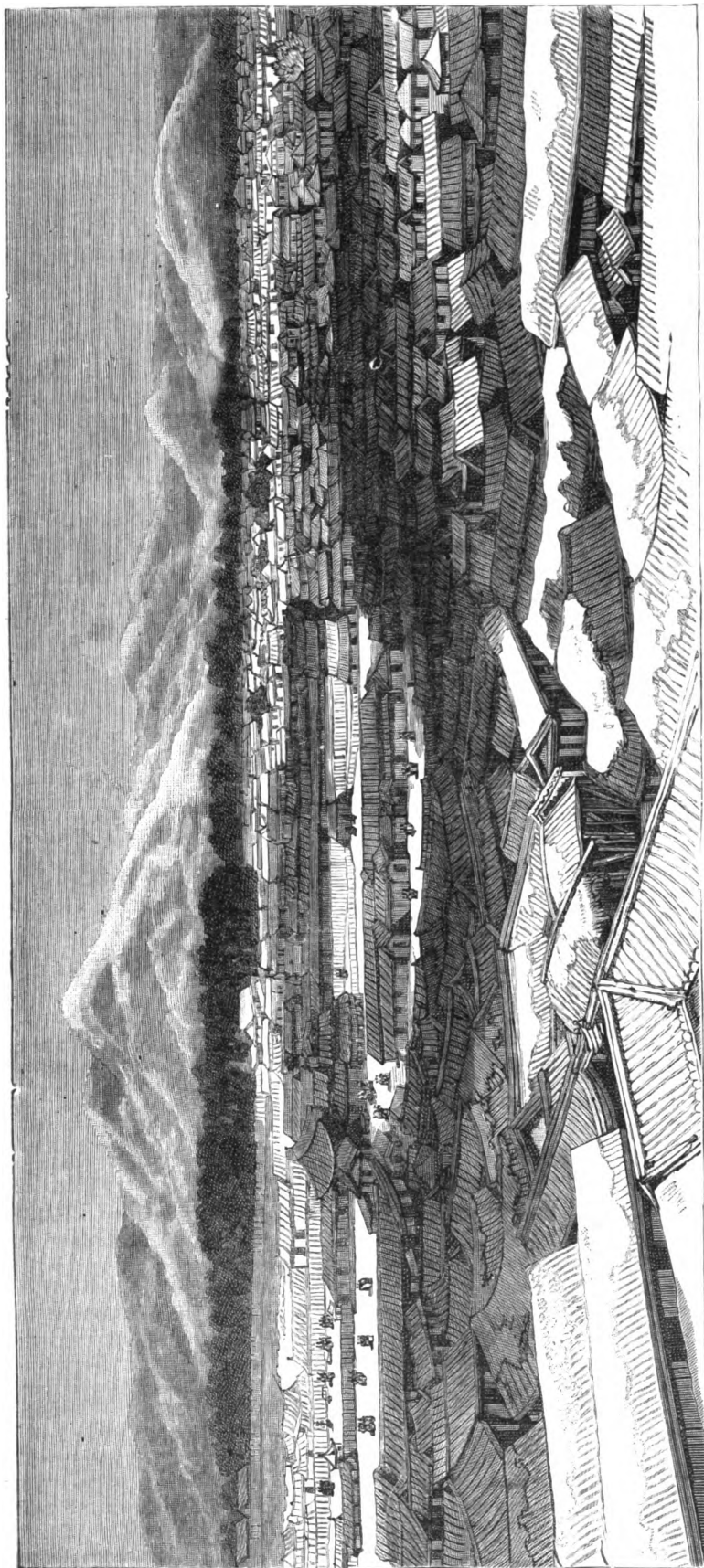
When we went our way with weeping till their presence came
anew.

And ever on the moorland wild I hear their hurrying feet,
And ever when the sun goes down the nearer when we meet;
For I feel bright eyes are watching long, beneath the starry dome,
And the voices in the darkness here would bid me hasten home.

A DECADE OF COREAN HISTORY.

By PANSÁ.

For the third time within the decade in which Corea has stepped into the troubled family-circle of nations there is blood upon the Corean moon. Not a very serious matter, to be sure, but enough, perhaps, to complete a page of history in connection with her somewhat harmless revolutions of '82 and '84. It will be remembered of the treaty concluded by the United States, in May, 1882, through the intelligent intermediary of Admiral Shufeldt, of the United States Navy, of the first part, and Corea, of the second, that the party opposed to the new régime and wedded to the traditions of seclusion, which through 4,000 years had won for Corea the sobriquet of the Hermit Nation, crowned their opposition by violence on July 22d, 1882. On the other hand, the *soi-disant* party of progress, not to be outdone, undertook to break summarily from the shackles of the past, and on December 4th-5th, 1884, attempted by massacre and



SEOUL, LOOKING NORTH.

violence to remove their conservative rivals, to seize the reins of government and make themselves the power *de facto*. At this moment, June 20th, 1888, as if to disprove the axiom that "revolutions never go backward," the hand of the conservative party *resurgens* may be seen in the somewhat mild and inoffensive movement which has been dignified by some by the title of revolution.

True, there have been deeds of violence. Seven men, Coreans, have been brutally murdered—clubbed and pounded to death; but to those who look behind the scenes to discover the invisible threads which have controlled the marionettes, it is clearly apparent that the methods employed are the same vulgar ones brought into action whenever it is necessary to incite an ignorant populace, whose minds nor jealousies scarcely ever wander beyond the enormous quantity of *pap* necessary to the diurnal loading and stuffing of the capacious belly of a Corean. The Corean may hate the foreigner—doubtless does, in a general way—but his apathy and plethora are scarcely equal to a genuine and serious revolt. This was so in '82 and '84, when a defenseless European population remained in their midst, amid riot and rapine, and who were uninjured and not even insulted.

The present affair is *demeure*. That the pyrotechnic display was intended as the precursor of some hidden political purpose is self-evident. Corea on June 17th was in a state of absolute calm. Suddenly, and with the fleetness of a Summer's cloud, the horizon was overcast and the air filled with rumors. Ye gods!—rumors of baby-stealing! Babies bought by foreigners, to be boiled and eaten, or compounded into medicine, it was said—an important agent in the European pharmacopœia; or, again, to serve as material—the eyes of babies!—for the production of photographs, in which a number of European residents are engaged. That this idea ever had a serious place in the material mind, even of the lowest Corean cooly, the writer has never for a moment believed. What, then, is the reason of the present excited state of the populace which has created no little alarm among the foreigners resident in Seoul? Leaving out the many pretexts which are said to have provoked the ire of the people—and there are not a few—they resolve themselves into the fact that they have been used as mere blinds and subterfuges to conceal the purpose of a party which, though doubtless hostile to the foreigner, has not sought

to injure him—only stam-pede him, and in the dis-order sure to follow the de-thronement of the King, the real object was to be accom-plished. The presence of several men-of-war at Che-mulpo undoubtedly put a stop to a revolution in em-bryo, which else had been ere this *un fait accompli*.

The excitement consequent upon the rumors of the 17th continued to grow with each hour, and great crowds of brutal provincials, quite ready for loot, if necessary, flocked into the capital. The situation was accentuated by the departure of native servants from the service of European masters, on the plea that their people in the streets threatened that if they did not they should be killed at the same time as their masters. Invited at every instant to come out and get killed, the native Korean—never overfaithful—decided to stand not upon the order of his going, but went quickly. His Majesty Li showed himself equal—so far as in his power—to the emergency. Possessed of a gentle disposition, and of great amiability and goodness, he is undoubtedly a man of considerable nerve and force of character. Surrounded by a proud and haughty official class, whose powers are almost as great as his own, holding, as they do, in their hands the armed force of the country, the King's position was anything but a simple one. In the mind of each one of the *Pansas* and *Champanas* (Mandarins) there is ever present the principle that he is the equal of the King, and to each of them it had occurred to say to himself, doubtless, "*L'Etat c'est moi*!"

The Korean Army is still an army without a chief, without ardor, and without discipline, and depending entirely for its *morale* and its loyalty upon the caprice and ambitions of its generals—of whom there are six, knowing little or nothing of military art, and caring, perhaps, a great deal less; for, strange to say, the military service is degradation, and other than

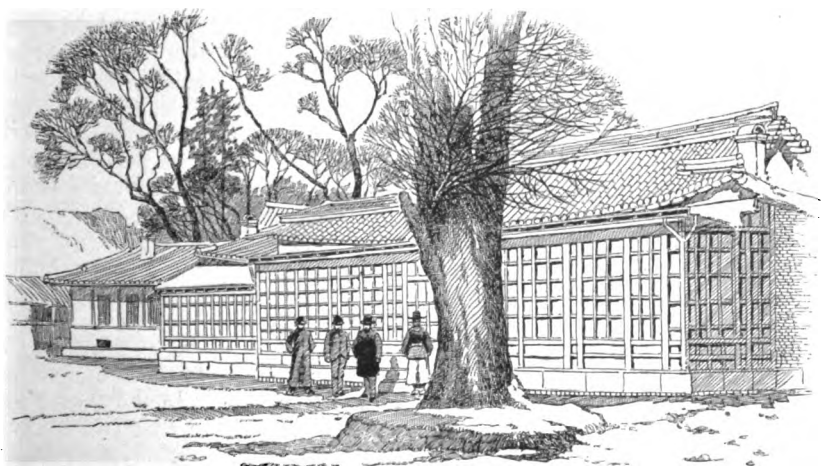


JUDGE OWEN DENNY, CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER TO THE KING.

to anticipate the situation by requesting a distinguished American to accept the post of General-in-chief; but this officer, after a careful survey of the whole field, presented as an *ultimatum* of his acceptance that he should have equal rank with the generals, and, moreover, be accorded the privilege of communicating directly with the King, untrammelled by the generals, whom he proposed to place under instruction, that they might assume, at the end of two years, command of the organized army which he proposed to turn over to them. The proposition, it is needless to say, was not carried further than the generals themselves, and was heard of no more.

To refer briefly to the course of events, the 18th, 19th and 20th of June were passed in anxiety by the foreign

residents, who, from the most amiable relations with the natives, found themselves objects of suspicion, and oftentimes of indignities. When passing along the streets, they were denounced, with sullen mien, as *soy-ang-saram*—"strangers from the Western Ocean"—an expression insignificant enough in



THE HOME OF JUDGE DENNY.

itself, but accompanied by unfriendly gestures, a matter of some interest to the stranger.

On the 18th, General Han, commanding the Left Battalion, and also Prefect of Police, issued a proclamation which was calculated to fan the flame rather than extinguish it. Among other things, it stated that it was a fact that children had been stolen, *but that Europeans had not yet been detected* in the theft. Later, and on the 19th, the Foreign Office issued a second fire-brand, as follows :

"THE OFFICE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
"PROCLAMATION !

"Of late it has come to our ears, by rumor, that the people lose many children, and that foreigners are buying them to boil and eat. Many child-stealers are being caught in the streets. If it is true that foreigners eat the children, we could not restrain our indignation; but, as yet, we do not know whether it is true. When the truth is ascertained, our office will take action in the matter.

"Therefore, let the people, when a stealer of children is found, follow him and learn where the children are sold, and come and report to this office.

"Then we will confer with the foreign representatives, and if men are guilty of the charge, of whatever country, they will be executed.

"You are enjoined, therefore, not to agitate the excitement, but to find out the root of the matter."

It is scarcely probable that this proclamation was serious, for had it been so, the foreign residents would undoubtedly have been massacred. There is but one conclusion—that is, that the people were quietly told that it was a huge farce, intended only to stampede the missionaries; but the missionaries did not stampede.

A meeting of the diplomatic and consular corps decided to dictate a note to the Korean Government in the interest of order and public security, which finally drew from the Government the following proclamation, on the morning of the 21st. It said :

"HOI-YU !

"Recent rumors recite that foreigners buy Korean children to boil and eat. Child-stealers are being frequently caught in the streets. Foreigners come here from a calm, candid and civilized part of the world. How can such people eat children? Such rumors are like those which say that 'a tiger entered a town thrice'! How is it possible that such liars can obtain the ears of the people? Have you lost children? Then find out what country-men have opened such a market. When you have informed yourselves quietly of this, and have caught the person in the act, then you will come and report to the Government. Then we will invite all the foreign Ministers to come to the Foreign Office for investigation. But there is no truth in these rumors, and we therefore make a special proclamation to you to the effect herein recited. Therefore, I hope you will cease such rumors, and only seek the truth. (Signed) CHO PYONG SIK,

"President of His Korean Majesty's Foreign Office."

What with this and the arrival in the interval of detachments of marines and sailors from the Russian, American and French men-of-war in the harbor of Chemulpo, quiet was restored. The stories of baby-eating and baby-snatching ceased, and order, as if by magic, reigned supreme in Seoul. The revolution, as it appears, was not a very serious affair, and proves for the third time that the Korean is not a very bloody-minded *révolutionnaire*.

It may interest the reader to glance backward, and pass in quick review the phases of the preceding revolutions. The treaty of Korea with the United States was concluded in May, 1882. The revolution followed in July of the same year. The Tai-Wen-Kun, father of the King, and formerly Regent, had bitterly opposed the opening of Korea to the foreigner. The "Hermit Nation," if no longer a fact, was still a sentiment in the spirit of this old man, whose hands were yet red with the blood of the Christians, whom he had followed and relentlessly scourged when in power. The Tai-Wen-Kun bided his

time, and seizing as a pretext the disaffection among the unpaid and unfed soldiers of the capital, he turned their fury against the Min family, who became the object of his hatred, because they had, under the direction of China, favored the treaty with the United States. Besides this, the Mins were an insuperable obstacle to the ambition of the ex-Regent, which was nothing less than to seize the power himself, and finish with his son, the King, at the same time that he exterminated the hated Mins.

On the 23d of July, 1882, the Tai-Wen-Kun attempted to seize the persons of the King and Queen, but they had opportunely fled; and the potion intended for the Queen was taken by a devoted female slave who remained behind to personate Her Majesty, and who thus sealed with her death her loyalty to her royal mistress.

In the conflict which now ensued many of the Mins were killed, and Min Yong Ik, one of the most intelligent of the family, shaved his head, and in the disguise of a Buddhist priest escaped to the mountains and thence to Japan.

In the meantime, rumors were adroitly put in motion in order to inflame the populace against the Japanese, who had been appealed to by the King for aid. They were told that the King and Queen were actually held as prisoners by the Japanese soldiers, upon which the mob, already excited to fever-heat, rushed to the Japanese Legation, looted it, and later burned it to the ground—Mr. Hanshua, the *Chargé d'Affaires*, escaping with his escort to Chemulpo, where they put to sea in open boats and were picked up by the British gun-boat *Flying Fish*, and on the 26th following were landed at Nagasaki.

China now appeared upon the scene, and with a detachment from a man-of-war in harbor took forcible possession, in the night-time, of the revolutionary Tai-Wen-Kun, and secretly took him on board ship and off to Tien Tsin; and thus ended the first revolution.

Mr. Foulke, in referring to the affair, says: "The number of troops landed was augmented a little later to 2,000 men, which number remained in Seoul until June, 1884, when it was reduced to 1,500. A Chinese Commissioner arrived in October, 1883. . . . It has been positively stated to me, though not until they seemed forced to divulge it by So Kwang Pora and Kun Ok Kiun, that the result of this use of Chinese troops was the enactment of a new agreement between China and Korea, by which the Chinese obtained such rights in Korea as made her more intimately a dependency of China than had ever been the case before. The full particulars of this agreement had not been (on principle) divulged to the Western World by either Korea or China; nor could either have well done so. It was undoubtedly the effect of this new agreement with China, originated by Cho Yong Ka, and the execution of its terms, willingly abetted and enforced by the Mins, which drove the progressive and truly loyal party in Korea to the extreme measures taken by them in the revolutionary attempt of December 4th-7th last (1884)."

The writer has nothing to do with the political causes of the revolution now apparent, and desires only to establish the facts, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

Min Yong Ik, whom, we have seen, had escaped to Japan, returned to Korea in the early part of 1884, and was sent by the Government to the United States, as chief of the Korean Embassy to that country. It does not appear that this visit had entirely converted Min Yong Ik to the party of progress. On the contrary, he became an object of suspicion to the Radicals, who, in their impatience with Min, resolved to employ the means which had been employed by the Tai-Wen-Kun—massacre—and it was in

this manner that the second revolution was inaugurated. Min Yong Ik was soon after his arrival made a Vice-president of the Foreign Office. Later on, he resigned, and was appointed a general of the Right Palace Battalion.

In effecting reforms in the dress of his soldiers, it was charged that he was endeavoring to approach the Chinese, and this is said to have been the head and front of his offending in the eyes of the Progressionists. Things were at this pitch, the breach growing wider and wider, until it culminated in the execution of the treaty previously made, on the evening of December 4th. General Foote, then United States Minister in Corea, speaks of the affair in his dispatches as follows:

"Dated December 5th, SEOUL, COREA.

"We are at this moment in the midst of a political revolution. It was inaugurated last evening by the attempted assassination of Min Yong Ik, lately one of the envoys to the United States. It occurred at a dinner-party which was being given by Hong Yeng Shik, Vice-minister of the Embassy to the United States. There were present Pak Yong Hio, brother-in-law to the King; Kim Hong Chip, President of the Korean Foreign Office; Kim On Kun, Vice-president; Von Mollendorff; G. Aston, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-general; Chen Shai Tang, Chinese Commissioner; the Japanese Secretary of Legation, and several other minor officials. As the dinner drew to a close an alarm of fire was given, and nearly all of the guests withdrew from the table and went out of the doors, or to the windows, to view the fire, which seemed near at hand. Perceiving no immediate danger, I returned, with the President of the Korean Foreign Office and several others, to the table. A moment thereafter Min Yong Ik entered the room, his face and clothing covered with blood, which was streaming from seven or eight ghastly wounds. The utmost consternation ensued. The Korean officials, divesting themselves of their official robes as they ran, rushed to the court-yard, which was already half filled with soldiers and servants. At this moment a shot was fired, and the entire crowd precipitated themselves over the rear walls and disappeared. Upon the entrance of Min Yong Ik I had gone forward, and, aided by Von Mollendorff, had placed him in an easy position. I asked that Dr. Allen, an American physician, be sent for, which was done; and, leaving the wounded man in charge of Mr. Von Mollendorff, I returned with Mr. Scudder and my interpreter to the Legation.

"At this moment it is difficult to determine whether this attempted assassination is the result of some personal feud, or whether it has a political signification.

"All sorts of rumors are afloat. The latest is that the deed was done by a party of students from one of the southern provinces, who were enraged at some reforms which Min Yong Ik had instituted since his return from the United States. I shall be enabled to give you more definite information within a few days."

The morning of the 5th of December unmasked the work of the revolutionists, who, under the leadership of Kim, a Vice-president of the Foreign Office; Hong, Postmaster-general, and Pak, a brother-in-law of the King, had resolved upon heroic measures to accomplish their ends. Professing dissatisfaction with the non-progressive spirit of the Government, they determined to seize it and to administer it to suit themselves. The first move in the game was the attempted assassination of Min Yong Ik, already recounted. The morning after that affair, the King, without other resource—for the Government was practically in the hands of the rebel chief—sent messengers to the Japanese Minister, asking his aid; and the Minister, with that gallantry which is characteristic of his Government and people, hastened with his Legation Guard, 200 in number, to the rescue of the besieged King. In the meantime the rebels had not been idle, but proceeding to the palace, had sent out orders, ostensibly in the name of His Majesty, commanding five of the leading officials to appear, and these, unsuspecting, were seized on their arrival and put to death.

On the morning of the 6th, the populace—who had been mere lookers-on at the drama enacted—had been adroitly

manipulated, and with a natural dislike to the Japanese, added to a desire for plunder, commenced the day with cries of "Death to the Japanese!" and the work of massacre and incendiarism was begun, in which a great amount of property was destroyed and a few Japanese butchered in cold blood. The appearance upon the scene of the Chinese soldiers, of whom there were several hundred quartered at the Chinese Commissioner's, brought about a sharp conflict with the Chinese; after which the Japanese Minister concluded to withdraw—the King having voluntarily passed over to the Chinese camp—and accordingly, although under a heavy street-fire, the Japanese guard marched in good order to their Legation; and having burned their effects, papers, and even destroyed the bullion, for which they had no transportation, retired in light marching order, on their way to Chemulpo, clearing their way with the dreaded swordsmen, before whom the Koreans—with the fear upon them excited three hundred years ago, during the memorable invasion of Konishi and Kato—fled in terror. A short hour after the departure of the Japanese, their Legation buildings were looted and burned to the ground.*

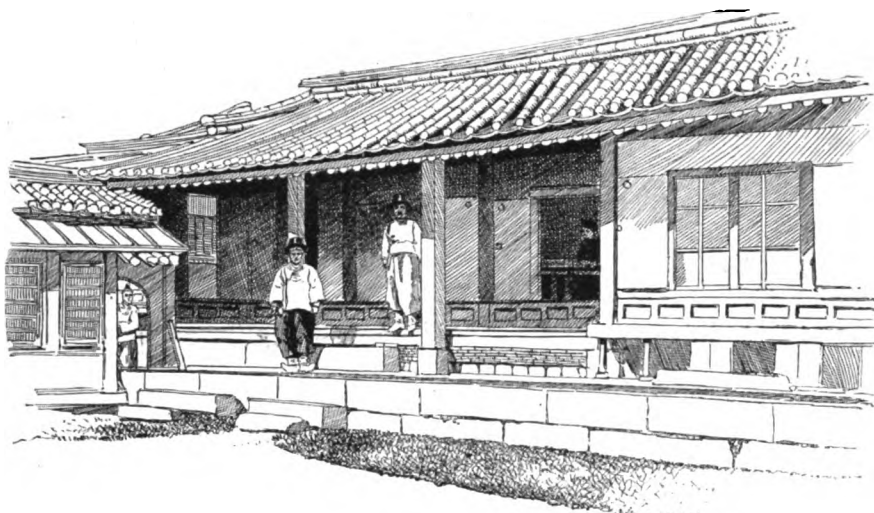
The departure of the Japanese, and the *entrée* of the Chinese upon the scene, as the friends of the King, stopped the disorder quite as suddenly as it had been inaugurated, and the Conservative party again resumed its place in Government control.

The official reports contain a lengthy recital of the closing scenes of the short but brutal drama, which had been opened in crime and, *mirabile dictu!* in the name of progress. The *Chargé d'Affaires* of the United States Government said: "The torture and trial of twelve persons implicated in the conspiracy was concluded on the 27th inst., and they were sentenced to death. Six were executed a few hundred yards from this Legation, and five on the main street of the city, on the 28th and 29th inst. These persons were placed face down in the streets, and decapitated by from six to ten blows of a dull instrument, while a rope secured to the queues served to open the wounds. The bodies were all dismembered and distributed about the streets, for exposure for three or four days. The twelfth died in prison, from voluntary starvation and the effects of his torture. Of these twelve persons, one was a student of high birth, the others underlings and head-men of the houses of the conspirators. A great number of other persons had been hunted down and tortured. This augmented the consternation which already existed after the *émeute*, and thousands of citizens (*sic*) fled from the city. These are now returning, and the populace in general is quieting down."

So much for the *mise en scène* of the three periods of disorder which constitute a page of history of a country which, for better or worse, is no longer the "Hermit Nation."

In command of the detachment of sailors and marines promptly landed at Chemulpo by Captain Jewell, of the United States ship *Essex*, at the request of the United States Minister Resident, was Lieutenant Galloway, and with him Ensign Hoggatt and Lieutenant Wainwright, in command of the marines. The presence of this force in Seoul at the same time as the Russian and French sailors strengthened the arm of the King, who was anxious to have them come, and reassured the American

* The Korean Government made full reparation in a subsequent convention, in which damages were paid, not only for the lives, but for the buildings, which have been replaced by the present elegant structure, situated on the slopes of Nan-San Mountain, one of the most beautiful and picturesque sites in Seoul.



A DECADE OF CORREAN HISTORY.—THE HOME OF A NOBLEMAN IN SEOUL.
SEE PAGE 215.

missionaries, against whom considerable feeling had been provoked by the anti-Christian party. The moral effect of this display of force was good, and it is probable that, whatever may remain of the comedy to be enacted, the *finale* will be more political than pyrotechnic.

AN AWKWARD NUT TO CRACK.

ABOUT a dozen of us had assembled on the hurricane-deck of the homeward-bound African steamer, to watch the long, dark ridge of the Cape of Good Hope melting into the fast-falling shadows of night; and our talk, passing from one subject to another, turned at last on famous public speakers and their traditional repartees.

"I think Sheridan did as good a thing in that way as anybody," said Captain C—— of the ——th Dragoons, on whose bold, brown face the mark of a Zulu spear-point was still visible. "There was a man who annoyed him by shouting, 'Hear, hear!' at every word he said; so Sheridan set a trap for him. He described an imaginary character, and then cried out, 'Where — where, I ask — can we find a more pretentious quack, or a more ignorant block head?' 'Hear! hear!' shouted the bore. 'Here?' said Sheridan, pretending to misunderstand the bore 'Many thanks, sir, for so promptly coming forward to claim the character.' And there was no more trouble with *that* man, I can promise you."

"Well, I think old Dan O'Connell beat even that," said Mr. T——, of

the Colonial Civil Service. "I don't mean that time when he complimented Disraeli as 'the lineal descendant of the impenitent thief who died on the cross, and in every way worthy of his ancestor'; but it happened about the same time, and I had it from a friend who was present. Dan was speaking at a public meeting, when a man stood up and began to interrupt him; and the crowd yelled to him to shut up, and the man yelled at *them* back again; and there was a regular row, till at last some of them were going to punch the fellow's head. Then old Dan waved his hand for silence, and, look-

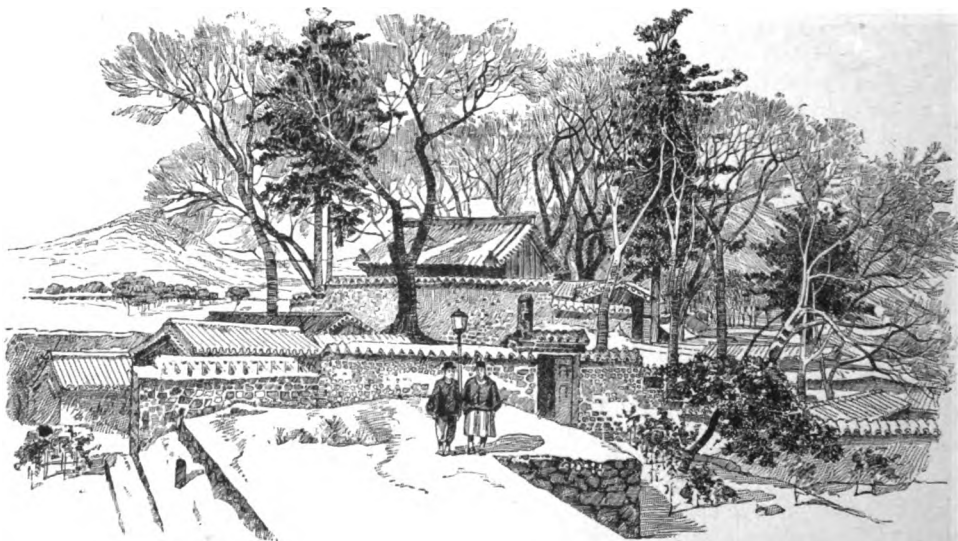
ing down upon the sea of excited faces with a smile as broad and bright as a tropical sunset, said, in the kindest tone possible: 'Lave the gentleman alone, boys; don't you see he's a tailor, and wants to rest his legs by standing up?'"

"Well," said I, "it certainly wouldn't be an easy thing to beat *that*."

"Faith, thin, I once bate it my own self; but I bate it by doin' worse, instead of better!"

We all started and looked round at this last remark, as well we might; for it was uttered by the deep, rich voice of good Father R——, a jolly Irish priest, with a heart as open and kindly as his face, who had kept us all alive, since he first came on board at Port Alfred, with a constant succession of jokes and good stories, well worthy of Lever himself.

"Give us the story, Father R——," called out several of us at once, seeing by the good father's sly smile that we were going to get something well worth listening to. "Give us the story Father R——; it's sure to be a good one if *you* tell it."



THE TEMPLE OF SADDAM.



A DECADE OF COREAN HISTORY.—THE INDIUNG, OR CURFEW BELL.—SEE PAGE 215.

The good priest, nothing loath, hitched his camp-stool forward into the circle with his wonted genial laugh, and began the story of what he was pleased to call "An Unlucky Illustration."

"Ye have, doubtless, heard of Sir Boyle Roche," said he, with his genial Irish smile, "and how he once said in Parliament, 'I smell a rat floating in the air, which, if not nipped in the bud, may breed a conflagration that will drown the whole land.' Well, I can tell ye of another illustration more unlucky than even that; and 'twas well Charles Lever never got howld of the story, for it's a fine joke he'd have made of it. Many a quare tale did he tell of us Irish clargy; but he's given me so many good laughs that I can't find it in my heart to be displazed with him.

"Well, ye see, there was an election going on down in the West of Ireland, and everybody was working hard at the canvassing. There were three candidates, all from different countries—an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman. They were of three different Churches as well, for the Englishman belonged to the Establishment, the Scotchman was a Presbyterian, and the Irishman a Catholic. This was an illegant chance to draw, as one might say, a historical parallel between the three of 'em, and show how different they were; so I——"

"You, Father R——?" echoed the whole company with one voice. "Was it yourself?"

"'Twas myself, sure

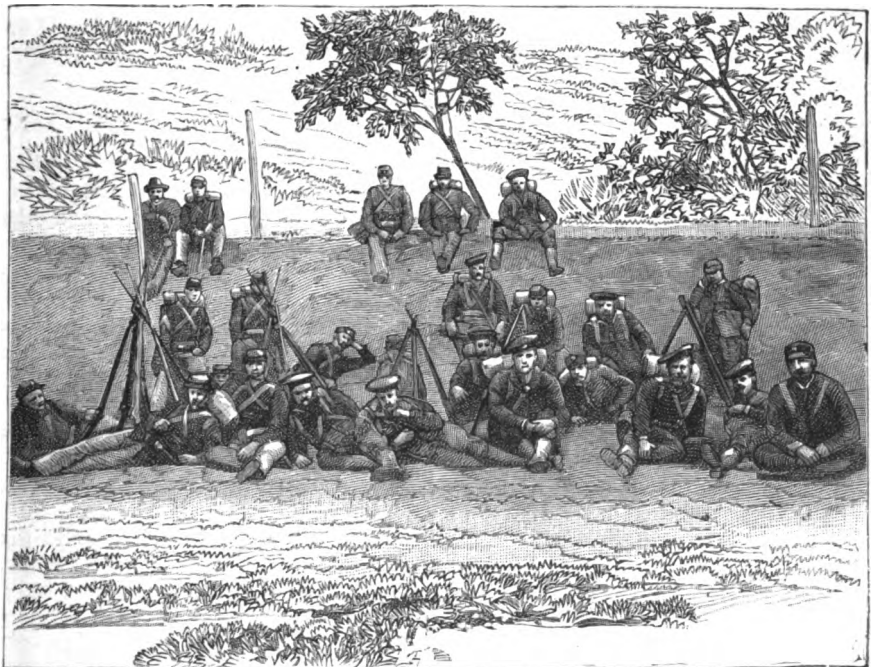
enough," answered the good-natured priest, laughing heartily; "more's the pity for that same. Well, I went on bravely with my spache for a while, and the boys cheered and applauded, till at last, as bad luck would have it, I thought I'd try an illustration.

"'Look here, my sons,' says I, howldng up a nut so as they'd all see it. 'This shell is the Established Church, smooth and shining outwardly, but hard and cowl'd within. This husk inside is the Presbyterian Church, dry, sapless, unprofitable. And this kernel is our own blessed Church, sweet and nourishing and good as—— Blessed saints! it's *rollen*!'

"'Twas a *bad* nut I'd got, sure enough. Ye might have heard the boys laugh as far off as from here to the light-house; and although it's fifteen years ago, I've not seen the last of that story yet." 67038

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

A LADY, an enthusiastic teetotaler, was airing her theories on the non-use of all intoxicating drinks. "But, my dear madam," argued Wilberforce, "you must admit they are all the gift of God, to be used with moderation." "Would you say that," said the lady, with marked emphasis on the, to her, dreadful monosyllable, "of *gin*?"



PICKET OF THE EXTERIOR LINES.

"Yes," was the reply, "if it was *good gin*."

He was seated by a parson's wife who was helping him for the second time to a particularly nice salad. So he said to her: "Your husband must be a happy man to have such a caterer as you." Now, as it happened, the parson himself was a bookworm who did not even know what was set before him, and there he sat prozing on, quite oblivious of the un replenished plates of his guests. The lady looked across the table. "My husband?" said she; "why, he never knows what he eats; he would never know the difference if that salad were dressed with *castor oil*." "What, *never*?" said the bishop, looking her in the face. Another lady, rather noted for her little exaggerations, was relating some of her experiences—real or imaginary. His reply was equally concise—"Really?" The French duke's "*Est il possible?*" was nothing to it.

A constant guest at Wilberforce's table tells me that he never but once saw him "taken aback." He had been telling one of his best stories, when some one from the end of the table called out: "Ha! ha! ha! we've heard that tale so often." It was hard to say who was more distressed, the host or the guests.

Here is one of innumerable instances of his pleasant way of doing things. He was finishing up a hard day's work of preaching and confirming by taking refreshment at a country house, surrounded by numerous guests, when he happened to catch sight of a young married lady, cheaply but very gracefully dressed, seated at the further end of the room. He asked who she was, and on being told that she was the wife of a poor curate in the neighborhood, he made his way to her as soon as he entered the drawing-room, and then drew her into conversation. "What do you do to help your husband?" "I teach in the schools, my lord." "Anything else?" "Yes; I help him to look after the sick and poor." "Anything else?" "Yes; I make my own clothes, and mend his." "Anything else?" "Yes; I get up his linen and iron his neck-ties." Wilberforce said nothing at the time, but he made special inquiries as to both the parson and his wife, and a week or two after, a letter arrived from him, addressed to the lady:

"MY DEAR MRS. —: The living of — is vacant, and from what I hear of you and your good husband, I think it is just the place for you. Will you ask him to do me the favor to accept it, and tell him from *me* he is indebted to *you* for it?"

"Yours, faithfully,

S. O."

Dean Burgon's sketch is full of lively anecdotes, which I hope he may reproduce in his projected "Life." It would be a rich boon, and the more so because, in spite of his unbounded admiration for his subject, he is alive to his real defects—his too great persuasiveness, his too great fertility in expedients, his too great fondness for being all things to all men. One story he will, I hope, pardon my repeating here: "Once having to preach at a church in Regent Street, on arriving at the door, Wilberforce encountered his friend Mrs. A—in the act of returning to her carriage. 'What! going away?' 'Only because I can't get in.' 'Do you mean that you really wish to stop?' 'I came on purpose.' 'Then take my arm.' The crowd at the door was excessive. At last the beadle appeared. The bishop, in his blandest manner, said: 'You will be so good as to give this lady the best seat in the church.' 'Impossible, sir. Church quite full.' The bishop calmly, but with emphasis, repeated his orders. 'Quite impossible,' repeated the beadle; 'I tell you, sir, the church is full.' 'Oh, but,' was the rejoinder, 'I won't preach if you don't.' This alarming threat at once opened Bumble's eyes. 'Oh, I beg your pardon, my lord' (winking); 'this way, *marm*,' and he

deposited Mrs. A—in the church-wardens' luxurious empty pew under the pulpit."

This is not the place to intrude into his inner life. Nor, again, into his domestic relations, the life-long love he bore to the memory of the wife of his youth—so like that of his royal mistress to her husband—the affection of his children, or the devotion of his servants. As a literary man he did not leave very much behind him; but his "Words of Counsel" will be prized, especially by those who were privileged to hear them. It is now known that the publishers of a certain magazine wished to intrust him with "The Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury." I think he wisely declined in favor, as it turned out, of one much more competent for such an undertaking—the late Dean Hook. He also, at the Queen's request, reviewed the "Early Years of the Prince Consort," in the *Quarterly Review*, in which he judiciously regarded it less from a purely literary point of view than, as he put it, "as a cry from her heart for her people's sympathy." The anonymous character of this contribution was, however, so well kept, that it is amusing to find him saying: "The review of the *Quarterly* exactly (*sic*) describes my view."

Wilberforce's character ripened with years, and he seems to have had presentiments that the end was at hand. The tenderness and seriousness of his journal and letters become more marked toward the close, yet these qualities had never been wholly absent. His last Lavington sermon was from the words, "Peace I leave with you." His last words to an aged member of the rector's family: "Good-by! Remember, my peace I give unto you;" and to the rector himself, a comparatively young man, "Good-by, dear old fellow; God bless you!" The dear old lady said, on parting: "I am afraid you will be tried with your confirmations." To which he answered: "Who knows whether my Master wants me to finish them?" A month later he wrote: "I feel that the end is near, and yet I never felt better." And it was near indeed. On July 19th, 1874, a fated Saturday, he was riding with Lord Granville, enjoying his brilliant conversation, and mounted on a favorite mare belonging to Lord Granville. He observed: "With such a horse and with such scenery, I could ride on forev—" He fell before the sentence was finished.

THE ORIGIN OF BANKS.

The origin of banks is not accurately known, but they are of great antiquity. They existed in China, Babylon, Greece, Rome and other ancient nations, long before the Christian era.

The oldest bank-notes of which we have any record were issued in China so far back as 2697 B.C. Perhaps we should say that the first of these were issued by the Treasury, but it was not long before this business was passed over to banking companies, under Government inspection and control. The popular name of this paper currency was "flying money," or "convenient money," a name which would express the opinion the American people plainly hold in regard to their own "greenbacks" and national bank-notes. The form of these bank-bills was very similar to that of our own, except in the addition of mottoes, such as "Produce all you can; spend with economy." They bore the name of the bank, number of the note, value, place of issue, date, and signatures of the proper bank officers.

The value, in some cases at least, was expressed in figures, in words, and in pictorial representations, showing

coins or ingots, equal in amount to the value of the paper. They bore also a notice of the penalties of counterfeiting.

A specimen issued in 1399 B.C. may be seen in the Asiatic Museum, St. Petersburg, printed in blue ink on paper made from the fibre of the mulberry-tree.

There were banks of deposit, loan and exchange in Babylon, Greece and Rome in very early days; but we are not so certain that they were banks of issue.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, there are Babylonian tablets of banking transactions, dating back to the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. The earliest of these tablets belongs to the year B.C. 601. On it are memoranda of loans made in silver by a certain banker, Kudurru, as follows: "1 mina to Belnepps, 5 shekels to Nabu-basa-napsati, and 5 shekels to Nergul-dann—total, 3 minas, 5 shekels of silver."

Assuming the value of the Babylonian talent to be equal to \$2,031.25, the mina was worth about \$31.25.

The above-named collection contains more than fifty of these Babylonish bank-tablets, some of them dating down to the time of Darius, 516 to 493 B.C. M. Lenormant has classified them into five descriptions—viz: 1, simple obligations; 2, obligations with a penalty in case of non-payment; 3, obligations with guarantee to third party; 4, obligations payable to a third person; 5, drafts drawn in one place payable in another.

Of the latter he gives the following example: "Four minas, 15 shekels of silver (credit) of Ardu-Mana, son of Yakin, upon Mardukalalussin, son of Mardukbalatirib, in the town of Orchoe. Mardukbalatirib will pay in the month of Tibet 4 minas, 15 shekels of silver to Belabaliddin, son of Sennail. On the 14 Arakhsammer, in the second year of Nabonidus, King of Babylon." To which is attached the names of witnesses.

The earliest known Babylonian banking-house is said to be that of Egibi & Co., a house that seems to have acted as a sort of imperial banking institution in Babylon from the time of Sennacherib (about 700 B.C.) down to the reign of Darius, having been traced through five generations. Records of this house, on clay tablets, found in an earthen jar in the neighborhood of Hillah, near Babylon, may now be seen in the British Museum.

The earliest records of European banks now in existence are those of the Bank of Venice, founded A.D. 1171; the Bank of Barcelona, in 1401; the Bank of Geneva, in 1407; and the Bank of Amsterdam, in 1609.

The most important bank in the world at this time is the Bank of England, projected by William Patterson, and incorporated July 27th, 1694, with a gross capital of £1,200,000 (\$6,000,000). The present capital of the bank is £14,553,000 (\$72,765,000), besides what is termed a "rest" of £3,114,291 (\$15,571,455).

An interesting archæological discovery has been made in the tidal river Hamble, near Botley, Hants. A boat-house is being built at the point of the junction of the Curdridge Creek on the river, some distance above the spot where there is a still existing wreck of a Danish man-of-war. While the mud and alluvial soil were being removed to make sufficient water-way, something hard was encountered, which, on being carefully uncovered, proved to be a portion of a prehistoric canoe. It is about 12 feet long by 2½ feet wide, beautifully carved, and in a fairly good state of preservation.

A PRASANT at Vestervang, in West Jutland, recently found a splendid piece of amber in a marl-pit, weighing 1½ pounds.

CRADLE - SONGS.

It will be of interest to notice that almost every lullaby or cradle-song, no matter what its age or nation may be, is made up on precisely the same plan. There is first the appeal in the vocative, as the grammarian would say, to the child to slumber and rest, and then the statement that the father is away following some toilsome occupation, the promise that he will soon return laden with the fruits of his labor, and the concluding invocation as a refrain. Eve's song was pitched in this same strain. "Thy father is delving with labor and pain" was what she sang, according to Mr. Sattarlee. The Norwegian mother sings:

"Row, row to Baltarook;
How many fish caught in the net?
One for father and one for mother,
One for sister and one for brother."

The Scotch mother croons:

"Ba-loo, ba-loo, my wee, wee thing,
Oh, softly close thy blinkin' e'e;
Thy daddie now is far awa',
A sailor laddie o'er the sea."

Even the Hottentot mother promises her child that its "dusky sire" shall bring it "shells from yonder shore," where he has probably been occupied in turning turtles over on their broad backs. The Breton song goes:

"Fais dodo, pauvre, p'tit Pierrot,
Papa est sur l'eau
Qui fait des bateaux
Pour le p'tit Pierrot."

The Swedish cradle-song follows the almost universal custom. It runs (in English):

"Hush, hush, baby mine!
Pussy climbs the big green pine,
Ma turns the mill-stone,
Pa to kill the pig has gone."

The Danish does not prove an exception:

"Lullaby, sweet baby mine!
Mother spins the thread so fine;
Father o'er the bridge has gone,
Shoes he'll buy for little John."

The North German cradle-song is:

"Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf!
Dein Vater hüt't die Schaf;
Deine Mutter schüttelt's Bäumelein,
Da fällt herab ein Träumelein,
Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf!"

Which, being done into English, runs as follows:

"Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father guards the sheep.
Thy mother shakes the dreamland-tree,
And from it fall sweet dreams for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!"

The Danish cradle-song goes simply:

"Deep sleep, little mouse!
The field your father plows;
Your mother feeds pigs in the sty,
She'll come and slap you if you cry."

These are simple, stupid little jingles, it is true, but they have in their time lulled millions to sleep, and if they do nothing else, they show how very near of a kin the whole world is.



THE SPRING-TIDE OF LIFE.—FROM A PAINTING BY NOE BORDIGNON.



"THERE IS NO SIGN OF LIFE ABOUT HER WHO, YESTERDAY, WAS THE LIFE OF ALL. SAVE THERE, ON HER BOSOM, REFRESHED BY THE WAVES THAT WERE RUIN TO HER, BLOOMS DOUGLAS'S LAST OFFERING—A CLUSTER OF BUTTERCUPS."

BUTTERCUPS.

By F. E. H. RAYMOND.

SHE was lazily toying with the slender blossoms, he was dreamily watching the grace of her white fingers; she was swinging gently in the play of leafy shadows, he was lounging on the grass beside her.

She was young, and very fair. In the gleaming curls, the half-shut opal eyes, the thin, trailing gown of golden yellow, there seemed impersonated sunshine. And he—well, all beauty needs its foil, even loveliness as entrancing as Lucia Vernam's; so the swarthiness of Douglas Mackenzie suited as well as another's.

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"She is leading him on to destroy him!" Honest Marian's thoughts might have a tinge of jealousy, for she sighed a little, then purposely let fall her book.

He sprang to restore it, with an attention as prompt as ever; yet there followed another sigh, which floated to the quick ear on the hammock-pillow.

Lucia looked up languidly. "You are mournful, Maid Marian."

The words, nothing; the smile—mockery.

"It is a sad story."

"A nineteenth-century girl weeping over fiction!"

"I am not weeping."

"Well—don't be cross."

The last thing in the other's thoughts; yet the insinuation told. Douglas looked at his *fiancée* with a frown.

"Your opposition to the water-party tells upon your conscience."

The grave gray eyes looked steadily at her accuser.

"You are trying to exasperate me, Lucia. I will go away."

"Need not. I yield you precedence."

Few women can get out of a hammock with grace; Miss Vernam was one of the few. With a motion which was enchanting she vacated the uncertain thing, and bowed as she gathered up her draperies and glided away.

She seemed to take the sunlight with her; even her rival looked skyward, expecting a sudden cloud; but if she failed to see one there, she found it easily enough on Mackenzie's face.

"Then you *will not* go with us?"

"Don't let us discuss that any more, dear."

"I'd rather enjoy myself now. One can't be young but once."

"Pooh! that's obsolete."

"And so"—he was going to say—"are you." But he did not.

A little flush crept into the calm face. Marian might be "obsolete," but her perception was clear. She rose, slowly.

"No, Douglas; you are, of course, quite free to manage your own affairs. If I have interfered, it has been from no ill motive. Believe me, it will not happen again. Now, if we are to play with the others, I must dress."

The young man did not seek to detain her, and without any suggestion of gliding she went.

"Hang it all! living is a bother." Mackenzie threw himself into the deserted hammock.

A delicate fragrance still lingered about the silken cushion; ay, even a thread of golden hair had clung to it, and the buttercups lay on the ground. Tenderly he drew the glistening fibre through his brown fingers, then gathered the discarded blossoms and tied them with it, and hid the cluster in his breast.

"I wonder if Marian thinks me dishonest?—she almost says so. What if my income is small? I can speculate as well as another; and a launch isn't a yacht! Heigho! I'll have to be correct enough, when *she's* my wife. Well, I must get into my 'flannels,' or hinder the game."

In the spirited contest which followed, Marian was on the winning side. She was a magnificent player, and not only at tennis, but in any exercise which demanded energy or skill, Marian Kent excelled; and the consciousness of her own success sent a sparkle to her eye and a color to her cheek which made her almost beautiful. Not like Lucia, of course; but with a comeliness so true and wholesome that it made even the women admire her, while the men would think of her reverently, as of a possible wife or mother.

Lucia did not play tennis, or ride, or row, or do any other violent thing which disturbed her repose. She tried it once, and, strangely enough, failed to distinguish herself in any other way than by getting dreadfully heated and "blown."

That was sufficient. Afterward she preferred the ease of an on-looker, coolly enjoying the annoyance her unruffled loveliness gave the other girls. And to-day, although Douglas Mackenzie felt a return of some of his pride in the skill of his betrothed, he found himself

wandering, ever and again, to the other's side, fascinated and adoring.

"Good-by, Marian! You'd better repent, and come."

"No; excuse me."

Lucia was charming in her blue yachting-costume, brightened at the corsage by a great bunch of her favorite golden wild flowers—Douglas's gift—and the wonderful hair rippled and fell in bewildering beauty beneath the trim sailor-hat which so well framed her perfect face.

Marian, in an unbecoming gown of gray, looking a little worn and jaded—from her game, perhaps—leaned over the rail to watch them away. Long after they had left her there—on the hotel-piazza, among the "old folks"—the echo of their laughter floated back to her.

"Why are they so gay, and you so sober?"

The girl tried to smile on the little old lady, but the tears came.

"Never you mind him; he isn't worth an old button! I've had my eye on the precious youth this some time; and mighty glad I am he has showed his true colors so soon. Used to think he had brains—never so smart as you, though, and you know it. But he's certainly lost what little head he had. What does that hussy care for him? *That!*"—a sniff and a snap of her fingers. "Can't afford a full-equipped yacht, so sets up a nasty little naphtha launch! and all at that girl's instigation, I'll be bound! He don't know how to manage it—that's why I forbade you going with him; and he'll kill somebody with it, sure. A row-boat would be more respectable, and far safer."

Poor Aunt Norris! Her sputtering indignation provoked no response, but she went on.

"I'd rather see a man drink than flirt. Both are bad, and one is contemptible. If your Uncle Norris had ever gone on, when he was engaged to *me*, as Douglas Mackenzie's doing now—wasting his time and money, when he needs both in his new business—don't you think I'd have made it lively?"

"I certainly do. But don't talk any more about it. I don't blame him. She is very, very beautiful! Come, I'll sing for you."

"I want no singing with tears in your voice. What I like—and you know it!—is something jolly. Goodness! There comes that sentimental old widow that's making a fool of herself, trying to get married again; as if *once* wasn't enough! Let's escape——"

"Oh, dear Miss Marian! I was just telling the professor about your wonderful voice, and he's wild to hear it. Do oblige him."

"She won't oblige *me!*" shrugging her small shoulders, stooped by seventy years.

"Why, aunt——"

"Oh, don't cry 'Why, aunt!' in that tone. Go—make yourself agreeable, and leave your aged relative alone."

The niece laughed, for she quite understood the whimsical old lady. They were the best of friends; and she very well knew that some unfortunate partner at whist was presently doomed to suffer, because, forsooth, young Douglas Mackenzie—her adopted son—was "going on so." And Marian went away to put herself at the service of a "lot of old fossils," as Lucia irreverently called the senior boarders at the "Elbridge."

"Blue Bonnets," "Annie Laurie," "Edinboro' To'on," so they taxed her, one by one; till somebody, either for malice or jest, called out, "For the last, give us your sweetest. You know—'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.'"

Aunt Norris tapped her fan sharply, and dropped "her hand," face up, on the card-table.

"Tut! tut! Marian, do you hear me? You've sung enough. You're not to strain your voice. Here I've paid out no end of money to have it trained for my own enjoyment, and I'm not going to be cheated out of my bargain."

She went on grumbling and gathering up her bits of pasteboard, coolly disregarding her partner's annoyance.

"Well, and what if I did show them?—who's to take me to do, I'd like to know? There! she's at it. I knew she would be. Has no respect for my feelings. Marian!"

The girl's gray eyes smiled bravely back to her. Thanks, dear aunt, for so adroitly covering her discomfiture! Marian could sing now. So the malicious gossip in the opposite corner received no satisfaction, and the clear voice took up, without a tremor, its passionate plaint of "Douglas! Douglas!" then silence fell in the great drawing-room. More than one guessed what that song cost the singer, and felt the pity of it.

"Please, mees—if you would be most kind. I like not to inflict the trouble. But if you rise, I accompany you. The song—my pupil of England sing it to me. I love it well. Ah, the pretty one! She is of the dead. I weep. She comes before me when the melody I make. Wilt thou?"

Not Marian could refuse the tender-hearted old German, whose eyes were moist with a sacred memory. But why—why—must this come to-night?

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west."

Oh, the mournful sweetness of her voice! There were tears in many eyes. Madam threw down her cards, and pattered across to her darling.

"Come, you ungrateful girl! What I specially detest is sentiment—you know it. It's too moist around here for me. A parcel of old gray-heads, boo-hooing over a mess of trash like that! Thank Heaven! I never did enjoy being unhappy. What I do like is to see the Albany night boat pass. There's her whistle. Let's go out on the piazza and salute. Of course, I mean all that haven't rheumatism."

The apartment was emptied at once.

It was a pretty sight. The great, brilliantly lighted steamer moving so majestically over the dark water, safely carrying her human freight to "the haven where it would be."

She touched at the little landing below, exchanged a passenger or two, and swung gayly off, with band playing, headed duly up-stream.

"Which way did our water-party go?" asked some one—"up or down?"

Marian was wondering, too. Surely it was time they were coming back, though it was foolish in her to be uneasy—the launch was so simply managed, and Douglas used to be careful. She wished she had been let to go with them. It was all the more necessary if, as her aunt maintained, the boy had lost his head.

But what mean those hurried whistles? And why does the great ship stop again so soon?

There seems to be much confusion—more whistles—people crowding the decks—surely, something wrong has happened.

"If it should be the *Psyche*! Come!" The girl half lifts, half drags Aunt Norris down the steps. "Hurry! hurry!—I can't wait!"

"Don't, child. Go on and find out. I'll go back and rouse the doctor."

Down the steep hill flew Marian, and from the extreme end of the wharf peered into the darkness. Small boats

shot out and went swiftly darting here and there. The steamer was coming back, but oh! so slowly. Almost before the gang-plank was out, she was over it.

"What is it?—tell me?" she demanded of the first she met.

"Collided with a pleasure-boat."

She pressed toward the cabin, the crowd giving way at sight of her pale face and uncovered head.

Ah! there they were, the gay party whose mirth had made her mournful—drenched, terrified, bewildered, all but dead.

"Are all saved?"

"We hope so. Were they friends of yours?—how many?"

"Friends—all. They were seven."

Her eye runs rapidly over the group.

One young fellow—"Dude" Drummell, they called him—seems staring mad.

"Where is Douglas?—where, Lucia?" Her teeth chatter as she put the question.

"Do you know them? Were there any more?" asks Captain Salter, gravely.

"One woman and one man."

"The boats will probably pick them up."

The sorrowful procession moves to the hotel; but Marian does not follow. She waits—for what? God knows!

Ah! poor *Psyche*! fitting away so gayly such a brief space ago! They are tugging you slowly home again, with your wings all dragged and broken, and a ghastly wound in your side.

The crowd on the wharf has dispersed; only one or two, besides a few boatmen, remain with the motionless girl, watching for "news." It comes. A row-boat approaches. With a great rush of joy, she sees in it Douglas—haggard and drenched, but alive.

"Thank God!"

She clasps the numb hands, that return her pressure feebly.

"Lucia?"

He looks into her eyes, and she shudders. God forgive her. She almost hated her—it—an hour ago.

"We have rowed everywhere. There is no sign."

"You?—in those wet garments?"

He has not felt them so before.

"Come home, and tell me how it was."

"God knows!—I don't! She, Lucia, was with Dude Drummell. I suppose I did not understand the signals, or the steamer did not see us. It was too horribly sudden to comprehend. They had just told me of their engagement—happened yesterday. I had congratulated them—and had my own eyes opened. I was looking into the river—and *thinking of you*!"

"She used to laugh at him so."

"Yes; but he has money—lots of it. Poor girl! I feel her—murderer!"

"Hush! She proposed the outing."

"That doesn't help."

"Only to please her and her *clique*, you bought the wretched thing."

"I suppose so. Oh! it's awful."

"Yes, yes; but you must be just, not morbid. If you were careless—"

"No; before Heaven I swear it. When I saw the steamer coming, I signaled and headed for the shore. When she turned that way also, I knew we were doomed. I stopped the engine. I did what I could. In an instant she struck us, our boat was bottom-side up, and we in the water. I tried to keep them cool, to help them

with the ropes that were promptly thrown to us. All got safely on board our destroyer but—*her*." He shuddered.

All night there are men out searching. Humanity urges some, large rewards urge the others. The doctor

agony is fearful, and his watchers shake their heads ominously.

But the beginning and the end of all his plaint is, "Lucia! Lucia!" She would have married him for his money, but he loved only her.



TELLING THE STORY OF THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

compels exhausted Douglas to remain in his room. All the sufferers are well attended.

Poor Drummell is so violent, his physicians never leave him. He raves and weeps, calling piteously for "Help! help!" and crying to Lucia to "cling to the rope." His

Marian cannot sleep, and, despite Aunt Norris's protest, watches at her window. As daylight comes, she sees a little bustle and stir among the boatmen on the quay. She slips quietly out and joins them.

A fisherman is just coming in, and he is towing—



FLOWER AND LEAF OF THE CINCHONA SUCCIRUBRA, CONDA MINHA AND CALISAYA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

something. A strange something, which sends a shiver through every watcher. Face downward it floats, and Marian notes the blue garments moving horribly to and fro in the stroke of the waters.

Not a word is spoken—only the fisherman sighs his relief that his task is over.

Strong and reverent hands work swiftly as they draw from the cruel waves this beautiful, dreadful something, and lay it upon the blanket Marian spreads.

The sun rises above the eastern hills. Its rays stream over the river and touch the golden locks that are gleaming still.

But the beautiful eyes are closed, and the mocking lips are silent.

There is no sign of life about her who, yesterday, was the life of all.

Save there, on her bosom, opening brightly to the sunbeams, refreshed by the waves that were ruin to her, blooms Douglas's last offering—a cluster of buttercups.

QUININE AND ITS ROMANCE.

BY ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

MANY a romance could be written of botanists in their self-denying devotion to plants and flowers. Linnæus's life is one ceaseless heroism, in which his love of certain plants amounted almost to a worship. His falling down on his knees when he first saw the gorse in bloom, and thanking God for having created so beautiful a flower, is widely known, and poets have vied with each other in setting the incident to fitting verse. Of an earlier botanist the same, or nearly the same, story is told; so that we can only suppose that in this department of science sentiment of a certain kind asserts itself more readily than in some others. At all events, the records are alive with instances of perseverance and devotion such as cannot be surpassed, if they can be equalled, in other walks. When Jussieu, the famous French botanist, for example, was bringing a seedling of the Lebanon cedar from Syria to Marseilles, the ship ran so short of water that the passengers were limited to half a glass a day. Jussieu shared his half with his plant, and, thanks to his self-denial and his generous enthusiasm, it reached Paris in safety, and lived to be a hundred years old and eighty feet high.

But it is in the case of plants directly associated with the art of healing that we can find the most exciting records; for here the chivalry and heroism are fed, so to speak, from a double source—the desire for the extension of scientific knowledge, and the passion for the good of mankind. The thirst for knowledge and the impulse of beneficence support each other, and the man of science becomes a minister—a missionary of love and healing, claiming our admiration in the one aspect, our love and our gratitude in the other.

There is no tree whose story is more interesting than the cinchona, or quinine-yielding tree. Jussieu, too, figures prominently in its history. Unfortunately, his devotion and self-denial did not avail him in this case, as they did in that of the cedar, else the chapter we are now to write would not have been so deeply interesting, so stirring, because so full of adventure. It has been said, indeed, that the story of the efforts to accomplish the naturalization of the cinchona-tree in different countries, so as to insure a plentiful and continuous supply of the invaluable bark, is perhaps the most striking in the records of scientific travel.

All know the virtues of quinine, and many have good

cause to think of it gratefully. The medical practitioners of temperate climates find in the various preparations from the cinchona-tree valuable remedies for many severe and trying diseases; but in the tropics they are simply indispensable in the treatment of malarial fever and other affections common there. No one would think of going on a long journey in the tropics without a bottle of quinine in his valise; and it is not too much to say that if deprived of cinchona-bark, England could not keep a European force in India, and even native troops and police would have to be withdrawn from various unhealthy stations at which they are now placed. Livingstone and other travelers in Central Africa have celebrated the manifold virtues of quinine; and one of the most exciting incidents in the records of more recent travel is that of Schweinfurth, the famous German explorer, in Africa, among Monbuttos and Pygmies, when he lost almost the whole of his property by fire—scientific instruments among the rest. But the most important of all to him was his quinine, as he tells us; and how often he thought of it with regretful sorrow and with fear, in the remarkable journey which, stripped of everything, he nevertheless persevered in, preserving his measurements and a knowledge of latitude by carefully pacing, and counting his paces as he walked. Thomas de Quincey, in his "Confessions," magnifying the merits of his favorite drug—opium—while, as yet, he had not felt its woes, speaks of ecstasies "having become portable, and might be corked in a pint bottle; happiness bought for a penny and carried in the waistcoat-pocket, and peace of mind sent down by the mail-coach." So quinine enables us to say that health and joy in malarious latitudes may be carried about corked up in a little vial; and what proves a more powerful agency than an army of doctors in the corner of a knapsack?

Strange it is that the cinchona-trees—natives of the mountainous forests of South America—should be of such importance in the extension of civilization and of Christianity! Stranger still, however, that a plant whose rare virtues had been practically known for centuries should have been so long neglected, or but very partially applied to mitigate sufferings that had smitten down annually thousands on thousands of men and women.

In the year 1639, the wife of a Spanish viceroy of Peru returned to Europe from that country, and having been cured of fever by the use of a tree-bark, she was wise enough to bring some of it home, with the intention of distributing it among the sick on her husband's estate, and making it generally known throughout Europe. The bark-powder was not unfitly called Countess's Powder (*Pulvis comitessæ*), and by this name it was long known to druggists in Europe. Mr. Markham tells us, in his memoir of this lady, that the good deeds of the countess are even now remembered by the people of Cinchon and Colmar. No fewer than 142 species of the tree have been named after this beneficent lady, and their growth will surely for ages keep her memory green.

Jesuit missionaries returning from South America also brought with them some supplies. The lady was the Countess of Cinchon, hence the scientific name cinchona; its use by the Jesuit missionaries gave to it the more popular name of "Jesuits' Bark." Quina was the native name of the bark, and this, of course, is the origin of quinine, which has been retained for perhaps one-half of the medical preparations from the bark. Little or nothing was, however, scientifically known of the tree which produced the bark till 1739—a whole century after its first introduction into Europe. La Condamine and Jussieu, who were then on an exploring expedition in

South America, after not a little trial, obtained plants, with a view to having them sent to the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris. Unfortunately, the whole collection perished in a storm at sea, near the mouth of the Amazon. Fully another century passed before anything effective and practical was done to introduce or naturalize the tree in Europe, or in suitable climates in the East, from which supplies might be assured. And this, notwithstanding the fact that the French chemists Pelletier and Caventon had, in 1820, developed true quinine from the bark. The first living cinchona-trees ever seen in Europe were some calisaya-plants raised at the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, from seeds collected by Dr. Weddell, in Bolivia, in 1846. Although, in 1835, Dr. Forbes Royle, convinced of the possibility of the profitable culture of the cinchona-tree in India, had earnestly urged the English Government to make efforts to introduce the plants on the Khasia and Neilgherry Hills, nothing came of it.

Meanwhile, Mr. George Ledger made an expedition in the Valley of Santa Aña, Department of Cuzco. The expedition wholly failed, and, indeed, had a fatal termination. Mr. Backhouse, his companion, was murdered by the Indians, the supplies were stolen, all the bark that had been collected with great labor was destroyed, as well as seeds and plants; some sixty pounds of gold-dust were missing. In 1861, Mr. Ledger sent an expedition into the Bolivian wilds, with the double object of obtaining seeds and plants of the cinchona, and alpacas of various kinds. This expedition was more successful; and in 1865, Mr. Ledger was enabled to present a portion of the seeds and plants of some valuable species to the Government of India and to that of the Netherlands.

In 1852, Dr. Falconer, then superintendent of the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta, urgently repeated the recommendation that had been so often made, and with more success. The East India Company was induced to procure six plants of *Cinchona calisaya*. Five of these precious trees reached Calcutta alive, and were at once placed in the Botanical Gardens. Here they received all possible care and attention, but they did not thrive. After a short time they were sent to the hill station of Darjeeling, where they all died in the ensuing Winter. The first experiment in cinchona culture in India was, therefore, a disappointment.

Meantime, the Dutch, always alive to interests of this kind, awoke to the great importance of the cinchona culture, and, happily, having a very suitable field for it in Java, they sent out the botanist Hasskarl to Peru, in 1852, to collect plants and seeds. He also encountered many difficulties and dangers in his wanderings, not a few of which arose from the jealousy of the native bark-gatherers—*cascañeros*, as they are called—who managed to infect the whole people with the idea that their trade would be ruined if cinchona-trees were allowed to leave the country.

Dutch authorities assert that M. Hasskarl, although he did not know the Quichua language, had thoroughly learned Spanish, and that his knowledge of botany and science was so great as to have rendered next to impossible some of the errors with which he is credited; that he had lived for years in Java, and was accustomed to a tropical climate and to dealing with natives; that he did land in Java seventy-eight calisayas alive, with other valuable varieties.

In 1855, Weddell paid a visit to the Botanical Gardens at Leyden, and beheld there the calisaya-plants which M. Hasskarl had sent from Sandia. As soon as he saw the young plants, he exclaimed: "La vraie calisaya, rien que cela, il n'y a pas le moindre doute."

The cultivators, both in Java and Holland, had many difficulties at the outset, and their assiduity and perseverance alone secured the good result in the end; and, owing to the strenuous efforts of the cultivators there, the undertaking has in Java become a success, commercially and otherwise.

No further action worth noting was taken by the Government of India till the year 1858, when, owing to influential representations, it was decided, with the sanction of the Secretary of State for India, that a competent collector should be sent for a couple of years to South America, to explore the forests, and to procure young plants and seeds of the best kinds.

The choice of the Indian Government fell on one who fully justified it. Mr. Clements Markham, who volunteered to direct the mission, was appointed. He knew Spanish well, and had some acquaintance with the Quichua tongue, and also possessed a fair knowledge of the country. If not a professed botanist, he was a quick observer, and certainly gifted with discrimination of character, as the work done by those he had associated with him afterward fully proved. With no little skill and forecast he organized a threefold expedition, the sections of which began their operations simultaneously in 1860, fully five years after the beginning of the Dutch experiment. Mr. Markham himself undertook to collect seeds of the calisaya, or yellow-bark tree (the most valuable of the cinchonas), in the forests of Bolivia and Southern Peru, where alone it is to be found. He arranged that Mr. Pritchett should explore the gray-bark forests of Huanuco and Humalies, in Central Peru, and that Messrs. Spruce and Cross should collect the seeds of the red-bark tree, on the eastern slopes of Chimborazo, in the territory of Ecuador.

Mr. Markham applied himself to his perilous task with characteristic caution, tact, determination and ardor. In addition to difficulties from the nature of the country and the lack of transport, he had to contend against the jealousies of the native collectors, whose spirit had already been aroused by the efforts of M. Hasskarl, and who regarded all inquiry and examination as an interference with their rights and vested interests. They regarded the trade in bark as their monopoly, and were not inclined to be intruded upon under any pretense.

The *cascañeros*, or bark-collectors, spend all their lives in the woods, and have been known to lose themselves, and have never again been heard of. This gives some idea of the wildness and extent of the quinine-producing forests of South America, which may be roughly said to lie in a belt stretching from 19° south latitude to 10° north, following the line of the Andes over an area of more than a thousand miles. The trees grow on the sides of the mountains, or in the ravines between the mountains. The scenery is described by travelers in that region as magnificent. The deep indigo of the sky, with the icy peaks of the Andes clearly defined against it, fills the higher portion of the picture; while below are narrow gorges, down which rush glittering cataracts, and across which are hung slender bridges made of rope and twisted branches of trees.

The paths down the sides of these gorges are very narrow and precipitous. Sometimes a traveler riding on a mule down one of these ridges has one leg touching the side of the mountain while the other hangs over a precipice.

The sides of the hills, even at very high altitudes, are covered with wild flowers. A profusion of ferns form a graceful background, and serve to show the brilliant coloring of the lupins, verbenas, calceolarias, fuchsias,



QUINQUINA MICRANTHA.

and begonias, with which these hanging-gardens abound. A large portion of the Andean region is capable of cultivation, and in ancient days there is no doubt that it was cultivated by the Incas to a great extent.

The general calmness in the air of Peru contrasts strangely with the frequent disturbances of the earth. The Peruvians often say that in their country thunder comes from below. At Lima the slight shocks of earthquake which are felt daily are thought nothing of by the inhabitants. The whole ridge of the Cordilleras facing the Pacific is studded with volcanic peaks, and there are no fewer than twenty-four distinct volcanoes in the range.

In this wild and trackless region Mr. Markham labored for many months, exposed to peril from wild beasts, and also to the enmities of the native bark-gatherers, and groaning under the manifold difficulties of land-transport. The collections he made at such risk and labor were exposed to so many trials that, unfortunately, much of the fruit of his courage and industry was lost; but enough came safely to hand to form the beginning of the great cinchona plantations of India. Toward the end of 1860, cases with samples from Mr. Markham and his party began to arrive at Calcutta.

On his return journey, Mr. Markham, as was almost to be expected, found the jealousy of the people aroused by rumors which had got abroad as to the nature of his mission. To return along the road he came by would have simply insured the destruction of his plants, and possibly involved injury to himself; so he had to resort to a stratagem. And surely never was such stratagem more fully justified by the nobility of the cause for which it was brought into play. Mr. Weir was sent back by the old route, and Mr. Markham himself proceeded with the plants in a straight line toward the

coast, through an unknown country, and without a guide. After much hardship he arrived at the town of Vilque, with his plants in good order. A few more marches brought him to the port of Yslay. But where his difficulties ought to have been ended, the worst and most trying were only begun. The custom-house authorities, having discovered what the plant-cases contained, would not allow them to be shipped without an order from the Minister of Finance. This Mr. Markham had himself to go to Lima to procure, leaving his plants behind him to the tender mercies of those not likely to lose a chance of injuring them. All this caused a delay of three weeks; but Mr. Markham had succeeded by his tact and careful explanations. On June 24th the cases were at last embarked on board a steamer bound for Panama, but not before a scheme had been set on foot by some patriotic Bolivians to kill the plants by pouring hot water on them through holes to be bored in the cases. None of the more valuable cinchona-trees, and certainly none of the calisayas, can stand frost, but they can as little stand boiling water. Mr. Markham was compelled by his orders to take his plants to India *via* Panama, England, the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and thus expose them to transshipments and alternations of temperature which ultimately killed them all. Whether they died from hot water or from exposure to frost, the result was the same—but most likely they died from the latter; for, against malice, up to a certain point, watchfulness will suffice to guard you, but against stupidity, in high places as in low, scarce any amount of care or caution, of heroism, devotion and self-sacrifice, will suffice.

While Mr. Markham had been thus fighting hopelessly against awful odds, Mr. Pritchett was collecting seeds and plants of the cinchona species producing gray bark, in the forests near Huanuco, in the northern part of the same territory, and was successful in bringing to Lima, in



QUINQUINA CALIMATA.

the month of August, a collection of seeds and half a mule-load of young plants of three species—*Micrantha*, *Peruviana* and *Nitida*.

Mr. Spruce, six months before Mr. Markham had sailed from England, had left his home in the Quitonian Andes, and had fixed on Simon as the most suitable head-quarters. He had made a good collection, and had arranged to go to Loxa, south of the Ecuador territory, to procure seeds of the pale, or crown, bark. This arrangement, unfortunately, was frustrated through Mr. Spruce's serious illness. But, in July, 1860, Mr. Spruce was joined at Simon by Mr. Cross, who had been sent out from England with Wardian cases to receive such plants as might be secured. Here the work was carried on vigorously and successfully. Mr. Cross established a nursery at Simon, and there put in a number of cuttings of the

The Loxa crown bark, the *Cortex cinchonæ pallidæ* of pharmacy, which was the first bark brought to Europe, in the seventeenth century, is now fallen into disrepute, most probably owing to its having been collected from a very young wood. Study of the habits of the tree, and methods of improved treatment gradually attained, have done much to bring into view species which at first were not held in great favor; and the efforts and experiments of the Dutch in this direction, both in Java and at home, must be gratefully recognized in regarding the broad result.

The tree itself is a beautiful object. It has a delicate, small flower in close clusters, and at certain seasons its fragrance fills the air for a considerable distance. The leaf-forms vary considerably in the different species, from a form approaching to heart-shaped to a purely



SCENE IN A CINCHONA FOREST—PREPARING PERUVIAN BARK FOR MARKET.

red-bark tree. Mr. Spruce now searched for seeds. Mr. Cross ultimately succeeded in taking his cuttings safely to India, while Mr. Spruce's seeds were sent to India by post. It is from the results of these journeys mainly, if not entirely, that plantations in certain parts of India and Ceylon have been made; and if the immediate fruits of these perilous journeys and labors did not appear adequate, we must all surely feel grateful that by care and scientific treatment the tree has now been brought to such health and productiveness at various points.

The genus *Cinchona* includes as many as thirty-six species, but only about a dozen of these are found available for yield for medical purposes.

The following are the more prominent; their scientific and popular names are set side by side: Crown Bark—*Cinchona officinalis*, and varieties; Red Bark—*Succirubra*; Yellow Bark—*Calisaya*, and varieties; Gray Bark—*Nitida*, *Micrantha*, etc.

lance-headed figure—the most elegant of the whole; its lines are so delicate, tapering softly at once toward the point and toward the stalk. The *succirubra*, or red-bark-tree, is more of an umbrella-shape than the others, and the aspect of the leaf more that of the plane-tree. Some of the trees are more marked as the yielders of pure quinine; others, of all the alkaloids in a mixed state.

The medicinal virtues of the bark depend on the presence of one or more of four alkaloids—quinine, quinidine, cinchonine and cinchonidine. All these have been subjected to rigorous trial, and found nearly equal as regards their value in the treatment of malarial fever and allied diseases. The alkaloids do not exist in a free state in the bark, but in combination with tannin, such as is found in oak-bark and in other barks, and extensively used in the process of tanning leather. All the four alkaloids are found present in most species of the bark;

but some varieties of the tree contain a much greater proportion of alkaloids than others, and some are more remarkable than others for producing a much greater proportion of one particular form of alkaloid. *Cinchona succirubra*, we learn, yields far the largest amount of alkaloids as a whole, but *Cinchona officinalis* and *Cinchona calisaya* yield the largest percentages of quinine. Prior to their sixth or seventh year, the trees contain but a small proportion of the alkaloids, which, moreover, is present in them in almost uncrystallizable form. They are, therefore, of little commercial value. Experience in India, year by year, has gone to show that this holds true of all the species, and most true of the most valuable species in a quinine-producing light. Even up to the eighth or ninth year the active principles continue to increase in quantity and to improve in quality. No doubt much has been lost in former years through lack of knowledge of this fact; for much young bark was cut down too early, with the result of weakening the producing power of whole plantations permanently, later. The cinchona-planter cannot expect any return of money invested for the long period of eight years. This fact must always place the cinchona industry at a great disadvantage.

We are still in the dark on some vital points. For example, barks of one district are sometimes devoid of quinine, while those of the same species from a neighboring locality may yield $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of sulphate of quinine. This seems at first sight a small proportion; but even the flat calisaya-bark, which is the favorite, and is most often offered in the drug trade, contains generally only from 5 to 6 per cent. of quinine.

In their native habitat the cinchona-trees all grow at a height of from 2,500 to 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, and in an equable but comparatively cool climate. High temperature, we learn, favors the formation of cinchonidine, and diminishes that of quinine. Deprivation of light favors the increase of the total amount of alkaloids in a bark. Mr. Broughton, the moment he guessed at this law, made a very beautiful experiment. He covered the stem of a cinchona-tree with a shield of tinned plate, and the stem of another with black cloth; his object being to keep the bark in darkness, without impeding the free access of air or protecting it from the heating influence of the sun's rays. The results were that, after ten months' protection in this way, the amount of the total alkaloids was increased about 2.8 per cent. in each case; and Mr. McIvor's experiments in the same direction have conclusively proved that the bark renewed under moss contains a larger amount of total and crystallizable alkaloids than ordinary bark. This has given rise to the now widely accepted "mossing" system.

Luckily for the multiplication of the plants, the most valuable species of cinchona are, with strict care and attention, easily developed from cuttings. This is especially true of *Cinchona calisaya* and *Cinchona succirubra*, both fruitful in quinine, and under due adjustment of heat, light and moisture can in this respect be depended on. Stock-plants are therefore established, from which cuttings can be taken.

In all other parts of the tree the amount of alkaloids is insignificant compared with the bark, as that is really the only place of deposit of the alkaloids from the sap; and the fact of this deposit is mainly due, according to the great German chemist, Herr Flückiger, to a peculiarity in the formation of the *liber*. Some species of the trees differ from others in respect of their habitat in relation to quinine-producing capability. Crown barks are adapted to a higher elevation, and red to a lower, as in their native

habitat. For some members of the calisaya family a great elevation is essential. Some of these, planted at an elevation of 7,300 feet above the sea, seem to have adopted a more luxurious habit than some at lower elevations. Mr. Howard, indeed, declares it a useless attempt to cultivate these trees below 4,000 feet above the sea-level.

We have already done something to recount the difficulties and perils which were encountered in exploring the remote mountain-forests of Ecuador and Huanuco; we now come to speak more especially of the methods resorted to, and the various means used, for the successful naturalization and culture of the tree in India. The Neilgherry Hills, in the Madras Presidency, were selected as the most suitable locality for the first experiments. These hills, most readers will remember, lie between the eleventh and twelfth parallels of north latitude, and run out in an eastern direction from the plains of Coimbatore from the chain of the Western Ghats, and may be regarded as a gigantic spur of that vast range. The crest of the Neilgherries is not by any means a flat plateau. It consists rather of a series of green, undulating hills, with ravines here and there, usually very well wooded and well watered. The elevation of this upper region ranges from 6,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea-level, and enjoys a climate cool and exhilarating. The thermometer ranges from about 42° to a little under 70° . In the central portion of the plateau the rain-fall, as we learn, averages about sixty inches; but on the western side it is heavier, and the air, during a great portion of the year, is constantly moist. The soil is very fertile, and abundantly produces European fruits, cereals and vegetables, as well as tea and coffee.

In selecting sites for cinchona plantations, due attention was paid to the requirements of the plants in the matter of elevation—the facts as to different needs in this respect in different species being as we have already noted. Two localities were accordingly chosen—one a little under 8,000 feet, on Dodabetta, near Ootacamund, and another at an elevation under 6,000 feet, at a place called Neddiwattum, on the north-western side of the range. The Dodabetta site was set apart for the growth of the crown barks, while that at Neddiwattum was devoted to the red, yellow and gray barks. The cinchona-plants and seeds, as they arrived from South America, were placed in the hands of Mr. McIvor, superintendent of the Neilgherry Botanical Gardens. As it was felt advisable to multiply the cinchonas quickly, both practical plans of propagation were had recourse to—by seed and by cuttings. By great care and skill not only were the plantations at Dodabetta and Neddiwattum rapidly stocked, but others were before long opened at Pykarah and Mailkhoondah. Private individuals also entered the field about the same time, and cinchona-planting was for some years regarded as a most promising investment. But the special risks and the slowness of return, which we have already referred to, led to most of them abandoning it.

Meanwhile, the Government, slow to move, but fortunately, also, slow to retreat from a scheme once set in motion, determined to carry the work to a successful issue. The results have been satisfactory beyond the most sanguine expectations. Upon the close of the official year 1872-73 there were 1,170,029 cinchona-trees of various ages upon the Government estates, covering an area of 1,222 acres, on which the expenditure up to that date had been a little under \$325,000.

By scientific men, and those who had, at an early stage, interested themselves in cinchona culture, it had for years been strongly felt that the extraordinary recklessness of the Peruvian bark-collectors must eventually greatly

lessen the supply to be obtained. Indeed, it was seen, as we have already said, that there was a great risk that at any moment the price might suddenly be raised to such a point as would render quinine beyond the reach of the great mass of the poor, more particularly in certain parts of India, where it is almost essential to life. The Peruvian bark-hunters thought only of present gain, and cared nothing at all for the future. They therefore stripped the trees standing; and the consequence was that, as soon as they were deprived of their bark, they were attacked by myriads of insects, which penetrated the stems and soon killed the trees. Their practice, therefore, involved the destruction of each tree stripped for its bark, and no measures were ever taken by the owners of either public or private forests to secure supplies by any conservancy or replanting. When the *cascarilleros* came upon a tree which had accidentally been thrown down, so great was their carelessness that they would actually strip the upper side of its bark, and then, rather than take the trouble to turn over the trunk, they would leave it to rot in the ground, and pass on to supplies which they could procure with even less exertion. Under this method it was inevitable that the area of supply would, in course of time at the best, become narrowed.

In this they had ceased to follow the good example set them by the Jesuits; and it should be said, in fairness, that so long as the Jesuits had influence and power, wise consideration was paid to conserving the trees. They imposed a moral obligation, compelling the *cascarilleros*, or "cutters," to plant five cuttings, in the shape of a cross, for every tree destroyed. "I have repeatedly seen these plantations; always, when passing them, my Indians would go down on their knees, hat in hand, cross themselves, and say a prayer for the souls of the 'Buenos Países,'" says Mr. J. E. Howard.

The consumption of bark in Europe and the East went on steadily increasing, and, as a natural result, prices rose, and fears even began to be entertained that the supply would ultimately fail altogether.

At first the method employed in India for barking was to cut down the tree very near the ground. If this was carefully done, a rapid growth of young wood immediately sprung up, and in the course of five or six years the saplings were ready to be felled again. This was called coppicing, and may still be found advisable where fire-wood is a *desideratum*.

Another method, more economical and more efficient in every respect, is now in use. This method permits the bark to be removed periodically without cutting down the tree; and, indeed, by a very simple device, draws precisely the chemical elements that are wanted more liberally into the bark. This is the "mossing" process.

About a year or eighteen months before the bark is ready for removal the trunk of the tree is covered with a thick layer of common tree-moss, collected in the neighboring forests. It is fixed in position with twisted bark till it grows and becomes attached by natural adhesion to the tree. When the eighteen months have expired, the bark is removed. The workers are divided into gangs of five men each—two "barkers," two "mossers," and a man to split and roll up bark into balls. The first operation is the removal of the covering of moss, which is very carefully treated, with the view of being used again. The "barkers" then, with their pruning-knives, remove the bark in longitudinal strips, from two to two and a half inches wide, and from a point as high up as they can conveniently reach. Between every two of these strips a portion of bark of the same width is left, to carry on the circulation, etc., as the tree would die if com-

pletely denuded of so large a proportion of its protective covering. When the bark has been removed, it is found that the surface of the wood is covered with a gelatinous-like substance, the cambium of botanists. This consists of young cells, from which future additions to the bark and wood are derived.

The greatest care is taken to avoid inflicting any injury on this, as it is found that a denuded surface is very slowly and imperfectly renewed. When carefully preserved, however, the gaps in the bark are perfectly filled up.

As soon as the "barkers" have finished their task, the "mossers" begin their work. This consists in reapplying a thick covering of moist moss to the trunk, which afterward is carefully and continually kept moist.

The mere exclusion of light and air from a stem partially bared acts in two ways: it enables the healing process to be rapidly set up, in the same way as plaster does in the case of a wound in an animal organism; and it has the further curious effect—it increases the secretion of quinine in the bark renewed under its protection. At the end of six months or more, the bands of bark left untouched at the first stripping are removed, and the intervals they occupied on the trunk are mossed. At the end of twenty months, on an average, the spaces occupied by the ribbons originally taken off are found to be covered with renewed bark much thicker than the natural bark of the same age, and this renewed bark can be removed, and a fresh renewal again be fostered by the moss.

On being taken from the trees, the bark is laid to dry in rough sheds, fitted up with open shelves made of split bamboo. These sheds are erected in any convenient place near the spot where the trees are being cut. When the bark has dried as far as is possible without artificial heat, it is carried off to the drying-house—a masonry building (near the factory), fitted up with shelving, and supplied with arrangements for keeping charcoal-fires lit. If the drying-house be left well closed, the bark is speedily and thoroughly dried, without being exposed to a temperature high enough to affect its chemical constitution. When well dried, it can be stored without danger of deterioration.

The most improved and widely accepted method of manufacturing the cinchona alkaloids consists in precipitating the alkaloids in an insoluble state, and subsequently separating them from the mass of impurities with which they are mixed, by solution in alcohol. Mr. Broughton thus describes the process adopted by him, and followed with the greatest success: "The bark in long strips, exactly as taken from the tree, is placed in a copper pan, with 1½ per cent. of sulphuric acid for *trunk-bark*, and about 1 per cent., or less, for *prunings*, and a quantity of water that has already been used for the fourth extraction of nearly spent bark, and is boiled for an hour. The liquid and bark are then separated by strong pressure in a screw-press, the former falling in a wooden vat placed underneath. The squeezed and nearly dry bark is again boiled, with liquid that has been used for a third boiling of other bark, and another ½ per cent. of acid is added. After an hour's boiling, it is again squeezed. It is then boiled with a liquid that has come off nearly spent bark, again squeezed, and finally boiled with water. During these four boilings, the bark, after each squeezing, diminishes greatly in bulk, and becomes almost pulp, so that it occupies far less room in a pan at the third boiling than it did at first. The order in which the several liquids used in extraction are employed depends on the qualities of bark under manufacture; but it is so arranged as to obtain finally a liquid containing



"'FROM THE OUTSIDE,' EXPLAINED ADONIS, 'I SEEN THE GLASS WAS BROKEN AND THEM 'ERE POSIES TORN DOWN.'"

as much alkaloid as possible in solution, and also that, as far as possible, the bark should be exhausted of alkaloid. The liquid is now evaporated to about one-sixth of its bulk, and allowed to cool. It is then decomposed by neutralization with lime, which precipitates the alkaloids, decomposing the quino-tannates and sulphates, with formation of insoluble lime salts. The powdered lime precipitate is then packed in an ingenious inverted cone-like vessel, with a receiving-vessel below it. Alcohol is poured on till, by passing through the precipitate, the lower vessel is about one-third full. A fire is kept up to a certain heat under the lower vessel. By the skillful use of copper condensers, etc., the vapor rises and becomes liquid; and this process is kept up till a small amount of alcohol, by constant circulation, has dissolved the whole of the cinchona basis, without any waste of spirit or alkaloid."

OLIVE'S OWL.

BY MARY E. QUACKENBUSH.

THERE was an odd little building, coffin-shaped, attached to St. Luke's Church, in the little town of Dryden. It was used for various purposes. Friday evenings the rector, Mr. Dart, delivered his weekly lectures in it. The Sabbath found it full of Sunday-school scholars. Saturdays it was occupied by the Ladies' Sewing Society, and during the remaining days of the week it was used as a school-room by Miss Olive Churchill.

Miss Olive was a rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed little lady, much beloved by both the pupils and their parents; and it was with much regret that everybody received the startling information that dear Miss Churchill was teaching her last term.

Yes, she was about to leave a flourishing school of forty scholars and take only one pupil; he, a handsome young lawyer, Harry Burton by name; in short, Miss Olive was about to be married.

One lovely Spring morning, when the apple-trees were a mass of pink-and-pearl blossoms, Miss Olive wended her way toward the school-house.

It was nearly nine o'clock, and she was wondering why Adonis, her chore-boy, hadn't rung the bell, when she saw a flock of the scholars rushing toward her.

By their excited manner she knew that something was the matter, and she quickened her pace.

Ten-year-old Jennie Brice ran up to her, crying: "Oh! Miss Ollie, somebody's stolen the owl!"

Miss Churchill's face was full of consternation, for it must be explained that the "owl" was a clock, beautifully carved in imitation of that wise bird the companion of Minerva.

It was a gift from a friend, who purchased it in Europe, and Olive prized it very much, and often thought how pretty it would look in the little home that was to be. Only a day or two before, she had, much against her will, brought it to school; but her watch needed repairing, and, as every one knows, a teacher is obliged to have a time-piece of some sort.

"Are you quite sure that it is gone?" she inquired of the scholars.

"Oh, yes, ma'am. And you ought to see the school-room! Just look at it!"

They had reached the door, and Olive glanced in.

When she had first hired the apartment, its dreariness was very discouraging, but the labor of a few weeks had changed it into a snug little room, with walls neatly papered and adorned with pictures and brackets, its windows robed in clean buff curtains and filled with plants and hanging-baskets, and with everything about it as inviting as it could be.

But now, on this May morning, what a sight met the eyes of the poor little teacher! The neat white floor was covered with muddy foot-prints.

The plants at one window were torn down and withered, the table was overturned, chairs were upside down, books and papers taken out of the desks and thrown on the floor, the coal-scuttle hung over the door, and, in addition to all this disorder, the author of it had stolen the clock.

For it was gone. That fact couldn't be denied. The place on the wall where only yesterday it had hung, ticking its monotonous lay, was bare.

"Where is Adonis?" inquired Miss Olive, after a minute's survey of the scene.

Adonis stepped forward. He was a tall lad, seemingly all legs and arms, with a shock of hay-colored hair,



"CLINCHING HIS FIST, HE SAID, THREATENINGLY, 'CURSE YOU, MY DAINTY MISS! AND, MARK MY WORDS, IF IT TAKES A HUNDRED YEARS, I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE!'"



"SHE FIRED THROUGH THE WINDOW. BLACK JERRY FELL, THE KNIFE DROPPING FROM HIS GRASP TO THE FLOOR, CAUSING A LOUD, METALLIC CLANG."

a freckled face, and with weak eyes in which the "water stood" perpetually.

He was no beauty, and some wag had, in derision, dubbed him "Adonis." His real name was Peter Muggins, and he was as honest as he was homely.

"Adonis, was the room in this condition when you came here this morning?" asked Miss Olive.

"Yes, marm."

"And was the door locked?"

"Yes, marm; but the winder was bust open." And wiping his nose on his shirt-sleeve, he continued: "From the outside I seen the glass was broken, an' them 'ere posies torn down, an' I says to myself, says I, 'I'll bet thar's suthin' ter pay!' an' when I unlocked the door an' looked in, my stars! I reckoned thar was! And most the fust thing I missed the 'tick, tack!' of that air owl—it al-lers sounded so friendly-like when I come mornin'. I say, Miss Olive, the feller's mighty mean who took it! I'd like to punch his head!"

"Well, never mind," said Miss Olive. "Let me get this room in order, so that we can settle down to our studies."

* * * * *

Time passed on, but not a day came and went without Miss Olive thinking about her owl, and wondering who had stolen it. At last she had a clew.

One evening, about two months after it had been stolen, Jim Barlow, an old farmer, dropped in to have a chat with Grandfather Churchill.

The two old men began talking about their youth—about the manners, costumes and, lastly, the furniture, of their early days.

"Things made then lasted again as long as the slimys, good-for-nothing articles they manufacture nowadays," remarked Grandfather Churchill. "Now, that clock," he continued, pointing to a tall, old-fashioned time-piece solemnly ticking in the corner—"that clock was my mother's wedding-present from her father, so you see how old it must be. Yet it keeps just as good time as it did when I was a five-year-old boy, and used to watch father wind it up every Saturday morning—yes, just at half-past six every Saturday morning he would wind it up. Dreadful particular man was dad!"

"Yes," remarked Jim Barlow, meditatively chewing his tobacco—"yes, I don't doubt that air clock'll last many years—long after you and me air put under the ground, squire. 'Twas made strong and well—no sham about it. The trouble with folks nowadays is that they want so much show. A thing has got ter look fine on the outside, no matter how poor it is within. Now, last week I seen a clock that 'tain't likely can hold a candle to this o' yours, yet it was a fancy-lookin' concern. My hookey! do you know that when I laid eyes on it I thought it was a bird? 'Twas made in the very shape of an owl—yes, an owl—natural as life."

"Where did you see it?" hastily inquired Olive, almost springing from her chair in her excitement.

"Up-country, a mile or two. It was in Black Jerry's shanty. You've heard o' Black Jerry, a miserable, loafin' fellow—thievish, too? I thought it was kinder queer that he should own sech a fine bit of furniture, so I says to him: 'Jerry,' says I, 'where under the canopy did you fall in with that air clock?' And he says ter me, says he, as honest as a deacon: 'That owl clock? Oh, a feller owed me fur a sheep; he was dead-beat and couldn't pay, so he said he'd let me have the clock as security till he could scratch around and git the money. That's three years ago, an' he ain't be'n 'round sence. Wish I could sell the clock, for 'tain't no use to me."

Endeavoring to suppress her excitement, Olive left the kitchen and went into the sitting-room, where she met Mr. Burton, who had come to spend the evening.

With sparkling eyes she told him about her suspicions in regard to the clock, and asked him if he didn't think they were correct.

"Yes, I do, most assuredly," he promptly replied.

"Black Jerry is a notorious thief, and many are the complaints I hear about him. He is suspected of stealing the minister's harness, Mrs. Peter's chickens and Deacon Ralison's overcoat. He gets his entire living by 'hooking' things. He is a very bad fellow, who ought to be put in close quarters; and, Ollie, if you find out that he has taken your clock, just put him through. Take him up on a charge of burglary. It will be your duty to do this. If we let such fellows go, no one's property, or even life, would be safe."



"THE BUNDLE STIRRED, AND SHOWED THE BOUND FACE AND STARTLED EYES OF KITTY MACKAY. 'KITTY! GOOD HEAVENS! HOW CAME YOU HERE?' CRIED OLIVE."

"But I dislike to be made public, and neither do I know how to effect his arrest," said Olive, hesitatingly.

"Leave it all to me, dear. I'll see that a warrant is issued. All you'll have to do will be to identify the clock. And now let us dismiss the subject, which I see is worrying you. Come to the piano and play me that last new song you have learned."

During the following week, Black Jerry was placed under arrest, and as the evidence against him was very strong, as was also public opinion, when his trial came he was convicted and sentenced to prison.

Upon receiving his sentence, he turned to Olive, who had come into the court-room to give her testimony, and, with his dark face distorted by wrath, and clinching his fist, he said, threateningly :

"Curse you, my dainty miss ! And, mark my words, if it takes a hundred years, I'll have my revenge !" But here his expressions of violence were interrupted by the officers ordering him to be silent.

His words made an impression on the mind of Olive that nothing could efface. In vain did her lover strive to calm her fears by saying that Black Jerry could do them no harm. It was not until her wedding-day drew near, and she was busy with its preparations, that the memory of Black Jerry's threats gradually left her.

Two years later found her, as Mrs. Harry Burton, with a little blue-eyed baby brightening her home. That home was at Pinewood, a little cottage about a mile from Dryden. The house was surrounded by a large, old-fashioned garden, back of which were the woods, making the air cool and fragrant with breezes from the pine and cedar-boughs.

Late one lovely October afternoon, when the gorgeous gold and scarlet of the maples were beginning to fade in the dying sunlight, Olive tied the little blue hood under the baby's dimpled chin and, cuddling his chubby form beneath her shawl, ran down to the gate to watch for Harry. She did not lock the door after her, for it was but a short distance from the house to the gate, besides, she supposed Kitty, her servant-girl, to be in the dining-room getting tea. But when she returned to the house, accompanied by Harry, she found Kitty absent. The tea-table was set, the tea steeped, and everything ready for the evening repast.

After some perplexity in regard to her little handmaiden's non-appearance, Olive came to the conclusion that she had gone to spend the evening with her mother, who lived about a mile away.

"Yesterday she said something about it, but I didn't pay much attention, only saying that I was willing. But I didn't know that she meant to go to-night. However, she has tea all ready for us, so sit down, Harry. Will you have some of the cold ham ? Ah, I see Kitty did forget one thing. I told her I would like to have some poached eggs to accompany the ham. I know you are so fond of them. But the kettle is on, and it won't take me but a minute to fix you some."

"No ; pray don't bother, my dear. I don't care for them to-night," he said, and Olive returned to her seat.

The evening passed very pleasantly, Olive rocking her babe to sleep, and Harry reading a recent magazine. About bed-time the wind began to rise with an angry growl, and to shake the shutters and toss the branches of the trees. A dash of rain accompanied it, and when Olive opened the door and glanced out, nothing but a black, stormy night met her view.

"Well, Kitty will not be home to-night," she said, as she closed the door. "How very suddenly the storm came up !"

"Well, if you think she is a-going to stay at her mother's, perhaps we might as well go to bed," said her husband, yawning.

An hour later all was silent at Pinewood, the little family being fast asleep.

Some time after midnight Olive awoke. She could not tell what had aroused her. The storm had subsided, the wind had ceased, and the moonlight lay in broad, white patches upon the chamber-floor. By its dim light she saw that baby Charlie's chubby foot and dimpled knee were uncovered. Leaning over, she placed the blanket upon the unconscious little sleeper, and just then she heard the clear, bell-like notes of the owl clock striking the hour of one.

To Olive there had always been something inexpressibly dreary about that smallest hour of the twenty-four, and at this particular time she shuddered with an inward dread. But what should she fear, with her husband, strong and stalwart, sleeping beside her ? Would not his arm ever be lifted for her protection ? She pressed a kiss on his forehead, and was just laying herself down to resume her slumbers when another noise smote upon her ear.

It sounded like the creaking of a door, followed by a muffled footfall. In a spasm of terror, she roused her husband, telling him that she was sure there was some one in the house.

He rubbed his eyes sleepily, saying, in good-natured derision :

"Pshaw ! what a nervous little woman you are ! Who wouldn't hear strange noises on such a night as this ?"

"The wind has stopped blowing."

"Maybe it is rats ?"

"It didn't sound like them."

"Well, my dear," smiling at her anxious face, "I presume you will not rest until I search the premises, so here goes." And slipping on one or two garments, he took the lamp and left the chamber. Olive would have accompanied him, but her babe partly awoke, and she was obliged to give it a few soothing pats ere she could follow her husband. As soon as possible, however, she hastened out into the hall.

By this time Harry had reached the foot of the stairs. He set the lamp on the shelf of the hat-rack, and was looking up, laughing at the little white figure at the top of the stairs.

"Don't come down, darling," he said. "You'll only take cold."

Scarcely had the words fell from his lips before Olive's eyes perceived the head and shoulders of a man peering out of the parlor-door, just at Harry's back. The face was unshaved, begrimed with dirt, and wicked with evil passions. *It was the face of Black Jerry !*

Simultaneous with her shriek of warning, his hand, armed with a heavy billet of wood, struck Harry, felling him to the floor.

For an instant Olive stood as if frozen to the spot ; then some impulse—perhaps maternal instinct—caused her to flee back to her chamber.

She locked the chamber-door after her, and then strove to concentrate all her thoughts upon some way of saving the lives of her dear ones.

But what if Harry were already dead ? She shuddered as she thought of that fearful blow. Anyhow, she must act, and act quickly, too, for doubtless Black Jerry would endeavor to break into the room and kill her and her babe. She would endeavor to escape from the house and summon assistance from the nearest neighbor, half a mile away.

Taking her shawl, she wrapped it around the sleeping baby and bound him to her waist; then, softly opening the window, she stepped out upon the roof of the piazza beneath.

A large woodbine and wild-grape vine clambered up one of the piazza-pillars, and clinging to these, she lowered herself and baby to the ground.

She was about to speed away out of the yard, when a sudden impulse impelled her to steal around to the hall-window. She looked in. There, stretched upon the floor, lay her husband, and bending over the unconscious form stood Black Jerry, his face fiendish with its murderous expression.

In his hand he held a long, glittering knife, just ready to plunge it in the heart of Harry. Olive grew faint with horror.

But just then her baby stirred, and fearing that its cries would call attention to her presence, she placed her bare breast to the little one's mouth.

All this while she had been carrying Harry's revolver, and she now thanked God for the thought which caused her to take it from the chamber.

She raised it, aimed, and fired right through the window.

Black Jerry fell, the knife dropping from his grasp to the floor, causing a loud, metallic clang.

With swift feet Olive sped around to the side-door, which she found open, and in the next minute she stood beside Black Jerry, who, to all appearances, seemed dead.

Carefully avoiding his outstretched figure, with the same feeling that one regards a dead reptile, she knelt beside her husband.

God be thanked! he still breathed. She applied restoratives, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him return to consciousness.

The scene which followed when he realized what his brave little wife had done cannot be described.

"Do you think he's dead?" inquired Olive, pointing, with a shudder, to the prone form of Black Jerry.

Harry bent over to examine him, and replied:

"No, my dear; but you have given him a pretty severe wound in his shoulder—one that will, I fancy, keep him from bothering us. Still, he is such a strong, burly fellow, that there's no knowing what he will do when he comes to his senses. If I had a rope I'd bind his feet."

"I know where there is one, out in the barn," said Olive. "I'll light the lantern, and we'll go out and get it."

When the two entered the barn, they were startled at hearing a low, moaning sound—a sort of stifled groan.

"What is that?" whispered Olive, clutching Harry.

"It comes from the manger," he replied; and upon going there and peering among the hay, what should they see but a bundle of calico and a plaid shawl! The bundle stirred, and showed the round face and startled eyes of Kitty Mackay.

"Kitty! Good heavens! how came you here?" cried Olive.

No answer—only a violent shaking, and the same low cry that had attracted their attention.

"She is gagged, poor thing!" said Harry, and as soon as possible he removed the handkerchief from her mouth. Also he took off the rope which confined her limbs.

When Kitty was free, her Irish volubility bubbled forth like liquid from a bottle when the cork is withdrawn.

In answer to the eager inquiries, she replied:

"An' shure, jist afther missis went out to the gate to meet yez, I went into the pantry to git some eggs to

poach for tay. The basket was empty, an' it was thin I remembered I had used 'em all for the sponge-cake. So says I to meself, says I, 'I will jist go out to the barn an' see if the biddies haven't laid some.' I climbed the barn-stairs, an', hearin' a noise in the hay, I thought shure a hin was there upon the nest. I peeped over, an', holy Mother! what did I see but the ugliest, wickedest man I ever laid me eyes on! I had just opened me mouth to yell, when he showed a great big knife, and he says, says he, 'If ye holler I'll kill ye!' The miserable spalpeen that he was!"

* * * * *

It was afterward found that Black Jerry had escaped from prison, and scarcely had daylight come before an officer and two attendants arrived at Pinewood in search of him. He was taken back to prison, and as soon as he recovered from his wound he again attempted to escape, but was shot and killed by the keeper.

Since his death Olive feels much relieved, although, whenever she glances at the owl clock, she cannot refrain from shuddering at the recollection of that horrible night.

PERILS OF THE HOT, DRY AIR STORMS IN ARABIA.

A *simoom* is first seen as a small haze on the horizon, but quickly spreading, the cloud advances, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, the tall pillars being visible a long distance off, darkening the atmosphere and bringing with them great destruction. In the whirl the wind blows with the force of a hurricane, hills of sand are taken up, and are either scattered or again gathered in new hills wherever the storm chooses to deposit them, so that the desert is dotted with frequently shifting sand-ranges. Under these are buried whole caravans of traders, travelers, and even armies. The *simoom* is supposed to have annihilated the armies of Sennacherib and of Cambyes.

So terribly dry is the air in these storms that it is fatal to vegetation, while the density of the dust-cloud makes it almost impossible for human beings to breathe. This gives rise to the idea that the wind contains a deadly poison; hence the Arabic *simoom*, signifying a poisonous wind. But it is no more poisonous than any other wind, its fatal qualities being the excessive dryness and the quantity of fine sand with which it is loaded. The temperature of the air has been known to rise 113 degrees, and its desiccating effect is seen in dried-up mouth and nostrils, in skin cracking, intense thirst, painful and difficult breathing, and with inability to sleep. The time occupied in passing a given spot varies between a few minutes and from twenty to twenty-four hours, the blast leaving behind it unmistakable evidence of the path it has traveled. The hot, piercing air of the *simoom*, almost as soon as the breath is out of the body, and before decomposition has time to set in, causes the flesh to lose all its firmness and consistency, so that it drops, or may be taken, off the bones easily.

A party of officers sleeping on the roof of General Jacob's house, at Jacobabad, thus recount their experience of the *simoom*: "They were awakened by a sensation of suffocation and an exceedingly hot, oppressive feeling in the air, while at the same time a powerful smell of sulphur pervaded the atmosphere. On the following morning a number of trees in the garden were found to be withered in a remarkable manner. It was as if a current of fire, about twelve yards in breadth, had passed

through the garden in a straight line, singeing and destroying every green thing in its course. Entering on one side and passing out on the other, its path was as defined as the course of a river."

Palgrave was overtaken by one of these scourges in North Arabia. After some preliminary remarks on the advance of the simoom, he proceeds: "So dark was the atmosphere and so burning the heat, that it seemed that hell had risen from the depths or descended from above. But at the moment when the worst of the concentrated poison-blast was coming round we were already pro-

warnings, to step out and look at the camels; they were still lying flat, as though they had been dead, and the air was still darkish, but before long brightened up to its usual dazzling clearness. During the whole time the simoom lasted the atmosphere was entirely free from sand or dust; so that I hardly know how to account for its singular obscurity."

ENGLAND and the English do not, after all, derive their appellations from the Angles, according to the long-rooted



A CATECHISM.

Question—THESE PEOPLE SEEM TO BE HAVING A GOOD TIME, DO THEY NOT? **Answer**—THEY DO. **Q.**—CAN YOU ASSIGN ANY REASON FOR THEIR MIRTH? **A.**—I CAN. THEY ARE WITNESSING A PERFORMANCE BY "THE AMATEUR THEATRICAL ASSOCIATION." **Q.**—WHAT IS THE PLAY? **A.**—"HAMLET."

trate, one and all wrapped up, almost suffocated, indeed, but safe; while our camels lay without like dead, their long necks stretched out on the sand, awaiting the passing of the gale.

"We remained there for ten minutes, during which a still heat, like that of a red-hot iron slowly passing over us, was alone to be felt. Then the tent-walls began again to flap in the returning gusts, and announced that the worst of the simoom had gone by. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men, and so, I suppose, did I. However, I could not forbear, in spite of

tradition—so declares a German Government Professor, Dr. Bening. After extensive researches, he has discovered that the word "English" originates from the "Engern," a numerous and powerful Saxon race living near the banks of the Weser, on the North Sea. This theory rests also upon the authority of the old British monk Gildas, who lived much earlier than Bede, and who speaks only of the Saxons who colonized Britain. Further, Dr. Bening points out that our supposed forefathers, the Angles, dwelt on the Baltic, farther off, and that their country was much smaller than the land of the Engern.



"SUCH A SIGHT AS MET MY GAZE. MR. JINKS WAS LAYIN' TO ONE SIDE. HIS SON'S BODY WAS SCATTERED ALL OVER THE FLOOR—AS NEAR AS I COULD SEE FER THE STEAM—AND HIS HEAD WAS A-LAYIN' ALMOST AT MY FEET."

MR. JINKS'S SON BILLY

By MRS. NORA MARBLE.

"FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET."

Gracious me! what a rumpus it did kick up in our street the day I stuck that notice up in our parlor-winder!

Our street, you see, was considered very genteel on account that most of us owned our property onto it, and we were in consequence very close neighbors—so close, in fact, that nothin' whatever could happen in one house without the hull neighborhood takin' a most uncommon interest in it a few minutes afterward.

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I can't help but think, somehow, that servants have a great deal to do with sech matters—leastways, I know I never heard so much news till Keziah Jane come to live with us.

Keziah Jane's mother nussed me through the period of my first teethin'; so I felt, when I took Keziah Jane into the house, as if she was almost one of the family—and so did she, I'm bound to state, in less than a week. She did take a great interest in our affairs; for when poor Peter died—Peter was my defunct husband, and his other

name Schultz—when he died and left nothin' behind him much but the house we lived in and a mournin' widder, also the furniture and a big gold watch his grandfather left him—why, Keziah Jane was that mad that she was fer goin' into the parlor and unscrewin' the silver plate and handles off'n the casket.

"He don't deserve 'em, marm," says she; "and them silver things kin be used fer to drive the wolf away from the door, better than to be allowed to get rusty adown in a damp hole."

I was dressed in deep black, and wearin' too much crape just then fer me to fly into a rage with Keziah Jane, so I just said, in a mournful tone:

"They be *plated*, Keziah;" and we let the subject drop right there.

"Well," says Keziah Jane, after Peter had been asleepin' under his big silver plate for a month—"just as if they couldn't find him on the last day," says she, "without his carryin' round his door-plate"—"well, we've got to do somethin', Miss Parthy"—that's my name, Parthy Schultz—"for to bring in our bread and butter. They're mighty low, I kin tell you. There's no use of snivelin' and groanin', ma'am, not a bit. We've got to look the thing in the face, fair and square, no matter how hidjous it is."

And so we did look it in the face for two days, and on the third that notice was stuck up in the front-parlor winder.

"FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET."

I went to bed on the strength of it, and left Keziah Jane to bear the sneers of the hull neighborhood.

Gracious! you'd a thought I was the President's wife, or Buffalo Bill, or sumthin' else unextraordinary, by the way that door-bell jingled all day long. Every neighbor in the hull block woke up to the fact that she owed me a call.

"She's about tuckered out," I could hear Keziah Jane say—I was able to git out of bed and hang over the banisters, once in awhile, you know—"about tuckered out with mournin' and executin' onto the estate and everything, and if she ain't kept quiet, something serious will happen;" and so they all had to leave without gettin' a chance for to ask a solitary question about what rooms I was a-goin' to let, and how much I was to ask fer 'em, and so forth, and so forth.

"They all feel mad about it," said Keziah Jane, when night come, and Miss Pryin' says as how you are too far out in the souperbs to rent rooms—too far out entirely."

And so I began to think, too, when week after week went by and nobody come for them rooms.

"I've let 'em!" triumphantly said Keziah Jane, one day, as I returned from the butcher's with half a pound of sausage—the boy was behind me a-carryin' of 'em home—"I've let 'em!"

"The rooms?" says I, with a gasp, noticin' the bill was taken out of the winder.

"Yes'm, and to a man named Jinks and his son Billy, what has fits and the Vity's dance and asmy, and——"

"Gracious me!" I cried. "Why, Keziah Jane——"

"Yes, I know, ma'am; but we can't afford to be particular, you know, and I thought havin' to run out for the doctor ever' once in awhile, and his fallin' over sometimes in a fit and damagin' things, and kickin' up the carpets and makin' a fuss with the Vity's dance and all, would put many an extry penny into our pockets, ma'am. They're comin' to-night, and he says, does Mr. Jinks, that he don't want no pryin' nor meddlin', but jest wants us to mind our own business."

"Sakes alive, Keziah!" says I, gettin' mad somewhat;

"I sha'n't let any such persons have my rooms. I just won't!"

"Yes'm," went on Keziah, as though I hadn't spoke, "and he will 'tend to his own room, and find his own victuals and everything, and pay handsome to boot. He wanted to know if you looked through the key-hole and listened to the doors, and wore list slippers and gossiped with your neighbors, and read the postal cards and steamed open the letters, and——"

"He sha'n't come in this house," I says, more angrier than ever.

"Yes'm," went on Keziah, "and he says, when his son Billy gets into one of his fits, he screeches and snorts and whistles almost unearthly, so you kin hear him 'way 'cross the street. My! there's the door-bell, now. I reckon they're come. I'm glad it's dark almost, fer if the neighbors seed the boy a-dancin' with the Vity's, they might——"

"Gracious!" I interrupted, as the bell gave another jerk. "Hurry, Keziah Jane, and open the door."

But the door was already opened, as I spoke, and two men was bringin' in the young man, all wrapped up except his head, which looked uncommon large.

He didn't utter never a word or groan, and they carried him up-stairs—not a bit tender, I thought.

"Poor body!" said Keziah Jane. "Whatever did they wrap him up that way fer? Why, he couldn't dance if he had a-wanted to."

"Sech a head," says I; "it looked swelled most awful!"

"And sech a stomick," said Keziah Jane. "I never saw anybody with the asmy have such a 'normous one, never."

The cab-man come down and took up some parcels.

"No talkin'," we heard the lodger say, as he paid the man—"mind!"

"Don't you be afeerd," answered the man; "I ain't one to lay a straw in anybody's way, I ain't."

"All right," says the lodger; "it'll be to your interest, you know, to keep mum."

Keziah Jane looked at me, and I looked at her. We both smelt a mystery, dire and awful.

I stepped forward to ask if I could be of any use to the poor young man.

"Evenin', ol' lady," says Mr. Jinks, lookin' at me, very sharp.

"Good-evenin'," says I, perlutely as I could, seein' I was chokin' mad. "Your son 'pears to be took bad."

"Very," says he; "uncommon. Anything else you've got to say, ma'am?"

I never, in all my life, see such a bear; but I went on:

"Perhaps he'd like a little broth," says I; "and Keziah Jane won't mind a-feedin' of him, or——"

"Mind your own business, ma'am," says he; "you and the precious Keziah Jane. That's all I ask, and I'll pay you handsome for doin' of it." And with that he banged to the door, but not afore I got a glimpse of his afflicted son, a-standin' in the middle of the floor, with all the wrappin's on which he had when he come in.

The next mornin' early, down comes Mr. Jinks.

"Mornin', ol' woman," says he, with extreme perliteness; "where's the pump?"

"Pump?" says I, all aghast.

"Yes, pump!" says he—"pump, pump, pump! Are you deaf?"

"No," says I; "but we ain't got no pump. It's a hydrant."

"All right," says he; "there'll come a ton of coal pretty soon. I'll carry up the water and coal, for my

boy requires a heap of both. It's all he wants—plenty of water and plenty of heat."

"Massy me! You don't say?" says I.

"Yes, I do say," snaps he; and on he went to work a-fillin' two pails with water, and down ag'in for more, until he had enough for the poor young man to swim in.

"What doctor do you hev?" says I, on one of his trips.

"None," says he, "but myself. I'm treatin' him on the hydropat'y plan," and he give a smile what curdled my blood.

"Hydropat'y plan!" says Keziah, from the pantry; "so he hes the dropsy, too! Poor young man! I thought his head 'peared uncommonly swelled."

"Yes'm, it's the water," says Mr. Jinks.

"But ain't you afeerd he'll bust, a-drinkin' of so much?" says Keziah Jane.

"You're a fool," perlitely says Mr. Jinks, a-sloppin' the water all over the stairs, and with much satisfaction, I thought.

Then, presently, he went out, but not afore he had carefully locked his poor, unfortunit son in.

Keziah Jane was so afeerd the young man was sufferin' for somethin' beside water and coals, that she went up immediately he had gone, and peeked through the key-hole. I was too proud to do that, and just stood behind her a little way, anxious, but not curious.

"Drat that old feller!" says she, as mad as could be; "he's hung somethin' over the key-hole!"

"Knock, then," says I, all of a quiver.

Keziah Jane knocked.

There was no answer.

"Billy!" says she—"Billy Jinks! don't be afeerd to open the door. You're among friends, whose hearts is bein' wrung over the way you air bein' treated, and ready to help you. Open the door—that's a good young man."

Nothin' but the silence of the grave answered her coaxin' tones.

"It's my opinion," says Keziah Jane, a-risin' up, "that the hydropat'y plan is nothin' more or less than murder, downright murder! I don't believe that man is his father, nor more than you be, Miss Partheny; and the poor young man is——"

"Aaleep," says the sharp, scornful voice of our lodger, behind us. "What did I tell you about pryin', eh?"

I begun to explain.

"Go down-stairs, ol' lady," says he, "and mind your own business;" and the critter wouldn't open the door one inch till we hed departed accordin'.

I could hev pulled his hair good, I was that mad.

All the same, about noon-time—the coal had come by now, and he had carried up several bucketfuls of that—about noon Keziah Jane went up to see that the house wasn't a-fire, or nothin'; though she didn't get no further than the first landing.

"Laws sakes! Miss Partheny," she whispered over the banisters (I was accident'ly down to the foot of the stairs) "jest come up here, do. Of all the goin's on, you never did hear in your whole life! It's the worst I ever did see!"

Sure enough, such a-sloppin' and a-puffin', mixed with poor Billy's heavy applepletic breathin', was enough to astonish a strong man, let alone two weak, lone, inoffensive females like me and Keziah.

"The poor young man's took bad," whispered Keziah Jane. "It must be the dropsy what is ailin' of him today."

"And that inhuman father is a-poundin' of him and

sousin' of him in the foot-bath, like as not boilin' hot," I whispered back.

Just then the poor invalid gave sech a unearthly screech that I ketched hold of the door-handle to steady myself.

"He is a-welterin' in his gore," cries Keziah Jane.

"Listenin', eh?" calls out Mr. Jinks, in a real unfriendly tone of voice.

"No, sir," sweetly says Keziah Jane; "we're washin' the paint around the door. We'd scorn to listen."

Mr. Jinks laughed diabolical, extremely so.

"My son is havin' one of his fits," says he, "and talkin' sets him furious. He's dangerous at sech times, ain't you, Billy?"

The poor young man seemed to be chokin', and a gurglin' sound at first was all we heard. Then sech a screech! Keziah Jane and me rushed down-stairs quakin' in every limb.

The front door opened abruptly.

"Excuse me," says Miss Pryin', our neighbor across the way, "but hev you set up a laundry in your front second-story, Miss Partheny?"

"The idee," says I, quite undisdainful.

"Jest come outside and look up to the front winders," says she.

Sure enough! Clouds of steam was a-pourin' out, and you could hear somethin' like a washin'-machine, goin' plunk-a-ty plunk.

I smiled, scornful.

"It's the hydropat'y system," says I.

Then I explained how he was a-curin' of the young man with hot water.

"My," says several other ladies, who was leanin' out of their respective winders, "how inhuman! It'll be nothin' more or less than murder, if the young man dies on his hands. Who ever heard of parboilin' a body fer the fits. It's disgraceful, sech screechin' and steamin' and goin's on in our retired neighborhood—it is indeed."

I never seed a neighborhood so upsoot, or sech acrimonious looks cast onto a poor lone woman fer takin' a lodger or two—I never did.

"Dear me, Keziah," says I, "how unfortunit we was to git such people in! If this is lodgin'-tendin', no more fer Partheny Schultz. I'd rather peddle fer a livin'."

"Peddle what?" says she, short-like.

I couldn't think of nothin' just then but shoe-strings and buttons and pins, so I said no more, knowin' full well that a fortin ain't to be made in that line very soon.

As I said, away back in the beginnin', our neighborhood is on the outskirts of the city, and not far from our house was a wide, open common, with no solitary house onto it.

Well, the next evenin' about dusk, Mr. Jinks went out, and locked his door after him as usual. He come back in a cab, and the man what helped to carry his ailin' son up-stairs was a-drivin'. Me and Keziah Jane was busy on the landin', dustin' and sweepin', when they come up the stairs.

Mr. Jinks laughed—kind of scornful, I thought.

"Seems to me you waste lots of time on this entry, ol' lady," says he.

"How's the poor dear young man?" says Keziah Jane, not disdainin' to answer so ambiguous a speech.

"Better," says he, gruffly. "I am a-goin' to give him an airing."

"Du tell!" both of us cried in a breath. "Won't the evenin' air be bad for the dear soul?"

"Mind your own business," says he, "and get out of

the way, ol' woman." And in he went and banged the door quick to behind him—right into our very faces, you may say—and he wouldn't bring that poor afflicted critter

and not able to put one foot afore the other. He didn't say a word, or give a groan, when they pushed him into the cab, but just seemed to set on the edge of the seat, in



NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.—FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE JACOBIDES.

out till me and Keziah Jane had left the landin', neither ; so we goes down into the parlor and looked out of the window, and seed Billy brought out, all bundled up as usual,

a stiff kind of a way, and never turned his poor, swelled head one way or another.

I waved my hand to him, to let him know he had a

true friend in the house, what would take his part if he was bein' killed by inches—scalded by degrees, as it were—but he took no notice whatever, just sot and stared in front of him, helpless-like and patient.

"Fits, and asmy, and Vitus-dance," says Keziah, sotty-vokey, "and yit with such a stomick."

"It's the water, I'm a-thinkin'," says I—"the hydro-pat'y."

"Billy'll never come back alive," says she, solemn and impressive—"mark my words, Miss Partheny. They're goin' to murder the poor afflicted critter on the common, where his screeches can't raise the neighborhood."

"I feel it my duty," says I, as the cab went off slow-like, as to a funeral—"I feel it my duty, Keziah Jane, my bounden duty, to follow that party, and I *shall*."

"And I'll go with you," says she, firm and unflinchin'; "it's more my duty than your'n, seein' as how I took the poor young man in." And we looked into each other's

gentleman was enny-most worn out, apparently, comin' slow-like, and perspirin' very free, and smokin' a pipe in sech a way that it come nigh to turnin' me sick—seein' as how I hev always hed sech a prejudice to tobacco-smoke that Peter—my defunct husband that was—he'd to 'schew it altogether.

Then we see Mr. Jinks get out of the cab and walk up to his son, a-mutterin' something angry-like, as fer as we could judge.

"I feel as ef somethin' is goin' to happen," says Keziah Jane, clutchin' at my arm.

"So do I, Keziah Jane," I answered, a-grabbin' of her arm, too.

Mr. Jinks just then raised his hand to his afflicted son's head. The young man give a plaintive sort of a whistle, and down he went on the grass, all of a heap.

"He was stabbed!" whispered Keziah Jane, in a awe-some breath. "I seed the knife in the villain's hand."



THE TERROR OF GÉVAUDAN.—FROM AN OLD PRINT OF 1765.—SEE PAGE 246.

eyes, and promised to stand by one another, come what may.

Well, when we got to the common, we seed off to one end the horse, and the driver a-standin' by a-laughin' like mad at the cab, what was a-tearin' 'cross the common at sech a rate that it enny-most took my breath, and Keziah's, too; and a-settin' inside was the old man himself, and between the shafts was that poor, crazy Billy, a-run-nin' like all possessed.

"Gracious goodness!" says I, "and he with the asmy."

"I kin hear him a-puffin' 'way over here," says Keziah Jane, aghast, "and his breath is smokin' in the cool air, wuss than any horse's. Well, I never see the beat of that, never! Sech exercise fer a sick man!"

Every minute we thought the cab would go over, and spill the inhuman father out on the ground.

"I hope Billy will take his revenge," snaps Keziah Jane, very feelin'ly, "and upset that old critter; I do indeed."

They was a-turnin' our way now, and the poor young

"No," says I, "Keziah, he had no knife at all; I was a-lookin' close."

"So was I," says she, doggedly, "and I say he stabbed the poor young man."

"Well, time enough to cry murder when they bring his body home," says I. "And we better get there afore they do, too." So we hurried home, and both of us was up on the landin', lookin' for a shillin' which I had dropped somehow, when they brought poor Billy home. Gracious me! he wasn't dead at all; and by the dim light in the hall—I did wish just then that I hadn't been so economical with the gas as to putty up half the burner—the young man was a-lookin' straight ahead, as usual, with a very mild expression of countenance. The pipe was still in his mouth, though he wasn't a-smokin' at all, which I thought not very genteel, and so did Keziah Jane.

Well, the next morning Mr. Jinks got up earlier than usual, and pumped more buckets of water than ever, and carried up so much coal that I felt quite alarmed for the young man.

"How is your son after his airin'," says I, perlitely, happening on the stairs as the fifth bucket of water had been took up.

"Wuss; very bad in his insides," says the old snappin'-turtle, and bang went the door in my face.

But I hed got a glimpse of the room by that time, and sech a room!

Poor Billy was a-standin' in the middle of the floor, and breathin' hard, and puffin' away at his pipe; and sech a smoke, and smells I never see or smelt afore!

"I feel like a lunatic asylum," says I to Keziah.

"Just think of the bill we'll put in fer damages!" says she.

"Sure enough," says I, more tranquil. "I'll go to work and make it out right way."

I was in the parlor, just under the second-floor front, you know, and sech a noise as went on over my head I never did hear afore or since.

"It's the Vity's dance to-day," says Keziah Jane, a-listenin'; "but what does the poor critter stand in one place for all the time, if he's dancin'?"

Plunkety, plunkety, plunk! Swish, swish, swish! Then the sound of pourin' water, and then—sech a screech!

"He's bein' murdered in his gore!" screams Keziah Jane, a-rushin' to the stair-way. Afore she got there, the whole house rocked, and sech a pourin' of steam as rushed out into the passage nobody ever seed, even on a wash-day.

"Miss Partheny," says a voice at the front door, "I thought I'd come over and tell you all your front winders is blowed out."

It was Miss Pryin', and behind her come her husband, Mr. Pryin', and behind him, the whole neighborhood.

I rushed up-stairs, as they come a-pourin' in. Sech a sight as met my gaze. Boards ripped up, and everything desolated and demolished into ruins in that second-floor front.

Mr. Jinks was layin' to one side, senseless, if not dead. His poor son's body was scattered all over the floor—as near as I could see fer the steam—and his head, wearing the same mild expression, was a-layin' almost at my feet.

"Murder!" shrieks I; and all the neighbors yelled the same.

Mr. Pryin' come in the room jest as Mr. Jinks struggled to his feet.

"What do you want?" says he, as gruff as usual.

"I'm ready to pay all damages."

"And heavy one's they'll be," said Keziah Jane, smilin' grimly.

I smiled grimly, too.

"Damages!" cries Mr. Pryin', sternly. "There's something else besides damages to pay for this day's work, I'm a-thinkin'."

"It's downright murder," says I.

"Shut up, ol' woman," says he, jest as brassy as ever.

"Poor Billy!" says Keziah Jane, a-pickin' up the head, but turnin' her eyes away as she done it.

"Drop that!" calls out Mr. Jinks, very angry; "drop that; it's my property."

"Sech an unfeelin' way to talk of your own son," says Keziah Jane, almost a-crying; but he hed said it so sharp and sudden that she dropped it for sure.

We all looked at one another, feeling rather queer, I can tell you, for the thing sounded like a piece of iron.

Mr. Jinks burst out a-laughin'.

"It's the head of my steam-man," says he, "what I hev been experimentin' on for some time. I hed to keep it dark, you know, or somebody might hev got hold of

my idee, though I have found it hard to keep this pryin old hag of a woman and her servant out of the room."

"Old hag of a woman!" says I to myself. "I'll put that in the bill."

"I had just got Billy to workin' like a lamb," went on Mr. Jinks, "when, just as he boiled this morning, I remembered I had screwed down the safety-valve on the top of his head last night. Before I could undo it, he went off like a bomb, you see, and blew his own head off."

I never see anybody look so glum as Keziah Jane. I raily do believe she was grieved that the young man hed no gore to welter in.

"Fits, and the Vity's dance, and dropsy!" says she.

"And a-treatin' of him on the hydropaty plan," says I, "and sloppin' over everything, and blowin' everything up!"

"Never mind, old lady," says he, laughing out loud. "I'll pay you handsomely for everything, even for your trip out on the common last night."

And I must say, when it come to settlin' up, that he did act the gentleman; and Keziah Jane and me had reason to be glad that Billy blowed his head off, after all, in the second-floor front, though Miss Pryin' don't call over no more, and the whole neighborhood dates everything from the day of Partheny Schultz's explosion.

THE TERROR OF GÉVAUDAN.

FRANCE still recalls the ravages caused by an unknown and mysterious animal, near Gévaudan, in the last century. The whole kingdom discussed the matter, as from time to time accounts of fresh depredations arrived. Several provinces were visited by the creature, but no one had caught sight of it till December, 1764, when it attacked and carried off a little girl driving cows to pasture. The legislative body in Languedoc offered a reward of 3,000 livres to any one who killed it; and a detachment of dragoons was actually sent in pursuit of the terrible brute. On the 12th of January, 1765, it attacked seven boys and girls, who were tending a flock of sheep on a mountain, near the village of Villeret. The children, fortunately, had stout staffs armed with iron points; and though the brute seized one of the five little boys, his comrades, with courage hardly to be expected, attacked the brute and compelled it to drop its prize, badly bitten on the cheek. It renewed the attack, and finally carried off one of the children. It then made its way to Mézel, where it devoured a boy of fifteen. A few days after, it sprang on a young woman at Jullianges, and, according to the contemporaneous writers, it took her head clean off. The facts were then all given in the *Gazette de France*, and the King offered 6,000 livres for the head of the terrible creature. The Intendants of Auvergne made arrangements with Captain Duhamel, of the dragoons, for a general hunt, and dragoons were placed at different points, dressed as women, and accompanied by children. The general hunt took place on March 7th, 1765. Sixty-three parishes in Gévaudan and thirty in Auvergne and Rouergue sent out 2,000 huntsmen, led by the chief officers and personages. The beast was started up by the hunters of Pranières; but it swam the river and plunged into a dense forest.

The great hunt failed, and the ravages went on. Nothing was heard of but stories of women and children victims of the man-eater. It was not till September 20th, 1765, that Sieur Reinhardt, one of the mounted guards of the Duke of Orleans, encountered the animal and killed it.

Instead of being some unknown and undescribed animal, it proved to be a huge old wolf, weighing 130 pounds, and measuring a yard in girth and more than five feet in length from its muzzle to the tip of the tail. It is said to have devoured forty-five women and children, and wounded, more or less severely, twenty-five others. The body was sent to the King.

The fame of the brute did not die with its just punishment. For years afterward, pictures and ballads were sold throughout France, describing the animal, its ravages and death.

The illustration on page 245 is from one popular at the time, showing the animal and several of the incidents connected with it.

A FEW FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

SHAKESPEARE gives us more familiar maxims than any other author. To him we owe "All is not gold that glitters," "They laugh that win," "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to the sticking-place" (not point), "This is the short and long of it," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel come to judgment," "Frailty, thy name is woman," and a host of others. Washington Irving gives "The almighty dollar." Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives "Better late than never," "Look ere you leap," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss." "All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras." Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin." "When Greek joined Greek then was the tug of war" came from Nathaniel Lee. "Of two evils I have chosen the least" and "The end must justify the means" are from Matthew Prior. Cowper gives us "Variety is the very spice of life" and "Not much the worst for wear." "Man proposes, but God disposes," came from Thomas à Kempis. Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long." Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle." To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness." Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark" and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed." From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power;" Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love;" while Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life."

EDWARD ATKINSON, the Boston economist, states that a New England genius has recently discovered a cheap method of dissolving zinc, by combining it with hydrogen, and producing a solution called zinc-water. This liquid, if applied to certain woods, notably whitewood, makes it absolutely fire-proof, and at a low cost. Mr. Atkinson regards this discovery as one of the most important of the age, and one that will surely revolutionize fire-insurance, as well as immensely decrease the loss by fire. The invention is kept secret for the present. Only one foreigner—Sir Lyon Playfair, the English scientist—knows of it. He corroborates all that is claimed for the invention, and says that the inventor is a bungling chemist, but that he has a faculty of blundering into the choicest secrets in nature's laboratory. As soon as patents are perfected and capital interested, zinc-water will become an article of commerce.

HOW ELECTRICITY IS MEASURED.

BY L. B. FLETCHER, PH. D.

THE science of electricity, if we count from its first beginnings, is of a respectable age, but it has had very little effect upon the life of the people until within a recent period. Even after that modern wonder, the telegraph, had become a familiar thing, the knowledge of the laws of electricity was almost entirely confined to scientific men and professional electricians. It is true that a smattering of more or less incorrect electrical information was imparted in schools and colleges, remembered for a time as a piece of curious but useless knowledge, and then forgotten; but non-professional people, as a rule, knew nothing and cared nothing about a subject which seemed devoid of all practical interest. But within the last ten years electricity has been thrust upon the notice of the public to a hitherto unheard-of extent. The familiar burglar and fire alarms in houses, the perfection of electric signaling in connection with the fire departments of cities, the marvelous and now indispensable telephone, the various kinds of electric light, and, most recent of all, the electric motor in its application to machinery and to railways, have shown that electricity is not merely a scientific curiosity, but an extremely practical thing of ever-increasing usefulness, whose laws and properties are of interest to every one.

But with this development of the applications of electricity have come a wonderful complexity of apparatus and a mass of literature written in an unknown tongue. If the non-professional reader plunges into this fountain of wisdom, in search of information concerning the electric marvels that he sees on every hand, he at once finds himself involved in a whirl of *ohms, volts, amperes, potentials, electro-motive forces* and like incomprehensible terms, and after a struggle, abandons his search for knowledge with the idea that the thing is even more wonderful and mysterious than he had thought.

It is the object of this paper to clear the way for the seeker after electrical knowledge by removing the stumbling-blocks presented by these mysterious terms—or by such of them, at least, as have to do with the measurement of electricity—and to show, in a general way, how electrical measurements are made. For electricity can be measured as accurately, and almost as readily, as sugar can be weighed on a balance or boards measured with a foot-rule, and electrical measurement is now a commercial operation which is necessarily performed by electric-light companies and other furnishers of electricity in order to calculate their charges to their customers. In addition to this, lamps and dynamos and all kinds of electrical machinery are tested, and these tests involve other kinds of electrical measurement; and so in every branch of applied electricity the properties of bodies and the electrical forces and currents employed are accurately measured, and the results expressed in figures. To gain an idea of the way in which these measurements are made, we will begin with an old and standard piece of apparatus—that form of galvanic battery known as the Daniell's cell, which is used generally in telegraphic work in this country. It consists of a piece of zinc immersed in a solution of sulphate of zinc and a piece of copper in a solution of sulphate of copper, the two solutions being separated by a porous partition. Usually the zinc solution is contained in a porous earthen cup, which is surrounded by the copper and the copper solution. When the zinc and copper are connected by a metal wire, chemical action is set up, the zinc is gradually dissolved, and the copper increases in weight, owing to the deposition upon it of more copper

derived from the sulphate of copper solution. While this chemical action is going on a current of electricity passes along the wire, and may be detected by various means.

This electric current possesses the property, discovered by Oersted in 1819, of disturbing a magnetic needle which is suspended on a pivot near the wire. This effect is utilized in the detection and measurement of electric currents. If the needle be suspended above the wire, it is turned by the current in one direction; if suspended below the wire, it is turned in the opposite direction. If the current be reversed in the wire—that is, if the end which was connected to the zinc of the battery be connected to the copper—the effect upon the needle is reversed. Hence, if the current after passing above the

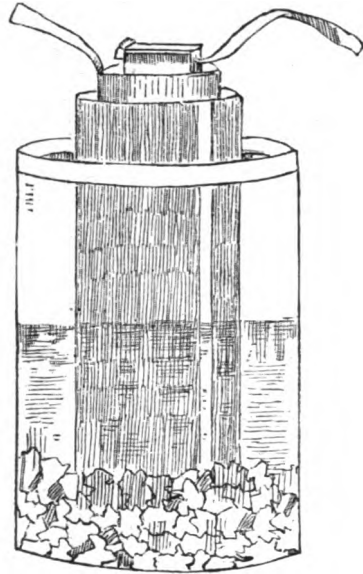


FIG. 1.—DANIELL'S CELL.

needle in one direction be made to return under the needle, the latter will be acted on in the same way by both parts of the wire, and the total effect will be the sum of the effects due to the two parts acting separately. If the wire be bent into a circle, and the needle suspended at the centre, every part of the wire will have nearly the same effect on the needle, and these effects will be added together. The smaller the diameter of the circle of wire, the greater will be the effect; for the force which acts upon the needle is inversely proportional to its distance from the wire. The effect upon the needle is such that if no other force acted upon it, it would take up a position perpendicular to the plane of the wire. But the needle, as we know, is acted upon by another force—the magnetism of the earth, which tends to make it point north and south.

Hence a needle surrounded by a circle of wire which lies in a north and south plane, and carries an electric current, will be acted upon by two forces, one of which

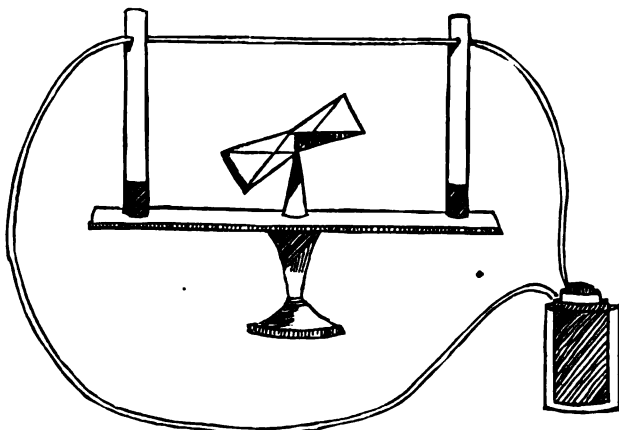


FIG. 2.—OERSTED'S EXPERIMENT.

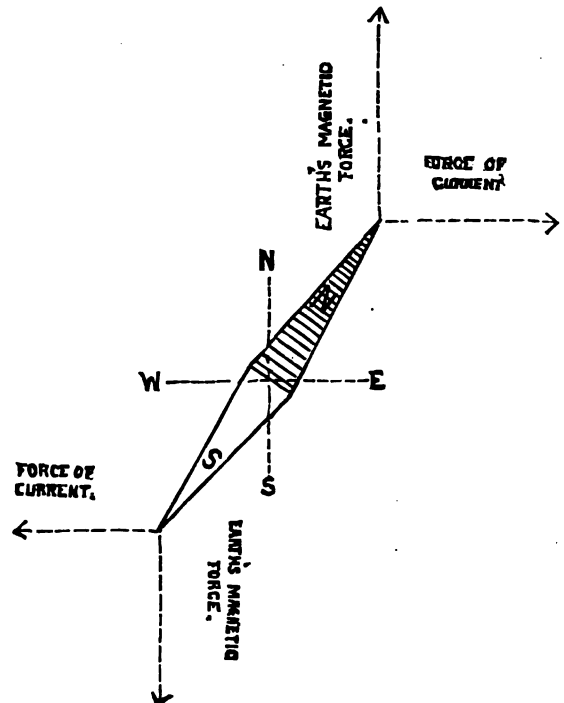


FIG. 3.—FORCES ACTING ON NEEDLE.

tends to make its north pole point north, while the other strives to make the same pole point east or west, according to the direction of the current. Under these circumstances the needle will take up a position intermediate between a north and south line and an east and west line. The position will depend upon the strength of the current, a strong current deflecting the needle farther from its natural north and south position than a weak current. The amount by which the needle is turned, therefore, gives a measure of the current, and the apparatus described constitutes the simplest form of galvanometer, or current-measurer.

The deflection is measured on a circular scale of degrees placed below the needle. In order to find out in what way the reading of this instrument depends upon the strength of the current, we may take a number of Daniell's cells, connected with equal circles of the same kind and size of wire. Then, if two of these coils of wire be placed side by side, and the needle suspended at the centre, we will evidently have twice the current that we had in the first experiment. In this case it is found that the needle is turned nearly twice as far from its north and south line as it was in the first case.

By using more coils we find that the number of degrees through which the needle is turned is nearly propor-

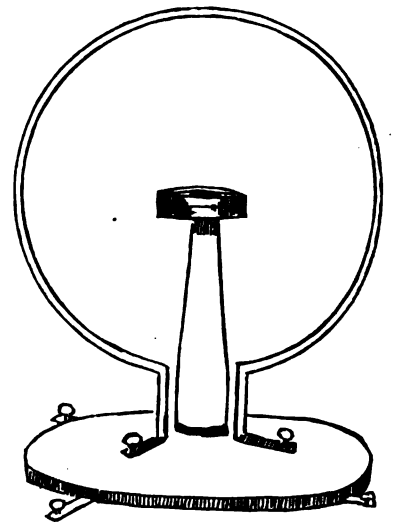


FIG. 4.—TANGENT GALVANOMETER.

tional to the number of coils—that is, to the whole current acting upon the needle. We can only use the term “nearly proportional,” however, so long as the deflection remains small; for if in one case we have a large deflection of (say) 30° , it is found that doubling the current does not increase it to 60° , but only to about 49° . If, however, instead of the angle itself, we take a quantity called the tangent of the angle, we shall obtain a measure for the current which will be very nearly correct in all cases, if the needle be a short one. Hence the instrument is called a tangent galvanometer. The meaning of the word tangent may be illustrated by Fig. 5, in which

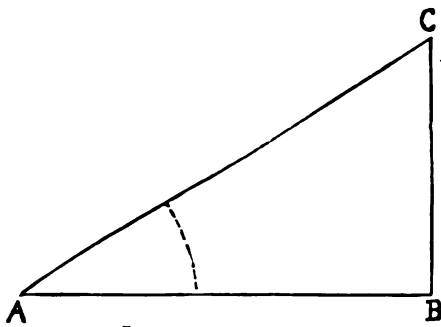


FIG. 5.—TANGENT OF ANGLE.

is $\frac{BC}{AB}$. In using the tangent galvanometer, the tangent corresponding to any observed deflection of the needle may be obtained from a table of tangents. Having thus constructed an instrument which serves to measure the strength of currents, we are prepared for further experiments. We have supposed, hitherto, that the wire used is only long enough to connect the battery with the galvanometer. If, now, we break this connecting wire, and connect the broken ends with the ends of a long piece of wire, so that the current is obliged to traverse the latter, we find that the deflection of the needle, and, therefore, the strength of the current, are much less than before. By successively inserting different wires in this

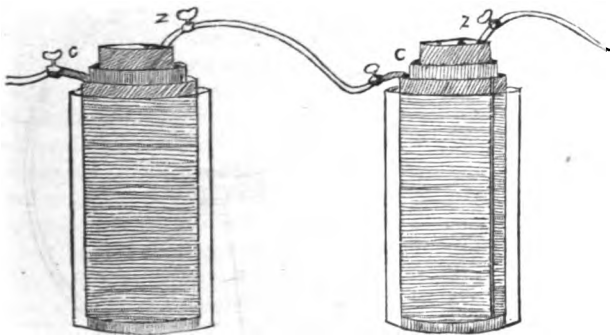


FIG. 6.—CELLS CONNECTED IN SERIES.

manner, we learn that, of two wires of the same substance and the same diameter, the longer wire gives the smaller current. If different wires of the same material and equal lengths, but of different diameters, be employed, the current will be greater with a coarse wire than with a fine one. Finally, if wires of equal lengths and diameters, but of different metals and alloys, be used, the strength of the current will vary greatly, the strongest current being produced when a wire of pure silver or pure copper is employed, weaker currents following the employment of wires of other pure metals, while the weakest of all are produced when alloys are used. Again, if we have inserted a long fine wire, which

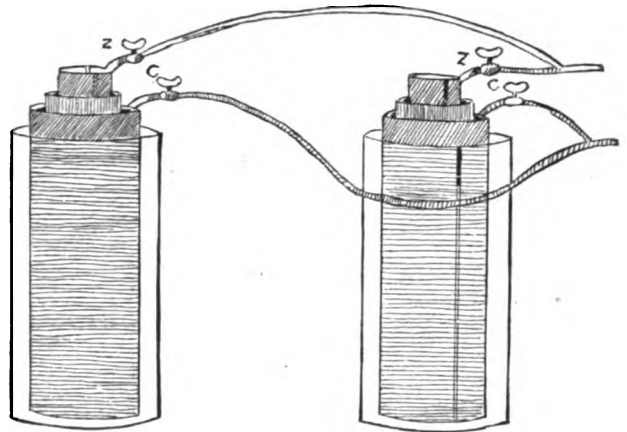


FIG. 7.—CELLS CONNECTED IN MULTIPLE ARC.

reduces the deflection to a few degrees, the current can be increased again by modifying the battery without changing the wire. If instead of one Daniell's cell, we use two, as shown in Fig. 6, with the zinc of one connected to the copper of the other by a short thick wire, we find that the current is nearly doubled. If we introduce successively more and more cells, we find that the current continues to increase, being nearly proportional to the number of cells. Experiments of this kind lead to the conclusion that the strength of a current depends

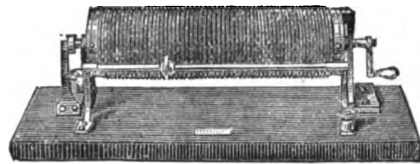


FIG. 8.—RHEOSTAT.

upon two things, one of which is a property of the battery alone, while the other depends upon the materials and dimensions of the whole circuit.

The first is called electro-motive force—that is, power to move electricity or to produce a current—and is constant for the same kind of battery under the same conditions of temperature, strength of solutions, etc. It is to be particularly noted that the electro-motive force does not depend at all upon the mere size of the cell. A Daniell's cell that can be contained in a lady's thimble has precisely the same electro-motive force as a cell of many gallons' capacity, if the two are alike in all respects except size. If several cells are set up, as in Fig. 6, with the zinc of the first connected to the copper of the second, and so on, the electro-motive force of the compound

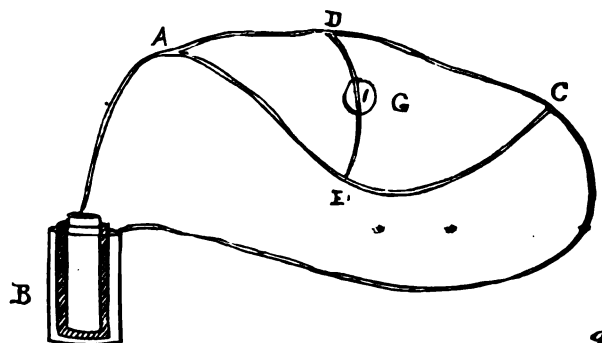


FIG. 9.—WHEATSTONE'S BRIDGE.

battery so formed is then equal to the sum of the electro-motive forces of the several cells ; or, if they are all alike, it is equal to the electro-motive force of one cell multiplied by the number of cells.

The other thing upon which the current-strength depends was stated to be a property of the whole circuit. This is called electrical resistance, and is a property of all kinds of matter. Bodies which have low electrical resistance are called good conductors of electricity, those which have high resistance are called poor conductors, and some whose resistance is extremely high are called non-conductors, or insulators. Metals belong to the first class ; damp wood, animal and vegetable tissues, and most liquids, to the second ; and dry air and glass, to the third. The resistance of a body depends partly on its size and shape, and partly on what is called the specific resistance of the material—that is, the resistance of a piece of it of a standard size and shape. This specific resistance is constant for the same substance under the same conditions, but is modified by changes of temperature and density.

The relation connecting current-strength, electro-motive force and resistance was discovered and announced by the German physicist G. S. Ohm in 1827, and is expressed in what is called Ohm's law. This law, one of the most fundamental and important of electrical science, may be stated as follows : The current flowing in any circuit is proportional to the total electro-motive force acting in that circuit divided by the total resistance of the circuit. In applying the law, care must be taken to estimate correctly the *total* electro-motive force and resistance. For example, it has been stated above that when a number of cells are set up in a series, with the zinc of the first connected to the copper of the second, and so on, the total electro-motive force is equal to the electro-motive force of one cell multiplied by the number of cells. But if the cells are set up as in Fig. 7, with all the zincs connected together and all the coppers connected together, a perfectly practicable galvanic-battery is formed, and this arrangement is frequently used. In this case, however, the electro-motive force is simply that of one cell. The battery, in fact, is practically but one cell, as the connection between the zincs makes them equivalent to one large zinc, and the connection between the coppers converts them into one large copper. In like manner the total resistance of the circuit is obtained by adding together the resistances of all the various parts which are joined together in a continuous series. And any additional length of wire *so joined* increases the resistance. But if any part of the circuit consists of two or more conductors running parallel, so as to make several paths for the current, the resistance of this part of the circuit is not equal to the sum of the resistances of the several conductors, but is less than the resistance of any one of them. In this case, not the resistances, but the conducting powers, which are inversely proportional to the resistances, are added together. Thus, if there are two such branches of equal resistance, the conducting power of the pair is equal to twice the conducting power of one, and consequently the resistance of the pair is equal to one-half the resistance of one. A similar rule applies in obtaining the resistances of wires of different sizes. A wire whose cross-section is twice that of another is equivalent, as far as conducting electricity is concerned, to two such smaller wires, and hence its resistance is half that of one such smaller wire. From these considerations it is evident that the resistance of a wire is equal to the specific resistance of the material multiplied by the length of the wire and divided by its cross-section.

In estimating the total resistance of the circuit, the

resistance of the battery itself must not be neglected. If the battery is joined as in Fig. 6, its resistance is that of one cell *multiplied* by the number of cells. If joined in the manner shown in Fig. 7, the resistance is that of one cell *divided* by the number of cells. If set up by a combination of both methods—as, for example, if four cells are joined as in Fig. 7, and then three of the quadruple cells so formed are joined as in Fig. 6—the resistance of the whole battery is obtained by multiplying the resistance of a single cell by the number of cells set up in series and dividing by the number set up abreast. In the case supposed, the total resistance would be $\frac{3}{4}$ that of a single cell.

This battery resistance explains why, when we used two cells in series, the current was not quite, but only “nearly,” twice as great as that given by a single cell. The electro-motive force was doubled, it is true ; and this by Ohm's law would have doubled the current, if the total resistance had remained constant. But the resistance did not remain constant, but was increased by the resistance of the second cell, and this caused a corresponding diminution of the current.

We are now prepared to compare and measure resistances experimentally. If we know the resistances of our battery and galvanometer, we can compare the resistances of two wires by inserting them successively in the circuit.

The electro-motive forces being the same, the *total* resistances of the circuit in the two cases are inversely as the currents observed. From this relation between the total resistances it is easy to find the relation between the resistances of the two wires. But it is not even necessary to know the resistances of the battery and galvanometer in order to compare those of two wires ; for if we first insert the wire of larger resistance and observe the deflection of the galvanometer, and then, removing the first wire, insert the second, together with as much additional resistance as may be needed to make the galvanometer read the same as before, it is clear that the total resistance of the circuit has been made the same in the two cases, and hence, as battery and galvanometer have not changed, the resistance of the first wire is equal to that of the second increased by the added resistance.

A convenient instrument for this purpose is the rheostat, shown in Fig. 8. It consists of a German-silver wire wound spirally on a non-conducting cylinder, and pressed by a grooved metal wheel which rolls along the wire as the cylinder is turned. One end of the wire is connected to a binding-post, the other end being free. The wheel is connected to another binding-post, and when the apparatus is included in a circuit the current is compelled to traverse so much of the wire as is contained between the fixed end and the wheel.

By turning the cylinder the length of wire included in the circuit can be varied. If, for example, the rheostat be first used alone, and 100 turns of its wire give a certain galvanometer-reading, and then, the wire whose resistance is desired being included in the circuit together with the rheostat, it is found that 60 turns of the latter must be taken to give the same reading, it is evident that the resistance of the wire under examination is equal to that of 40 turns of the rheostat-wire.

But these methods of measuring resistance give only moderately accurate results. A better method, which permits the measurement of resistances to be made with surprising accuracy, far exceeding that attainable in most physical measurements, involves the use of the arrangement known as Wheatstone's bridge, an apparatus which will need a little explanation. This explanation, like that

of many other electrical instruments and phenomena, can best be given by comparing the electric current to a current of water running down through a rough inclined pipe from one reservoir to another, from which it is again pumped up to its original level. In this comparison the strength of the electric current is represented by the strength of the current of water (that is, the quantity of water which passes any point of the tube in a second), electric resistance corresponds to the mechanical resistance offered by the sides of the rough tube, and the electro-motive force of the battery is represented by the action of the pump. Now, the pump produces a difference of level in the water passing through it, and the corresponding electrical quantity is called difference of *potential*. The copper plate of the battery is said to be at a higher potential than the zinc plate, and the current flows down through points of successively decreasing potentials, just as the water flows down through points of successively decreasing levels. Indeed, the difference of potential, like the difference of level, may be said to be the immediate cause of the current, the battery or the pump merely serving to keep up this difference. If two points at the same level be connected, no water will flow through the connecting tube; and in like manner if two points at the same potential be connected, no electric current will flow through the connecting wire, and the absence of a current will prove that the two points are at the same potential. Now, suppose that we have a divided current of water, flowing down two parallel tubes from one reservoir to another. The middle points of the tubes are evidently at the same level. The same is true of two points taken at one-third, one-fourth, or any other fraction of the length of the tubes. If two such points be connected, no water will flow through the connection. The same statement applies to the corresponding electrical arrangement, if we substitute electricity for water and resistance for length.

Fig. 9 represents such a divided current. The point D, let us suppose, divides the upper wire so that the resistance of the part D C is twice that of the part A D. Then, if the point E divides the lower wire in the same proportion—that is, so that the resistance of E C is twice that of A E—no current will flow along the wire D E, and the galvanometer at G will not be affected. The same is true if the points D and E divide the two branch circuits in any other equal proportions. Hence, if the wires are connected as in the figure, and the galvanometer-needle is not deflected, we will know that the resistance of A D bears the same proportion to that of D C as the resistance of A E bears to that of E C. If any three of these four resistances are known, therefore, the fourth can be measured in this way. In order to make the adjustment so that no current will pass through the galvanometer, it is necessary to have some way of varying the known resistances. This is generally done by the use of what are called resistance-coils—that is, coiled-up pieces of wire of carefully measured resistance. The material is usually German silver, the resistance of which, like that of most alloys, is greater than that of pure metals. But what is of more consequence is the fact that the resistance of German silver is little affected by change of temperature. The wire is “insulated”—that is, wrapped with silk and then wound on a spool. The silk covering prevents the current escaping from one turn of wire to the next, and the insulation is made still more perfect by soaking the whole coil in melted paraffine. These coils are arranged in rows in resistance-boxes of various patterns, one of which is shown in Fig. 10. Above each coil is marked the number which denotes its resistance, and a

hole in the top of the box permits the insertion of a thermometer; for the resistance, even of German silver, is not wholly unaffected by a change of temperature, and hence the temperature of the coils must be taken into account. The coils are connected together by massive pieces of brass of no appreciable resistance, as shown in Fig. 11. By the insertion of a thick, conical brass plug between the brass pieces which terminate any coil, that coil is practically removed from the circuit, for the resistance of the coil is so much greater than that of the plug that all but an inappreciable fraction of the current passes through the latter. Hence the resistance of the arrangement shown in Fig. 11 is simply that of the coil whose plug is removed.

The use of these coils in measuring resistances by the bridge method is illustrated in Fig. 12, in which R is the wire whose resistance is desired, B is the battery, G the galvanometer, and K K are “keys” by which the battery circuit and galvanometer circuit can be closed and opened. It is not advisable to keep the circuits permanently closed, as the resistances are affected by the heat generated by the current, and there is also danger of sending too strong a current through the galvanometer and thereby injuring it.

If we know nothing whatever about the resistance of the wire R, we may begin by pulling out a few plugs, pretty much at random, in the other three branches of the bridge, being careful, however, to pull out at least one plug in each branch. Then the battery key is pressed down, and a moment later, the galvanometer key. Let us suppose that the plug marked 1 has been pulled out in the branch E D, and 100 and 1,000 in the other branches, and that the closing of the galvanometer circuit is followed by a violent deflection of the needle to the right. We replace plug 1, pull out 20, and again depress the two keys. We now obtain, let us suppose, a deflection to the left. It is evident, then, that 20 is too great and 1 too little. Replacing 20, we find that 5 gives an extremely small deflection to the right. Then plug 1 is pulled without replacing 5, giving a total resistance of 6, and producing so decided a deflection to the left that it is seen that the use of 5 alone, as in the figure, gives the nearest possible adjustment with this arrangement of coils. Now we look over the bridge and notice what plugs have been drawn. In this case they are 5, 100 and 1,000 in the three branches. Now we can form the proportion: unknown resistance R is to 5 as 1,000 is to 100. Hence R is equal to 50.

Fig. 12 is merely a diagram. The Wheatstone bridge, as practically employed, is very different in appearance. In fact, a box of resistance-coils is generally so made as to serve as a complete bridge, with the addition of a few connecting wires. Sometimes the apparatus shown in Fig. 13 is employed, which consists essentially of a long, naked wire of German silver running parallel to a scale of inches or millimeters. This wire forms the two branches of the bridge corresponding to A E and E D in Fig. 12, and the point to which the galvanometer is connected can be varied by the use of a sliding key. The resistances in these two branches are then simply proportional to the lengths of wire on the two sides of the key, and the proportion can be changed by moving the latter.

So far we have said nothing of the units in which resistances are expressed. Various units have been used at different times and in different countries. The first that became widely known was the Jacobi unit. This was the resistance of a meter of copper wire of one millimeter diameter.

But not only is the resistance of copper greatly affected

of a Daniell's cell is about one volt; that of the sal-ammonia batteries used in connection with burglar-alarms and electric bells is a little less than one volt and a half. The electro-motive force of the dynamos used on incandescent-light systems, such as the Edison, is 100 or 200 volts; those used on arc-light circuits run from 1,000 to 2,000 volts. Currents used in telegraphy measure from 1-200th to 1-100th ampère. The current passing through an incandescent light is from one to two ampères; the arc-light current may measure ten or more ampères.

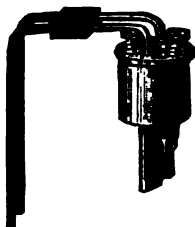


FIG. 14.—STANDARD RESISTANCE-COIL.

We have seen how standards of resistance are made and used. A standard current, however, cannot, from its very nature, be preserved, so that ampères are not made and copied and sent all over the world as ohms are. Standards of electro-motive force are afforded by the so-called constant batteries, such as Daniell's. But these are not quite constant, and are, therefore, unreliable. A better cell has been devised for this purpose, but is not in general use. We can dispense with standards of electro-motive force, however, since a sure method of determining the electro-motive force acting between two points consists in measuring the current and the resistance between the two points. The product of current and resistance gives the electro-motive force according to Ohm's law. We have seen that no standards of current-strength can be made,

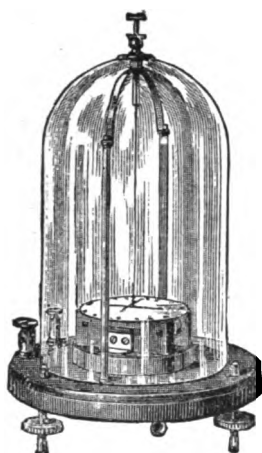


FIG. 15.—ASTATIC GALVANOMETER.

but the galvanometer takes the place of such standards. It is only necessary to multiply the tangent of the deflection by the strength of the earth's magnetic force, and by a certain constant factor, in order to obtain the current in ampères. This constant factor is obtained for any galvanometer by measuring its dimensions when made, or by comparison with a standard instrument, and the magnetic force may be measured by methods which cannot be described within the limits of this article. If great accuracy is not necessary the magnetic force may be calculated from a general formula which gives the approximate force for any part of the earth's surface whose latitude is known, and the galvanometer then becomes a standard of current-strength,

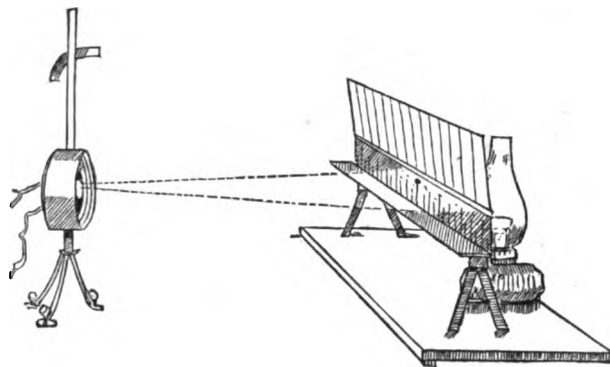


FIG. 17.—REFLECTING GALVANOMETER WITH LAMP AND SCALE.

for each deflection corresponds to a definite number of ampères. The simplest form of galvanometer has been described. If the wire is passed around the needle a number of times, we get a more sensitive instrument, for the effect upon the needle is proportional to the number of turns of wire. The wire, of course, must be well insulated in order that the current may not escape from one turn of wire to the next. Another method of increasing the sensitiveness is by the employment of what are called astatic needles—that is, a pair of needles fastened one above the other, with their north poles pointing in opposite directions. In this way the directive action of the earth is neutralized, and the pair of needles have no tendency to point north and south, but will remain in any position. Usually, however, the two needles are not quite balanced, or not quite parallel, so that they show a very feeble tendency to point in one direction. If one of these be surrounded by a coil, and not the other, the current will have its full effect, while the effect of the earth being nearly destroyed, a small current will give a large deflection. The instrument is made still more sensitive by putting a coil around each needle, and sending the same current through the two coils in opposite directions. Astatic galvanometers, however, are not used to

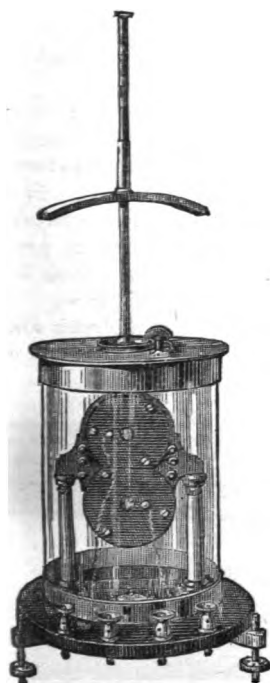


FIG. 16.—SIR WM. THOMSON'S REFLECTING GALVANOMETER.

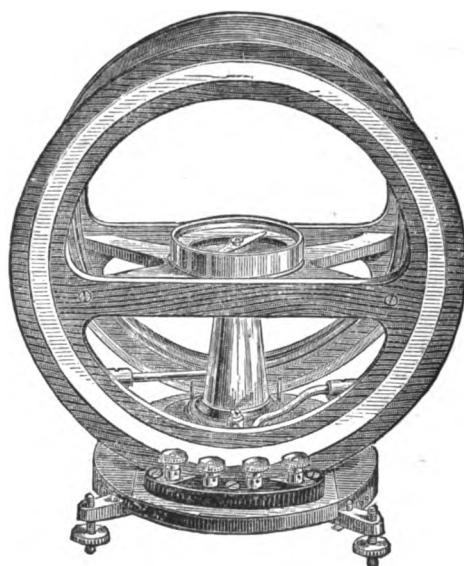


FIG. 18.—GAUGUIN'S TANGENT GALVANOMETER.

measure currents accurately in ampères, but to detect and measure roughly very weak currents, as in the measurement of resistance by Wheatstone's bridge.

The most perfect of such instruments are those devised

by Sir William Thomson, one of which is shown in Fig. 16. They are read with mirror and scale, as represented in Fig. 17. The light from a lamp passes through a small slit in the scale, and is reflected on the face of the scale by a small mirror which is fastened to the galvanometer-needle and turns with it; and the direction of the current is indicated by the motion of the spot of light over the scale. A similar instrument is used in receiving cable messages.

Fig. 18 shows a form of tangent galvanometer in which, instead of one coil with the needle at the centre, there are two with the needle between them. It is more accurate than the ordinary form. The kind of galvanometer to be used varies with the nature of the circuit. If the resistance of the circuit is very great, say 10,000 ohms, a very sensitive galvanometer is necessary. Such a galvanometer is made with a great many turns of fine wire lying close to the needle. The resistance of the galvanometer itself will therefore be great, say 1,000 ohms; but that is of little consequence, for it only increases the resistance of the circuit by ten per cent., and weakens the current in the same proportion. But if the resistance of the rest of the circuit were only 10 ohms, a 1,000-ohm galvanometer would increase the resistance a hundred-fold, with a corresponding diminution of current. Hence, in this case it would be better to use an instrument with a few turns of coarse wire, which, although less sensitive for a given current, will in this case give a greater deflection because it allows a greater current to pass.

The methods of testing used by the electric-light companies may be indicated in a few words: The arc lights, such as are used for street lighting, are connected in "series," so that the same current flows through forty or fifty lamps in succession.

The problem, then, is to keep this current constant, and its constancy is tested by making the whole current pass through a galvanometer of very low resistance. If the deflection of this galvanometer rises or falls, certain changes are made in the dynamos by which the deflection and, hence, the current are brought back to their proper values. A form of galvanometer suited to this purpose is called an ampèremeter; for if placed in any circuit, it measures the number of ampères which pass through the circuit, as the resistance of the galvanometer is so small that its introduction does not change the current appreciably.

The incandescent lights, on the contrary, are usually connected in "multiple arc"—that is, so that the whole current is divided equally among the lamps.

As a certain current is needed for each lamp, the total current must be increased as more lamps are turned on. The thing to be kept constant is the electro-motive force, or, rather, the difference of potential, or electrical "pressure," between the two "mains," or great copper conductors that connect all the lamps. This is done by connecting a galvanometer between these mains just as a lamp is connected. Only a very small fraction of the whole current passes through this galvanometer, which is of very high resistance. This, like any other galvanometer, directly measures current-strength, and not electro-motive force; but if its resistance is known and constant, this, multiplied by the current, will give the electro-motive force. An instrument of this character, properly graduated, may be called a voltmeter, for it may be introduced between the two "mains" without diverting any great quantity of current from the lamps, and its readings will give immediately the electro-motive force in volts acting between the two mains. This being kept constant by appropriate means, a constant

current is secured through each lamp, no matter how many are turned on.

We have thus seen, in a general way, how the three important electrical quantities called current, electro-motive force, and resistance, are practically measured. The discussion of other kinds of electrical and magnetic measurement must be omitted for the present.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THAT extremely valuable collection of books published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, as the International Scientific Series, has reached its sixty-third volume in "The Origin of Floral Structures," by the Rev. George Henslow, the Professor of Botany in Queen's College, London. The author rests his work on the basis of evolution as an accepted fact, but differs from Darwin in making *environment*, rather than the *tendency to vary*, the chief power in evolution. He is very minute in his discussion of each point, and his meaning is helped out by many excellent illustrations. The "principle" of number, arrangement, cohesion and adhesion of floral organs are taken up in turn; then cause of unions; the forms and origins of floral organs and tissues; colors of flowers; the development of the floral whorl; sexuality and environment, and the degeneracy of flowers, are among the subjects of the remaining chapters. It is extremely interesting to see how ingeniously and, for the most part, acceptably the author meets all the queries to which these topics give rise. In regard to colors, for example, he concludes with the statement that "they are, *per se*, a result of nutrition; and the brighter colors in conspicuous flowers, which are regularly visited by insects, are due to the stimulating effect which they have produced, thereby causing more nutritive fluids to pour into the attractive organs." Mr. Henslow believes that the earliest flowers were yellow (after the green of leaves), then red, and, lastly, blue ones were developed. The book, apart from its many technical details of interest to the botanist, is full of generalizations and popular remarks of that kind. It marks an important step in botanical literature.

AN English officer of customs in China has sent home a report of the trade at Newchwang, in Manchuria, in robes and mats made of the skins of dogs and goats. He remarks that it is generally supposed that these rugs are made from the skins of dogs picked up anywhere. This, however, is not the case, for, although the business may have had its origin in this way, it is now as systematically carried on as sheep-farming. There are thousands of small dog and goat farms dotted over Manchuria and the eastern borders of Mongolia, where from a score to some hundreds of dogs are annually reared on each farm, and where they constitute a regular source of wealth. A bride, for instance, will receive as dowry a number of dogs proportionate to the means of her father. It is probable, says Mr. Edgar, that in no other part of the world are there to be found such splendid dog-skins for size, length of hair, and quality—the extreme cold of these latitudes, where the thermometer registers 30° Fahrenheit below zero, developing a magnificent coat. It is difficult to understand how the dog-farmer can afford, with profit, to rear the animals, when the price of the robe is taken into consideration. For one full-sized robe, say 80 x 86 inches, at least eight animals are required. Putting the price realized at \$3.63 for a robe, this would only allow about forty-five cents per skin, including the selection, for the skins must match in color and length of hair, and cost of sewing. The value of the trade from Newchwang last year was about \$200,000, against nearly \$300,000 the previous year. The decline was due to depreciation in value and a decreased demand from the United States.

AMONG the most interesting public works in progress during the past year has been the canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, which connects the southern detached part of Greece with the northern bulk of the country. This canal was begun in 1882, and was to be completed last year, 1888, but it will not be finished for several years yet. It has the same breadth and depth as the Suez Canal, and is about four miles long. The deepest cut is 250 feet. It passes through solid rock, and its sides are, as yet, left almost vertical. It is to be lighted by electricity. The cost was estimated at \$7,000,000. This canal will save vessels from Trieste or Brindisi to Athens or Constantinople about 200 miles; it will save ships from Gibraltar about seventy-five miles. It has been dug largely by Italians, Turks and Montenegrins. Few Greeks have been employed; they do not take kindly to such work. The canal carries out a plan that was cherished by many of the ancients; it actually follows the course which was surveyed by order of the Emperor Nero.

DR. AGNEW, of Philadelphia, a widely known physician and surgeon, recently delivered an address on "The Relation of Social Life to Surgical Disease," of which the following abstract is published in *The Independent*: "He sought by various instances to show how education, manners, walk, dress, etc., were accountable for abnormal conditions which, for their prevention and cure, only require attention to the laws of health, especially in the avoidance of habits and customs which involve undue exposure or change of structure. Remarking first on the growing frequency of nasal and post-nasal catarrh, he said: 'I cannot recall an instance in which I have met with the disease among females belonging to the Society of Friends, Dunkards, or Mennonites. May not

the head-dress peculiar to these people be accepted in explanation of their exemption? . . . I would not insist upon the quaint head-gear of the French, though I believe that any modification which will protect this part of the body will lessen the tendency to catarrhal inflammation of the naso-pharyngeal mucous membrane." Under the heading of "Muscular Restraint" he notices how weak ankles, narrow or contracted chests, round shoulders, projecting scapulae, lateral curvature of the spine, bow-legs and flat-feet result from unwise methods of parents, enforced fashions, and wrong systems of education. He protests against high-laced shoes for little children, against sustaining-irons for bow-legs in most cases, and against certain positions almost made necessary by the arrangements in school-rooms. Best of all, he does not merely assert, as his wide experience might justify him in doing, but notes, the particular muscles which in these cases become either atrophied or enlarged by these errors. Lateral curvature of the spine is in no small number of cases due to a loss of muscular equipoise brought about by bad positions, wrong methods of study, and badly arranged lights. Even the gymnasium may produce the evils it is intended to correct. While claiming to be in full sympathy with the most elegant cultivation of mental and physical powers, he protests against the crooked, flat-breasted, spindle-limbed results which the surgeon is constantly finding. As to bodily constriction, he is equally emphatic. He notices the actual effect both on the pulmonary and abdominal organs, noting especially the forcing inward of the costal border of the thorax, which causes the groove on the anterior surface of the liver, so familiar to the anatomist, and the formation of biliary calculi in females as a result of interference with the descent of the diaphragm and the functions of the gall-bladder. In like manner he notices various other displacements."

Among the interesting papers read at the late "Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons," at Washington, was one by Dr. Ott, of Easton, Pa., on "Heat-centres in Man." Different parts of the brain, he held, were invested with the duty of presiding over the temperature of the body. Nervous diseases affect these parts, and the temperature is consequently different in different parts of the body. Fevers are due to a similar affection of the nervous system, the increased heat being the result of chemical changes. Dr. Sternberg, who has been investigating the yellow-fever germ, by order of the President, gave the results of his work under the title, "Etiology of Yellow Fever." By microscopical research he was unable to find traces of any specific germ in the blood of patients, but in the alimentary canal he found a variety of micro-organisms, several of which were undescribed species. Whether these are the true yellow-fever microbes, and what measures may be taken for their destruction, are subjects for further investigation.

The Engineer puts among a list of things "that will never be settled" this: Whether water-wheels run faster at night than they do in the day-time? Surely the answer is: They do; that is, if they are so geared as to be affected by the varying fullness and speed of the current in which they are set. There is no doubt that all springs are fuller, and all streams carry more water, at midnight than at noon. In the first place, the increased coolness of the air prevents evaporation and the drying up of small tributaries; and, in the second place, the condensation of the moisture in the air, in the shape of dew, is always sufficient to add something to the stream and its tributaries, while it often is so copious as to equal a light rain. We can often hear dew-drops falling from the overloaded leaves, and find every exposed object loaded with drops of water. A large part of this gets into minute channels which conduct it to the streams, and sometimes the effect upon a shallow river is very noticeable indeed, and a wheel turned by it would go appreciably faster by night than by day.

GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNALS contain an account of discoveries in the Norwegian polar sea, last Summer, by Captain Johannesson, who was favored by the exceptional openness of the ice. He succeeded in reaching an island extending eastward of Spitzbergen, and supposed to be the same as that seen by Captain Kjeldsen, and also by Captain Sorensen on August 28th, 1884. The newly discovered land is situated in 80° 10' N. Lat. and 32° 3' E. Long., and is a table-land rising to a height of 2,100 feet. This discovery confirms the suspected existence of an archipelago between Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land, the contiguity of the islands composing which prevents the descent of the polar ice into Barents Sea, and thus has a great influence over the climate of Europe.

THAT untiring specialist upon the science of heredity, Mr. Galton, has been measuring the proportion of personal characteristics a child inherits from its parents. He thinks each child is heir, on an average, to one-fourth of the personal peculiarities of each parent; one-sixteenth of those of each grandparent, and so on; if ancestry previous to grandparents is ignored, the proportion of influence of each parent is raised to one-third. Mr. Galton illustrates these calculations from the spread of the vegetation of two islands over adjacent islets, and speaks in warm approval of the movement for physical culture which has made such progress in this country.

THE nonda-tree of Australia is very closely related to the common cocoa-plum of the West Indies, which rejoices in the botanical name of *Chrysobalanum*, while the nonda is *Parinarium*. To the many good uses of the fruit already known, it now appears that a fine water-proof putty is made by the Papuans from the kernels of the fruit of *P. laurinum*. It is used by these wretched people in caulking seams in their canoes. These canoes are usually made from whole trunks hollowed out to a very thin sheet. They are sometimes large enough to hold sixty.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

To YOUNG people: Don't marry for love—of money.

WHAT is that which is invisible, yet never out of sight? The letter "i."

AUTHOR—"What do you think of my new book?" Critic—"The punctuation is very fair."

'WHY shouldn't a boy throw dust in his teacher's eyes? Because it may occasion harm to the pupil.

A CRUSTY old bachelor says he thinks it is woman, and not her wrongs, that ought to be redressed.

WHAT moral lesson does a weather-cock on a church-steeple continually inculcate? 'Tis vane to a spire.

AN old Greenland seaman said he could really believe that crocodiles shed tears, for he had often seen whale's blubber.

THERE is one blessing that cold weather brings—it makes people generous. In cold weather people all put their hands in their pockets.

THE facetious father of a pair of twin babies complained that, although they filled the house with music, he could not tell one heir from another.

YOUNG Simple, who married into apartments a few months ago, has arrived at the conclusion that it is far easier to get married than it is to get furniture.

HE (poetical)—"But what is money compared with true love?" SHE (practical)—"Ah, now I wonder whether my dress-maker would accept that sentiment?"

BROWN—"How do you like your new house?" SMITH—"Well, there are some objectionable features about it." BROWN—"What are they?" SMITH—"The landlord's."

WHEN a man is dismissed from employment, he always has a good deal to say against his late employers. A man, in fact, is like a gun. He makes a great noise when he is discharged.

WIFE—"What do you mean, John, when you say that my studying German is a real act of kindness?" HUSBAND—"I mean, my dear, that it will give the English language a little needed rest."

"You are much taller than you were a year ago," said a gentleman to a friend. "Yes; I have reformed; that makes me taller." "And how is that?" "Well, as I have reformed I have become necessarily more upright."

ELDERLY BELLE (languishingly)—"How a shower of rain improves the appearance of the face of nature!" YOUTHFUL RIVAL (with a meaning glance)—"Yes, indeed! And that is where the difference is between nature and art."

"YOUNG DOCTOR (to patient)—"That prescription I left last night, sir, was a mistake. It was intended for another patient. Did you have it made up?" PATIENT—"Yes, doctor." DOCTOR—"Well, how are you feeling this morning?" PATIENT—"Much better, doctor."

"BROMLEY, you never heard such an eloquent sermon before, I am sure. There was no lagging of interest. Such brilliant passages—" Yes, Darringer, I admit that. Still, I slept during one of the passages. "You did, eh? Why, Bromley, what passage was it?" "The passage of the collection-basket."

A MENAGERIE.—A good story is told of an old boatman who repaired to the menagerie, and seeing all its wonders, thus addressed the chief exhibitor: "Well, friend, I have seen all your big beasts, and zebras, and hyenas, and them things; now, where's your menagerie?—where's his cage? I want to look at him."

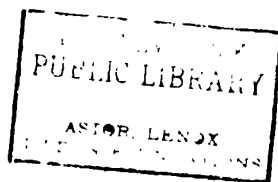
A YOUNG man, having preached for Dr. Edmonds one day, was anxious to get a word of applause for his labor of love. The grave doctor, however, did not introduce the subject, and his younger brother was obliged to bait the hook for him. "I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon to-day?" "No, sir; not at all; nor by the depth either." The young man was silent.

THE widow of a distinguished professor was visited by a rather shabby-genteel sort of gentleman, who expressed great admiration for her deceased husband, and who finally said: "I revere the memory of your husband, and would like very much to have some relic to keep and cherish." "The only relic I can offer you," replied the disconsolate widow, sighing heavily, "is myself. If you will love and cherish me for his sake, you may—" But the relic-hunter had silently stolen away before she could finish the sentence.

A CERTAIN manager of a menagerie died, and word was sent to his native village that his remains would be brought home for interment, and that they would be accompanied by a member of the troupe. When the box arrived, however, the friends noticed that it was very large—as large as a table, and exceedingly heavy; so they thought an investigation ought to be made, and they opened the box. Great was their amazement to discover the carcass of a huge lion. They called the man having it in charge and asked, "How is this? We received word that the body of the manager was coming, and instead of that we find the carcass of this great lion." He answered, "Well, that's just it. Him's the fellar what ate up the manager. The manager's inside."



MARISKA.—FROM A PAINTING BY N. SICHEL.





A PAIR OF PETS.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 3.

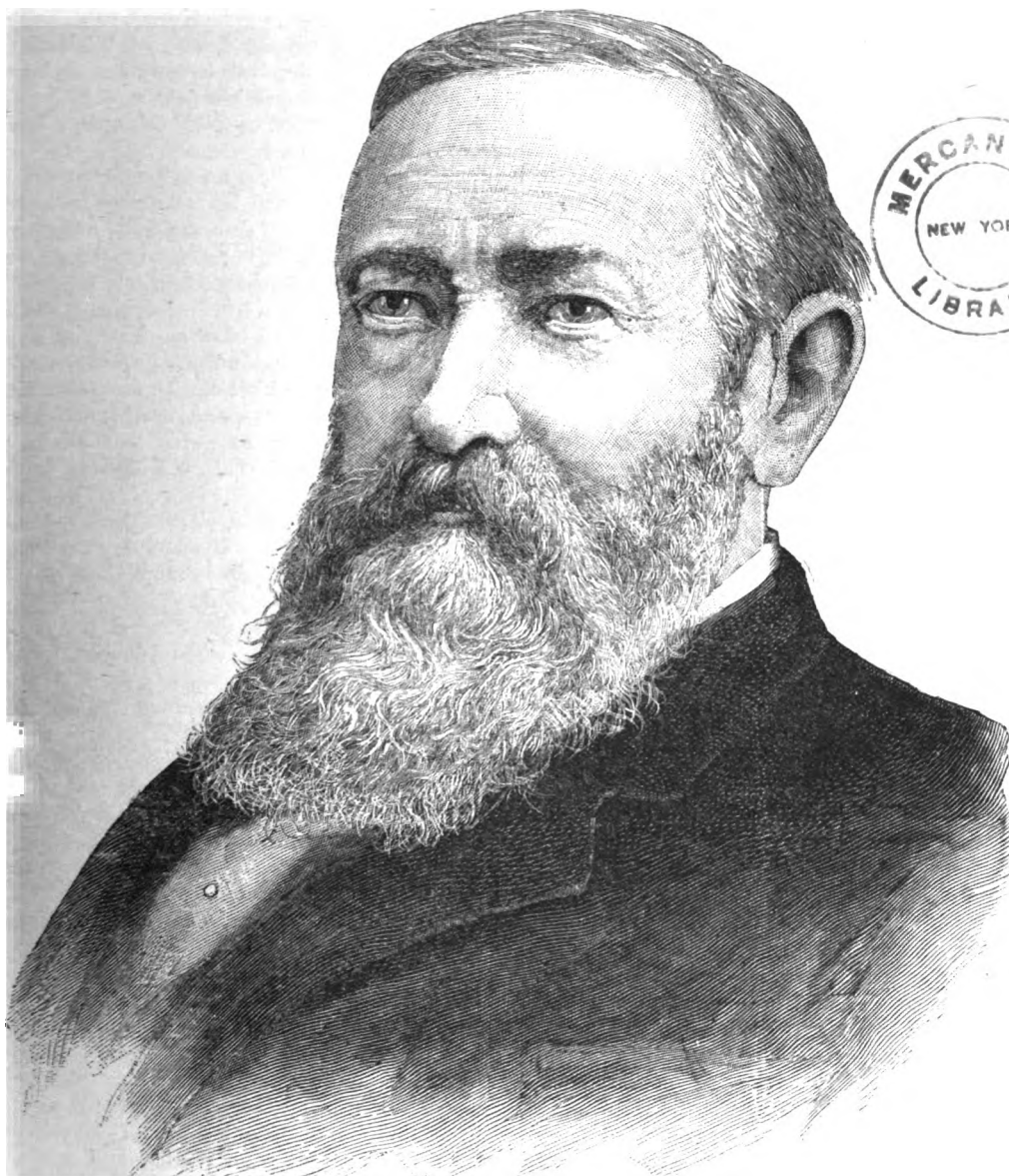
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THE NATION'S NEW LEADERSHIP.

By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D. D.

INDIANA, though the smallest of the Western States, is fifth in rank and influence in the Union. From its evenly balanced partisan opinion, it stands next to New York in political importance. It has produced only a few great men, but it has furnished men well equipped for leadership to all the callings of life. The term "Hoosier"



used to be the symbol of greenness and ignorance. It is not so now. Indiana has fifteen colleges, and the largest common-school fund in the United States. The State was settled by people from the East and South in about equal proportions, and the sentiment in time of the war was about equally divided between the North and the South. The Northern sentiment had its exponent in Oliver P. Morton; the Southern, in Thomas A. Hendricks. These two giants soon grew large enough to attract the notice and become the property of the whole country. Though personal friends, they engaged in desperate political antagonism till Morton, worn out with the fight, lay down to rest. Hendricks continued the contest with others a few years longer, and then passed away in his turn. The two rest in the same cemetery, away from the huzzas of the multitude, from ambitious, restless strife. So long as they lived, each was the acknowledged leader of his party in the State, and no one dared dispute his claim. At the death of Morton, Benjamin Harrison became the recognized leader of the Republican party of the State, and because of this fact, and because of his personal qualities, he was called to the leadership of his party in the last Presidential campaign.

Benjamin Harrison comes of good stock on both sides of the family. His mother was a woman of character and ability, and his father came of a family distinguished for courage, patriotism and statesmanship. The great-grandfather was conspicuous during the Revolutionary period. He was Speaker of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, Delegate to the Continental Congress, and three times elected Governor of Virginia. He voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. His son, William Henry Harrison, had the practice of medicine in view, and had fitted himself accordingly, when the Indian troubles in the West attracted his notice and sympathy, and he offered his services to General Washington, who sent him to Fort Washington, near Cincinnati. For signal services St. Clair promoted the young officer to a lieutenantancy. He contributed much to the victory of General Wayne, and was made captain and placed in command of Fort Washington. He resigned his commission to become Secretary of Indiana Territory. Four years after, he was appointed Governor of the Territory, with head-quarters at Vincennes. In official relation he had almost unlimited authority. There were seventeen States and 7,000,000 inhabitants in the Union, and the Indians became very jealous of the encroachments of the whites. Tecumseh, the bright and brave chief of the Shawnees, determined to check them, and organized a confederation of tribes for the purpose. Governor Harrison was more than a match for him, and made a treaty at Fort Wayne by which 3,000,000 acres of ground were bought from the Indians. But Tecumseh refused to sign the treaty, and threatened to kill all who did sign it. He then began his thieving and scalping in the Valley of the Wabash, when Harrison determined to accept the challenge the red chief was thrusting in his face. He marched to the mouth of the Tippecanoe, and so defeated Tecumseh that he was compelled to go to Canada and join the British forces. In the War of 1812, Harrison was made commander of one of the three great divisions of the American Army, the Army of the North-west, and did much to repair the damage of General Hull's shameful surrender at Detroit, and to carry the American arms to final victory. In his successful battle of the Thames, the brave Tecumseh, who had so savagely contested every inch of ground with him, whose cry was always heard above the noise of battle, fell mortally wounded, and the confederacy of the tribes dissolved. In 1836 Harrison ran

against Van Buren for the Presidency, and was defeated. But he developed such popular strength that the Whig party renominated him in 1840. Such a spontaneous uprising of the people has scarcely ever been seen as this one in behalf of the log-cabin candidate, who secured all but sixty of the electoral votes cast. He took charge of the office with every prospect of a signally prosperous administration, getting about him an able Cabinet, with Daniel Webster as Secretary of State; but he took a severe cold during the ceremonial exercises on the day of his inauguration, which, in a month from that day, terminated his life. His third son was John Scott Harrison, who was not ambitious for office, and who was not very prosperous in this world's goods. He was a Democrat, was twice elected to Congress for his district, and in 1861 he was nominated by the Democratic State Convention of Ohio for Lieutenant-governor; but he declined the honor, because, while he had no love for the Republican party, he thought the people of all parties ought to uphold any Administration that was loyal to the Union. His farm was five miles from that of his father at North Bend, Ohio. It was on the Ohio River, and it touched the Indiana line on the west. His second son was Benjamin Harrison, the President-elect, who was born at the old homestead at North Bend, August 20th, 1833. It is a lucky thing for a Republican aspirant to have been born in Ohio. Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Harrison, four out of the last five elected to the Presidency, had their birth in the Buckeye State.

In Rome, at one time, no calling was so honorable as that of the farmer, and men took their names from the products of the soil. "Piso was from *piso*, to grind corn; Fabius from *faba*, a bean; Lentulus from *lens*, a lentil; Cicero from *cicer*, a chick-pea. The word *adorea*, or glory, was from *ador*, a kind of grain." William Henry Harrison was very fond of agriculture, and often, in the periods of his greatest public responsibility, he would repair to his farm and till it with his own hands. Cities in the West were scarce, and the farms had to furnish leaders and followers as well. But there is a tuition given by contact with nature which is friendly to virtue, to character and supremacy. What a large number of successful men in all the professions and trades have been furnished by the country! The relation of rural life to statesmanship is more than accidental. The cradle that rocked Benjamin Harrison upon the rough floor of the log-house, surrounded by wild scenes, is of the same kind that rocked Lincoln and Grant, and many others who have supremely served the Republic. The little boy Ben played among the old-fashioned but wonderfully fragrant flowers that grew at the side of the door and along the path, until he grew old enough to drop corn, hoe potatoes, feed stock and milk the cows. Mixed with his disposition to work was a fondness for sport. Mr. Cleveland never relished taking bluefish out of the ocean with his costly tackle more than the boy Ben enjoyed lifting the cat and perch and buffalo out of the Ohio with his rude pole and line, without much ceremony or delay. Few could pick the eye out of a squirrel in the top of the tallest tree with the rifle as skillfully as he. This fondness for fishing and hunting has remained with him to this day, and he often makes a trip for recreation and enjoyment.

His parents appreciated the value of education, and were very ambitious for the future of their children. Ben went to the rude log school-house near by his home a few months each Winter, and when he was far enough advanced he was sent to Farnes College, near Cincinnati, where he remained two years, having as

fellow-students Dr. O. W. Nixon, of the *Inter-Ocean*, Murat Halstead, of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and some others now prominent in the country. He then entered Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, and was graduated two years after, in the class with David Swing, of Chicago. For a year and a half after graduation he studied law in an office in Cincinnati, and on October 20th, 1853, he was married to Miss Carrie W. Scott, of Oxford, Ohio. The following Spring they moved to Indianapolis, where they have lived ever since.

In his first case the young lawyer was retained to aid in the prosecution of a criminal. He had prepared his notes on the evidence with great care, but his speech came after night-fall, and the sheriff had only one poor little candle near him, which was insufficient to reveal his notes. He threw them down, disappointed, but determined; and gathering himself up, he commanded every essential point in the testimony, made an eloquent speech, and convicted the prisoner. This victory advertised him extensively among lawyers and people.

He started in the law practice by himself, but his ability soon opened the way to congenial and lucrative partnership in the firms of Wallace & Harrison, Fishback & Harrison, Porter, Harrison & Fishback, Porter, Harrison & Hines, and Harrison, Miller & Elam. In 1860 he was elected Reporter of the Supreme Court. In 1862, having taken a commission in the army, the Supreme Court declared that by so doing he had vacated his State office, and they gave it to M. C. Kerr, afterwards Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1864, Colonel Harrison, while in the field, was nominated and elected to his old place, which he filled with a deputy, while he remained in the army. At his entrance into the service, he recruited the Seventieth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. He was a faithful, brave, efficient commander, and did valuable service in the many battles in which he was engaged. After his heroic fighting at Peach Tree Creek, General Hooker wrote the following letter, dated Cincinnati, October 31st, 1864:

"Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

"My first attention was attracted to this young officer by the superior excellence of his brigade in discipline and instruction, the result of his skill, labor and devotion. With more foresight than I have witnessed in any officer of his experience, he seemed to act upon the principle that success depended upon the thorough preparation in discipline and *esprit* of his command for conflict, more than on any influence that could be exerted on the field itself; and when collision came, his command vindicated his wisdom as much as his valor. In all the achievements of the Twentieth Corps, in the campaign of Atlanta, Colonel Harrison bore a conspicuous part. At Resaca and Peach Tree Creek, the conduct of himself and command was especially distinguished. Colonel Harrison is an officer of superior abilities, and of great professional and personal worth. It gives me great pleasure to commend him favorably to the Honorable Secretary, with the assurance that his preferment will be a just recognition of his services and martial accomplishments.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"JOSEPH HOOKER, Major-general Commanding."

In answer to this letter, Colonel Harrison was commissioned Brigadier-general by brevet, which rank he held when he was mustered out of the army at the close of the war.

In 1876, General Harrison was a candidate for Governor, but was defeated by James D. Williams, who always, even while in Congress and at his inauguration, wore a suit of blue jeans, and on that account was called Blue Jeans Williams. In 1880, General Harrison was elected to the United States Senate, filling his place with dignity and ability. At the close of his six years' term he was a candidate for re-election, but the contest

was close, and he was defeated by David Turpie. At the Republican National Convention, which met in Chicago on the 19th of last June, he was nominated for the Presidency, to which office he was elected, November the 6th. The following extracts from his letter of acceptance, dated September the 12th, are a very good expression of his mental characteristics and opinions, and of the principles on which his party was carried into power:

"The Republican party holds that a protective tariff is constitutional, wholesome and necessary. We do not offer a fixed schedule, but a principle. We will revise the schedule, modify rates, but always with an intelligent prevision as to the effect upon domestic production and the wages of our working-people. We believe it to be one of the worthy objects of tariff legislation to preserve the American market for American producers, and to maintain the American scale of wages by adequate discriminating duties upon foreign competing products. The effect of lower rates and larger importations upon the public revenue is contingent and doubtful; but not so the effect upon American production and American wages. Our working-men have the settlement of the question in their own hands. They now obtain higher wages and live more comfortably than those of any other country.

"The day of the immigration bureau has gone by. While our doors will continue to be open to proper immigration, we do not need to issue special invitations to the inhabitants of other countries to come to our shores, or to share our citizenship. Indeed, the necessity of some inspection and limitation is obvious. We should resolutely refuse to permit foreign governments to send their paupers and criminals to our ports.

"Our civil compact is a government by majorities, and the law loses its sanction, and the magistrate our respect, when this compact is broken. The evil results of election frauds do not expend themselves upon the voters who are robbed of their rightful influence in public affairs. The individual or community or party that practices or connives at election frauds has suffered irreparable injury, and will sooner or later realize that to exchange the American system of majority rule for minority control is not only unlawful and unpatriotic, but very unsafe for those who promote it. The disfranchisement of a single elector by fraud or intimidation is a crime too grave to be regarded lightly. The right of every qualified elector to cast one free ballot, and to have it honestly counted, must not be questioned. Every constitutional power should be used to make this right secure, and punish frauds upon the ballot.

"The Nation, not less than the State, is dependent for prosperity and security upon the intelligence and morality of the people. This common interest very early suggested national aid in the establishment and endowment of schools and colleges in the new States. There is, I believe, a present exigency that calls for still more liberal and direct appropriations in aid of common-school education in the States.

"The declaration of the Convention against 'all combinations of capital, organized in trusts, or otherwise, to control arbitrarily the condition of trade among our citizens,' is in harmony with the views entertained and publicly expressed by me long before the assembling of the Convention. Ordinarily capital shares the losses of idleness with labor, but under the operation of the trust, in some of its forms, the wage-worker alone suffers loss, while idle capital receives its dividends from a trust fund. Producers who refuse to join the combination are destroyed, and competition, as an element of prices, is eliminated. It cannot be doubted that the legislative authority should and will find a method of dealing fairly and effectively with these and other abuses connected with this subject.

"It can hardly be necessary for me to say that I am in hearty sympathy with the declaration of the Convention upon the subject of pensions to our soldiers and sailors. What they gave and what they suffered I had some opportunity to observe, and in a small measure to experience. They gave ungrudgingly. It was not a trade, but an offering. The measure was heaped up, running over. What they achieved, only a distant generation can adequately tell. Measures in behalf of the surviving veterans of the war, and of the families of their dead comrades, should be conceived and executed in a spirit of justice, and of the most grateful liberality; and in the competition for civil appointment, honorable military service should have appropriate recognition.

"The law regulating appointments to the classified Civil Service received my support in the Senate, in the belief that it opened the way to a much-needed reform. I still think so, and therefore cordially approve the clear and forcible expression of the

Convention upon the subject. The law should have the aid of a friendly interpretation, and be faithfully and vigorously enforced. All appointments under it should be absolutely free from partisan considerations and influence. In appointments to every grade and department, fitness, and not party service, should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only tenure of office. Only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office. I know the practical difficulties attending the attempt to apply the spirit of the Civil Service rules to all appointments and removals. It will, however, be my sincere purpose, if elected, to advance the reform.

His perceptions are keen. He can see a point quickly. He does not lack imagination; there is much of the creative in his constitution, much of the picture-making, which renders him at times an exceedingly eloquent orator. His reason sits upon the throne of the mind, and holds all the faculties under absolute control. He not only can see into a fact, but into the future. The blood of leadership runs in his veins, and it is perfectly natural for him to be ambitious, as he is. He has a powerful



HON. LEVI P. MORTON, VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT.

"I notice with pleasure that the Convention did not omit to express its solicitude for the promotion of virtue and temperance among our people.

"Inviting a calm and thoughtful consideration of these public questions, we submit them to the people. Their intelligent patriotism, and the good Providence that made and has kept us as a nation, will lead them to wise and safe conclusions."

General Harrison has an intellect of a superior order, remarkable not so much for the pre-eminence of any one faculty, as for the symmetry and the vitality of them all.

will, strong enough to master the situation and master men, strong enough to turn the air-castles of ambition into solid masonry. His strong, evenly balanced mind has been polished into comeliness, and sharpened into efficiency, by the schools and the discipline of his profession. The great success he has had in the profession of the law is in itself a high tribute to his intellectual ability. He is at the head of the Indiana Bar, and is regarded by competent critics as one of the leading lawyers of the West. By careful study he has obtained a

A CONFERENCE IN GENERAL HARRISON'S OFFICE.



knowledge of the law, and by a diligent practice in important cases he has learned to apply it, so that his opinion and service, at the time of his election, were more sought than those of any one else in the State. He was careful and exhaustive in the preparation of his papers, and vigorous and masterful, but considerate and polite, in the trial of causes. In the cross-examination of witnesses he has scarcely a superior in the country. The qualities of judge and advocate are seldom combined in one person. They are in General Harrison. While he builds his theory on the law in the case, he makes a magnificent jury speech, and is usually expected to deliver the closing address.

This evenly balanced and well-trained mind has been driven to usefulness and eminence by the most tireless industry. He has always been an enormous worker. His father was poor; he married early; and the fight for bread began at the start, and continued to some extent till after the war. He almost killed himself trying to earn and save a home to shelter his family. The genius of hard work, after all, has much to do in closing the gaps that indicate life's inequalities. Sir Walter Scott, whose continuous hours of labor, as well as his genius, made him the most popular writer of his day, was Mr. Harrison's favorite author, all of whose works he eagerly devoured when a boy on the farm. The great poet wrote to his son, at school: "I cannot too much impress upon your mind that labor is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station in life. There is nothing worth having that can be had without it. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plow. In youth our steps are light and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up; but if we neglect our Spring, our Summers will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the Winter of old age unrespected and desolate." These and similar sentiments from this author appealed to the industrious instinct of the boy, and acted as an inspiration to the highest achievement.

The impression that Mr. Harrison is distant and cold suggests that the social is not so strong or so well developed as the other sides of his nature; although those who are nearest him, and know him best, deny that he is either distant or cold. The mental concentration by which he achieved distinction, and the heavy burdens that each day laid upon his shoulders, left him little time for extended amenities, and none for the gossip of life. He attended to business in business hours, and most of his hours were for business. There are those who would rather chat than master books, who are seeking proficiency in the club-room rather than in the court-room, who would rather some one else would go to the army than themselves, who will not make any sacrifice or do any great thing for their race, who are clever fellows, who would be very likely to regard Mr. Harrison distant and cold. He is certainly a model husband and father. He loved his country enough to risk his life in her behalf, and his heart, when you come to find it, cannot be very cold. In one of the battles he lifted the poor, wounded boys, and nursed them till his garments were soaked in blood, like Socrates holding the bleeding soldiers in his arms till they died, and carrying Xenophon, wounded, from the field on his shoulder, making his way through the thickest of the fight to a place of safety. What knowledge of men and things, what mental resource, what spontaneity, to have enabled General Harrison so aptly, and often eloquently, to address the delegations of various States and callings

who have visited him at Indianapolis! In his address to the railroad men he spoke the following words, that could only have been the offspring of a tender heart: "Heroism has been found at the throttle and at the brake, as well as on the battle-field, and as well worthy of song or marble. The trainman crushed between the platforms, who used his last breath, not for prayer or message of love, but to say to the panic-stricken who gathered around him, 'Put out the red light for the other train!' inscribed his name very high upon the shaft where the names of the faithful and brave are written."

General Harrison's moral sensibilities are exceedingly delicate and true. His conscience is quick as the apple of the eye. Quick to sense the right, the whole bent of his nature is toward it. There is not the least variation or prevarication about him. His word is truth. What he says he means, and what he seems to be he is. He is a Puritan in his character, so sterling are his virtues. In an immense practice, with thousands of opportunities for unfair dealing, he has been scrupulously honest. His honesty is unassailed and unassailable. He has passed through a campaign in which there is generally an insane fondness for slander, without the scratch of the finest brier or the stain of the smallest fingerprint. Some of his bitterest political enemies pay the highest tributes to his incorruptibility. His moral character is pure as the whiteness of the snow-flake. In no man of the country is the sense of justice more strongly developed. That sense has expression in an address made to the Illinois delegation that visited him in Indianapolis after his nomination, the eloquence of which entitles it to a place in the patriotic literature of the country. A portion of it is as follows: "I congratulate you to-day that there has come out of this early agitation, out of this work of Lovejoy the Disturber, out of the great debate of 1858, and out of the war for the Union, a nation without a slave; that not the shackles of slavery only have been broken, but that the scarcely less cruel shackles of prejudice, which bound every black man in the North, have also been unbound. We are glad to know that the enlightened sentiment of the South to-day unites with us in our congratulations that slavery has been abolished. They have come to realize, and many of their best and greatest men to publicly express the thought, that the abolition of slavery has opened a gate-way of progress and material development to the South that was forever closed against her people while domestic slavery existed. We send them the assurance that we desire that the streams of their prosperity shall flow bankful. We would lay upon their people no burdens that we do not willingly bear ourselves. Do not think it amiss if I say the burden which rests willingly upon our shoulders is a faithful obedience to the Constitution and the laws. A manly assertion by each of his individual rights, and a manly concession of equal rights to every other man, is the boast and law of good citizenship."

Mr. Harrison's consciousness of rectitude and rigid habit of self-control give dignity to his manner and contentment to his spirit. Epictetus said: "Happiness is not in strength, for Myron and Ofellus were not happy; not in wealth, for Croesus was not happy; not in power, for the Consuls were not happy; not in all these together, for Nero and Sardanapalus and Agamemnon sighed and tore their hair, and were the slaves of circumstances and the dupes of semblances. It lies in yourselves; in true freedom; in the absence or conquest of every ignoble fear; in perfect self-government; and in a power of con-

testament and peace, and the even flow of life." A wiser than Epictetus has said: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." The moral purity of his character has not only given to General Harrison true dignity and contentment, but it has been a source of untold power to him in his profession and in his political promotion.

The religious instinct in Mr. Harrison is a strong one, and as carefully cultivated as the moral. His obligations growing out of his relation to God have always been sacredly kept. The first prayer his mother taught him in the old log-house, the religious instruction she gave him as she bathed his face with her tears of love, and the eloquence of her example, sank into his young heart, all-sensitive to the truth, and gave him a taste, as well as habit, for sacred things. While a student in college, he made a public profession of Christianity, and joined the Presbyterian Church. When he and his wife moved to Indianapolis, they united with the First Presbyterian Church, and have been faithful and efficient members of it ever since. He has always stood very near to, and held up the hands of, his pastor, and increased the power of his message and service by the value of his own. As a trusted elder up to the present hour, his hand has taken up the collections from the congregation on the Sabbath, and distributed the elements of the communion. Before the war he was superintendent of the Sunday-school, and after it he taught a large Bible-class. It is said that, in the most heated campaigns, he would always arrange his appointments so as to be home with his Bible-class on the Sabbath.

President-elect Harrison not only attends services on Sunday, but each Thursday night finds him at the prayer-meeting, where his voice is heard in humility and in fervor calling upon God in prayer. Since he has had a home he has had an altar in it. For thirty-five years his home has been hallowed by family prayers. It need to be thought that to bathe the face with dew early on the morning of the 1st of May was to make it beautiful, and many were found at that time in the gardens and fields. Mr. Harrison and his family, among the flowers, have bathed their spiritual features in the dews of heaven, and they are beautiful.

A strict Presbyterian, he has an affection for other denominations. He appreciates the good of all classes—Protestant, Catholic, Jew. No more beautiful words could be used than those spoken in commendation of the unselfish devotion of the Sisters of Charity to the wants and woes of the world.

After his election, he appointed as his private secretary E. W. Halford, of the *Indianapolis Journal*, an editor of ability and reputation, who led the Indiana delegation at the last National Convention, and who is one of the most intelligent, magnetic and promising men of the West. The President-elect has not, at this writing, indicated the persons whom he expects to invite into his Cabinet, although the politicians and newspapers have given him every opportunity to do so. His reticence in this regard surprises and confounds the office-seekers. Like William the Silent, he can be as eloquent as an angel when he wants to speak, and dumb as an oyster when he wants to be still. An able lawyer, an eloquent orator, a brave general, a wise Senator, becomes the honored President. He will keep every pledge he has made, unless there are others stronger than he to prevent. Extensive preparations have been made for the inaugural, and it is to be hoped that, instead of the four weeks that his grandfather served, he may have four prosperous, happy years in office.

LEVI P. MORTON.

The old statement that ministers' children turn out badly is not verified by the facts. Though the average salary of ministers in this country is less than six hundred dollars a year, the children of no class are better clothed, or fed, or educated, or occupy higher or more useful positions in life, than those of clergymen. Of the last three Presidents, one was a preacher, and the other two were sons of preachers. The President-elect married the daughter of a minister, and the Vice-president-elect is a minister's son. Levi Parsons Morton was born in the parsonage of the Congregational Church, Shoreham, Vt., on May 16th, 1824. Levi Parsons, his mother's brother, was a minister, and the first American missionary to Palestine, and he was named after him. When a little boy, he went as clerk in a country store, and was steadily promoted from one town to another till he received an interest in a store in Hanover, N.H., the seat of Dartmouth College. He went to Boston, and in 1851 became a member of the dry-goods firm of James M. Beebe & Co., and of the branch house in New York, Beebe, Morgan & Co. In 1855 he organized the commission house of Morton & Grinnell, which handled largely the product of New England cotton-mills. In 1861 the dry-goods firm of L. P. Morton was established, and two years after, the banking-house of L. P. Morton & Co. was organized. Soon there was a branch of the firm in London, L. P. Morton, Burns & Co. In 1869 the firms were changed to Morton, Bliss & Co., in New York, and Morton, Rose & Co., London. In 1876 he ran for Congress in one of the districts of New York city, but was defeated. In 1878 he was elected, and two years after, re-elected to represent his district in Congress. Garfield offered him a place in his Cabinet, but the fight between the factions of the party made it more desirable for him to take a foreign appointment, and he went as Minister to France. On the 6th of last November he was elected Vice-president of the United States. Among other things, in his letter of acceptance of October 3d, he gives his views of the business aspect of the political conflict in the following words:

"For myself as a citizen, and as a candidate, I do not hesitate to declare that from long observation I am an unwavering friend of the protective system. In a business life now extending over forty years, I have witnessed and compared the effect upon the country of a revenue tariff touching free trade with a protective tariff encouraging home industries. Under the former the development of the country has always been arrested, while under the latter it has uniformly been promoted.

"To men who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, the difference between the two systems is that of narrowing chances on the one hand, and expanding opportunities on the other. Free trade would open America to competition with the whole world. Protection reserves America for Americans, native and adopted.

"The industrial system of a country is as sensitive as its public credit. A hostile movement creates distrust in the public mind, and confidence, the only basis of successful trade, becomes impaired, new enterprises wither in the bud, capital grows timid, the field of labor is contracted, and pressure for employment inevitably reduces the wages of all working-men.

"With the views of the Convention, so frankly expressed in its resolutions upon all other questions of public interest, I find myself in hearty accord. In relation to silver and its important bearing upon the national currency, as well as its connection with and influence on the prosperity of large sections of our common country; in its advocacy of a judicious settlement of the public-lands policy; in urging the necessity of better coast defenses, and the duty we owe to the shipping interests of the country, the platform but repeats the approved principles of the Republican party.

"The Republican platform proposes a distinctly American policy; not one of narrowness and bigotry, but one broad and philanthropic—a policy that best helps the whole world by the

example of a great, growing, powerful nation, founded on the equality of every man before the law.

"It is for the American people to develop and cultivate the continent to which, in the providence of God, they have fallen heirs. They should adopt a policy which looks steadily to this great end. With no spirit of narrowness toward other people, but rather in the highest interests of all, they should find under their own flag a field of limitless advance in the direction of the improvement, the prosperity and the happiness of man."

Mr. Morton is an ideal business man. The qualities that made him so valuable to the country store, while he was in his teens, were the prophecy of his future success. Trained in a New England parson's home, he was positive in his virtues. His word was as good as his bond, and his dealings were transparent as the sunlight. He was always found at his place, diligently putting in the time to best advantage.

He was pleasing in his appearance, polite in his manners, a favorite of customers. He was a good judge of human nature; he knew what goods the people wanted, and understood the art of making the people want the goods that he had. Starting out in life, as a majority of successful men have done, without a dollar, by his marvelous excellences as a salesman he arose to partnership in an important house at the age of eighteen. These qualities of mind and heart and life that characterized him at the start grew until they came to fullest bloom in merchant and banker. His father wanted to send him to college, but was so hard pressed for means at the time that he could not do so. Had he done so, it is likely that the son would have been a professional man instead of a merchant; and with

his constitution and industry and character, it is a question whether any other calling would have been so good a school for the development of his faculties, or so wide a field of usefulness to his fellows. His pre-eminent financial ability and experience made him a valuable factor in the settlement of the *Alabama* claims, and in the preparation of those plans by which the country returned to specie payment.

Mr. Morton's entrance into political life was not prompted by his own ambition, but by the urgency of the leaders, who appreciated the value of his services to the party. His letter, accepting the nomination to Congress—the first time he ever ran for office—is an evidence of his fitness for the position. He says: "I have never been a politician, have never sought or contemplated holding office, and am by training and tastes simply a man of business. If, however, in your judgment I can

serve the district, and protect its interests in Congress, I shall feel constrained to regard your nomination as the call to a plain public duty which I have no right to shirk. I believe the Republic has a right to command the services of its humblest citizen, and in obedience to that conviction I accept the nomination."

His promotion in political life was as rapid as it was honorable. In three years from the time he held his first office he represented our country at Paris; and the able and successful manner in which he represented us at that capital was the pleasure of France and the pride of our land. His pleasant face, his easy manners, his politeness, his hospitality, his painstaking devotion to the trusts committed to his care, his lively interest in the welfare of his fellows, his true American-

ism, in company with an appreciation of the best in the older civilization, made him exceedingly popular in Europe.

Mr. Morton is a philanthropist. He has learned to give as well as gain. His character has grown into strength and comeliness by the exercise of the distributive function. Some of the gifts that are continually flowing from his bounty are \$10,000 to Middleboro College, \$40,000 worth of produce to the starving in Ireland, and \$12,000 recently given to the sufferers from yellow fever in Florida. He did not marry till he was considerably over thirty. His first wife was Miss Lucy Kimball, an estimable lady. She had cherished the idea of a home connected with the Grace Episcopal Church, on Broadway, New York, where the children of poor women who have to work



MRS. HARRISON, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

for a living may be cared for from morning till night. After her death, desiring to commemorate his love for her, and her love for the poor, he built the institution and presented it to the church. His gratitude and practical piety, as well as benevolence, are expressed in one of the reasons given for building the memorial house: "I am also anxious to recognize by this gift the obligations of men of business whom God has blessed in their ventures to acknowledge their indebtedness to Him for the benefit of their fellow-men." A merchant prince, a chief among financiers, a courtly foreign Minister, a royal servant of the people, he has been chosen to the second position in the gift of the nation

MRS. HARRISON.

Ministers' daughters have usually occupied enviable and useful positions in life. The wife of John Adams

and mother of John Quincy Adams was the daughter of a clergyman. The wife of the President-elect is the daughter of a minister. Rev. John W. Scott, D.D., was a professor in the Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, when his daughter Carrie was born. He became President of the Female Seminary in the same town. It is the most natural thing for young gentlemen in college to fall in love with and marry girls in the seminary. This has become a kind of custom in most of the college towns of the country. Benjamin Harrison was a student in the University at Oxford, and Miss Carrie Scott was in the Seminary. She was handsome, intelligent, quick at her books, witty in conversation, winning in her manners, with a life singularly simple and pure, impelled by deep conscientiousness. The grave, steady, studious, ambitious young man felt that he had met his affinity, and he had. He was a boy of eighteen and she a girl of fifteen when he offered her his hand, which was accepted. Two years after, they were married. Soon after, they moved to Indianapolis to make their start in the world, where they have lived ever since. They were exceedingly poor—too poor to rent or furnish a house, so they had to board. Then they got along a little, and were able to rent a one-story house with three rooms. Fortunately, the bride's mother had taught her not only habits of economy, but had also skilled her in the art of housekeeping. She knew how to do her own work, and did it. Her husband was very proud and thoughtful of his young wife, and did all he could to make her work light. They were happy in each other's love, and in the hopes and ambitions of the future. In August, 1854, a son, Russell, was born, who is now the son-in-law of Senator Saunders, and lives in Montana. On April 3d, 1858, a daughter, Mamie, now Mrs. McKee, was born, who, with her two children, are a part of the President-elect's household. It is often the case that young husbands, especially in the learned professions, grow faster than their wives; they have a better opportunity. And such at last find themselves superior, intellectually and socially, to those whom they found as equals at the start. It is the wife's fault if she allow herself to be outgrown; but it is often the case. Rapidly as her husband has grown, however, Mrs. Harrison has kept pace with him in her sphere. She is bright, well read, accomplished, an artist, and in character dignified, hearty, sympathetic. She is a leader

in social, charitable, and religious enterprises. She has kept up with her husband, and they will walk side by side into the White House. She is not a novice in society at the national capital, having lived in Washington during the term of Mr. Harrison in the Senate. By her admirable qualities of head and of heart she will adorn her place as the first lady of the land.

MRS. MORTON.

Anna Livingston Street, the daughter of William Street, and niece of Alfred B. Street, one of the earliest and most famous poets of the State of New York, was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. After receiving an academic education in that city, she moved with her parents to New York. She was a young lady of noted beauty.

Her bluish-gray eyes were large and sparkling, her features were molded in comeliness and illuminated by intelligence, her conversation was ready and thoughtful, her manners were natural and graceful, her disposition was happy, her character was transparent, her magnetisms were strong. In 1873, attracted by her charms, Mr. Morton made this young lady, an acknowledged belle in New York, his wife. The salt air at Newport was unfriendly to her, and so she persuaded her husband to buy a home on the Hudson. Her instincts would take her back to the neighborhood of her old home, the region rich in the memory of great men, on which nature has bestowed so tender a smile, and whose pictures Washington Irving has immortalized with his pen. It is situated near Rhinebeck. Mr. Kelley used



MRS. LEVI P. MORTON.

to own the property; and hearing that it was for sale while her husband was in another part of the country, Mrs. Morton visited it, and was so delighted with it that she urged her husband, on his return, to go with her and examine it, which he did, and purchased it.

He then built one of the most complete, comfortable and attractive mansions in the country, in the midst of natural scenery ravishing in its beauty. The villa is called Ellerslie. The workmen were hurried by the ambitious wife, so that in their new home her husband might receive the notification of his nomination. In this lovely home, with every convenience that taste or art could suggest, and every beauty that nature can bestow, Mrs. Morton is raising five young daughters, ranging from eight to fifteen years of age, keeping them where they can breathe pure air, and romp, and dress healthily

and sleep soundly and eat heartily, and grow and think, and become of some value to the world. This model mother gives her undivided attention to the minutest details of the physical and intellectual culture of her children each day. This home, like that of General Harrison, is one of prayer, and the girls take turns in saying grace at the table. The beautiful belle of New York bloomed into the charming wife of the merchant prince and banker. She who, in her maidenhood and womanhood, had attracted so large a circle of admirers in this country, captured all Paris by her charms as the wife of the American Minister. Her receptions were the wonder and delight of France, and attracted the notice of all the Courts of Europe. By her queenly bearing and hospitality she commanded increased admiration for American womanhood. M. Floquet, Prime Minister of France, in a formal letter to Mr. Morton, requested him to bear to Mrs. Morton his appreciation of her social leadership in Paris, and of the hospitality that was so admirable and eagerly sought. Mrs. Morton, like Mrs. Harrison, is a leader in intellectual, benevolent and religious enterprises. With culture to adorn any drawing-room in the world, with mental and moral resources to enjoy solitude and contact with nature, with highest ambition to train her family for earth and heaven, she will be hailed with pride by the best people of the country as the wife of the Vice-president, and by the society of Washington as a universal favorite.

SPRING.

Lo! FORTH she comes whence spicy breezes blow,
Wafting her perfume through the purple air;—
A goddess young and most divinely fair,
Before whose flowery car winged heralds go,
And liquid notes from silver trumpets flow;
While, wheresoever she alighteth, there
Is spread a tapestry of pattern rare,
With iris tints harmonious blent aglow.

Let us, with bounding steps and hymns of praise,
Go forth to greet this smiling, gracious queen,
Shrined in a halo of argentine rays,
And draped in gauzy folds of golden green;
While heart and voice a welcome tribute bring
For Heaven's best gift, the fair, returning Spring.

LAST WORDS.

DIALOGUE AT A CARRIAGE-WINDOW.

Characters—LAURA; PAMELA.

SCENE—Supposed to represent the platform at a railway-station. One end of a railway-carriage is seen, slanting to the audience, so that the faces of the person inside the carriage and of the outside are equally well seen. [The carriage may be represented by two chairs if necessary.]

Enter LAURA; she is looking back impatiently.

LAURA. It is a blessed moment when one finally comes to see people off at the station! I have heard there is a Chinese proverb which says, "When the guest is gone, the host is glad." It is *very* true! The Chinese must be a remarkably sensible people. They don't know the meaning of the word hospitality, I believe. They keep their towns and their houses closed against strangers; or they used to, at any rate. Very wise of them. It is a pity, though, in some ways, for I should like to send some people I know to China very much [*looks at station clock*]. Dear me! nearly twenty-five minutes still before

the train starts! It was a short-sighted policy on my part to hurry our dear Pamela off to the station so soon, and then have to wait with her here; but the fact is, I felt anything was better than our sitting solemnly in the drawing-room together, with our things on ready to start, exchanging the agonized parting trivialities people fall back upon on these occasions. Why do they, I wonder? It perfectly amazes me sometimes to hear what people are saying to each other, at the window of a railway-carriage, for instance; and yet I am conscious of being just as idiotic myself when I am in the same position [*looking round*]. What *can* that girl be doing? She has been five minutes at least taking her ticket. Perhaps she has been telling the clerk one of those long stories about herself she indulges in! Listening to her conversation is like being mixed up in dancing the "Lancers." You go rambling round and round, and backward and forward, without having an idea where it is all to lead to; then you suddenly find yourself in the middle just when you least expect it, and it is impossible to get away from it again to go anywhere else! She has never listened to one word that I've said, the whole week she has staid with me; perhaps, if the truth were known, that is why I don't enjoy her society as much as I might. But, after all, I shouldn't have told her anything about myself; for I do not mean to let any one into my confidence about—about—Colonel Percival yet. Eventually, of course, the whole world must know it, when I have consented to marry him—but not yet. Here she comes!

Enter PAMELA in traveling costume, putting her ticket into her purse, counting change, etc. She goes to the carriage.

PAM. [*getting in*]. Good-by, then, dear. I've had such a delightful visit. I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed it, and all our delightful talks—good-by!

LAURA. You needn't have been in such a hurry to get in; we are rather earlier than I thought. The train won't be starting for twenty minutes yet.

PAM. Oh, really! I thought you said we had no time to spare. This is very nice; isn't it?

LAURA. Very!

PAM. We shall have plenty of time to talk.

LAURA. Yes. [*Pause*]. . . . I hope you will have a pleasant journey.

PAM. I'm sure I shall. You have been so kind, and settled everything so well for me.

LAURA. You have your ticket all safe?

PAM. Oh, yes. It is in my purse; and I have put my purse safely in my leather bag, which is locked; and the key is in this little velvet bag.

LAURA. I see—most convenient! [*Pause*]. Your luggage will be in the van; the guard will get it out when you arrive. (There, now! I knew I should begin saying this kind of thing. I must make up my mind to it, I suppose.)

PAM. Give my love to your little brothers and sisters. I do hope they'll remember me.

LAURA. They won't have forgotten you by the time I get back to the house, at any rate; for it won't be more than an hour since you saw them.

PAM. No, no, of course not; and they're so quick and clever besides. Mind you write to me and tell me how they get on.

LAURA. I'll be sure to do so.

PAM. And tell me when Jacky can cut up his meat for himself, and whether they say anything amusing at dinner.

LAURA. Yes, I will. (Here we are in full swing! I do hope nobody is listening to us!)

PAM. And, oh! *mind* you don't forget to let me know the very moment Molly can say *potato*.

LAURA. I won't forget. She very nearly managed it this morning, didn't she?

PAM. Oh, very! I *was* so excited! [*Pause*.] *Mind* you don't repeat the things I've said.

LAURA. Indeed I will not. [*Aside*.] I wouldn't attempt such an effort of memory!

PAM. I dare say I shall have a great many more stories to tell after I've been to Woodlands. It is a pity I shall have no opportunity of telling them to you for so long, isn't it?

LAURA. Yes; a great pity.

PAM. There is going to be an immense party in the house, you know; the two Compton girls, and Major Weevle, and Harry Barrington. We shall have the greatest fun in the world.

LAURA. The Compton girls play lawn tennis very well, don't they?

PAM. Well, yes—I suppose they do; though I can't say I think them so very remarkable. But they always have lovely tennis gowns, and that is a great thing.

LAURA. What Mr. Barrington is that—the one who acts?

PAM. Yes, indeed it is; and I hope they'll get up some acting. I *do* love it so!

LAURA. Why, Pamela, I never knew you acted!

PAM. Oh, yes! I acted once in some charades at school. And then, I have a sort of feeling about it that makes me think I could do it. People do have that sort of feeling about acting; don't you think so?"

LAURA. That they most certainly do; and it leads to the very wildest results. Most people have a sort of lingering idea about many things, that they *could* do them if they were to try.

PAM. [*satisfied*]. Yes; that is exactly what I feel. But then, you know, perhaps it is different for me; for I can't help feeling sure that I really *should* be able to act.

LAURA. Then, when is the play to come off? For there isn't much time, it seems to me.

PAM. Oh, some time next week, I suppose. Carrie Beverley said something about it when she wrote; the end of the week, I dare say.

LAURA. The end! I should hope so! Why, this is Wednesday already, and the play is not even chosen yet!

PAM. I don't think that matters much. We shall know it quite well enough, I dare say; it isn't like professionals, you know.

LAURA. No, that it certainly is not.

PAM. Oh, dear me! there are some people coming this way. I do hope they're not coming in here—

LAURA. I'll block up the door-way, and pretend I'm just going to get in and take up the other places!

PAM. [*leaning out and watching*]. No, it's all right; they've got in somewhere else.

LAURA. Why, Pamela, they're the people we met in the park the other day, that you thought looked so very nice.

PAM. Yes, so they are. Never mind; it's quite different in the train. People who look very nice in the park are monsters as soon as they try to get into one's carriage. I always think.

LAURA. One comfort is that they hate us just as much probably, and are longing to avoid us, too!

PAM. Oh, do you think so? That hasn't occurred to me. But of course it isn't quite the same thing, you know!

LAURA. Why not?

PAM. Oh, because—because—just because one is different, you know, from other people—

LAURA. But perhaps *they* don't think so.

PAM. That's a horrid idea. [*Pause*.] How long have we *now* before the train starts?

LAURA. Only ten minutes now.

PAM. Oh, I'm sorry. I'll tell you why, Laura. I had such an interesting letter this morning, that I wanted to tell you about—

LAURA. Then, why haven't you told me all this time, instead of waiting until now?

PAM. Because I've been so busy this morning, ever since the post came in, that I really haven't had time. It is too long to begin upon all in a minute—but it really is *most* interesting! I dare say you've noticed that I've been rather preoccupied and incoherent this morning?

LAURA. No, I don't think I have. [*Aside*.] Not unusually so!

PAM. Well—the fact is—the fact is—now you *promise* you won't tell anybody, Laura?

LAURA. Of course I won't. You know quite well I never do.

PAM. Yes; but this really is important. It isn't like anything else I've told you—

LAURA [*aside*]. I'm glad of that! Be quick, then, or I sha'n't have time to hear it. Some one has written to propose to you, I suppose?

PAM. Not at all; quite the contrary.

LAURA. What!—to refuse you, then?

PAM. No, no; don't be so tiresome, Laura.

LAURA. I beg your pardon. Go on, then.

PAM. First, I must tell you something that happened two years ago [LAURA *heaves a sigh*]. No!—was it then? Yes—of course—this is July—the 15th, so there has been one July since—

LAURA. Two, you mean.

PAM. No, no—*one*—one 16th of July, I mean.

LAURA. Oh, very well; if you must needs be so particular as to the sixteenth of a month—like people who must always measure exactly to the sixteenth of an inch—

PAM. [*impatiently*]. Well, never mind that now. I was staying abroad with my sister, Mrs. Dagonel—and there—I met—a young man.

LAURA. Dear me! what a dangerous place to stay at! PAM. And when I had been there about ten days, we became engaged to each other—

LAURA. That was very prompt.

PAM. Yes, it was—too prompt, perhaps; for I must tell you that before leaving home I had just refused some one else. You know what a sad, wicked creature I am in that way. I can't help playing havoc with the men's hearts, as they tell me, wherever I go—

LAURA. But why should your having refused one man make it difficult for you to accept another? I should have thought the contrary would have been the case.

PAM. No—you shall see. The one I had refused just before I left home—what shall I call him?

LAURA [*bored*]. That depends on what his name was.

PAM. No, no; because if I tell you his name, you'll know who he is.

LAURA. I'm afraid that's undeniable.

PAM. Well, I'll call him A., as they do in the arithmetics. Don't you remember the sums we used to have to do at school?—if A. has \$50, and spends \$1.75 a week, and B., with \$1,500, spends \$5.90 a day, which will be in the poor-house first?

LAURA. Yes, I remember. But, Pamela, we only have eight minutes longer; you'll never get to the end of your

story at this rate—if P. has fifteen sentences to say, and stops every two minutes to put in an extra one, when will she get to her story's end? Never, I should say.

PAM. Because you *will* keep interrupting me, dear! Well, as I was saying, I had refused A. in New York, and accepted B. at London.

LAURA [*smiling at a recollection*]. London! It *must* be a dangerous place. A friend of mine was once in love there, too.

PAM. Indeed! But now, Laura dear, you must let me tell my story, or you will never hear it—

LAURA. Very well. Go on. It's like playing at I love my love. We'll call him B., and he lives at London.

PAM. Yes, yes. Now listen. The dreadful thing was, that when I saw A. I thought I liked him best; and so—I broke off my engagement to B.

LAURA. And what did B. do?

PAM. He broke his leg.

LAURA. What! as well as his engagement? What a very unexpected result! Was that from grief?

PAM. No, no. It was because his horse stumbled with him the day after I saw him. He was taken to a hospital at London, where he lay for two months, and I never saw him again.

LAURA. But what became of A., then? He had remained in sound health all this time, with no broken limbs, I hope?

PAM. Yes, he had; but there was something very mysterious about A.'s behavior altogether. He did not know, of course, that I had changed my mind—and I didn't like to tell him; and so he went away without saying anything more about it.

LAURA. But why do you call that mysterious?

PAM. Because it was so odd that a man who had proposed to me in New York a fortnight before should meet me in London and not propose to me again!

LAURA. I must say I don't find it so odd. There must come a moment when a man who has been in love with a girl leaves off proposing to her.

PAM. Yes, when she marries him, or when she marries some one else—not till then!

LAURA. But, my dear Pamela, you are attributing most unusual constancy to mankind! Besides, it isn't every woman who can inspire such a life-long passion in a man's heart!

PAM. [*satisfied*]. No, of course not. I know it is not every woman! . . . Well, as I was saying—but what o'clock is it?

LAURA. You have six minutes more.

PAM. Oh, that's all right. I shall have plenty of time; for I'm just coming to the interesting part now.

LAURA [*aside*]. I am glad of that.

PAM. I must tell you that the day I became engaged to

B. was the 16th of July, and on that day we did a very silly thing—we tore my programme in two—

LAURA. Your what?

PAM. My programme. Oh, I forgot to tell you we were at a ball, and we each said we would keep the halves of the programme all our lives—

LAURA. Of course. And did you?

PAM. No, no—wait—you'll see. And then he said, "The 16th of July will always be imprinted on my heart, as it is on this programme." That was very nice, wasn't it, now?

LAURA. Very; and original, too.

PAM. And then he said, "Whether I am far from you or near you, remember that in my thoughts I shall always be with you, on the 16th of July." He said it as

sadly, poor fellow; he seemed quite to have a presentiment that the engagement between us would be broken off.

LAURA. (Perhaps he had heard something of you before?)

PAM. Now I come to the wonderful part of my story. Do you know what day this is, Laura?

LAURA. You reminded me just now—it is the 15th of July.

PAM. [*triumphantly*]. And to-morrow, therefore, will be the 16th. Did you ever hear of anything so extraordinary?

LAURA. I really don't see that. I've known it happen once or twice before.

PAM. Laura, you are so unsympathetic! You don't at all realize what a wonderful coincidence it is that *this* morning, of all mornings, I should turn the old torn half of my programme out of a pocket in my traveling-bag, and that on the top of that I should get a letter from Carrie Beverley,

telling me that they expect Colonel Percival at Woodlands to-morrow!

LAURA. Colonel Percival!—is *that* his name?

PAM. [*covering her face with her hands*]. Dear me! Yes—it is. Now I've let the cat out of the bag, and you'll laugh at me, I know! What a silly thing I am, to be sure!

LAURA [*aside*]. Can it be *my* Colonel Percival? Then, how long is it since you have seen him?

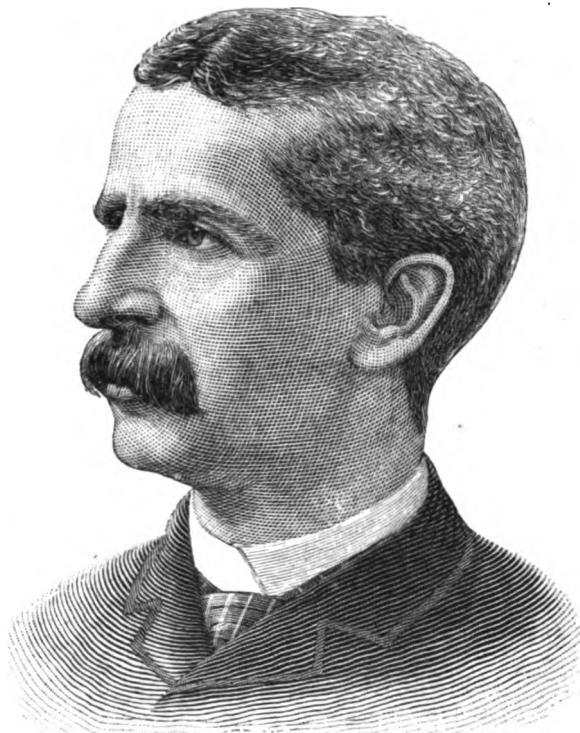
PAM. Why, Laura, dear! what a memory you have. I've just been telling you how long it is—not since July, two years ago.

LAURA. And you have never met him since?

PAM. Never—though I assure you I've thought of him, often—on the 16th of last July, of course, and many other times besides, whenever I've felt lonely and had nobody else—

LAURA. What was he like when you knew him?

PAM. Ah, now I see you're beginning to be interested in him. I was sure you would be, poor fellow; because



ELJAH W. HALFORD, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON.—SEE PAGE 257.

one cannot help feeling sorry for him, you know, after all.

LAURA. Why?

PAM. Oh, having his engagement broken off—and then his accident—and then—

LAURA. But as to his accident, he is as well now as ever he was—that is [*checking herself*].—I imagine he must be, since it is two years since it happened; and as to his broken heart, that may have been healed also.

PAM. It *may*, of course; but I don't think it is very likely. However, I shall soon see—for—but mind, Laura, you have *promised* not to tell any one this?

LAURA [*impatiently*]. Of course, of course. To whom should I tell it? I could find no one who would be as interested in it as I am.

PAM. [*effusively*]. What a sweet thing you are! Laura dear, after all. Well, where was I? Oh, I know. I was saying, if he is at Woodlands, I mean to show him my half of the programme, and ask him for his; and then—and then, dear Laura—

LAURA. And then, what?

PAM. [*coquetishly*]. Well, then, I suppose—then—we shall become engaged again, and perhaps married. I have not quite made up my mind, but very nearly.

LAURA. Your mind, perhaps—but what about his? How can you tell whether *he* is of the same mind still, after all this time?

PAM. I don't think he is likely to have changed, unless he has perhaps taken a passing fancy for some one who reminded him of me. Of course, those things *do* happen sometimes.

LAURA. But now just let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that it *has* happened. Let us imagine that, after he came out of the hospital at London, he returned to New York, and in the course of time made acquaint-

ance with some one else—whether like or unlike you it matters not—that he gradually found the old love had faded from his heart, and the new taken its place—that his affection was returned, and that now two people are on the road to happiness; what should you do?

PAM. The case isn't worth discussing. I can't think of anything so unlikely.

LAURA. Still, it is a good thing to be prepared for any emergency. And I feel quite anxious to know what you would do?

PAM. If I found out he really were such a *wretch* as that, I should think I were well quit of him. I should then make up my mind, I suppose, to marry Henry Smythe—

LAURA [*surprised*]. Henry Smythe!!

PAM. [*laughing*]. Oh, my dear! giddy thing that I am, I've done it again! I forgot I had not introduced him to you before, so to speak. Mr. Smythe is the *other* individual in my story—the one we called A., that I refused before I went abroad.

LAURA. Not Mr. Smythe of Blandover, Pamela?

PAM. Yes, of course. Do you know him?

LAURA. How long is it since you have met him?

PAM. Oh, about a year,

I suppose, Laura—oh no, not that—nine or ten months, perhaps—

LAURA. Then it *must* be the Harry Smythe of Blandover who is to marry my cousin Nellie Cartwright next week!

PAM. What! It can't be! There is some mistake!

LAURA. I don't think there is, for I am going to the wedding.

PAM. What an unprincipled, heartless creature! Did you ever know anything as false and wicked as men are? It really is shameful! Well, *now*, of course, my mind is made up—there is nothing left for me to do but to marry Colonel Percival.



"THE BABY OF THE WHITE HOUSE"—BENJAMIN HARRISON M'KEE, GRANDCHILD OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

LAURA [*taken aback*]. To marry—

PAM. Colonel Percival.

LAURA. But suppose he doesn't ask you?

PAM. Oh, Laura! I never knew any one as blunt and unkind as you are. And just now I was thinking you were being so nice about it all!

LAURA. I am only trying to make you understand that it doesn't at all follow, because you threw over a man two years ago, that he will propose to you again next time you meet. Suppose by this time he is engaged, or on the eve of being engaged to some one else?

PAM. We'll soon see that. I know Rupert Percival. I know that when I meet him to-morrow, on the day which first consecrated our love, I can, if I choose, bring him back to my feet.

LAURA [*indignantly*]. What, Pamela! out of mere caprice—you know it is nothing more—you are going to remind the man who once loved you of the power you had over him; and perhaps arrest him at the crisis of his fate! He may now be on the eve of declaring his passion to some one else, and your interference may destroy the happiness of two lives. Think before you stretch out your hand for that which now belongs to another, and which if you had it you would not value. Pamela, you *know* you don't care for him! [*During the whole of the above PAMELA has been fussing about, looking in her bag, etc.*]

PAM. [*absently, still looking about*]. Yes, yes, Laura dear; I know you are always so romantic! You get so excited over little things; it will all come right, never fear. I'm afraid I've not paid as much attention as I should have liked to what you were saying, for I'm beginning to feel worried about my ticket. I think I hear the man coming. *Where* did I tell you it was? Oh, I know—in my bag.

LAURA. Never mind the ticket; it won't be asked for yet. Just listen to me one moment, Pamela.

PAM. "One moment," indeed, dear Laura! It's all very well to say "Never mind the ticket;" but if it were lost, I should have to pay at my journey's end. [*During this time she has produced her key out of her little bag, unlocked the big bag, taken out the purse, and opened it.*] Why, here it is, of course! How stupid of me! And I remember now, they don't punch the tickets till the next station; so I've had all this trouble for nothing. Now, what was it you were going to say? [*A paper has fallen from the purse when it was opened, outside the carriage, at LAURA's feet.*]

LAURA. It is too late now—the train is just starting.

PAM. What a pity! You must tell me another time. Why, where is it, Laura? I've lost that bit of my programme! Oh, look! there it is—quick—quick—give it me!

LAURA. Is that it [*pointing to paper on ground*]?

PAM. Yes, it is. Oh, make haste; give it to me! What should I do without it? [*LAURA picks it up, and stands a minute looking at it. PAMELA holds out her hand.*]

LAURA [*throwing it into PAMELA's lap as the train is supposed to move off*]. Take it! May it do all you expect!

PAM. Thank you! Good-by, dear! [*Waves her handkerchief.*]

Curtain.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

By A. T. S.

WHEN Charles II. got his own again, loyal men drank the King's health on their knees—a form known to King James's days, and called in the slang of the period "knighting." Of this loyal drinking there ensued much quarreling, and some spilling of blood. The matter became so serious that Charles endeavored to remedy it by royal proclamation, in which the King expressed "our dislike of those who, under pretense of affection to us and our service, assume to themselves a liberty of reviling, threatening and reproaching others." Drinking healths, nevertheless, was encouraged even by the philosophers. Ashmole, the antiquary, presented the corporation of his native city, Lichfield, in 1666, with a massive embossed silver cup, which held about a gallon. It was received, on its arrival at the "George for England" inn, with much of grateful ceremony. "We filled your *poculum charitatis*," say the writers of the letter of thanks addressed to Ashmole, "with Catholic wine, and devoted it a sober health to our most gracious King, which (being of so large a continent) past the hands of thirty to pledge; nor did we forget yourself, in the next place, being our great *Mecænas*." This cup is still used at corporation banquets, and the second toast on these occasions, following "The Queen," is "Weale and Worship," implying "good luck to ourselves and much respect for our fortunes." There is a pretty story of a political toast in the reign of William III., which runs thus: The French, German and English Ambassadors were dining together somewhere, in the reign of Louis XV. The first availed himself of an after-dinner opportunity to propose "The Rising Sun," in honor of his master, who bore such device, with *Nec pluribus impar* for his modest motto. Thereupon the German envoy gave "The Moon," in compliment to his mistress, the Empress Maria Theresa. This being done, the English representative solemnly proposed "Joshua, the son of Nun, who made both sun and moon to stand still!" Now, an ambassador proposing the health of the person he represents would be as courteous as if he had proposed "my noble self." Then, a German could not have complimented his Imperial mistress by calling her the moon, for "moon," in German, is masculine. Lastly, an English ambassador would never have been guilty of such an insult to two friendly Powers as his "sentiment" would have implied; and, to conclude, the parties as represented above could never have met under the circumstances, as the limits of their reigns will show without further comment: William III., 1689-1702; Louis XV., 1715-1774; Maria Theresa, 1740-1765.

While in William's reign it was declared to be treasonable to drink such toasts as "Confusion to the King," or the one to James, under the circumlocutory form of "The Old Man over the Water," the Scottish lords, when such matters were brought under their notice, were reluctant to convict. Some sensation was caused in 1697, by a charge that both these toasts had been drunk, at an April meeting-bout, in the "Stag-the-Voyage," at Dumfries, by the master of Kenmure, Craik of Stewarton, and Captain Daziel of Glencoe. The last two were carried prisoners before the Privy Council; but the witnesses deposed upon hearsay, the prisoners maintained a discreet silence, and the Privy Council, finding no proof, gladly discharged them. But master, laird and captain, when they next forgathered at the "Stag-the-Voyage," were doubtless discreet enough in their cups to drink "the old toast," without rendering themselves amenable to charges of treason against the "Prince of Orange."

THE Americans (says Max O'Rell, in "Jonathan and his Continent"), are Christians—that is to say, they attend church on Sundays. Like other Christians, they attend to business on week-days.

The political wits turned William's death to account, when circulating the bottle. It will be remembered that the King was riding his horse, Sorrel, in the park near Hampton Court, when the steed stumbled over a mole-hill, and William suffered injuries of which he subsequently died. Accordingly the Jacobites, throughout Anne's reign, manifested their loyalty to a disinherited lord by solemnly drinking the health of "The Little Gentleman in Black Velvet," meaning thereby the mole which had thrown up the little hillock over which Sorrel had stumbled, and had caused the accident which led to William's death.

Long subsequent to that unfortunate event, the Irish admirers of the hero of the Boyne expressed the intensity of their admiration in the famous Orange toast, of which nothing is now given except the opening sentiment. What it was in its original form could not now be reprinted; but as much of it as may be here given, for the sake of the social illustration connected therewith: "The glorious, pious and immortal memory of the great and good King William—not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money and wooden shoes. May we never want a Williamite to kick—a Jacobite! . . . and he that won't drink this, whether he be bishop, priest, deacon, bellows-blower, grave-digger, or any other of the fraternity of the clergy, may a north wind blow him to the south, a west wind blow him to the east; may he have a dark night, a lee shore, a rank storm, and a leaky vessel to carry him over the River Styx." It is scarcely necessary to say that the ladies were honored long before the period of "toasts" proper arrived.

Connected with the subject of toasting the ladies, ill-fortune has sometimes come of it when it might have been least expected. For example, "Honest men and bonnie lasses!" is a toast which one would think could never bring offense with it; but while the rule holds, the exception presents itself.

There was fine and generous delicacy and great readiness of wit in George II. when, during one of his absences abroad, on being asked if he would object to a toast which wished health to the Pretender, he replied that he would readily drink to the health of all unfortunate princes. This expressed readiness, however, did not encourage the Jacobites in openly drinking to the only King they acknowledged. They continued, as they and their fathers before them had done, to have a bowl of water on the table, and holding their glasses over it, to drink "to the King," implying, of course, the King over the water.

If it be true that Pitt, at Kidderminster, gave a toast in compliment to the carpet manufacturers, it cannot be said that there was much outlay of brains in the making of it. "May the trade of Kidderminster," said Pitt, "be trampled under foot by all the world!" If this may be simply called "neat," in that term lies as much praise as the occasion warrants.

In May, 1796, the Duke of Norfolk gave a toast at a dinner of the Whig Club, at the "Crown and Anchor," which caused some sensation. This was the duke who, when Earl of Surrey, renounced the Church of Rome. He wore short hair, when queues were in fashion, and was the most slovenly dressed man of his day. At the Whig Club dinner he called upon the "two thousand guests" present to drink the toast of "Our Sovereign—the People!" This was considered such a grave offense, in days when men were ostentatiously seditious, that the duke was dismissed from the Lord-lieutenancy of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and was deprived of

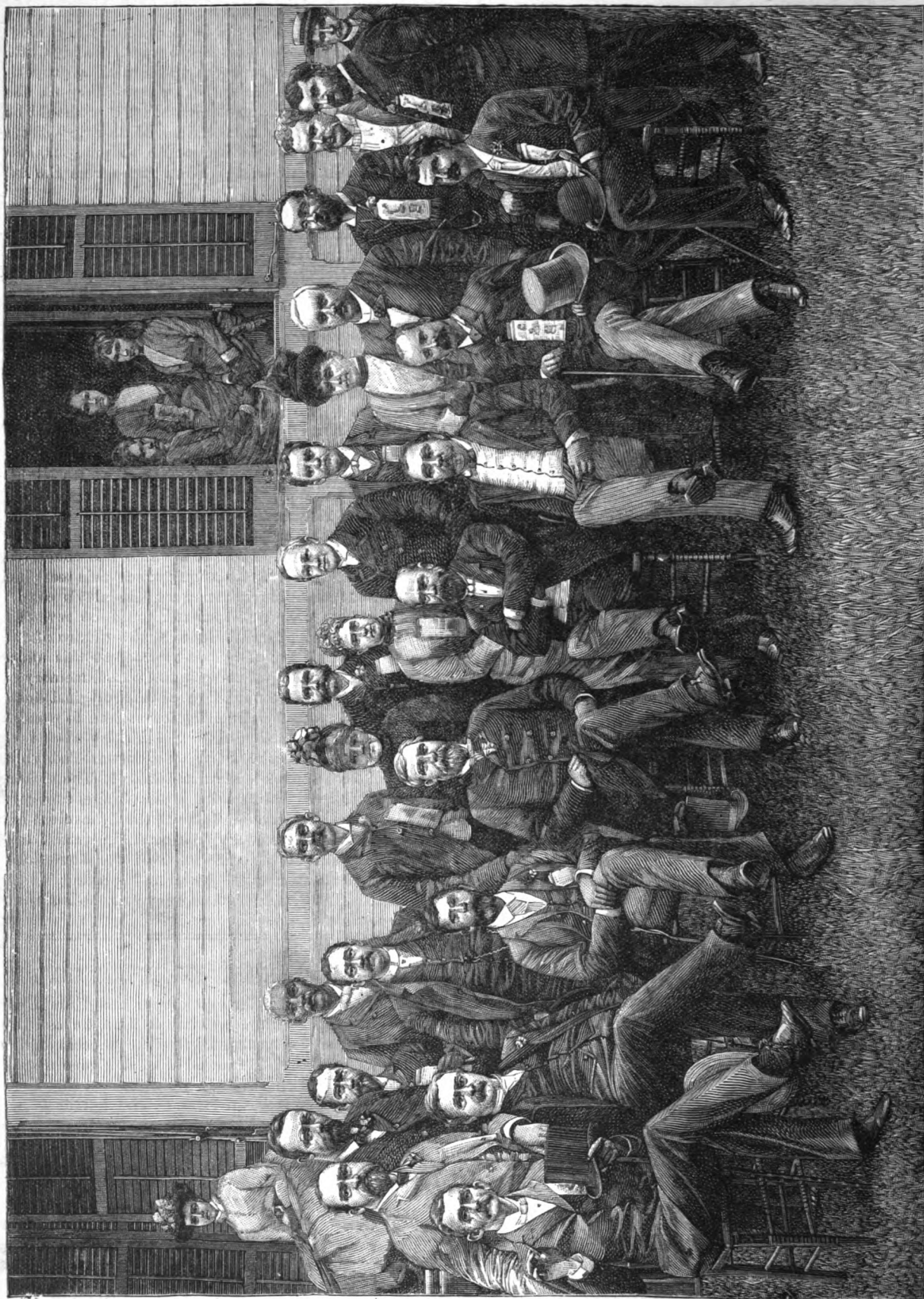
the command of his regiment of militia. Fox resented the application of this penalty for asserting a sentiment which, when put into action, had deposed James II., and ultimately carried the family of Brunswick to the throne. He went down to a subsequent meeting of the Whig Club, and there proposed "The Sovereign People," a proposition which was speedily followed by an outcry on the part of the supporters of the Ministry that Fox should be prosecuted for sedition. The Prime Minister, William Pitt, however, wisely declined a course so perilous, and contented himself with erasing Fox's name from the list of Privy Councillors.

A Duke of Norfolk of a later period—he, in fact, who died in 1856—had designed to celebrate the completion of his restoration of Arundel Castle by inviting as his guests all the living descendants of his ancestor, Jockey of Norfolk, who fell at Bosworth. The assembled cousins were to drink continued good fortune to the house of Howard. But when the duke discovered that to carry his project out he should have to invite six thousand persons, he relinquished his intention, and the toast was given up.

Some toasts, and those special and "proper for the occasion," speedily die out of memory. More than four-score years ago, Baddeley, the actor, left funds wherewith to procure cake, wine and punch, on Twelfth Night, for the Drury Lane players, in green-room assembled, "forever." An old formal toast used to be given on those occasions—"The memory of Baddeley's skull!"—in honor of the brain in that skull which had conceived the thoughtful kindness. It is long since this toast has been given, but on a late "cutting of Baddeley's cake," one of the guests proposed that it should be revived; and the veteran actor, Mr. W. Bennett, the trustee of the fund, gazed with an air of quaint reproof at this audacious guest, and then solemnly gave "The memory of David Garrick!" All knowledge of the original toast had perished; but that obtrusive guest ceased to wonder when an actor, who was drinking Baddeley's wine or punch, and eating his cake, asked, "Who was Baddeley, and why did he do this?" Poor Baddeley! The visitor, as he withdrew by the dark back of the stage, saw, "in his mind's eye, *Horatio*," the figure of the benevolent old player, as he used to come to rehearsal, in scarlet and gold, the uniform of the gentlemen of the household, who were "their Majesties' servants," playing under royal patent at Drury Lane. Baddeley was the last actor who wore that uniform.

RUSKIN'S "ANGERING PENANCE."

In a chapter of "Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts," published by Mr. Ruskin from time to time, he has this memorandum for the year 1854: "The success of the first volume of 'Modern Painters' of course gave me entrance to the polite circles of London; but at that time, even more than now, it was a torment and horror to me to have to talk to big people whom I didn't care about. Sometimes, indeed, an incident happened that was amusing or useful to me: I heard Macaulay spout the first chapter of Isaiah without understanding a syllable of it; saw the Bishop of Oxford taught by Sir Robert Inglis to drink sherry-cobbler through a straw; and formed one of the worshipful concourse invited by the Bunsen family to hear them 'talk Bunsenese' (Lady Trevelyan), and see them making presents to—each other—from their family Christmas-tree and private manger of German Magi. But, as a rule, the hours given to the polite circles were an angering penance to me."



THE NATION'S NEW LEADERSHIP.—THE COMMITTEE OF NOTIFICATION AT ELLENSIE, MR. MORTON'S HOME ON THE HUDSON.—SEE PAGE 257.



THE OLD HOUSE IN KENT.

THE HIDDEN ROOM; OR, THE MYSTERY OF AN OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY-HOUSE.

BY DAVID KER.

"So you want me to give you that story about why father gave up his house in the South of England so soon after he got it," said Fred Hamilton, as he sat in the midst of an eagerly attentive circle. "Well, I'll tell you all about it, if you like; only, don't blame me if you have had dreams after it, for it's not at all the sort of story to tell just before going to bed. I can promise you that I didn't sleep soundly all night for more than a month after the thing happened; no more would you, if you had seen what I saw. However, if you *will* have the story, here goes:

"When we first came over from America, we lived at a hotel in London for a bit, while father was looking out for a house down in Kent; for that was where mother wanted to go, because she was born there herself. It wasn't long before we found the very thing we wanted—a great, huge, old-fashioned house, right in the middle of a big garden, and as quiet as ever it could be, for there was no other house near it, and the nearest railway was three or four miles off.

"We got it cheap, too, for it hadn't been let for ever so long, and the owner was very glad to get a tenant for it at last. Curiously enough, it never occurred to any of us to ask *why* they had not been able to let it; but we remembered it afterward, and with good reason, as you shall hear.

"When we went down there, we thought it rather dismal just at first; and so indeed it was, the trees grew so high and thick all round it, and it had such a lot of dark passages and secret stairs, and grim old oak-paneled chambers in which nobody seemed to have slept for years and years.

"But after awhile we got used to all that, and liked it very well; and father—who had plenty of friends in London—used to have so many people down to stay with him that the house, big as it was, could scarcely hold them all. So father thought he'd build some more rooms at the back, and sent for an architect from London to help him.

"Down comes the architect, goes all over the house, examines it, measures it, and then comes to father with a queer sort of smile, and says:

"Well, sir, you must be very hospitable to think of building more rooms to your house, when you've got one in it already that has never been used at all."

"What on earth do you mean?" says father, staring at him. "Every room in my house is in use now."

"I beg your pardon," says the architect; "I've measured this house very carefully, and I'll pledge you my professional reputation that there is a certain amount of space still unaccounted for, and that there must be in it somewhere a room which you have never yet seen."

"Now, this man was one of the best architects in England, and when father heard him talk like that, it set him thinking.

"Do you really mean that?" says he.

"I do," says the architect; "and what is more, I believe I could point you out the exact spot where the hidden room is to be found; and if my guess is right, we shall find a room which has not been opened or seen within the memory of living man—possibly not for two or three hundred years."

"Well, *that* woke up father in earnest, as you may think; and all the people who were staying in the house

were every bit as excited as himself. By this time we boys had found out what was going on, and had come down from up-stairs to see what they were going to do about it; so when the architect went back into the house (for he'd had his talk with father out in the garden), he had a regular Fourth of July procession at his heels.

"Up he went to the head of the great staircase, turned off along a narrow passage to the right, and stopped half way down it, with us all watching him as if we were looking on at a conjuring trick.

"Now," says he, tapping the wall with his knuckles, 'pick a hole in that wall just *there*, and if you don't find the *hidden room* behind it, I'm willing to pay all the expenses of the search.'

"Send up a couple of men with pickaxes and crow-bars," says father. 'This affair's getting interesting, and we'll see it through.'

"Up came the men, and to work they went, making the plaster fly in fine style; and it wasn't long before they'd beaten a hole in the wall large enough for a man to creep through.

"Inside, all was dark as pitch, and there came out a damp, chill, *buried* kind of smell, as bad as any church-vault. We all looked at each other, but nobody seemed inclined to go in.

"Light me a lamp, somebody!" cried the architect. 'It was I who discovered this place, so it's only fair that I should be the first to enter it.'

"In he went, and we all held our breath as we looked after him.

"But he had scarcely got inside when we heard him give a kind of gasp, and next moment he came scrambling and tumbling out again, almost letting fall the lamp in his hurry. He was a big, strong man, but we could see him tremble like a leaf, and his healthy red face was pale as death.

"There's something wrong here!" cries father, snatching the lamp from his hand; and in *he* went in his turn, the rest of us crowding in after him without knowing why. And there we *did* see a sight, and no mistake!

"It was a room of the old English style, just like one of those places in Walter Scott—all oak and tapestry, with a splendid fire-place of carved stone, higher than a man's head. But the oak was all decayed and worm-eaten, and the rich hangings were faded and mildewed, and the fire-place full of white ashes. On the table were fine gold dishes and gold goblets, as if a grand feast had been set out there; but both they and the table, and the high-backed chairs round it, were thick with dust, as if nobody had touched them for centuries.

"But *the* sight was in the farther corner, where there stood a kind of couch, and a skeleton lying upon it, with its hands clasped over where its face *had been*; and on the floor beside the couch lay another skeleton, doubled up in a grewsome kind of way, as if it had died in awful agony.

"This sort of thing don't suit *me*," says father. 'I shall look out for another house, for I wouldn't live in this one if I got it rent free.'

"And he kept his word; and so Mr. Architect did himself out of a job by his own cuteness, for the additional rooms were never built."

"And didn't you ever find out what all this meant?" asked half a dozen eager voices at once.

"Indeed we did," answered Fred, gravely, "and the explanation was worse by far than any of the stories that we made up for ourselves before we heard it. The clergyman of the parish—who was a great antiquarian—happened to come up to the house just as the discovery was

made; and he told us that this house had once belonged to a crusty old baron of Henry VIII.'s time, a regular old Turk of a fellow, who was said to have been furiously jealous of his young wife and a cousin of hers, a very handsome young fellow, whom he suspected of being rather fonder of her than was quite convenient. So, one day, he decoyed the pair of 'em into this room, and then walled them up in it, having left on the table a splendid dinner, every bit of which was poisoned, so that they must either die of hunger or kill themselves by eating the poisoned food. Nice idea, wasn't it? There, I mustn't say any more about that, or I sha'n't sleep a wink all this blessed night."

THE DIVINING-ROD AS A DETECTIVE.

THE great authority for the modern history of the divining-rod is a work published by M. Chevreuil, in Paris, in 1854. M. Chevreuil, probably with truth, regarded the wand as much on a par with the turning-tables which, in 1854, attracted a good deal of attention. He studied the topic historically, and his book, with a few accessible French tracts and letters of the seventeenth century, must here be our guide. A good deal of M. Chevreuil's learning, it should be said, is reproduced in Mr. Baring Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," but the French author is much more exhaustive in his treatment of the topic. M. Chevreuil could find no earlier book on the twig than the "Téstaement du Frère Basil Valentin," a holy man who flourished (the twig) about 1413; but whose treatise is possibly apocryphal. According to Basil Valentin, the twig was regarded with awe by ignorant laboring-men, which is still true. Paracelsus, though he has a reputation for magical daring, thought the use of the twig "uncertain and unlawful"; and Agricola, in his "De Re Metallica" (1546), expresses a good deal of skepticism about the use of the rod in mining. A traveler of 1554 found that the wand was *not* used—and this seems to have surprised him—in the mines of Macedonia. Most of the writers of the sixteenth century accounted for the turning of the rod by "sympathy," which was then as favorite an explanation of everything as evolution is to-day. In 1630 the Baron de Beau Soleil, of Bohemia (his name sounds rather bohemian), came to France with his wife, and made much use of the rod in the search for water and minerals. The baroness wrote a book on the subject, afterward reprinted in a great store-house of this lore—"La Physique Occulte" of Vallemont. Kircher, a Jesuit, made experiments which came to nothing; but Gaspard Schott, a learned writer, cautiously declined to say that the devil was always "at the bottom of it" when the rod turned successfully. The problem of the rod was placed before the Royal Society by Boyle, in 1666, but the society was not more successful here than in dealing with the philosophical difficulty proposed by Charles II. In 1679, De Saint Romain, deserting the old hypothesis of secret "sympathies," explained the motion of the rod (supposing it to move) by the action of *corpuscules*. From this time the question became the playing-ground of the Cartesian and other philosophers. The struggle was between theories of "atoms," magnetism, "corpuscules," electric effluvia, and so forth, on one side, and the immediate action of devils, or of conscious imposture, on the other. The controversy, comparatively simple as long as the rod only indicated hidden water or minerals, was complicated by the revival of the savage discovery that the wand could "smell out" moral offenses. As long as the twig turned over material

objects, you could imagine sympathies and "effluvia" at pleasure. But when the wand twirled over the scene of a murder, or dragged the expert after the traces of the culprit, fresh explanations were wanted. Le Brun wrote to Malebranche, on July 8th, 1689, to tell him that the wand only turned over what the holder had the *intention* of discovering. If he were following a murderer, the wand good-naturedly refused to distract him by turning over hidden water. On the other hand, Vallemont says that when a peasant was using the wand to find water, it turned over a spot in a wood where a murdered woman was buried, and it conducted the peasant to the murderer's house. These events seem inconsistent with Le Brun's theory of *intention*. Malebranche replied, in effect, that he had only heard of the turning of the wand over water and minerals; that it then turned (if turn it did) by virtue of some such force as electricity; that if such force existed, the wand would turn over open water. But it does not so turn; and as physical causes are constant, it follows that the turning of the rod cannot be the result of a physical cause. The only other explanation is an intelligent cause—either the will of an impostor or the action of a spirit. Good spirits would not meddle with such matters; therefore, either the devil or an impostor causes the motion of the rod, if it *does* move at all. This logic is not agreeable to believers in the twig; but there the controversy stood, till, in 1692, Jacques Aymar, a peasant of Dauphiné, by the use of the twig, discovered one of the Lyons murderers.

The story of this singular event has recently been told, but inaccurately, and on the authority of a second-hand compilation, in the *St. James's Gazette*. Though the anecdote is pretty well known, it must here be briefly repeated. No affair can be better authenticated, and our version is abridged from the "Relations" of Monsieur le Procureur du Roi, Monsieur l'Abbé de la Garde, Monsieur Panthot, Doyen des Médecins de Lyon, and Monsieur Aubert, Avocat oélèbre."

On July 5th, 1692, a vintner and his wife were found dead in the cellar of their shop at Lyons. They had been killed by blows from a hedging-knife, and their money had been stolen. The culprits could not be discovered, and a neighbor took upon him to bring to Lyons a peasant out of Dauphiné, named Jacques Aymar, a man noted for his skill with the divining-rod. The Lieutenant-criminel and the Procureur du Roi took Aymar into the cellar, furnishing him with a rod of the first wood that came to hand. According to the Procureur du Roi, the rod did not move till Aymar reached the very spot where the crime had been committed. His pulse then rose, and the wand twisted rapidly. "Guided by the wand or by some internal sensation," Aymar now followed the track of the assassins—entered the court of the Archbishop's palace, left the town by the bridge over the Rhone, and followed the right bank of the river. He reached a gardener's house, which, he declared, the men had entered, and some children confessed that three men (*whom they described*) had come into the house one Sunday morning. Aymar followed the track up the river, pointed out all the places where the men had landed, and, to make a long story short, stopped at last at the door of the prison of Beaucaire. He was admitted, looked at the prisoners, and picked out as the murderer a little hunchback (had the children described a hunchback?) who had just been brought in for a small theft. The hunchback was taken to Lyons, and he was recognized, on the way, by the people at all the stages where he had stopped. At Lyons he was examined in the usual manner, and confessed that he had been an accomplice in the

crime, and had guarded the door. Aymar pursued the other culprits to the coast, followed them by sea, landed where they had landed, and only desisted from his search when they crossed the frontier. As for the hunchback, he was broken on the wheel, being condemned on his own confession. It does not appear that he was put to the torture to make him confess. If this had been done, his admissions would, of course, have been as valueless as those of the victims in trials for witchcraft.

This is, in brief, the history of the famous Lyons murders. It must be added that many experiments were made with Aymar in Paris, and that they were all failures. He fell into every trap that was set for him—detected thieves who were innocent, failed to detect the guilty, and invented absurd excuses; alleging, for example, that the rod would not indicate a murderer who had confessed, or who was drunk when he committed his crime. These excuses seem to annihilate the wild contemporary theory of Chauvin and others, that the body of a murderer naturally exhales an invisible *matière meurtrière*—peculiar indestructible atoms, which may be detected by the expert with the rod. Something like the same theory, we believe, has been used to explain the pretended phenomena of haunted houses. But the wildest philosophical credulity is staggered by a *matière meurtrière* which is disengaged by the body of a sober, but not by that of an intoxicated, murderer, which survives tempests in the air, and endures for many years, but is dissipated the moment the murderer confesses. Believers in Aymar have conjectured that his real powers were destroyed by the excitements of Paris, and that he took to imposture; but this is an effort of too easy good-nature. When Vallemont defended Aymar (1693), in the book called "La Physique Occulte," he declared that Aymar was physically affected to an unpleasant extent by *matière meurtrière*, but was not thus agitated when he used the rod to discover minerals. We have seen that, if modern evidence can be trusted, holders of the rod are occasionally much agitated, even when they are only in search of wells. The story gave rise to a prolonged controversy, and the case remains a judicial puzzle, but little elucidated by the confession of the hunchback, who may have been insane, or morbid, or wearied by constant questioning till he was tired of his life. He was only nineteen years of age.

GLIMPSES OF SCOTTISH LOCHS.

BY MARY TITCOMB.

CALLANDER, a favorite gate-way into the most charming combination of lake, mountain and forest scenery to be found in all Scotland, is beautifully situated on both sides of the River Teith, at the base of Ben Ledi, whose summit rises to the height of 3,000 feet. The River Leny, issuing from Loch Lubnag on the north-west, joins, at Callander, the Teith, which drains Lochs Katrine, Achray and Vennachar, the united streams finally emptying their swelling waters into the Forth. The whole district in this vicinity, with its numerous lochs, its bold mountain-peaks, and the wild, rocky Trosachs, is celebrated far and wide, not only on account of its intrinsic beauty, but because of the poetic and graphic descriptions of Sir Walter Scott.

It was here, at Callander, that we spent a few quiet hours one warm July afternoon. We had left Edinburgh in the early morning, stopping on the way to see the old royal burgh of Stirling, with its historic castle, where two Scottish kings were born and two were crowned—



A SHEEP-FAIR IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

and where the last one, James VI., spent his early life. We had lingered over the magnificent view of the Western Grampians from the ramparts of the castle, and caught glimpses of many noted places in the old city, but the sun was yet high and hot when we reached Callander. The coaches bound to Loch Katrine were waiting; but we preferred to postpone this drive until the coming of the long, delightful twilight-time—to rest awhile, and from this entrance to loch and glen take at least a mental survey of our surroundings.

The village itself presents no special attractions; but from the long piazza at the station, from the bridge that spans the Teith, and from various other near points, are extensive views of grand and beautiful scenery. We let the hurrying crowd of tourists pass on, and leisurely turn our attention to the special points of interest that open from this place, recalling to mind, somewhat, local history, legendary lore and the poet's songs.

Ben Ledi, the "Hill of the Gods"—so called because, by tradition, its summit was devoted to Druidical worship—here rises, ridge above ridge, its rugged sides sparsely covered with patches of green. Toward the north the "Crags of Callander" arrest the eye, the dark woodlands contrasting prettily with the faint pinkish tinge of the budding heather. A short distance from the town is the famous Pass of Leny—a picturesque mountain-gorge, whose scenery combines the beauties of mountain, wood, river, rock and water-fall. As we emerge from this pass, one of the best views is obtained of Loch Lubnaig—a narrow, winding lake, imbedded between bold mountains. Ben Ledi is conspicuous, overhanging and darkening the



CALLANDER.

waters. Masses of *débris*, broken from its summit, are scattered along its sides, adding to the strange effect. Other frowning peaks rise above the loch, shutting it in, and making the scene gloomy in cloudy days, it may be, but grandly grave when the sunlight brightens the waters.

Midway, from the western shore there juts out into the loch the bold rock, "Craig-na-Coilig" ("Rock of Joint Hunting"), which long ago was the boundary between two Highland estates. Once a year the chieftains of each clan met here, spent the day in hunting together, and then each returned peacefully to his own lands.

At Lubnaig we are in the midst of the scenes of the "Lady of the Lake." It was up the Pass of Leny that young Angus of Duncraggan "sped forward with the Fiery Cross"—the summons to the Alpine clan—until "the Chapel of St. Bride was seen." Scott tells us,

"Ben Ledi saw the Cross of Fire;
It glanced like lightning up
Strath Ire."



THE TROSACHS.

St. Bride's Chapel stood on a romantic knoll in the valley Strath Ire, which lay along the south-eastern side of the loch. A small, walled-in church-yard is the only relic left of the chapel, but the spot recalls the touching scene in the "Lady of the Lake," of the interrupted marriage at St. Bride, when Norman, the bridegroom, took the "Fiery Cross" from the hands of Angus. Near the head of Lubnaig is Laggan, where the site of a farmhouse is pointed out, from which the famous Rob Roy is said to have carried off

Helen Macgregor to make her his wife. A few miles farther on, at Balquhiddier, on Loch Voil, are the reputed graves of Rob Roy, his wife and two of his sons, the spot marked by quaint flat stones. Rob Roy is supposed to have died about 1738, at his house on the western shore of Loch Voil. A little farther north we find Loch Earn, stretching eastward about seven miles, hemmed in by mountains, among which the lofty peak of Ben Voirlich towers. The verdant shores are dotted with pretty residences, here and there; while high above them rise huge masses of rock cleft by deep ravines, through which babbling streams descend to the lake.

South-west of Callander is another chain of small lakes lying in the valley of the Forth, the town of Aberfoil being the central point, around which cluster many associations of mingled fact and fiction. Aberfoil, however, is more commonly approached direct from Stirling, or by a mountain road from the Trosachs, or from Duncraggan, at the foot of Loch Achray. This whole neighborhood, immortalized by the genius of Scott, awakens a strange interest. The "huge heaths" and "toilsome ascents" seem to have depressed the spirits of Frank Osbaldistone, the hero of "Rob Roy," as he approached the "Clachan of Aberfoil," until suddenly the Forth, with its glorious surroundings, burst upon him—and the spot is not less beautiful now. To the westward is a richly wooded glen, bounded by noble ranges, among which soars the proud peak of Ben Lomond; Craigmore stands sentinel on the north; and other summits, near and far, add grandeur to the scene. The village house of entertainment bears the significant name "Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel." The "Pass of Aberfoil," anciently one of the barriers between the Lowlands and the Highlands, and the scene of many a fierce encounter, is not now so wild as one might suppose from its reputation. Yet, when the road, emerging from the forest, winds closely along the margin of Loch Ard, beneath huge, precipitous rocks and shaggy banks, it is easy, in imagination, to see the form of Helen Macgregor suddenly appearing on the summit of some rocky knoll, and to hear her startling words: "Stand, and tell me what ye seek in Macgregor's country?" Not far away, also, where the brink of a cliff overhangs the lake, is the reputed spot where the unfortunate Morris was hurled into the water by the order of the ruthless Helen.

The clear waters of Loch Ard are divided into two sections, a narrow stream connecting them. Upon one of the rocky islets near the southern shore is the ruined castle of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland during the captivity of James I. in England. At the western end of the loch is the water-fall described by Scott in connection with Flora MacIvor's farewell to Waverley. Beyond picturesque Loch Ard, and linked to it by one of the streams that form the Forth, are Loch Chron and its tiny companion, Loch Dhu, shut in by encircling hills.

Monteith, the only loch which, in Scotland, is called a lake, lies a little east of Aberfoil. It has a serene beauty, resembling the English lakes, and owes its chief interest to its islands. Upon Inch-ma-home, the largest of these, are the ruins of a monastery, founded by Egbert, in 825. "Queen Mary's Bower," on the south-east shore of the island, is still shown, as a reminiscence of Mary Queen of Scots. In 1547, when the little princess was only five years old, she was taken to the priory on Inch-ma-home, to prevent her from falling into the hands of Henry of England. Her mother selected four young girls of rank to be her companions, who each bore the name of Mary. They were known as "the four Marys," and remained

with the princess until she went to France, whither they accompanied her.

Between the Lake of Monteith and Aberfoil is located—though somewhat vaguely—the fording-place on the Forth where, according to Scott's story, Rob Roy, a prisoner bound to his keeper upon horseback, mysteriously slipped over the horse's tail, plunged into the river, and escaped into the dusky twilight of an Autumn evening.

But while we have been lingering upon these scenes—our time allowing personal glimpses of only the nearer ones—the hours have sped on swiftly. The heat of the day is spent, the air is clear and soft, and the open waggonettes waiting for passengers to the Trosachs give the promise of unobstructed views. We choose our seats, quite content that we have escaped the afternoon crowd and the hot sun upon this trip, so famed for beauty. Six o'clock, and we are off on our nine-mile drive to the Trosachs.

Crossing the Leny, we enter at once upon storied land; and although our driver seems less familiar with the localities on his route than most of his class whom we met in Scotland—or less socially inclined—he is open to inquiries, and genial enough in his way. We fancy his last party must have been in a hurry to catch the steamer on Loch Katrine, for his horses dash along the rough road in a tumble-about fashion quite incompatible with our ideas of passing over such classic ground. The road is by no means as smooth as most Scottish thoroughfares, and when our driver understands that we are fully conscious of this fact, and that we are in no haste, he slackens his speed somewhat.

We soon pass the old farm-house of "Bochastle"; and now almost every spot of our route is associated with the story of the "Lady of the Lake." Here is Coilantogle Ford, where Roderick Dhu flung down his gage to Fitz James after leading him safely thither, and where the combat took place in which the brave chieftain was fatally wounded. Even this romantic spot has not been secure from the utilitarian spirit of the age. The ford is superseded by a bridge, and close by is the great sluice of the Glasgow Water-works—a very needful protection against a dry season.

Loch Vennachar ("Lake of the Fair Valley") opens before us, with its waving outlines and wooded shores, Ben Ledi towering on the right. Calm and placid as the loch looks in the softened sunlight of this hour, it is subject, like other Highland lochs, to sudden squalls that rush fiercely through the glens and passes of surrounding hills. Perhaps this fact gave rise to the familiar Scottish tradition of the "Water Kelpie," which was believed to dwell in rivers and lakes. The tale is told that, once on a time, a number of children were playing on the shores of Vennachar, when a beautiful horse issued from the lake. It seemed so gentle, that, one after another, the children ventured to mount it, the creature gradually lengthening its back for their accommodation. Then, suddenly, he plunged into the deep, and in his watery cavern devoured all of them except one, who escaped to tell the dreary fate of his companions. In late years some sad disasters have occurred on Loch Vennachar, to which a less romantic cause has been assigned.

Near the head of the loch is Laurick Mead, the mustering-place of Clan Alpine, where the shrill whistle of their chieftain brought forth "the warriors true."

"Instant, through copse and heath arose
Bonnetts, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Up sprang at once the lurking foe."

Even the identical rock is pointed out against which the Knight of Snowdown leaned with dauntless air, and said :

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!"

With what credulous wonder, to be sure, does every eye turn to this mythical rock, and glance around to discover where, beneath "bracken bush" and "willow wand," five hundred "plaided warriors" might hide!

"Duncraggan's huts appear at last," near an ancient Highland burial-place, and the famous Brig o' Turk and lovely Loch Achray come into view. A little gem it is—only about a mile long and half a mile wide—in a magnificent mountain setting. We catch glimpses of lofty peaks beyond, and of deep glens through which upland streams seek their way to the lake. Along these banks, also, the messenger of Roderick Dhu carried the Fiery Cross, and so thoroughly has the poet peopled our imagination with his vivid creations that we look for the locations he mentions with unquestioning faith in the reality of the tale—for the time being—and every one pleasingly blends his conception of the ideal with the real as recognized in the truthful descriptions of scenery. The road runs along the lake-side until we reach, among the silver birch, the oak-trees and juniper-bushes, the turreted Trosachs Hotel. For many years this place of rest was called *Ardcheanacrochan*, but this Gaelic name was too much for travelers' tongues, and it has been finally dropped.

How delightful this wild, romantic retreat! And how refreshing the "good cheer" of our host! Then, with willing feet, our little party start out for a stroll "in the deep Trosachs' wildest nook." No other time could be more delightful than this evening hour. It was the very time of which Scott wrote :

"The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire."

Directly behind the hotel rises the peak called Sron Armaite, green and shrub-clothed; in front gleams the fairy Loch Achray, mirroring the hills on every side. On the left of the Trosach glade tower the broken, rugged, but rich and glossy heights of Ben Venue, while on the right is Ben A'an, lower, but rough and jagged.

We have scarcely begun our survey of this scene when we are joined by some travelers whom we saw at the hotel—a Scotch gentleman, his wife and son, a young lad just entering his teens. And here, among some of the most picturesque scenery of Scotland, commenced our pleasant acquaintance with a grand-nephew of Robert Burns and his family. We pass on together through the heart of the Trosachs to Loch Katrine—about a mile distant—the road growing rougher, until, in the deepest and narrowest part of the gorge, the rocky walls, clothed in pine and birch and hazel trees, springing from a tangled mass of drooping ferns and budding heath, rise high and shaggy above our heads. Scott's glowing description comes to mind with a new meaning in it. Our Scotch friends seem much surprised when we mention that we have often passed through similar wild and beautiful places in the forests of Maine—for there is an impression in Scotland that nowhere else is there *anything* like the Trosachs. And perhaps there cannot be found, within so small a place, such a varied combination of lovely scenery.

Long years ago, Loch Katrine could be approached in

this direction only by what was known as the "Ladder"—steps rudely hewn in the high, rocky bank, by which, clinging to the tangled branches and roots, the intrepid Highlanders, often laden with heavy burdens, were accustomed to pass from the lower to the higher portions of the Trosachs.

"And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel-saplings lent their aid."

We catch a glimpse of fair Katrine, and then retrace our steps in the waning twilight. The glorious full moon is smiling down on Loch Achray as we approach the hotel, and the charming picture tempts us to prolong our walk around the little lake. We linger long, the fairy scene and pleasant companions beguiling us into unaccustomed hours.

A cheery sight it was next morning to see from our window the huge sides of Ben Venue bathed in sunshine, giving promise of a fine day. Breakfast; a drive through the Trosachs, and Loch Katrine bursts into view—a silver sheet, embosomed amid heath-clad rocks and hills, and dotted with verdant islets. The little steamer is soon thronged with tourists, the majority carrying sundry local guide-books and a copy of the "Lady of the Lake," the most entertaining guide-book of them all. The day, clear, though warm, reveals in perfection the views familiar by description. The beauty of the loch (which is about nine miles long) is chiefly concentrated at this eastern end, where we commence our sail. Ellen's Isle, from which the blast of Fitz James's bugle started the little skiff which brought Ellen Douglas to the "beach of pebbles bright as snow," known as the "Silver Strand," is richly wooded to the water's edge, throwing a quivering reflection in the clear water most beautiful to the eye. We note, also, that "high on the south, huge Ben Venue" casts pictured masses of crags and knolls upon the loch, while on the north "Ben A'an rears high his forehead bare."

At the base of Ben Venue is a great hollow in the mountain-side, shut in by fallen rocks, trees and brush-wood. It is known as *Coir-nan-Uriskin*, or the Goblin's Cave, and famed as the hiding-place of Ellen Douglas, when removed by her father from Ellen's Isle. Whether this cave has a real existence or not—although its locality is always pointed out—we know not; but some doubt entered our minds on hearing the story of a guide who had accompanied an English tourist to the spot. After scrambling among rocks and bogs and bushes for an hour, the traveler expressed great indignation at the aspect of the *Coir-nan-Uriskin*.

"Ah, sir," said the Scotchman, "there is no cave here but what Mr. Scott made himself."

"What! no cave?"

"Na, sir; but we go where the gentry chooses, and they always ask for the Goblin's Cave first."

In old times this lake bore the stately name of Catharine; and it is still sometimes called Keturin in the Highlands. Loch Katrine is Glasgow's great reservoir, and not far from its western end we may see the beginning of the water-works by which a daily supply of pure water is conveyed to the great city—thirty-four miles away.

At Stronachlachar we leave the trig little steamer, and rest during the heat of midday, wandering at pleasure among the shady glens that here border the loch. Even a few hours later, when we take our seats in the crowded coaches, the sun is still so hot that we are quite ready to



BRIG O' TURK.

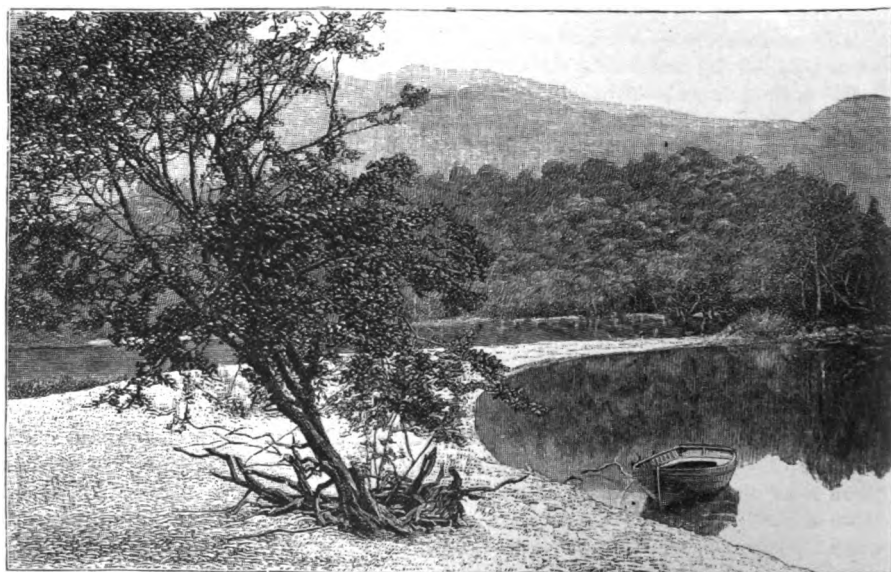
forego unobstructed views and spread our umbrellas for protection. It is but a five-mile drive to Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond; but the climb to Glen Arklet, 500 feet above the sea, is rather slow. Very near Loch Arklet is pointed out the reputed residence of Rob Roy when a powerful chieftain. Hot as it is, we must not forget that we are now in the heart of the Macgregor's country, and peep out, once in awhile, between the forest of umbrellas "to view the landscape o'er." There are, however, few attractions until the sharp descent begins to Loch Lomond, which lies only twenty-three feet above the sea. Then a charming view of the loch opens, with grand peaks rising about it, among which Ben Vane, Ben Vorlich and Ben Ime are conspicuous. The rushing Arklet water, which has dashed along our descending route, takes a final and sudden leap in the Falls of Inversnaid, and then loses itself in the peaceful loch. We have ample time to see this picturesque cascade from rocks above and glades below before the Loch Lomond steamer starts from the pier at Inversnaid.

A short but delightful sail brings us to Tarbet, where, embowered in fine trees, stands the picturesque hotel at which we purpose to break our journey. Here we part, temporarily, from our pleasant Scottish friends, who go across to Arrochar, on Loch Long. Tarbet is a charming resting-place, and a convenient point from which to make excursions upon the lake, and to places of interest in the vicinity. The view of Ben Lomond, whose summit rises grandly from the opposite shore, is magnificent.

What delightful days were those which we devoted to this, the "Queen of Scottish Lakes"! Poets have sung of its bewitching beauty, and artists pictured its wondrous charms, until one might reasonably expect the reality to be disappointing. But to us, each day—and how clear and perfect the days!—presented some new view, seemingly more beautiful than any other, and we yielded to the spell cast by its loveliness and romantic tales and traditions.

Loch Lomond, about twenty-four miles long, does not exceed a mile and a half in width for about fourteen miles from its head. Toward the southern end, where cluster most of its islands, it expands to five miles. It lies completely imbedded in different ranges—Kilpatrick Hills on the south, rich,

green and gently swelling; the "Alps of Arrochar" on the west; the Mountains of Glenfalloch on the north; while on the east, the great Grampian chain terminates in Ben Lomond. In a trip to Ardlui, at the head of the loch, we noted how the peaks grew more and more rugged toward the north, the narrowing lake winding among them almost like a river. In ancient times the western shore of Loch Lomond, from Tarbet northward, was the country of "wild Macfarlane's plaided clan." Loch Sloy, near the base of Ben Vorlich, was their mustering-place; and their old strongholds have not wholly disappeared, for we see ruins of them, not only upon the shore, but upon the little isle, Eilean Vhou. Near Inversnaid is "Rob Roy's Cave," famous as the retreat of the Highland chieftain and his followers when hard pressed by their foes. The small opening is nearly hidden by rocks, but the cavern is of considerable size.



THE SILVER STRAND.



THE SPINNER.



GLEN LUSS.

From Tarbet to Balloch, at the southern end of Loch Lomond, is a delightful excursion if taken on a fine day, as chanced to be our good fortune. The serene water reflecting peak and wooded bank, Ben Lomond, sentinel among the sheltering hills, the verdant isles, the wild and lonely glens, the bold promontories, and the associations linked to the surrounding country, combine to make Lomond indeed a "queen" in her mountain home. As the steamer glides along a curious and picturesque effect is produced by the long, fluttering line of gray-and-white-plumaged gulls which follow in our wake. They have learned to expect attention from tourists on the lake, and exhibit wonderful dexterity in catching, on the wing, the bits of bread and cracker thrown to them. On the side of Crag Royston, not far from Tarbet, is "Rob Roy's Prison," a cavern where the bold outlaw confined his refractory prisoners. Passengers who desire to ascend Ben Lomond land at Rowardennan, this being the best starting-point for the climb. On the opposite side of the loch is the village of Luss, beautifully situated at the entrance of Glen Luss, among grand old trees, with a background of purple hills. Now we begin to thread our way through the islands which here thickly dot the surface, mirroring their rich beauty in the clear water. There are in Loch Lomond about thirty islands, each having its own little history. The largest, Inch-murrin, is a deer-park belonging to the Duke of Montrose, and in olden times James VI. used to hunt there. The ruins of an ancient castle of the Earls of Lennox may still be seen upon it. Inch-cailloch was an ancient burial-place for chieftains of renown, and the moss-covered stones which mark their resting-places yet remain. The high rock seen on that side of Inch-tavannach which is toward Inch-cannachan was, according to tradition, the rude pulpit from which, long ago, the Gospel used to be preached to people on both islands. As the steamer passes Inch-cruim, Inch-fad, Inch-moan and others, we learn the story of each.

Ross Priory, on the eastern shore of the loch, was a favorite Summer retreat of Sir Walter Scott; and on the south-west opens the wild, dark Glen Fruin, vividly associated with the traditionary history of the fierce conflict which took place there between the Clans Colquhoun and Macgregor, early in the seventeenth century. How much fiction is mingled with fact is uncertain, but the current tale gives a credible origin to the stern proscriptive laws so long enforced against the Macgregors. A quarrel having arisen between the clans, a battle was fought in 1602, the Macgregors being victors with little loss, while many Colquhouns were slain or captured. Tradition says that barbarous atrocities were perpetrated upon helpless prisoners; and also upon students from Dumbarton, who went to Glen Fruin to witness the conflict. The tale of horror having been reported to James VI., he declared vengeance upon the whole clan. They were hunted down like wild beasts, and the very name Macgregor prescribed. Driven to desperation, the clan renounced the laws from whose protection they were excluded, and made depredations upon the surrounding country with desperate success. The Macgregors claim that the savage acts after the battle of Glen Fruin were caused by one blood-thirsty Highlander, and in direct disobedience to the orders of the chief; and their belief that they unjustly suffered by the oppressive acts which continued in force a century and a half explains the character of the famous Rob Roy and his clan, and the bitterness that underlay their vengeful deeds.

Somebody has described Tarbet as a village "sleeping in the presence of the mighty Ben, whose forehead is

often bound with a cloudy handkerchief." We saw the cloudy wrap just enough to appreciate both its presence and its absence. The ever-varying aspect of the noble summit added to the charms of the place, and made our walks about Tarbet all the more delightful. One clear morning we turned our steps into the shady road which leads to the quiet, hill-encircled village of Arrochar, at the head of Loch Long. The two-mile walk is all too short, as our pleased eyes linger on the rich forests, which open, as we go on, disclosing the rugged crests of many mountains. In this peaceful glen once lived the kilted clansmen—for Arrochar was the capital of the Macfarlanes, and the scene of many a conflict. The little grave-yard we pass on our way was used, centuries ago, for burying the slain after battle.

Dreamy little Arrochar! Under the shadowing peaks of Ben Vorlich, Ben Vane, Ben Arthur, it nestles, undisturbed, on the borders of the lake, bringing a soothing sense of quiet. Here we meet again our Scottish friends, and spend a never-to-be-forgotten day in delightful rest and companionship. Sitting upon the grassy knolls, beneath the sheltering trees, our eyes become familiar with the heights which lend their grandeur to Loch Long. The "Cobbler" sits enthroned upon Ben Arthur—the "Cobbler's Wife" a little apart, as if domestic relations were not quite harmonious. We remember they are said to quarrel fearfully sometimes, and that all the country around knows when the trouble begins! The "Cobbler" frowns when the sky darkens—his "Wife" sulks in a misty veil. Then he growls and grumbles, and she flashes back an angry retort. So the disturbance goes on, until she bursts into a flood of weeping and darkness covers them both. Peace is restored the next morning: the "Cobbler" glows with happiness, while his "Wife" smiles through the tear-drops on her face.

We stand on the pier in front of the hotel, watching the brilliant, curiously shaped jelly-fish which abound in this part of the loch, and the fishermen securing their finny treasures. Presently the steamer from Glasgow appears in sight, and soon there is a little flutter of excitement on the pier. Loch Long opens from the Clyde, and extends about twenty-two miles into the interior. A short distance from Arrochar, on the opposite shore, wild Glencroce stretches up to a height of 860 feet—a desolate gorge, upon which the "Cobbler" and his "Wife" keep strictest watch. Some miles farther south Loch Goil branches out from Loch Long through a narrow, rocky opening. A short way up, on the margin of Loch Goil, stands an old gray ruin called Carrick Castle, the ancient seat of the Dunmore family. It dates from the end of the fifteenth century, and though now time-worn and battered, was once a famous stronghold.

All days have an end; and our day at Arrochar was no exception to the sometimes unwelcome fact.

Loch Lomond's attractions did not wane, nor were the resources of the surrounding country exhausted; but one morning the wisest of our little party said: "We might linger here all Summer, but our time is up; a storm *must* come before long; let us leave this very day, while the weather is fine."

In an hour we were on the steamer bound for Balloch. But alas! for the heroic resolution of our wisest! Seductively he coaxed us to take the return sail from Balloch as far as Rowardennan: "Such a perfect day—we can never get such views again." And at Rowardennan he suddenly decided to stop a day or two and climb Ben Lomond. But the six-mile-distant peak, and sundry indications of mosquitoes and "midges" on this warm day,

did not incline the ladies to tarry at Rowardennan. So the rest of our party soon re-embarked on the steamer, having all arranged to meet in Glasgow the following week.

It was in August, while on the delightful steamer route which we chose, from Glasgow to Oban, *via* the Kyles of Bute, that we caught from the Clyde a different and tamer view of Loch Long from that gained at Arrochar. Gareloch, Holy Loch, Loch Striven and Loch Ridden flash upon our sight, in passing—the latter picturesquely opening from the northern point of the Kyles, and holding at its entrance a tiny islet, crowned with a ruined castle of the Argylls. Loch Fyne, into which the steamer presently turns, stretches far away into the Highlands, and is specially noted for its herring-fishery. There is a saying among the fishermen that, in the height of the season, the loch is one-third water and two-thirds herring. This delicious fish, when eaten fresh, as in Scotland, is an entirely different article from what the inexperienced American traveler fancies. We had our preconceived notions of herring, and can never quite forget how many delicate morsels we lost before we were, by chance, enlightened. We never refused herring after that.

At Ardrishaig begins the Crinan Canal, nine miles in length, and the link of communication between Loch Fyne—or, strictly speaking, the little Loch Gilp—and Loch Crinan. But here some of the passengers, on leaving the steamer, take the two-hours coach-ride to Loch Awe, and then a sail on its long, narrow surface. It is twenty-two miles long, but not more than three-quarters of a mile wide at any point. The view up the loch is made glorious by Ben Cruachan, the majestic sentinel which guards its head. Kilohurn Castle, on a rocky elevation of the shore opposite Ben Cruachan, forms a picturesque object. No ancient castle in Scotland, it is said, competes with this noble relic of the feudal ages in magnitude and beauty of situation. The oldest parts were built about 1440, by an ancestor of the family of Breadalbane. Among the many islands of Loch Awe is the little Innis Fraoch, or the "Heather Isle." Concealed among its trees is a small but strongly built castle, whose solitary walls are now the haunts of sea-birds. This isle was the fabled Hesperides of the Highlanders, and produced, according to Celtic poetry, delicious apples, which were guarded by an enormous serpent. It was disenchanted—so goes the tale—by one Sir Fraoch, who being asked by his lady-love to bring her some of the golden fruit, penetrated the serpent-guarded island and killed the snake, but was himself mortally wounded. Some quaint tradition is connected with almost every one of the thirty islands in this picturesque sheet of water.

The shores about Loch Awe and the recesses of surrounding mountains long ago belonged to the Clan Macgregor, but in the fifteenth century the Campbells obtained possession of them, and to its glens they retreated in time of danger. Highlanders still point out many a lonely ravine where some fugitive son of Alpine is believed to have fallen beneath the rage of his relentless pursuers.

But our own destined route lies through the Crinan Canal, with its numerous locks and its pretty little steamer *Linnhe*. We could almost make the distance along its banks on foot, while the steamer slowly winds through the narrow passage; but the novelty of the locks, an occasional walk on the fern and flower covered banks, and now and then a parley with the flock of bare-foot children who run side by side with the boat to sell milk to the passengers, beguile the time. Little Loch

Crinan is beautiful, though scarcely equal to its neighbor on the north—Loch Craignish—which we pass as we enter the broader waters which soon bring us to Oban.

The Scottish Highlands are separated into two grand divisions by what is called the "Great Glen," extending from the Island of Lismore, a little north of Oban, to Inverness. The basin of this great valley, about sixty miles in length, is occupied by lakes; and the Caledonian Canal, linking them together so as to make navigation complete, is a favorite route for travelers into the Northern Highlands. Through this "Great Glen" of Scotland we purposed—after a few days at Oban—to reach Inverness, thereby getting glimpses of the picturesque combination of mountain, lake, glade and castle peculiar to this section of the country.

Tourists in Scotland learn to place little reliance upon weather prognostications; the fair morning is quite likely to turn to stormy day, and the cloudy one to burst into sunshine. So the lowering sky on the morning we left Oban was disregarded, as an incident which, in all probability, would vanish with advancing day.

Before we really enter Loch Linnhe, which lies at this end of the Great Glen, we pass the ancient Castle of Dunstaffnage, crowning a wooded peninsula jutting out into Loch Etive; while far in the background of mountains, the twin peaks of Ben Cruachan stand sentinels alike over Etive and Awe. The narrow mouth of Etive widens as it winds its way among tall peaks, Ben Cruachan towering directly in front, until a sudden turn in the lake shows Ben Starav and the Buchaille Etive group keeping guard at its head. Little Loch Creran nestles near by among the wooded hills. Its situation is so prettily described in verse that we are tempted to quote:

"Loch Etive bent his lordly head,
And smoothed his granite nose,
And turned where Lady Creran lay
In beautiful repose.

"Her elbows on the Appin shore;
Her limbs swept to Ardtinny;
Her gay feet tossed the waters o'er
That danced adown Loch Linnhe.

"Her dainty head among the hills,
Veiled like an Eastern charmer;
Barcaldine woods her bosom frills,
Bedecking while they warm her.

"And all the way, by rock and bay,
She wears the Farie's green,
Save where the royal purple floats
From healthy bord'ring screen.

"She turns, and with half-closed eyes
Sees Cruachan's double peaks;
The light that all his forehead dyes,
With blushes floods her cheeks."

As the steamer wends her way up the broad expanse of Loch Linnhe, leaving behind the green isle of Lismore, a little shadow falls over the spirits of the passengers as well as over the landscape. The dusky clouds droop lower and lower over the Morven Hills, hiding the peaks and clothing the mountain-sides in misty drapery. We resolutely ignore the drizzle that begins with a gentleness that promises long continuance, don our waterproofs and sit on deck, persistently trying to see what is nearly invisible—for is it not along this part of the loch that Ben Nevis rises into view? But soon the rain falls in torrents, and everybody retreats to the cabins, though in high good-humor. A downright storm clears the mind—as well as the sky—and is far more cheerful than a ceaseless drizzle-drazzle.



AT THE PEAT-BOGS.

Never did it rain much harder than when we landed at Balachulish Pier, where our own party and others were to stop. A mile from the hotel, and no conveyance but open wagonettes! Umbrellas were worse than useless on that brief but memorable drive—they simply converted the descending floods into cascades which leaped upon the heads and shoulders of every one. A very drenched and dripping company we were—but merry for all that—when we resigned ourselves to the hospitable care of our host and an army of attendants. Fires were kindled, garments spread out to dry, and we, freshly clothed, were soon dining with unimpaired appetites.

Balachulish occupies a beautiful position at the entrance of Loch Leven—in Argyllshire—an arm of Loch Linnhe, extending inland about twelve miles. It affords one of the finest approaches to the famous Glencoe; and here we resolved to stay until favorable weather for a trip through the glen, be it ever so long. No great trial this, in such comfortable quarters! And then, what pleasure it is to watch the shifting clouds, now lifting from the tops of Glencoe's peaks, now shrouding them

in gray; and to note the struggles of the sun, toward evening, to rend apart the misty mantle that envelops the western mountains. He conquers gloriously, we think, as the gorgeous, golden clouds burst out over the lofty tips, sending a flood of rosy light upon mountainsides all flecked over with fleecy spots of moving fog. And with victorious colors streaming far and wide, the King of Day sinks calmly to his well-earned rest.

How could such sunset bring a morning of rain? But we still linger, content with the changing sky, the gusty showers and the glimpses of pretty Loch Leven; until, when afternoon brings stifful sunshine, we drive into Glencoe. We rejoice that it has rained, and that the struggle among the clouds is not yet ended. The white, rolling mists, now disclosing, now concealing, the jagged peaks that wall in this wild glen, the warm sunshine followed by the soft shower, the shifting light and shade, the foaming torrents streaming down the heights, make the scene

far more impressive than it could have been in unbroken sunlight. Sublimely beautiful is Glencoe, notwithstanding the historical gloom cast over it by the treacherous massacre of its inhabitants, the Macdonalds, in 1692. The tale is still told to travelers, and heard with fresh interest, while the spot is pointed out where stood the house at which the British officers were entertained, before the massacre was begun. The chief of the clan had tendered his allegiance to King William III., as



LOCH CORNISK.

commanded, though not until after the appointed time. Certain nobles revengefully withheld the explanation of his delay, and induced the King to order the extinction of the clan. The chief was not aware of this, and securely lived in Glencoe with his followers, about 200 in number. Under false representations of peaceful intentions, a band of officers and soldiers asked and received the hospitality of the Macdonalds, living familiarly with them, in the glen, for two weeks. Then, suddenly they attacked them in cold blood, ruthlessly murdering a part, while others, who escaped into the mountains, perished with the cold and hunger. Never was hospitality more basely requited; and when known, the perfidious tragedy filled England and Scotland with horror.

avie to climb the grand old Ben, on whose rounded summit we see the snow-banks yet linger. We do not lose the retrospective view of this bold peak until the nearer heights—which wall in Loch Lochy with a chain almost unbroken, save by the waters of Loch Archaig—shut it out from our sight. Archaig, which opens from Lochy north-westerly, is a lovely sheet of water, abounding in romantic scenery, and also in associations with Prince Charles, who wandered along its shores during his flight after the battle of Culloden, seeking to escape from the country.

Again, by another series of locks, our steamer is brought into Loch Oich—the summit level of the glen, one hundred feet above Corpach—where is, perhaps,



HIGHLAND WASHING-DAY.

It was a lovely August morning when, leaving Loch Leven among its encircling hills, we resumed our trip through the Great Glen. Fort William, a favorite resort from its proximity to Ben Nevis, is near the northern end of Loch Linnhe; and Corpach, a little port not far above, is close to the junction of Loch Linnhe with Loch Eil, which stretches ten miles inward to the west. At Corpach we leave the steamer; for here begins the Caledonian Canal—the connecting link between Lochs Linnhe, Lochy, Oich and Ness—rising at once by a series of locks called “Neptune’s Staircase.” A short drive brings us to Banavie, where the canal steamer is in waiting. We have had glimpses of famous Ben Nevis on our way; but at Corpach and Banavie he stands in unobstructed view. Several passengers, and among them the ambitious one of our own little party, remain at Ban-

the finest bit of scenery on the whole route. A little lake it is, only three and a half miles long, nestled amid green hill-slopes and rich forests. On the north-west the mountains are cleft into two masses by Glengarry, through which is a fine view of more distant peaks. On the border of the loch, not far from the mouth of the River Garry, is the fine old ruin of Glengarry Castle—the ancient stronghold of the Macdonalds of Glengarry down to Culloden’s melancholy day, when the castle was burned and the spirit of the bold clansmen broken. It was not wholly destroyed, however, and the gray walls standing on a mossy knoll, with a background of rich forest foliage, adds piquancy to the charming prospect.

We descend by the locks to Loch Ness, near the entrance to which stands Fort Augustus, built in 1720, to overawe the Highland clans, but now occupied by a Bene-

dictine Order. The loch is nearly twenty-four miles in length, and in some parts not less than 900 feet deep. Its waters never freeze. The crowning summit of the hills which inclose Loch Ness is Mealfourvie, nearly opposite which are the famous Falls of Foyers. But the sunny morning has changed to stormy afternoon. Slowly the clouds have gathered upon the mountain-tops, until, with sudden violence, the rain bursts upon us midway in Loch Ness, cutting off all distant views, and allowing us but misty glimpses of Glen Moriston, Glen Urquhart and its ancient castle, and making quite impossible our anticipated visit to Foyer's Falls, whose "bursting torrents" Burns has so beautifully described. But we accept the weather with a philosophic equanimity born of special experiences; and, watching from the cabin-windows, ponder on the gloomy change wrought by the storm, until, in the midst of a most violent dash of rain, we are landed at Inverness.

In the Northern and Western Highlands of Scotland are many picturesque lochs, which lie along favorite routes from Inverness to the Hebrides, and to which special excursions are easily made.

A delightful trip is from Inverness, on the Skye Railway, by way of Auchnasheen, to Strome, on Loch Carron, which is one of the prettiest among the inlets on the western coast, although it has never attained the repute it deserves. Its scenery is a happy blending of simplicity and grandeur. Nor is the attraction of an ancient ruin lacking, for Strome Castle stands on a point of land jutting out into the lake. But having reached Loch Carron, we shall not fail to continue our excursion a little farther, taking the steamer to the Isle of Skye that we may get a glimpse of the noted Lochs Scavaig and Cornisk. We may land at various points on the north-western coast of Skye, as at Portree or Broadford, and go across the island to these lakes. But a far more impressive view is obtained by entering Loch Scavaig from the open sea. Loch Cornisk lies in the same basin, only a quarter of a mile inward from Scavaig, but the contrast between the two is marked. Scavaig is, as it were, the threshold; Cornisk, the recessed chamber. The clear, bright waters of the one have a rich green hue in the sunlight, and the ever-breaking sea-waves impart an air of life which strikingly contrasts with the deep silence of Cornisk's waters, blue in the sunshine, and gloomily dark when the Cuchullin Hills above are wrapped in clouds. But it must have been a bleak day that Scott had in mind when he wrote of it:

"Rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone;"

for in a sunshiny day one gets a very different impression of it. Nor is it true at the present time that

"No tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power
The weary eye may ken."

The fact is that the visitor may easily gather many varieties of wild flowers and ferns, as he walks around the shores of the loch.

From Skye there are many pleasant routes back to Inverness. We may extend our trip to Stornoway—made famous by the glowing descriptions of William Black—and thence return to the coast of Ross-shire by way of Loch Inver, or by the deep and narrow Loch Broom; or, better still, we may land at Povlewe or Gauloch, and by coach reach Loch Maree, whence by coach and rail we go on to Inverness.

Maree is very famous among Scottish lakes. It is a magnificent sheet of water, about eighteen miles long and dotted with numerous islands. Ben Slioch, about 4,000 feet in height, rises grandly toward the south-eastern end of the loch, while Ben Lorig and other peaks shoot up abruptly on either side; and then come views of gray, bare summits, more distant, rising range above range. Legendary tales are told of the pretty islands, particularly concerning Isle Maree, the largest. A Danish prince who was to meet his *fiancée*, the daughter of an Irish king, on this island, arranged that when the vessel bringing her came in sight a white flag should indicate her safe arrival. To test his affection, the lady ordered a black flag to be raised, which so affected the prince that he killed himself, and the shock of this event caused the death of the princess. Two flat stones within the ruined monastery on the island mark the spot where they are buried together—so goes the tale.

The tradition that the waters of a little well upon this island were efficacious in cases of insanity is beautifully versified by Whittier, in the poem beginning:

"Calm on the breast of Loch Maree
A little isle reposes;
A shadow woven of the oak
And willow o'er it closes."

A remarkable fir forest of ancient growth borders a part of the lake, and the road winding along the shore amid birch, pine, larch and fir trees, heather, bracken and rocky knolls, affords delightful views of the lovely water so locked in by overhanging mountains.

Yet, alas! we did not see Loch Maree, except in imagination! Waiting for a rainless day cost us, in this instance, utter disappointment, although we delayed at Inverness, in hope, to the outward limit of our allotted time. In compensation, we were given the brightest, clearest and most lovely of days for our trip from Inverness over the Grampian Hills, on the Highland Railway, to Blair-Athol, beautifully located in Perthshire, on the banks of the River Garry. Along the section of country over which we passed there are few lochs, but little ones peep out here and there amid the mountains—Loch Erich being the largest of them, and the highest lake, of any size, in Scotland.

Making Blair-Athol head-quarters, we improve the perfect weather by excursions to Pitlochrie, beautiful for scenery; the Pass of Killiecrankie, famous for the battle of 1689; and other places in the vicinity. We linger long admiring the grand prospect from "Queen's View," Killiecrankie, and the rushing Garry as it tumbles over its rocky bed beneath the forest-fringed banks; and as we emerge from the pass observe that our waiting coachman looks rather reproachful at the unusual delay. Not far to the westward, beautiful Loch Tummel, hemmed in by woody shores, comes into view, with Mount Schiehallion's tapering cone in the foreground. If we follow the River Tummel farther on, we shall reach Loch Rannoch, less grand in surroundings, but famous for its excellent trout.

Loch Tay is one of the most charming of Scottish lakes. One route to it begins at Pitlochrie. Another favorite approach is from Dunkeld, a beautiful town, southward, situated on the Tay—Scotland's largest river—all the views along the valley being exquisite. Taymouth Castle, not far from the foot of the loch, is the seat of the Earl of Breadalbane, and celebrated for its picturesque outlook. The loch itself, about fifteen miles in length, stretches along a glen flanked by high mountains, forming a most attractive picture.

We may, perhaps, content ourselves with our brief

stay at the beautiful town of Dunkeld, and make only necessary delays at the so-called "fair City of Perth"; but surely we cannot pass by, unnoticed, on our route to Edinburgh, the small but historically famous Loch Leven, near Kinross, even though it lies out of the beaten track of travel. Loch Leven, although the delight of anglers—its trout being large and delicious—is chiefly attractive to the tourist because of its associations with the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. It is only about four miles in length, but several little islands dot its surface. Upon Castle Island, which has an area of only two acres, is Loch Leven Castle, where Queen Mary was imprisoned for eleven months, in the custody of Sir William Douglas. The castle, whose ruins are still standing, was an ancient fortress of the Douglas family, and is noticed in history as early as 1334, although the date of its erection is unknown. With its court and garden it occupied nearly all of the tiny island. A round tower, at the south-east corner, is pointed out as having been occupied by Mary, and brings freshly to mind the familiar story of her tedious confinement and her remarkable escape, in May, 1568. The stolen keys of the castle, with which the great outer gate was locked to prevent pursuit, after Mary had passed out into the waiting boat, were thrown into Loch Leven; and strange to say, they were found in 1805, having been washed upon the shelving shore near Kinross House.

Queen Mary's life in the gloomy castle, her forced resignation, while there, of her right to the Crown, her romantic flight, followed by the fatal battle of Langside, form some of the most interesting scenes in Scott's novel, "The Abbot."

The misfortunes of the beautiful Queen of the Scots have softened many stern and just criticisms upon her conduct; and as long as a vestige of Loch Leven Castle remains upon this little islet will travelers be attracted hither, and in rehearsing the story of her tragic fate, will surround the spot of her sad captivity with the halo of romance.

PARIS AND FONTAINEBLEAU.

For two hundred years has Versailles astonished the world, but were Le Notre and Mansard to revisit the work that made them famous, they would be saddened to find nothing in a state of preservation. Versailles satisfied a monarch's caprice, but it was none the less a monument of the national pride. Its cost was about forty millions of dollars, but of its statues, fountains etc., not one remains intact. As all date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a little care only would have preserved them in their purity of form and style.

The castle itself needs immediate attention, for not a reparation has been made since the time of Charles X.; a damp moss covers the walls, and at any moment cornices and balustrades are liable to fall. Portions of the statues that ornament the *façades* of the palace crumble each day, and were it not for the iron rods by which they are fastened to the walls, the statues themselves would crush the passers-by. However, these iron bars are rusted, and will be a protection only for a short time to come. Many of the windows are without panes of glass, and the sashes are shattered as though by an earthquake. The southern wing of the castle is literally in ruins, and the *débris* a danger for visitors.

A splendid past, a sad present, an inglorious future! While the palace of Louis XIV. becomes the prey of the

destroyer, Fontainebleau, decorated by Rousseau, Corot, Diaz and Troyon, is no longer the Fontainebleau once the pride of Francis I. In the immense *salons*, where all sovereigns from Francis I. to Napoleon III. left traces of their taste and love for the beautiful, nothing is left but modern reproductions and a few pieces of furniture whose authenticity cannot be disputed. In the immense palace there are now only two pairs of turquoise-blue Sèvres vases. Two of these vases were decorated by Fragonard, and are marvels of the work of the eighteenth century. In the ante-chamber of the gallery, leading to the grand chapel, is a colossal Louis XVI lantern. This, with two *appliqués* and the turquoise-blue Sèvres vases to which reference has already been made, are the only veritable works of art to be found in the palace.

Fontainebleau Palace is in the finest forest in France, but never is there a fire in the building. Forty furnaces were provided for heating the palace, and if a half-dozen of these were lighted, the tapestries, now perishing from humidity, might be saved.

For years many historical buildings have been in a state of dilapidation, a state of decay painful to lovers of art, painful to lovers of France and her history. It is startling, but none the less true, that if something be not done immediately, in a very short time Versailles and the Trianons will have entirely disappeared, Fontainebleau will be devoid of ornament as soldiers' barracks, and Rambouillet, Compiègne and other castles famous in history will be remembrances of the past.

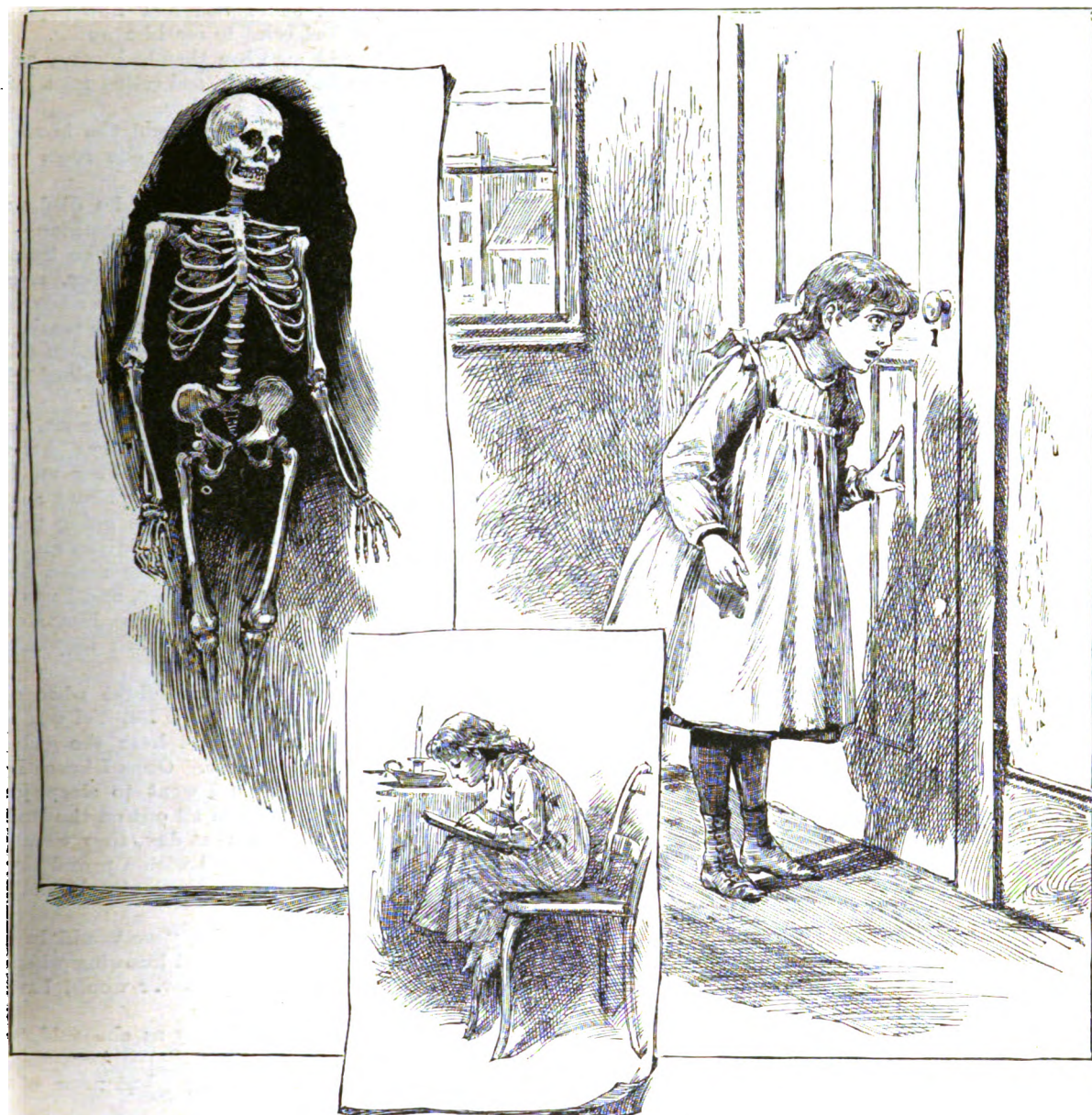
PATTI AND "LA TRAVIATA."

MADAME PATTI has generally made her first reappearance for the season either as *Violetta* or as *Rosina*; and every opera-goer knows that as the heroine of *Beau-marchais* and Rossini's admirable musical comedy she is incomparable.

Patti's first appearance for the season in "*La Traviata*" never fails to fill the house; and by the time *Violetta* has primed herself with champagne and advanced to the footlights, glass in hand, to sing "*Libiamo*," there is never a vacant place in the theatre. The story of "*La Dame aux Camélias*" has been so purified in its conversion from its original dramatic form into the libretto of an opera that *Violetta's* stage business with the champagne in the opening scene is really all that remains to stamp her as a "transgressor" of a particular kind; and, without fastidiousness, it might be wished that *Violetta* would not throw her champagne about the stage, which, besides being a little unbecoming, would in actual life be imprudent, as some of it might fall on her dress. It belongs to the part, however, and has to be done; and such being the case, who could do it more gracefully than Madame Patti? After that only too characteristic drinking-song, *Violetta*, as every one knows, bids farewell to her life of reckless gayety, and only resumes it in a moment of despair, when she feels that she must shortly bid farewell to life altogether. The part is full of the most dramatic contrasts; and in that, as in the real merit of the alternately brilliant and pathetic music, is to be found the simple explanation of the favor with which it is regarded by prime donne and by the public. In Madame Patti's *Violetta* there is always something new to be observed—new ornamentation in the cadences of the principal airs, new points of inspiration in the acting, as well as new dresses of the most tasteful kind in every scene.



A LESSON IN BOTANY.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. KIRKMICHAEL.



"THEY SAID I WAS PRECOCIOUS, FOR I COULD WRITE WHEN I WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD." . . . "I APPLIED MY EYE TO THE KEY-HOLE. I SAID, IN MY CHILDISH VOICE, 'DO YOU WANT TO GET OUT, MR. SKELETON?'"

A SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

BY MRS. NORA MARBLE.

I'm a little girl, to be sure; "little, but old in my ways," I've heard mamma say, many a time. I used to wonder what she meant by that, but I was never one to ask questions, like most children, so I just watched the old people about me and tried to find out for myself. I guess my memory was good, for many's the time I have startled mamma by repeating what I had heard.

"Bless the child," she'd say—shaking her head, not over-pleased, I thought—"it gives me the shivers to hear her. She's more like an elf than a child."

Then, when I was alone, I'd go to the mirror and look at myself, and shake my black locks over my face and whisper, "Elf, elf, I'm an elf."

They said I was precocious, too, for I could write when I was eight years old, and mamma found a book full of

things what I had heard people say, and queer thoughts, too, of my own. I am glad I did, for I never would have recollected all what I am going to tell now, or half the big words what's in it. I'm not *much* older than I was then, so I hope you'll not look for any wonderful writing, but just read what I have written for the truth of the matter, excusing all mistakes.

I don't know just *exactly* the day when trouble came to our family, but for a long time papa had been coming home looking worried, though nobody noticed it but me. Then, one night, he said something about "being on the verge of bankruptcy"—I put it down in my book that night, when I went to bed—and my two sisters and mamma burst into tears, and wondered what was going to become of us all. Then mamma wiped her eyes and grew

very stern, and kept her eyes on the floor as though thinking.

I crept up to papa and asked, timidly, what "bankruptcy" meant.

"Ruin," he answered, putting his shaking hands on my head; "ruin, my child!"

Then mother frowned and sent me to bed.

"Children should be seen and not heard," she said; which I thought mean of her, since I always sat so quiet, and just listened, without saying anything, or asking questions.

They must have talked a long while after that, for it was real late when I heard mamma go to her room.

The next day she and the girls looked more cheerful, but papa looked more miserable than ever when he came home. They sent me to bed right after dinner; so I knew nothing but that they went to bed late that night, too.

Two or three days after, I heard mother say, as soon as papa came in, "Did you succeed?"

"Yes," said papa, dropping into a seat, and shading his face with his hand; "it was easy enough."

"How much?" mamma next asked, real eagerly.

"One hundred thousand dollars."

Mother looked pleased.

"No one, of course, suspects you are on the brink of failure?" she said, after a pause.

"Certainly not," answered papa, sharply.

Mamma went over to him and laid her hand tenderly upon his arm.

"I could not survive poverty," she said, "and your children would never be able to rise again. Think of that, dear, and be brave."

Papa shrank from her touch.

"It is dastardly——" he began.

Just then mamma noticed where I sat curled up in the big arm-chair, with my eyes watching every movement.

"Elfie"—they had all dropped into calling me that now, though my name was Isabel—"Elfie," she said, angrily, "you seem always to be around, always listening;" and I was sent from the room forthwith.

But I put down in my little book everything they said, word for word, so I know what I write now is true.

It was a week or so after that when papa came home looking ten years older.

"It's all over," he said, handing to the girls an evening paper; "the announcement of the failure is there. Nothing but a wreck! nothing but a wreck!" he said, hoarsely, as though talking to himself.

I expected to see them all burst into tears, but they didn't; only read the paper, and seemed to be much interested in what it said about papa and his family.

Then they whispered together, while he sat in his big chair and groaned once in a while, as though in pain.

I stole up to him, and put my cheek against his.

"Are you sick?" I whispered; "are you sick, papa?"

"Yes," he said, while big tears rolled down his cheeks; "heart-sick, Elfie—heart-sick."

"Papa has the heart-disease!" I kept repeating in my little bed that night, and I put it down in my book, and cried over it, too.

The next day he was very ill—too ill to be disturbed, mamma said; and so I never saw him afterward, for that day he died.

"The shock killed him," I heard her say to several gentlemen in the library the next day.

I was behind the curtains, and when I heard that I stepped out and said: "No, it didn't, mamma; it was his heart. Papa told me he had the heart-disease, the very night before he died."

Then one of the gentlemen called me to him, and asked me several questions; and I told him how papa had groaned, and how I had cried to see him suffer.

Mamma didn't scold me when they had gone, as she usually did, but stroked my hair, and called me a bright child, with a queer smile on her face.

We all had black dresses made up, and the house was so gloomy that I was afraid to go from one room to another for many days.

The doctor who was with papa when he died was a dear friend of sister Lottie's, Dr. Val—something—I've forgot the rest of his name; it sounded like Spanish, though—and would some day be my brother, mamma said. He came every day, and acted just like a son, managing everything, and relieving mamma of so much.

The day before the funeral several gentlemen called, and Dr. Val went to meet them, and they talked a long while together.

"There shall be no autopsy," he said to mamma, before he went into the parlor; "don't you worry," but anyway they all sat pale and frightened-looking until the men went away. Lottie said something about an "investigation," and I thought mamma was going to faint.

The funeral was very large, and the minister said some very nice things about papa. For some reason he was not put into the cruel ground that day, and I was glad, too, for it didn't seem so bad to leave him alone, I thought, in that little stone house which they called a "vault."

It must have been way after midnight when a cab stopped at our door that night, and Dr. Val was taken up to mamma's room, and I could hear the girls and them talking low, yet excited-like. Once I heard Lottie laugh, and Dr. Val, too. Then I went to sleep, just as he was saying good-night to them all out on the landing.

When we met at dinner the next day, they were quite cheerful, and Lottie looked around with a proud air, and said how nice it was that, after all, we should not have to leave our nice home.

"But for you, mamma," said she, "we would be moving now—into some poor quarter, not knowing where our next meal was to come from. Whoever would have believed you were so clever?"

Mamma did not look at all happy as she said, "Your poor father, girls—don't forget him."

"I shan't!" I cried, emphatically; but none of them paid much attention to me.

The next day mamma sat at the window, anxiously looking for something or somebody. Late in the afternoon the postman ascended the steps. Mamma was at the door before he could ring.

There was a letter for her, which she cried over the whole of the evening, and over which the girls shed some tears, too.

"Just think," I overheard Lottie say, as I was going slowly up stairs to bed—"just think, we have got a skeleton in the closet—a family skeleton. It is terrible!"

"Sh!" said mamma, warningly; "be more cautious, Lottie."

A skeleton in the closet!

I buried my face in the pillow to shut out the horrid sight, but do as I would, the hideous thing appeared to be dangling—first in mamma's closet, then in the girls', then in mine. In my dreams, it detached itself from the hook and glided over to my bedside, stretching out its bony arms and crying, "Elfie, Elfie, my darling!" in papa's own voice and way.

I screamed and woke up. Mamma ran in and asked me what the matter was.

When I told her, she grew angry and called me a very troublesome child, and said that I deserved to be frightened for listening.

The next day I looked into every closet in the house ; all but one, which was in a room at the top of the house—the lumber-room, as they called it. That closet was locked. "It's in there," I whispered ; and curiosity overcoming fear, I tried every key upon that floor, but none would open it.

Every day I crept up to that door and listened, expecting—hoping, indeed—to hear it move, to hear it call upon me to let it out. Every day I tried a key from other closets about the house, but only to be disappointed.

Mamma got letters pretty frequently, but she didn't cry over these, as she did at first. Lottie and Irene read them, too, and sometimes they would look angry and call the writer an "old fool."

Several times I searched mamma's desk for one of the letters, but never could find one. I think she tore them up right away.

We made no change in our way of living, except giving up all the horses but one, and keeping two servants instead of four.

"We can live quite comfortably on the income of a hundred thousand," said mamma to the girls one day.

"Yes," said Lottie. Then, after awhile, she spoke again : "You'll have to pay Dr. Val-something handsome, however, for his valuable services."

Mother frowned, and said something about anything reasonable.

Lottie tapped her foot upon the carpet and asked, real pert, I thought :

"What sum do you call reasonable?"

Mamma hesitated, before she said :

"Well, about five hundred dollars."

Lottie burst out laughing.

"Five thousand, you mean," she said, with a queer smile about her mouth.

Mamma grew scarlet.

"Have you been unmaidenly enough to talk to him about such matters?" she asked, severely. "I am positively ashamed of you, Lottie."

"His interests are soon to be mine," retorted my sister, "and—and you call me unwomanly ; but there are other things worse than that, let me tell you ! Women who can——"

"Hush !" cried mamma, in an awful voice, springing to her feet ; "how dare you, you ungrateful child !" And then she sank back, sobbing as though her heart would break.

That night I heard sister Irene scolding Lottie for speaking so to mamma.

"I only rattled the bones of our skeleton," said Lottie, with a sharp laugh ; "and——" Just then they both noticed my eyes fixed on them, eagerly, and so they stopped short, looking at one another real queer.

"She's a witch," cried Lottie ; and presently I was sent up-stairs for something, just to get me out of the way, I know.

But I didn't forget what she had said about the skeleton, so I crept up to the closet again, and listened to hear the bones rattle ; all was as silent as death. I peered through the key-hole, but all was darkness.

That night my closet-door opened of itself, while I was in bed, and there, suspended by a hook, hung a fleshless figure, with great black holes for eyes, two rows of yellow, gumless teeth, no lips, no flesh, nothing but bones, awayed by every gust of wind.

This time I did not cry out when I awoke, for I knew it was only a dream.

The next day a letter came which had bad news in it, for as soon as they read it, they sent for Dr. Val. But after they had all talked awhile, shut up in the library, my sisters came out and played their liveliest tunes on the piano, and sang and laughed, and tried to appear happy.

"It's unfortunate," I heard Dr. Val say to mamma, as he was going out ; "but it will only be for a few days. I will arrange everything for your departure. Let no one suspect any trouble, but be cheerful and gay, before the servants especially."

"The greatest difficulty," she answered, "is your mission to-night ;" but he told her not to fear about that as he went away.

* * * * *

"Didn't company 'rive last night, ma'am?" said the maid, at breakfast the next morning.

"Company?" said mamma, turning pale, and then very red. "When?"

"'Long past midnight, ma'am. I thought I heard a cab drive up, and though no bell didn't ring, I thought I heard whisperin' and steps onto the stairs. I was that dead tired, or I'd a-got up and seed for myself."

"Oh," said Lottie, in her cool way, "it was our neighbors next door, who had been to Mrs. Devine's party. I heard them, too."

"Like enough," said the maid ; and I thought mamma looked ever so relieved.

Then they began to talk about going to Europe, and before they left the table it was decided to shut up the house, dismiss the servants, and all of us be ready to start the next week.

My every thought was given up to the question : "Will they take the skeleton—the family skeleton?" And once I thought I'd ask Lottie, but she and Irene and mamma acted so queer, all that week, that I was afraid.

Dr. Val came every night, and they would all go up in mamma's room, and leave me alone with my books in the library. So I didn't hear much to put down in my little writing-book in those days.

Everything was ready, and the next day we were to sail. It was late in the afternoon when I spied a ring on mamma's dressing-table, with one key attached to it. A closet-key, I knew, by its size and shape. I came near screaming with delight, as I put it in my pocket, for I felt sure it was the key of my skeleton-closet—that closet which I had feared to visit, since so much running about and packing had been going on up-stairs.

All was quiet as I crept up to that room at the top of the house, key in hand, possessed with a feeling of joy mixed with dread.

The door of the room itself was closed.

I turned the knob.

It was locked.

Chagrined, I applied my eye to the key-hole. Some object intercepted the light ; only for a moment, however.

Surely it was a figure which I plainly discerned now, as it moved toward the door.

Though trembling with fear, I said, in my childish voice :

"Do you want to get out, Mr. Skeleton?"

"Elfie, Elfie !" cried a familiar voice, "my darling !" And then the door unclosed, and papa, my own papa ! stood there, looking so thin and pale.

Somehow, my frightened eyes saw only that skeleton which had descended from its perch, one night, in my

dreams—that hideous thing which had called my name as I heard it spoken now.

Scream after scream broke from my lips.

The figure opened its arms and tried to clasp me.

I turned to flee, stumbled, and fell in a swoon at its feet.

* * * * *

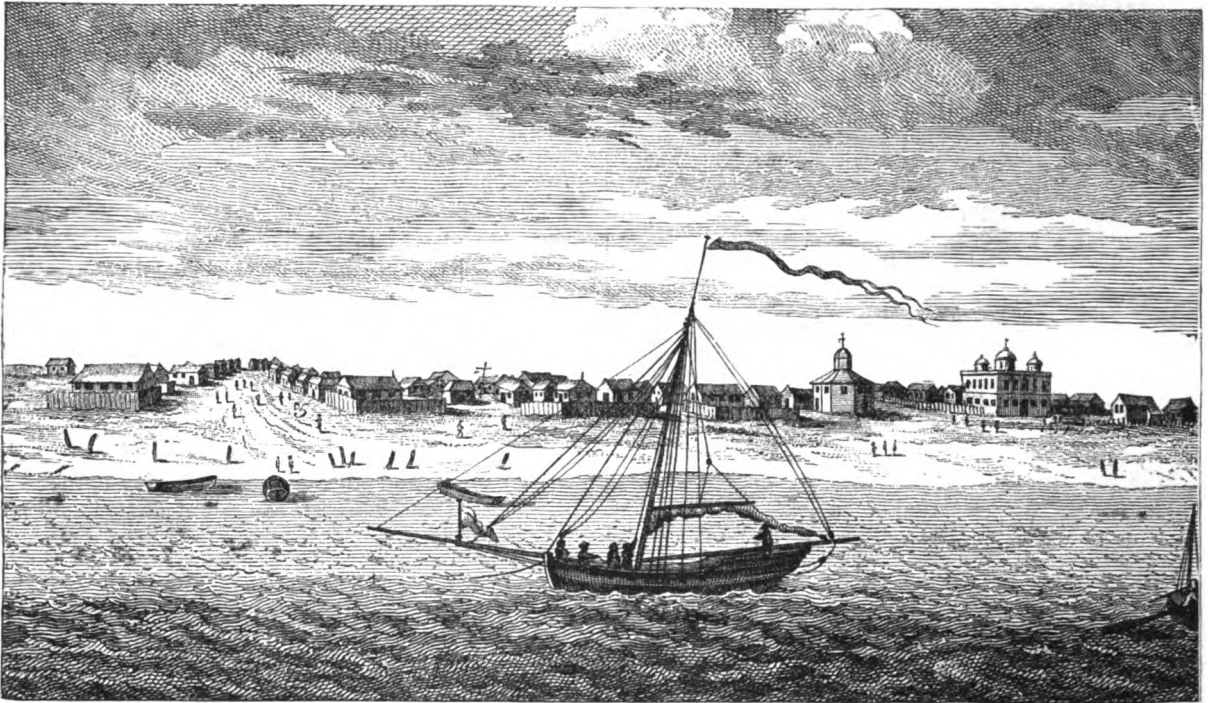
There is but little more to tell. When I opened my eyes the whole household stood around me and several strangers besides, whom my screams had incited to enter the house.

Over me bent the loving face of my dear papa, calling me his "Dear little girl, his Elsie." Mamma covered her face with her hands, and Lottie and Irene were as white as ashes.

The next day those gentlemen called who had come to "make an investigation," as Lottie had said, the day before the funeral, and then they sent for a rough-looking man and carried them all away, mamma weeping dreadfully, and papa looking so ashamed and broken-down.

"It all comes through you, missie," said the maid, when I clung to her skirts, and asked the meaning of it all; "all through you, with your skeleton in the closet." And then she told me something about a life-insurance company that mamma and papa had schemed to defraud out of a lot of money; how papa was not dead at all; how Dr. Val put him to sleep; how he took him from the vault that night, and how all would have come out right, hadn't poor papa got queer in his head and determined to come home, spite of everything. "They'd a-got him off to Europe but for you, Miss Elsie," she added; "but there, there, don't sob so. The case, maybe, will be settled by paying the money back, and you'll see them home before long, never fear."

Well, I guess that's the way it was settled, for we live in a miserable street now, way up at the top of a big tenement-house, with no servants, no nothing. Dr. Val don't come any more, and the girls sew day in and day out, and papa comes home every night, tired and worn out, and wishes he was dead, and—and—well, that's all.



FAO-SIMILE OF ENGRAVING FROM A WORK ON FLORIDA, PUBLISHED IN 1763, BY T. JEFFREYS, GEOGRAPHER TO HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III., SHOWING PENSACOLA IN 1743, AS REBUILT ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND.

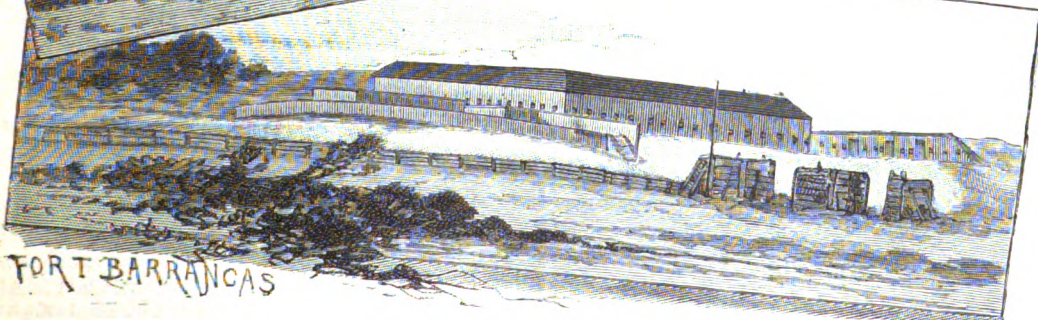
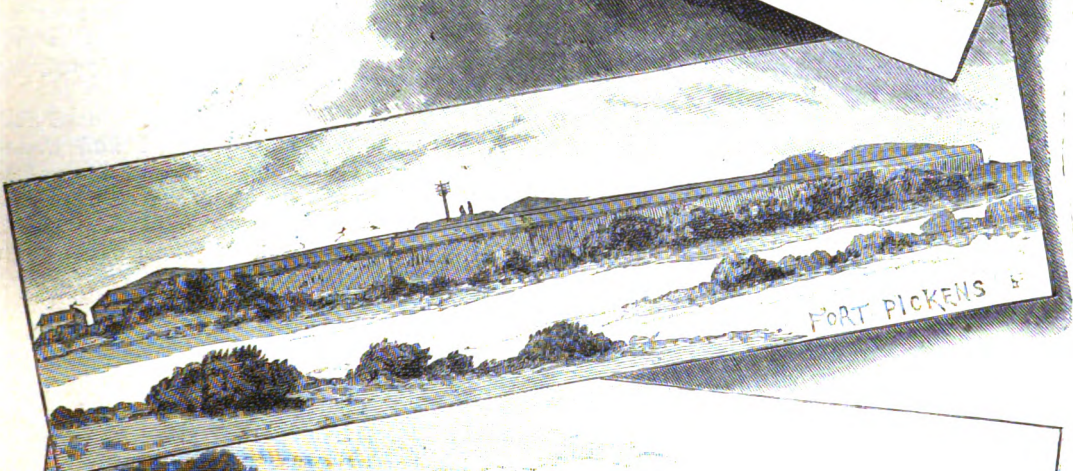
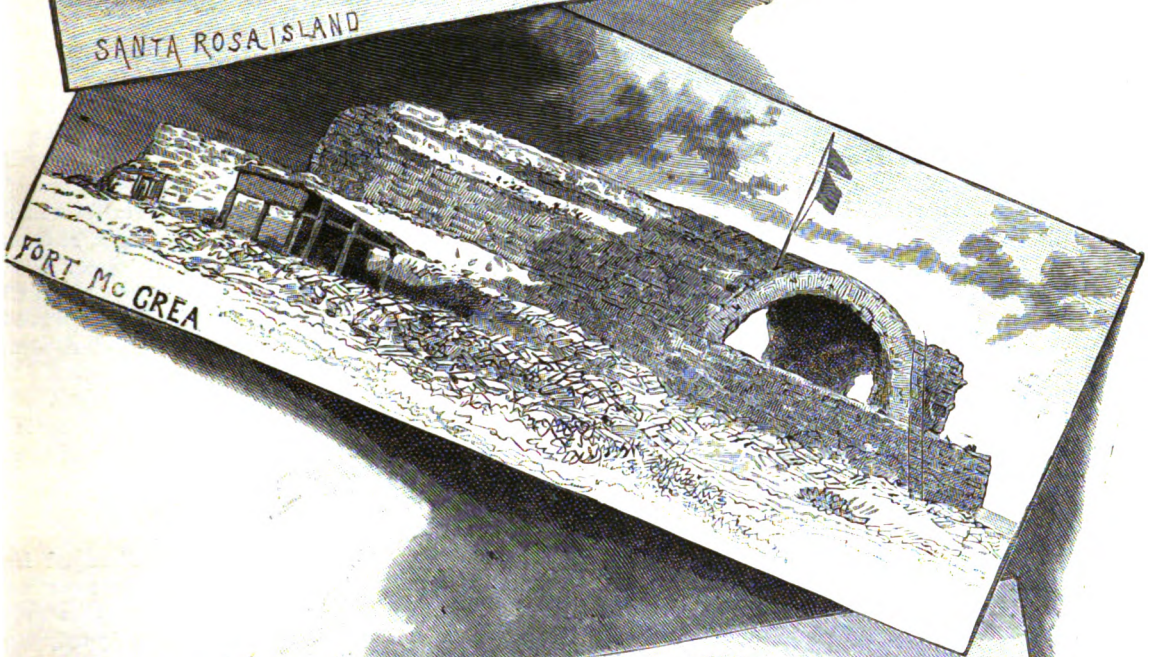
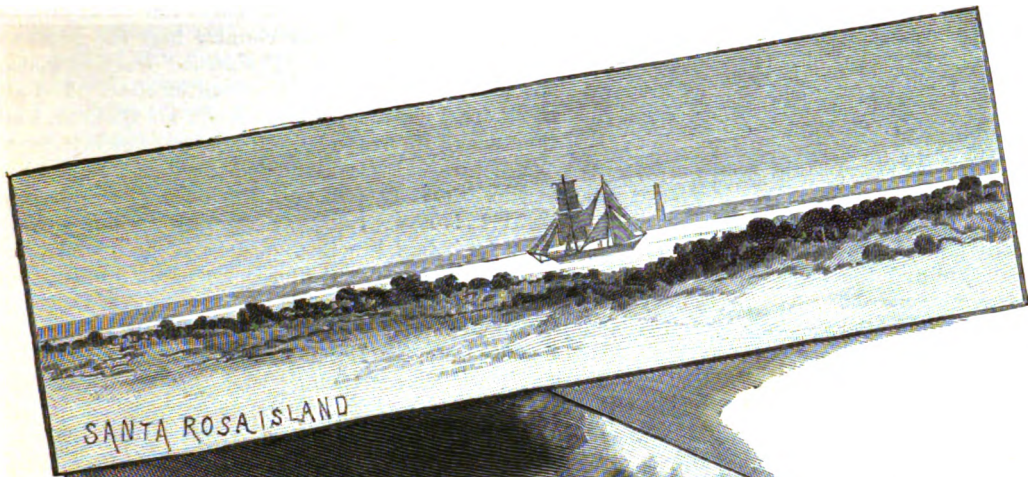
PENSACOLA.

PENSACOLA has the honor of being perhaps the oldest, and certainly the most continuous, battle-ground on the continent. There are good reasons why it should ever continue to be one of our permanent strategic points. It has the only large harbor on the Gulf Coast, undoubtedly one of the finest in existence, with a capacity equal to the assemblage of the combined navies of the world. It is a point which no Power could afford to abandon, because it would have to be retaken at all cost. On the other hand, it is a position which no enemy could afford to overlook, because it is a base of supplies and a refuge of safety, from which the continent is accessible and the southern seas are under control.

The harbor of Pensacola was known at an early day. It was visited as early as 1540, by some vessels connected

with De Soto's expedition, and commanded by Diego Maldonado. In the accounts at that period the bay bears the name of Ochuse. De Soto himself reached Pensacola after marching along through the country from Tampa Bay. His widow subsequently sent vessels there to learn tidings of her husband, but they brought back the information that he had died on the Mississippi.

In 1559, a great expedition was sent by order of the Spanish King, to occupy this important port and form a settlement, in order to control the natives and rescue the Spaniards who might be wrecked on the Gulf or Atlantic Coast. At the head of this expedition was Don Tristan de Luna. Pensacola, which received the name of Fernandina, was to be the place of settlement, but Luna landed at Santa Rosa Bay.



THE OLD FORTS

The expedition, though well equipped, failed to effect a settlement. Luna wasted his time in excursions through the country, and after losing many of his vessels and stores in a cyclone, became so tyrannical that a mutiny broke out in his force. The story of his career in Florida is full of religious and military romance. The remnant of his force was taken away in 1561, and Pensacola resumed its wild solitude.

When La Salle's projects alarmed the Spanish Government, it was again decided in council that Pensacola was to be occupied and held. Accordingly, an expedition under Arriola, accompanied by the scientific priest Siguenza y Gongora, explored the bay, and he erected a fort where Barrancas now stands.

It comprised a square fort with bastions, a church, and dwelling-houses. In 1693 the Viceroy of New Spain sent reinforcements. Don Andres de Paz landed at Point Siguenza, at the west end of Santa Rosa Island. He built a small village here, and also made the first establishment, and erected a castle where Pensacola now stands. To the bay he gave the name of St. Maria de Galvez. These operations hemmed in the French on the Mississippi too close for their comfort. In 1719, Sérigny, Governor of Louisiana, sent Chateaugué with a force of French and Indians to capture the harbor. Sérigny himself supported the attack with the *Philip* and the *Toulouse*, each with twenty-four guns, and the *Hercules*, with fifty-six guns, as flag-ship. There were 400 men aboard. The Spaniards fired several guns, and were glad to surrender with privileges of war, delivering their baggage and arms at the esplanade. The prisoners of war were to be sent to Havana in French vessels. The *Toulouse* started with them, and had nearly reached Havana when the whole outfit was captured by a Spanish fleet near its destination. The French ships were repaired at Havana, and returned with the Spaniards to Pensacola in August. The French there fortified themselves, but finally capitulated. In six months' time the French again had the upper hand. Champden, with the *Hercules*, *Philip*, *Mars*, *Triton*, and a brigantine, bombarded the Spanish stockade on Santa Rosa. The Spanish fleet resisted while they had ammunition, and then struck their colors. About 600 Spaniards were taken prisoners, the fortifications destroyed, the houses burned, and the place left desolate. It was, however, soon restored, and was occupied by the Spaniards again for a quarter of a century. The King of Spain, in 1763, ceded to England Florida, which then had a population of 600 inhabitants, independent of the regular troops. Most of the Spaniards left the town; a few British emigrants arrived, and Pensacola was garrisoned by English troops.

In 1781, Bernardo de Galvez, Governor of Louisiana, who had wrested Baton Rouge, Natchez and Mobile from the English, invested Pensacola. A Spanish squadron under Solano, and French ships under De Monteil and De Bodera, co-operated with him in laying siege to Pensacola. The place was well fortified, and was held by a force of English and Tory troops. The magazine of Fort San Miguel, the remains of which are still at the head of Palafox Street, exploded, however, leaving Fort St. Bernardo—the remains of which may be seen a half-mile north-west—untenable; and, after six months' warfare, Campbell, the English commander, surrendered.

In 1814, a British fleet under Colonel Nichols entered the bay, and took possession of Pensacola. Forts Barrancas and St. Michel were fortified, and the British flag hoisted. No sooner were the British comfortable, before General Jackson traversed the old Natchez Trace down toward Florida. On November 14th of that year he drove

the British out. When he retired, then the Spaniards resumed possession of the fortifications.

In 1819, Spain ceded Florida to the United States, and by June 17th, 1821, this country had full possession of Pensacola. The name "Panzacola" was first given, after the title of the Indian tribe dwelling near. The city has at different times been located at Fort Pickens, Fort Barrancas, and its present site. It could not remain at Pickens, because it was inundated there in 1754, and in high storms the tides still seek the base of the walls of that fort. It is likely in time to move seven miles west to the navy-yard, to allow that yard to be removed to the foot of Palafox Street, out of the range of modern fire—that is, out of range if a fort is placed opposite on the island.

The little city has thus had its vicissitudes of war, under De Soto, De Luna, Arriola, Campbell and Jackson; but it was to see stirring times once more.

Pensacola, at the opening of the year 1861, resembled the Pensacola of to-day, so far as its fortifications were concerned, except that Fort McCrea was not then a mass of ruins, by reason of the surf. In the days of its glory, when this fortification had the honor of being named after Lieutenant-colonel William McCrea, the principal father of the system of Atlantic coast-defenses, it was similar in form to the old fort on Governor's Island.

It was a fort with two rows of casemates and one row *en barbe'te*. There were possibly ninety guns. Fort Barrancas was never a properly mounted fort, unless it was in the days of the old Spanish work, the parapet of which still lies unmolested at the base of the modern structure, semicircular in form.

During the war it had only a temporary mount, and to-day, in its completeness as a structure, it is not a "properly mounted fort." Fort Pickens was nominally finished in 1848—nominally, because American contractors always build a fortress in such a manner as to ever admit of additions and appropriations.

The navy-yard has not materially changed from its primitive form. After the war, the ravages wrought there were repaired, with the exception of its dry-dock. It was ever a 1,400-ton wooden-vessel yard, covering eighty-four acres.

Lieutenant Adam J. Slemmer, First United States Artillery, had command of the forts; and Commodore James Armstrong, of the navy-yard, on January 8th, 1861. Slemmer was made of the stuff which stands by the flag. Armstrong, Commander Farrand and Lieutenant Renshaw, at the navy-yard, had Southern wives and affiliations. In the absence of orders from Washington, Lieutenant Slemmer removed with munitions of war from Barrancas, which was untenable, to Fort Pickens, which could be made quite impregnable. On January 12th, the troops of the State of Florida, under instructions of Governor Perry, took possession of all other positions around the bay. Lieutenant Slemmer had succeeded in mounting fifty-four guns at Fort Pickens, and by the 26th had eighty-two men against an opposing force of 2,000.

Fort Pickens might have been taken during the early part of its occupancy, because, unknown to Lieutenant Slemmer, his guns had been rendered immediately un-serviceable by the surreptitious act of the mutineers in camp, who had filled them in part with plaster. It is stated by a brother officer that Lieutenant Slemmer never knew that his hard work of months was rendered worthless, the fact being discovered by his successor in command. Regarding his labors to arm Fort Pickens, Slemmer says, in his reports: "On my arrival there was not a single embrasure-shutter in the fort. I caused some to

be constructed, and others to be taken from Fort McCrea, to supply the deficiency." Captain I. Vogdes reported, February 7th, 1861: "Lieutenant Slemmer has with him only forty-six enlisted men, and thirty ordinary seamen from the yard of this station; and the latter are entirely untrained, insubordinate, and but little use in case of attack. There are fifty-seven embrasures that are unprovided with cannon, and only about seven feet from the bottom of the ditch, and at present but few of them have even the common wooden shutter, presenting only a slight obstacle to an enemy. Lieutenant Slemmer has been obliged to employ his command in getting guns into position, and in barricading the embrasures. He is obliged to keep one-half of his men under arms every night, and they are nearly all exhausted with fatigue. The guns, carriages and implements are all old, and almost unserviceable. There is no ammunition for the columbiads, no cartridge-bags for them, nor flannel to make any. In fact, had it been the intention of the Government to place the fort in the state to render its defense impossible, it could not have been done more effectually than it has been done. The post is without medical and engineer officers. There are no bunks for hospital or troops, and but little bedding for the sick, and the troops are compelled to live in open casemates. . . . Lieutenant Slemmer has done all that has been possible to do with the small force under his command. His resolution to defend his post at all hazards insures the highest moral courage on his part, but at the same time I must state that, with any amount of vigor on the part of the assaulters, his defense would have been hopeless. His resolution has probably been the means of preserving Fort Pickens from the seceders."

When these facts are taken in connection with the other, that men in his own camp rendered each gun useless as fast as it was mounted, one wonders how he managed to intimidate the surrounding States for more than three months, until reinforcements arrived, on April 14th. There was not a little humor in the situation. Time and again demands were made on the part of some State or official for the surrender of Fort Pickens. Lieutenant-colonel L. L. Langdon, who was placed in Fort Pickens, March 28th, 1861, as a lieutenant, tells some amusing stories. Lieutenant Slemmer was absent, one day, when one of these parties came over to the island.

"What do you want?" said Langdon.

"This fort to surrender, in the name of the Sovereign State of Georgia."

"Oh, that's nothing new," said Langdon. "We have a delegation from a mere State every day, asking the same favor."

At another time, Slemmer had neglected to station a picket on the wharf, and was working every man in the fort on a mine. Before he was aware of it, a man got into the very gate and said: "I demand the surrender of this fort."

"Go to the deuce!" shouted the angry Slemmer, and he hustled the man and his companions into their boat.

At another time, a delegation approached the fort, in the name of somebody, to arrange for a surrender, and Langdon went out to reply. When the demand was made, he remarked: "You must excuse me, as I am superintending the construction of a mine under the *glacis*, to blow up the first five hundred of you that come over. The men who are placing the explosives are green hands, and if I do not return at once, some carelessness on their part may cause an ignition of the powder, in which case you will be the first to receive the effect, as the mine begins under your feet." The visitors beat a hasty retreat.

A small force was landed at the fort in February, and a few months after, Colonel Harvey Brown assumed command of Fort Pickens, and General Braxton Bragg that of the Confederate forces on the main-land.

For many months no collision occurred between the antagonists, but in September, Lieutenant John H. Russell, of the flag-ship *Colorado*, lying near the fort, burned the Confederate schooner *Judah*, lying at the navy-yard.

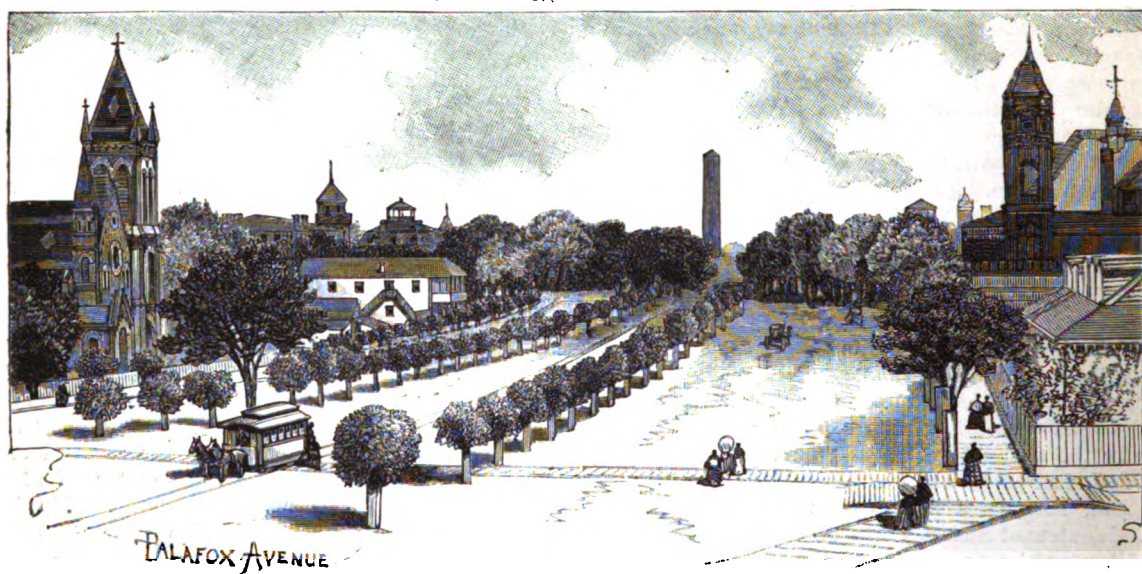
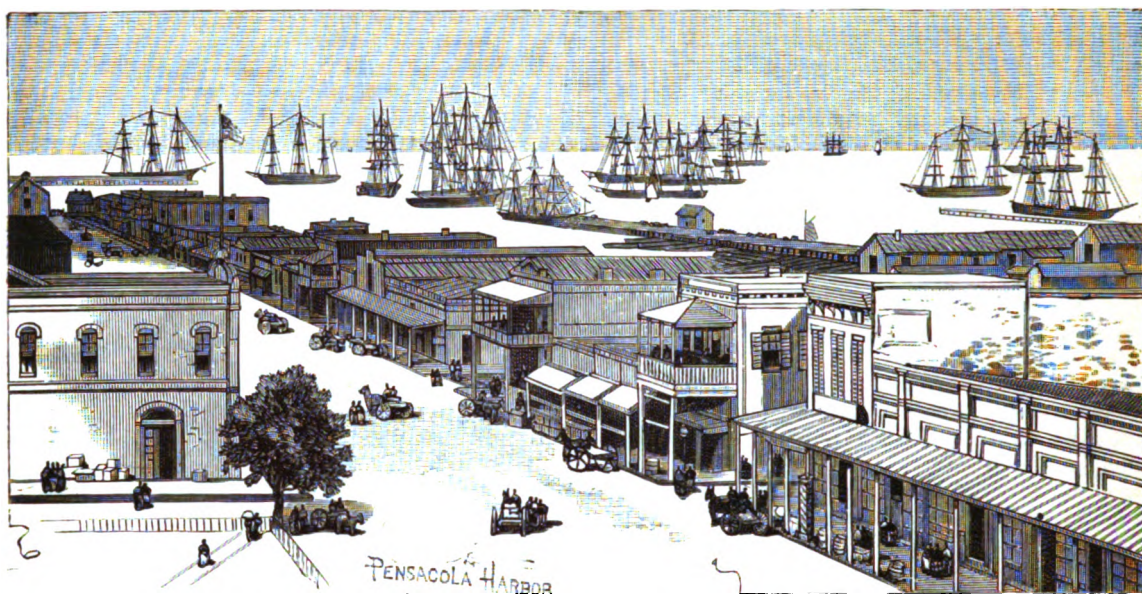
This act was retaliated, a month later, by an attack of the Confederates on the camp of the New York Volunteers, on Santa Rosa Island. They completely surprised the volunteers, burning much of their camp, but were finally driven off by the garrison of the fort, with some loss on both sides.

On the 22d-23d of November, 1861, Colonel Brown, finding his post menaced by his antagonists, opened fire on Pensacola and the Confederate forts. He destroyed two churches, some twenty houses, a steamer, and silenced the battery on the shore.

On New Year's Day, 1862, the Confederate officer in command provoked Colonel Brown to bombard Pensacola once more, but beyond the destruction of stores in the navy-yard, no important damage was done.

Pensacola, to-day, has nearly 20,000 inhabitants, and has the best prospect of any city in Florida or on the Gulf. Its harbor is unsurpassed, and its shipping ranks it among the first of all American ports. Its climate is nearly stable at 70° Fahrenheit. It is becoming the drill ground of the navy, the Mecca of fashionable touring, and the foremost port of the South. Rebellious Indians are kept there as curiosities. Enormous schools of fish come into port, as if to save the fishermen the trouble of looking after them. Roses perpetually bloom in masses, and the inhabitants die purely of old age. If I were asked to name the future metropolis of the South, I should answer, "Pensacola."

Two propositions for the better defense of the Gulf Coast are under serious consideration. The first relates to the construction of an adequate ship-canal from Jacksonville, across the State of Florida, to some point above Cedar Keys. The other comprises the removal of the navy-yard from Warrington, six miles east, to the foot of Palafox Street, Pensacola. The disasters to shipping at the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico amount to about \$9,000,000 annually, and in ten years to a sum sufficient to construct a trans-Floridan canal and maintain it. It is obvious that the merchant-marine is seriously interested in the canal project, while the history of the late war demonstrated its necessity from a naval stand-point. All Floridan and Gulf harbors are sand-harbors. On this account the Government despairs in the hope of deepening them, as the sand fills in as fast as it is dredged out. Only one war-vessel can get up to Mobile—the *Yantic*. The harbor at St. Augustine has been abandoned by the Government, but it is understood that the proprietor of the Ponce de Leon Hotel is a skeptic, and will undertake to dredge it at his own expense. New Orleans, being 128 miles from the Gulf, is not a sea-port, unless Albany, N. Y., can be called one. The Bay of Pensacola, then, forms the only harbor of importance in the South, because it has sufficient natural depth, and is independent of the dredge. The largest ships, under full load at high tide, can get in and out through the entrance without difficulty. The reason for the proposed sale and removal of the navy-yard is obvious. It lies near the entrance of the harbor, within two miles of the deep waters of the Gulf, in range of fire on Fort Pickens and of light artillery. When placed at the foot of Palafox Street, with a protecting fort opposite—on Santa Rosa



THE MODERN CITY OF PENSACOLA.

Island—it will not only be out of range, but will have the protection of the peninsula between. The question as to whether iron-clads can be built at Pensacola has been satisfactorily answered in the affirmative. The opening of the great iron and steel industries at Birmingham, Decatur, and other points in the South, and the development of vast coal-fields, show that all the materials are near at hand. It is a remarkable fact that nearly all of our nine navy-yards, except League Island, are in range of modern artillery. Hence the necessity of having one in a safe place on our southern borders—if not for vessel-building, at least for repairs. Chili has several powerful men-of-war, but being a harborless nation, so far as safety is concerned, she has to go to England for ships, repairs and officers. The Pensacola Navy-yard was established in 1820. It was granted liberal appropriations in 1836, and soon became the best of our yards. The *Pensacola* and the *Seminole* were constructed there. Admiral Farragut repaired his fleet there, demonstrating its necessity in time of war.

A naval commission recently reported on the subject

as follows: "The Government is satisfied, through its engineers, that Pensacola is the only place on the Gulf suitable for a navy-yard; and should ever a ship-canal be cut across Florida, its military and naval importance would be enhanced greatly. During the Mexican and the internal war, the importance of a yard here was fully demonstrated. The magnificent sheet of water forming Pensacola Bay; its fine, secure roadstead and water communication furnished by the Escambia and Blackwater, the Yellow River and Santa Rosa Sound, with its railroad connections (by the Louisville and Nashville Road), and possible canal to Perdido and Mobile Bays; the Alabama River, and the rich iron and coal regions of neighboring States—all combine to render Pensacola the most advantageous place for the greatest naval station on the continent. It is seldom that the climate is not healthy and delightful. Yellow fever can be kept away by the ample quarantine facilities in existence here. (On Santa Rosa Island is an immense and effective quarantine establishment.) Unlimited supplies of iron, coal and wood exist in the vicinity. Fresh water is more abundant than else-

where, the sands abounding in large springs. Pensacola Bay is perfectly defensible. It has easy access for all vessels." The navy-yard is not within the limits of the town proper, but is situated at Warrington, some half a dozen miles to seaward.

THE PRIMA DONNA'S HUSBAND.

WITHOUT an agent or a husband a prima donna would never get on, and happy is the prima donna who can combine the two in one. As a rule, however, she requires the aid of two separate functionaries—one to attend to her business matters, the other to accompany her on her visits and excursions, and to direct her household. The husband will sometimes, at the beginning of his career, attempt to do the work of agent. But he has probably been accepted for ornament rather than for use, and his endeavors to save his wife the percentage levied by the musical middleman on her salary are not necessarily attended by advantageous results.

The ordinary agent is a man of business, which the prima donna's husband, perhaps, is not; and by his superior acquaintance with the operative market, he is in a better position than the husband for knowing where the prima donna's services are likely to be required, and in what quarter they will, in a commercial sense, be most highly valued. Sometimes, no doubt, a prima donna's husband is a better hand at a *scrittura* than even the most practiced agent. But such exceptions are rare. It is difficult, on the other hand, for the business agent to

perform those higher agency duties which consist in judiciously nurturing and developing enthusiasm for the prima donna. The prima donna's husband, if worthy of the name, is really nothing more than an agent of a superior kind. But he is a diplomatic agent, not a commercial one.

One of Col. Mapleson's anecdotes, in his recently published "Memoirs," shows that Patti's husband, Signor Nicolini, besides being a retired vocalist, is an amateur man of science: "It was stipulated in one of the clauses of Madame Patti's engagements that the letters of her name should in all printed announcements be one-third larger than the letters of any one else's name; and during the progress of the Chicago festival I saw Signor Nicolini, armed with what appeared to be a theodolite, and accompanied by a gentleman who, I fancy, was a great geometer, looking intently and with a scientific air at some wall-posters on which the letters composing Madame Patti's name seemed to him not quite one-third larger than the letters composing the name of Mademoiselle Nevada. At last, abandoning all idea of scientific measurement, he went up a ladder and estimated the length of the letters by a rule of thumb."

There have been examples of prime donne's husbands who had ended by persuading themselves that they could replace their wives at rehearsals, and who have not only paid visits in the prima donna's name, but have stopped at home to "receive" in lieu of her. One prima donna's husband is reported to have carried this species of infatuation so far as to offer to sit for his wife's portrait. But even the most modest of prime donne's husbands



THE CAPTURE OF PENSACOLA BY THE SPANIARDS IN 1781. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

will, in speaking of his wife's engagements and performances, say "we" when he ought to say "she." "We have now thirty characters in our *répertoire*"; "we are getting up the part of *Flora*"; "we had a great success last night"—are phrases which are continually in the mouth of every prima donna's husband.

Sometimes the prima donna's singing-master, recognizing her talent beforehand, snaps her up before she has had an opportunity of displaying it in public. Or if she has escaped her singing-master, the manager is probably lying in wait for her with an engagement, not for a stipulated number of years, but for life.

FEEDING SPARROWS.

By SOPHIE H. ELLIS.

THE snow lies deep on Norway's hills
And Norway's sombre pines;
On cloud-capped peaks the Winter sun
With pallid radiance shines;
The storm-king from his icy throne
Shakes his white mantle forth,
And far and wide his signet sets
On all the snow-bound north.

Now every "house-man" binds a sheaf
Of wheat, or other grain,
"To feed God's birds, and bring good luck,"
When Summer comes again.
If swiftly fly the feathered guests
To take the golden store,
The next year's harvest shall be good—
An hundred-fold, or more.

The children scatter golden grain
Upon the window-ledge,
And hide to watch the sparrows crowd
Along its ice-rimmed edge;
For thus the ancient legend runs:
"To fright ye birds away,
When they shall come to pick their crumb,
Puts off ye lucky day."

So, on life's toilsome, rugged steeps,
Or sorrow's shadowed plain,
Kind thoughts are seeds, and deeds of love
Are sheaves of golden grain.
God's human sparrows gladly take
The good by kind hands given,
And hiding it within their hearts,
Their thanks rise up to Heaven.

By way-side paths, with lavish hand,
Sow seeds of golden grain;
Though buried from thy sight awhile,
Yet it shall live again.
Except the golden seed shall die,
There'll be no waving corn;
Were there no night of death, there'd be
No glorious Easter morn.

NOTE.—In Norway, they have a quaint and beautiful custom of placing a sheaf of grain upon a pole, or house-top, for the birds that come out of the forests at midwinter in search of food. A careful observance of the custom is thought to bring good luck and abundant harvests.

S. H. E.

PA-LA-NE-A-PA-PE.

By J. F. KINNEY.

THIS man's name stands at the head of the Sioux treaty. He was then, as he was up to the time of his death, head chief of the Yankton Sioux Indians. The old chief was familiarly known as "Old Strike," being an abbreviation of "Struck by the Ree." The Ree Indians were the hereditary enemies of the Yanktons. For a long series of years this enmity existed. Occupying adjoining hunting-

grounds, their open warfare never ceased, and down to the time of the treaty their battles were numerous and frequent. It is considered the bravest act an Indian can do, while a battle is in progress to advance in the face of flying arrows and strike the enemy after he has fallen. This was done by a Ree warrior, after this young chief was badly wounded. Hence his name, Pa-la-ne-a-pa-pe, or Struck by the Ree. It has been stated that he was scalped at the time. Credence is given to this statement from the fact that the famous old chief always wore a handkerchief covering the top of his head. Unusual among Indians, he was bald, but he and his friends deny that he was ever scalped.

Pa-la-ne-a-pa-pe was a remarkable man. Gifted with oratory which never failed to move his Indians, made forcible by his striking illustrations, he spoke on great occasions in a loud tone of voice, always self-possessed, never hesitating for a word, and in a manner so earnest and with words so incisive that he was able to carry the Indians with him, even as against the propositions of commissioners clothed with authority to do that which would seem to be for the benefit of the tribe. This power of oratory was illustrated four years ago, when a commission to ascertain whether the Indians were willing to dispose of a part of their reservation visited the agency.

Ex-Governor Edmonds and Judge Shannon represented the commission, and were both well known to the Indians, and highly esteemed by them. The short, sententious speech of "Strike," in reply to the commissioners, against their proposition, not only confounded them, but so excited the Indians that they abruptly left the council. He was always true to his convictions, nor could he be influenced by power, frightened by threats, or propitiated by flattery or the promise of reward. He did not willingly conform to the new order of things, which demanded a surrender of his authority over his people, but was willing, as he stated to me when I first came here, to divide this authority, and he and I be agent. Then he was not only opposed to the children attending school, but harangued the people on issu-calls to prevent their attending. When I called the Indians in large numbers together, in order to read them that provision of the treaty which compels them to send their children to school nine months in the year—although the old chief was present to make a speech in opposition to the school—true to the treaty which he had signed, he changed front and said that the treaty had been buried in the ground a long time, and it was now dug up; and he had made it, and as it required the children to go to school, they must go. The next day I furnished him and his old friend "Joint" a team, and they went over the reservation, compelling, as far as they could, the parents to send their children to school. The school was soon filled.

It was with difficulty that he adjusted himself to the change to reservation life. When he learned that the people were obliged to work for their living, he became the earnest advocate of farming industries. His influence was not confined to the Yankton branch of the Sioux, but extended among the Sioux everywhere. He was often consulted by other chiefs—through messengers, sent a long distance to obtain his views on important matters. If war against the whites was the question pending, this good chief would always advise against it. It is said of him that, many years ago, he prevented a branch of the Sioux from going to war, by his words and the valuable presents he sent to the chiefs. Always, in time of Indian raids against white people or wars with the Government, he was able to control his Indians and

keep them from joining the hostiles. Soon after the Minnesota massacre, in 1862, when the Government sent soldiers into the field to capture and chastise the Santees, he was prompt in aiding, by his encouraging words, fifty of his best young men to join the army as scouts, who did valuable service to the Government.

Pa-la-ne-a-pa-pe was always brave in battling for the right, according to his convictions. Surrounding tribes, with whom he was at peace, appealed to him in vain to join their war-parties. Large presents in horses, dazzling temptations in booty, failed to shake him from his purpose. As a nation and people, we shall never know how much we are indebted to this man.

For the last two years he was confined to his house, very deaf and totally blind. On Sunday morning, July 29th, 1888, as the darkness of night disappeared before the light of the coming day, the spirit of this man peacefully passed away. In his earlier years he embraced the Catholic faith, in which he lived and died. On Sunday afternoon a large number of Indians, and the employés of the agency, assembled in the Presbyterian Church, where a funeral sermon, in the Dakota language, was preached by the Rev. John P. Williamson, from the text found in II. Samuel iii. 38: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

In his life he received appropriate medals from President Buchanan and from President Grant, having been in Washington during the administration of each. His father, also a great chief, was the recipient of a medal from President Jefferson, in 1808, and this and one of his own, at his request, were buried with him. The exact age of Pa-la-ne-a-pa-pe is not known. From the best data, I think he was over ninety years old, but less than ninety-five.

While we are raising monuments to perpetuate the good deeds of the country's fallen heroes, the Government should erect one to commemorate the virtues of this great and good Indian chief. This would not only be a deserving tribute to his noble Indian manhood, but would teach surrounding Indians, in all time to come, that their great father is also mindful of the heroic virtues of the red man.

FIELD-MARSHAL VON MOLTKE.

BY G. MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

At the last New Year's levee given by the Emperor William, three months before his death, many of the highest military officers of the Empire gathered to do honor to their aged sovereign. The most conspicuous figure among them was the veteran Hellmuth von Moltke, Chief of the Staff of the Imperial Army. When Von Moltke, who was the Emperor's junior by only three years, entered the reception-room, William advanced to meet him, shook him warmly by the hand, and smilingly said to him: "Well, dear Moltke, how did you pass from the old year into the new—asleep, or awake?" "Asleep, sire," the Field-marshal replied. The Emperor, still smiling, said: "Well, I hope you will be content with the service which will be required of you this year."

In speaking thus to his foremost soldier, William perhaps implied that he thought that the year 1888 would not pass without war, and indicated that such an event would better content the silent old veteran than the piping times of peace. For not only is war Von Moltke's profession, in which he has won splendid laurels, but it is also the strongest of his tastes. He is, indeed, gifted with many and rare accomplishments suited to peaceful

periods. He is very fond of music, paintings and books; and although himself the most taciturn of men—the Germans call him the "Great Silent One"—no one is more keenly alive to the enjoyments of conversation carried on by others. Yet he is, above all, a man of war. "He is never so happy," says a recent writer, "as when he is moving the hosts of the Fatherland on some hostile soil, and playing the real, dreadful war-game against the enemies of his native country. This is the pastime, of all others, in which his warrior's heart rejoices."

Bismarck himself, Von Moltke's colleague in the great work of unifying Germany, has given striking testimony to Von Moltke's indomitable martial spirit. When the Emperor and his generals were at Versailles—at the very gates of Paris—Von Moltke long vainly urged his master to consent to the bombardment of the French capital. The Emperor for some time steadily refused this permission; whereat, Bismarck tells us, Von Moltke appeared "care-worn of mien, slightly stooping, as though bent by a load of trouble, more silent than ever, forlorn of appetite for his food, and foregoing all customary exercises." But finally the Emperor yielded to the constant urging of his Chief of Staff, and the bombardment of Paris was ordered. All at once Von Moltke was transformed into another being. All gloom and despondency passed away; Von Moltke was himself again; "as upright as a dart," says Bismarck, "and as cheerful as a junior lieutenant of Guards."

Of the three great pillars of the new German Empire—the three men who erected and upheld it for seventeen years—two only remain. The aged Emperor has been consigned to his long rest; and his two illustrious servants survive, still in harness in the service of the mighty State which, more than any others, they created.

Von Moltke is eighty-eight, and Bismarck is seventy-three. It cannot be many years before both will rejoice their master in the shades beyond. It is not easy, even now, to say whether Bismarck, with his bold and unrelenting statecraft, and his subtle and always triumphant diplomacy, or Von Moltke, with his brilliant and subtle military genius, has rendered the greater service to Germany. Certain it is, however, that no other German can be brought into even remote comparison with either.

There is no risk, either, in asserting that Hellmuth von Moltke is the greatest of living European generals, while his popularity with his German countrymen is certainly more universal than is Bismarck's. When, as is often the case, his wrinkled face, soft blue eyes, bent and slender figure, and head thoughtfully inclined on one side, appear in the Berlin streets, there is on all sides every demonstration of reverent affection.

Greatest among German military chieftains, Von Moltke is himself not German in blood at all. He was born, it is true, in the little German Duchy of Mecklenburg; but his father was a native of Denmark, and an officer in the Danish Army. The ties, however, between Denmark and Germany were, in the early part of the century, more close than they have been since the Schleswig-Holstein War. Indeed, the Danish King then sat in the German Diet. Hellmuth von Moltke, in early youth, was sent to Copenhagen to receive his military education at the Cadet School. Graduating nearly at the head of his class at the age of seventeen, his father's influence secured him a place as page in the household of the Danish King.

Preferring, however, an active military life to dancing attendance on royalty, he left the palace, after a year's service, and took his place in the Danish Army as a lieutenant of infantry. The reasons which impelled young Von Moltke to leave the land of his fathers, and to resort

to Prussia to continue his military career, have never been fully explained. Fortunate it was, however, both for himself and for his adopted country, that he did so. It was not difficult for a young officer so highly connected, and of such proud martial accomplishments, to secure a commission in the army of Frederick William. At twenty-two years of age he became a second lieutenant in the "King's Own" Regiment. He passed through a very rigid course of study and discipline at the Military Academy at Berlin, and soon after became attached to the General Staff. Although Europe and the world scarcely heard of him till he had passed the borders of middle life, at a very early age Von Moltke attracted the attention of his superior officer in the Prussian Army. He was soon especially noted for the thoroughness and exactness of his attainments in military science. From first to last he has been a soldier of the closet and the council, rather than a leader of legions in the field. He was an absorbed student of the intricate art of war from youth up. He possessed a mind, moreover, rarely receptive of general knowledge. As a rule, the young officers of the General Staff devoted themselves more to the pleasures of the Court and the attractions of Berlin society than to their military calling. Von Moltke wrapped himself up in the effort to better equip himself for military duty; the only society he sought was that of men of learning, especially the professors of Berlin University.

A long period of peace enabled him to give himself a broad education and a large stock of experience. When he had served on the General Staff some ten or twelve years, he obtained a long leave of absence, which was recommended by the famous geographer, Carl Ritter. He availed himself of this leave to travel extensively, especially in South-eastern Europe. Presently he found himself at Constantinople, where he at once interested himself in the reforms then going on in the Turkish military system. But he was able to impart, of military knowledge, far more than he received. Gaining the ear of the reforming Grand Vizier, Chosref Pasha, he gave him many useful hints, derived from his intimate knowledge of the Prussian system. The Vizier was so much impressed with Von Moltke's capacity that he persuaded him to remain several years near the Ottoman Court. He proved of signal use to the Sultan, aiding him in organizing his forces, and making constant suggestions of practical value. On his return to Prussia, after a sojourn of four years at Constantinople, Von Moltke made record of his experiences there. He became a military historian, publishing a history of the Russo-Turkish War of 1828. In this work he remarked, that "for a siege of the Turkish capital, besides two armies in Europe and one in Asia,

as well as a fleet in the Sea of Marmora, undoubted possession of one of the two passages—either of the Dardanelles or of the Bosphorus—is absolutely necessary." He thus suggested the difficulties which lay, and, indeed, still lie, in the way of a Russian conquest of Constantinople.

Von Moltke was welcomed back to his place on the Prussian Staff as one who had already won a high reputation as a scientific soldier. In Prussian military circles his rare ability was fully recognized; he was only to become known to the world outside when the opportunity, which was long in coming, arrived to enable him to display those abilities on a broad field and in presence of mighty war-shocks. The first of these opportunities occurred when, having become Chief of the General Staff of the Army—his present rank—he planned the famous Schleswig-Holstein campaign of 1864. This war, undertaken by allied Prussia and Austria against Denmark, brought Von Moltke into direct collision with his ancestral land. He does not seem, however, to have hesitated to organize the aggressive movement which, as all foresaw, would result in the defeat of Denmark and the despoiling her of a portion of her territory.

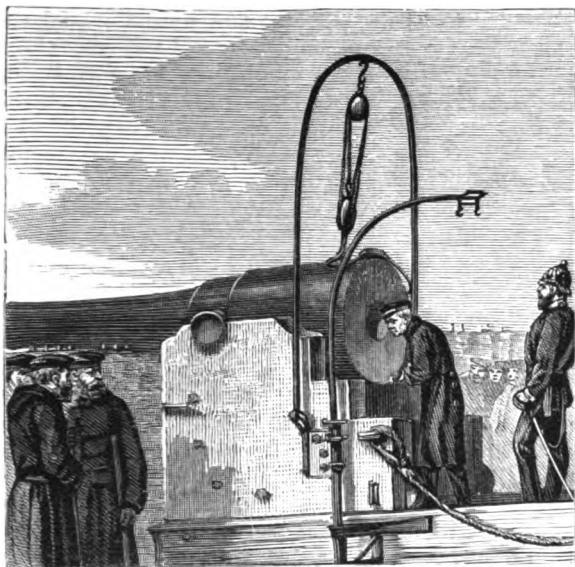
Von Moltke has been sharply criticised for this apparent disloyalty to the land of his fathers. He, however, took a purely military view of the matter, deeming that he must serve and obey the Crown to which he had attached his allegiance. The Schleswig-Holstein War was a small and brief one, and Von Moltke's name did not emerge from it with any material accession of fame. He was first hailed by the world as a great strategist when he was called upon to put forth his powers of organiza-



FIELD-MARSHAL VON MOLTKE.

tion and plan against the Austrians, in 1866. The war of that year will be forever memorable in military annals for the prompt and complete brilliancy of the Prussian triumph. That the success was so soon reached and so unlimited was certainly due as much to Von Moltke's marvelous combinations as to the gallantry and valor on the field of the Crown Prince Frederick William, and of his cousin, the "Red" Prince Frederick Charles. Indeed, it was Von Moltke's sound sense and imperturbable coolness on the decisive field of Sadowa that saved the day for the Prussians. While King William was fuming and fretting at the non-arrival of the Guards, with his royal son at their head, Von Moltke knew that they could not fail to arrive in accordance with his plans, and so held the rest of the troops so disposed as to win with them.

"In the war of 1866," says a military writer, "Von Moltke showed that he was perfectly master of the science of logistics; that he could move large bodies of men with unerring certainty, and so time their movements as to



VON MOLTKE AT THE GUNS ON MONT VALÉRIEN, DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS, WINTER OF 1870-71.

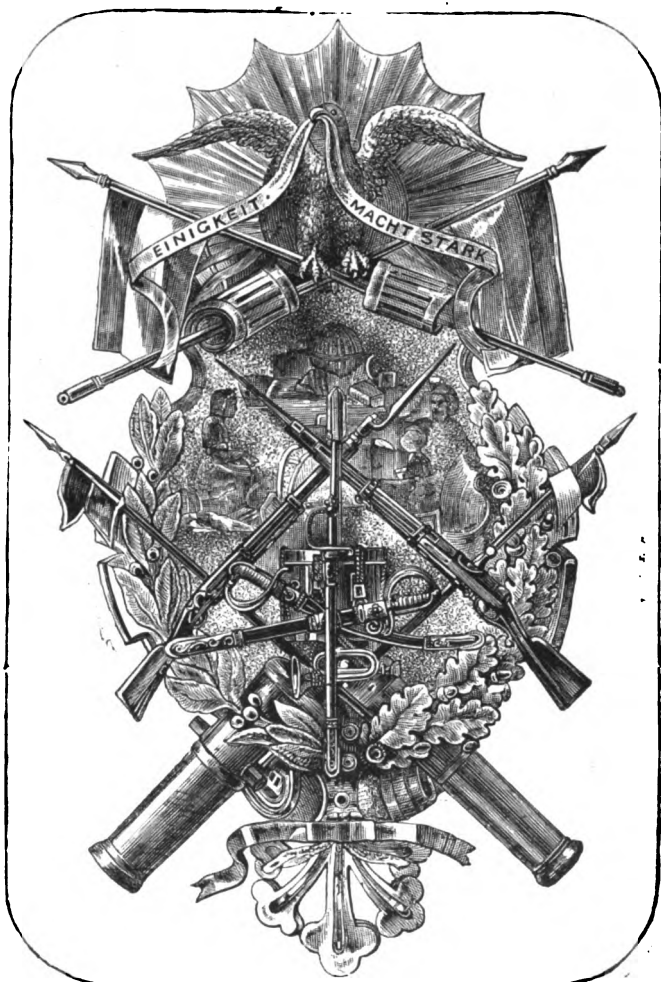
combine an apparently reckless daring with a perfect and well-founded assurance of successful concentration on the point desired. Every obstacle was foreseen and provided for; the whole country to be traversed was mapped out with an accuracy and minuteness of detail in which every mountain, hill and valley, every ravine, stream, pass and defile, were laid down. Each day's march was planned; and so thorough was Von Moltke's topographical and geographical knowledge that all the places to be avoided, and those to be chosen, for camps, were indicated. Route-maps, with all these details, were put into the hands of subordinate officers; and it was soon found that they knew the country much more familiarly than the Austrians themselves. Von Moltke's organization of spies and scouts was so perfect that he knew every movement of the enemy almost as soon as it was determined upon; and though he was opposed to Count de Benedek, who was reputed one of the greatest generals of the age, he was never for a moment at a loss for measures to counteract all his adversary's operations, and to turn them to his own advantage."

The same writer goes on to say that Von Moltke possesses the greatest firmness of character, an iron will, and remarkable prescience of coming events; and that, when he has formed a plan of a campaign, and satisfied himself that he is in the right, and that there is a chance of success, no human power can prevent him from carrying out his plans.

The wonderful strategic genius of Von Moltke won its highest achievement and yielded him unrivaled fame in the memorable war of 1870-71. There can be very little doubt that that war was not only foreseen, but was planned in every detail, in Von Moltke's bureau at least four years before it opened. After the defeat and humiliation of Austria, to grapple with France was the next inevitable step toward the goal of that German unity at which William and Bismarck were steadfastly aiming. Von Moltke cast a prophetic eye toward the future. He knew, at least as far back as 1866, just where the German troops

would cross the Rhine; in just what directions the French forces would move; and exactly the localities where the critical stress of the coming war would take place. He could put his finger on the map of Lorraine and Alsace, and point to Metz, to Saarbrück and to Woerth, and say that here the great collisions would take place. He knew the detail of every fortification, the trend of every highway, the strategic significance of every hill and stream. When the war came, Von Moltke was ready, and had his plan and his armies ready. The tragedy took exactly the course that the great strategist had long before decided that it would. It was Von Moltke's genius which directed, throughout, the general movements of the German forces. The marches, the sieges, the choice of roads, the securing of vantage-grounds, were the results of his long and carefully wrought-out logistics.

Of course the honors of the tremendous victory of 1870-71 must be divided. It was due to a remarkable group of great Germans, and to the disciplined military prowess of the German race. To William, the King; to Bismarck, the diplomatist; to Von Moltke, the man of military science; to the Crown Prince Frederick William, the heroic leader of the South German legions in the field; and to the splendid calibre of the German forces—is due, without invidious comparison, a triumph without parallel, even in the record of the deeds of Marlborough and of Napoleon. Each was necessary to the others in achieving the grand result. Von Moltke was especially



TROPHY OF GOLD AND SILVER SENT TO VON MOLTKE BY THE GERMANS OF PHILADELPHIA, IN 1871.

effective in the plans by which he directed the siege of Metz, the marvelous march to Sedan, and the assault on Paris. In each case, success was predestined by the absolute certainty to which Von Moltke had reduced the German operations. He put into practice his own famous military maxim: "Success in war chiefly depends upon energy and will." His orders were always brief and to the point, and he was wise enough to leave to the division commanders a certain range of discretion in directing the movements of their troops. He himself never entered into the thick of the fight, though he was often on the field, and necessarily in positions of peril. He passed to and fro, ever cool and taciturn, uninspired by the drama of battle, yet never flinching from exposure. When a picture which represented Von Moltke as leading in person the troops on one of the French fields of battle was shown to him, he said, with a smile: "I should have been out of my place leading on soldiers, in presence of the general whose special duty it was to command."

Since the great event of 1870, Von Moltke has remained at his post as Chief of the General Staff of the German Armies. First created a baron, he was honored with the higher title of count; and more recently has refused the rank and title of prince. While the interval of eighteen years has been peaceful, the uncertainties of Continental politics have been such as to make necessary the maintenance of a vast German armament, and to keep the chiefs of the army busy in preparation for possible eventualities. So Von Moltke has been constantly busy, always watchful, and ever ready to defend Germany from her enemies.

Of Count von Moltke's personal character and habits many interesting things are told. There is a romance about his marriage, grim and austere as he appears to the outer world. When on his leave of absence in the East, he was in the habit of writing descriptive letters to his sister, which were full of the charm of appreciation and enthusiasm. These letters Fräulein von Moltke used to read to a young English girl, named Miss Burt, who became thereby much interested in the writer. On his return she made his acquaintance, and fell violently in love with him. She was sixteen, and he thirty-nine. They were married, and for many years lived the happiest of wedded lives. Then, on Christmas Eve, 1868, the yet young wife died, and her soldier husband was overwhelmed with most bitter grief. Even at this distance of time, he may often be seen, when he is at his country-seat at Kreisau, in Silesia, wending his way at dusk toward his wife's tomb, a plain marble monument on the summit of a gentle hill crowned with cypress. Beneath the cross, carved on the little mausoleum, are traced the words: "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

Von Moltke is noted for his quiet charities, and still takes an active part in the proceedings of the Oberlin Verein, a benevolent society for the education of foundlings. At home, on his country estate, he acts as marriage-register, before whom the marriage-contracts of the country folk thereabout are signed. But the greater part of his time is necessarily spent in Berlin. There he resides in the General Staff Office, on the Königsplatz, near the Imperial Palace. He is undoubtedly the most indefatigable worker under that stately roof. Indeed, his devotion to his labors is as inveterate as was that of his old master, the Emperor William. He rises before seven, even in Winter, and at that hour is to be found in his study, taking a cup of coffee with a cigar. Two hours later, his correspondence and dispatches are laid on the table before him, and he promptly goes through them,

marking upon them what answers shall be made to each. This work consumes, perhaps, two hours. At eleven he is ready to throw aside his dressing-gown and smoking-cap, and to assume the uniform without which he is never seen in public. The reception of his staff officers follows. As these officers present themselves successively, and make their reports, Von Moltke dispatches his second breakfast—consisting, usually, of meat and a glass of beer. When the officers have taken their departure, the Field-marshal returns to his desk, where he remains fixed, writing and dictating, until two o'clock. The room he occupies is well worth observing: The walls are frescoed with memorable scenes of war, especially of the war with France. The big table in the centre is piled high with a chaotic mass of maps, books, pamphlets, letters and newspapers. A shell serves as a letter-weight. The bedroom, adjoining the study, is quite as simple and severe as the famous bedroom, with its camp bedstead, which the late Emperor occupied in his palace. Another room in the same building has often been described—namely, Von Moltke's music drawing-room. "All along the walls," says a writer, describing it, "decorated with paper-hangings of light, soft tints, extend comfortable divans of crimson silk. The furniture and the doors are white, the latter set off by colored medallions representing the emblems of art; a magnificent piano of fine white-wood, bearing a dull polish, and enriched with careful carvings, painted in the so-called rococo porcelain style, is in unison with other articles gracing the music-room."

But we have only followed the veteran Von Moltke through half his busy day. At two o'clock his horse is ordered, he mounts it, and sets off for a brisk ride. There is no more familiar figure in Berlin than that of Von Moltke, as he passes on his white horse. Tall, thin, and slightly stooping, with clean-shaven and heavily wrinkled face (which has reminded some people of the busts of Julius Caesar), he never looks so soldierly and imposing as when on horseback. He draws himself up, and seems no longer old, as with firm seat and military air he appears on his steed. Returning to the General Staff Office, he has dinner with his family promptly at the early hour of four. It is his only substantial meal, which he always washes down with some light Moselle wine. He goes back into the study for an after-dinner cup of coffee and a strong cigar, which he seems to more thoroughly enjoy than the dinner itself. Once more he is at his desk, at which he remains for two hours, until seven o'clock, when he finally lays aside work and gives an attentive reading to the newspapers of the day.

Von Moltke is more fond of home and its quiet joys and rest than of the pomp of the Court or the recreations of the theatre. Nearly every evening is spent at home, in the midst of his family; and whist is very apt to be the order of the evening. Before going to bed, however, the veteran loves to hear some music; after which he takes a look from his balcony out upon the historic square and the crowds of idlers. Von Moltke's musical tastes are refined, his favorite composers being of the old-fashioned sort—Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schubert. It has been said of Von Moltke that, while taciturn, he can "hold his tongue in ten languages." He is known as a profound and accurate scholar. He often turns from his routine military duties to study some problem of geology or physics. His mind, both in a military and in a more general sense, is of a distinct scientific bent. As Member of the Reichstag, or Lower House of the German Parliament, he is rarely absent from his place. "It is my duty," he once said, "to be present in every place which I have been chosen to fill."

His tall and commanding figure is only less conspicuous, on the benches of the Reichstag, than that of the grim and heavy-browed Bismarck himself. It is seldom, however, that Von Moltke makes a speech. He listens intently to the debates, but his voice is only heard when some urgent military question is being discussed. As a speaker he is quiet, dignified, earnest and brief. His voice is not strong, and therefore, on the rare occasions when he ascends the tribune, the members gather around him to catch every word, which they all know will be weighty. It is known that he never addresses the House until he has made the most careful preparation of his speech, even to the very phrases and words he is going to use. When the session is at an end, he walks slowly back to the General Staff Office, with his hands folded behind his back, after the manner of the Great Napoleon.

It is scarcely probable that Von Moltke will be called upon, in his extreme age, to organize new victories for the Fatherland. Yet his achievements in the past mark him as one of the great military geniuses of the century. Without his aid, it is doubtful whether Bismarck could have ever realized his cherished dream to unite Germany under the Prussian Crown.

CHARLES LAMB'S LAST DAYS.

FROM the "golden circle" of Lamb's friendship, the gems were rapidly falling in those later years. In September, 1830, Hazlitt had departed. Southey, in the following November, had called on the Lambs at their lodgings in London, but vainly, for they were at Enfield, and Mary was ill—so ill that Charles could not venture to write to Southey, for fear of agitating her. There had been a difficulty about seeing Wordsworth on his London visit of 1828. The next year he managed to get to Enfield. In another twelvemonth, Lamb writes: "Is it a year since we parted from you at the steps of Edmonton stage? There are not now the years that there used to be." Alas! no. He misses London. "In dreams I am in Fleet Market, but I wake and cry to sleep again." Friends are far. "Miss Kelly we never see. Talfourd not this half-year. We see scarce anybody." And so, with fitful illuminations, passing gleams of cheerfulness, the scene gradually darkens. Among its "lightenings and brightenings," one remarks the delightful note to the Enfield doctor, who had addressed the medicine for Emma Isola to Miss Isola Lamb. She, "the youth of our house," with Lamb's "more than concurrence," was soon to leave him to marry Edward Moxon. Her wedding-day (July 30th, 1833) was marked by the prompt, almost miraculous, recovery of Mary from a long, dreary illness—"restored, as by an electrical stroke, to the entire possession of her senses." Lamb's message—"Tell Emma that I every day love her more, and miss her less"—was doubtless more generous than true. Her departure slackened the Dante readings, in which she had been the great authority on grammar. But they were being pursued notwithstanding, till on almost the first day of the new year, 1834—the last the brother and sister were to be together on earth—Mary was again seized. Charles describes her wanderings: "Her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world. Her memory is unnaturally strong; and from ages past, if we may so call the earliest records of our poor life, she fetches thousands of names and things that never would have dawned upon me again, and thousands from the ten years she lived before me."

In May, he writes to Manning: "I am with her alone

now in a proper house. She is, I hope, recovering. We play piquet, and it is like the old time awhile, then goes off. I struggle to town rarely, and then to see London, with little other motives—for what is left there hardly? The streets and shops entertaining ever, else I feel as in a desert, and get me home to my cave."

The end was approaching. "I have had a scurvy nine years of it, and am now in the sorry fifth act," are Lamb's boding words. His feeling as to death and the hereafter we know from himself. Though not dreadful, the thought of death was at all times particularly distasteful. Yet he had faced it even to the extent of wishing Mary to go first; a wish also expressed in her presence and echoed by herself. His clinging to the earthly and the homely is confessed in his "New Year's Eve." But he would have been soon detached from life—or, rather, from the visible—had his wish been granted. As it was, the loss of Coleridge, and the virtual loss of Mary ("half her life she is dead to me"), effectually loosened the silver cord.

After Coleridge's death, in July, 1834, we have but five letters of Lamb. They show a brave cheerfulness, and in one all his old humor flows back in an apology for his having been too heedless in his potations while dining with Cary at the Museum. The very last is an anxious inquiry about a book of Cary's supposed to have been left at George Dyer's. It ends "with kindest love to Mr. Dyer and all."

Talfourd's leisurely and ornate pen passes with swift simplicity over the end of Lamb's story. Having been informed of his danger, his friend went to see him, and found him nearly insensible. "I do not think he knew me," the latter wrote; "and having vainly tried to engage his attention, I left him. In less than an hour afterward, his voice gradually grew fainter, as he still murmured the names of Moxon, Procter, and some other old friends, and he sank into death as placidly as into sleep."

So passed away, on the 27th December, 1834—the festival of St. John and the Eve of the Innocents—a "sweet, diffusive, bountiful soul, desiring to do good," to use the phrase of Archbishop Leighton. With him it was well, for he had survived most of his joy in life; but the loneliness of that death, for so social a being, strikes us with a sadness akin to horror. He would have doubtless have confronted such a feeling with a quotation from one of his prime favorites:

"Who would be afraid o'n't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world?"

MASCOTS.

AN interesting little *brochure* is that entitled "The Feet as Mascots." This charming essay is from the ingenious pen of the Hon. Thomas M. Bowen, United Senator from Colorado. It is printed for private circulation only, and but 100 copies are issued.

Senator Bowen is clearly a believer in mascots and hoodoos (says the *Chicago News*). Before he went into the United States Senate he was a famous card-player; his exploits at poker are still narrated in Colorado with exceeding gusto. But since his election to the Senate, Bowen has utterly eschewed cards; his avocations have been scrupulously above suspicion—he has been awfully respectable. Still, gambling is so subtle and so malignant an ailment, that when once it has taken hold upon a man its superstitious and poisons forever thereafter lurk in his system, if truly they do not rampantly and completely sway that man to their grotesque *plaisances*.

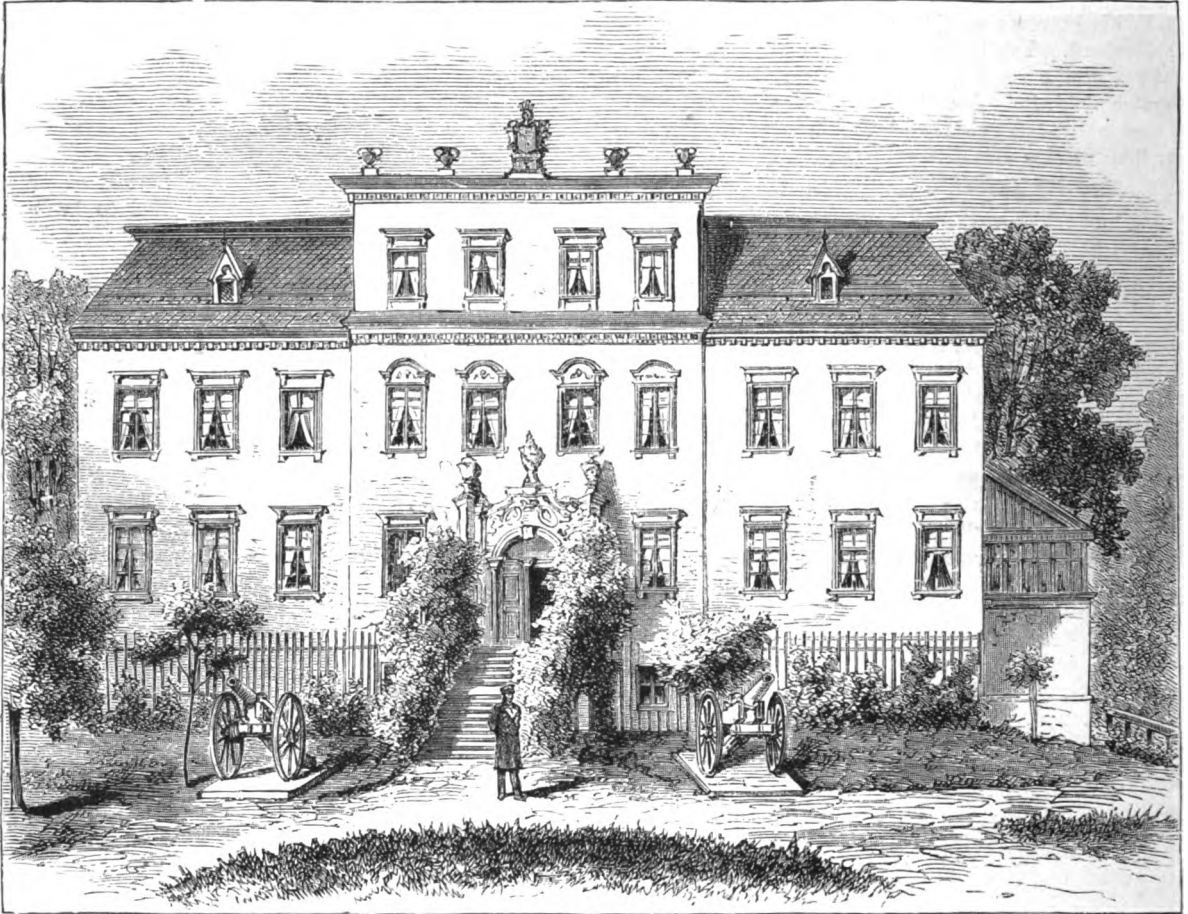
Therefore can we readily see how that Senator Bowen,

having abandoned the practice of card-playing, should yet retain all the superstitions, humors and whimsies of the card-player; in fact, that he has retained them appears by this little work now before us. It is clear that the superstitions with which he became imbued before his laudable reformation have demanded indulgence; that indulgence has been accorded, but in a healthy, ingenious and felicitous direction.

Senator Bowen says that for the last five years he has lived at the Riggs House, in Washington, and that it has been his practice to sit hours at a time each day watching the men pacing up and down the office of that hotel. The floor of the office (or rotunda) is of ordinary composition tiling or checker-board design. The Senator noticed that quite a number of men invariably exercised a

evil. This conviction was confirmed one day many years ago, when, forgetting himself and stepping to one side to address a lady, he stumbled and fell, receiving an injury that troubled him to the end of his life.

Senator Bowen gives a long list of the names of prominent men and women who believe that their temporal affairs are controlled largely by the method in which they walk. Of this number are Senators Edmunds, Ingalls, Kenna, Hoar, Hampton, Beck and Hearst; Congressmen Reed, Cox, Mason, Holman and Cummings; William R. Morrison, Vinnie Ream, Mrs. J. G. Carlisle, Librarian Spofford, General Sherman, Daniel Lamont, Dr. Bradford, Mrs. Folsom, the late British Minister West, Chang Yen Hoon and Mrs. Logan. Senator Beck believes in hoodoos of every kind, and so, in fact, do most of the



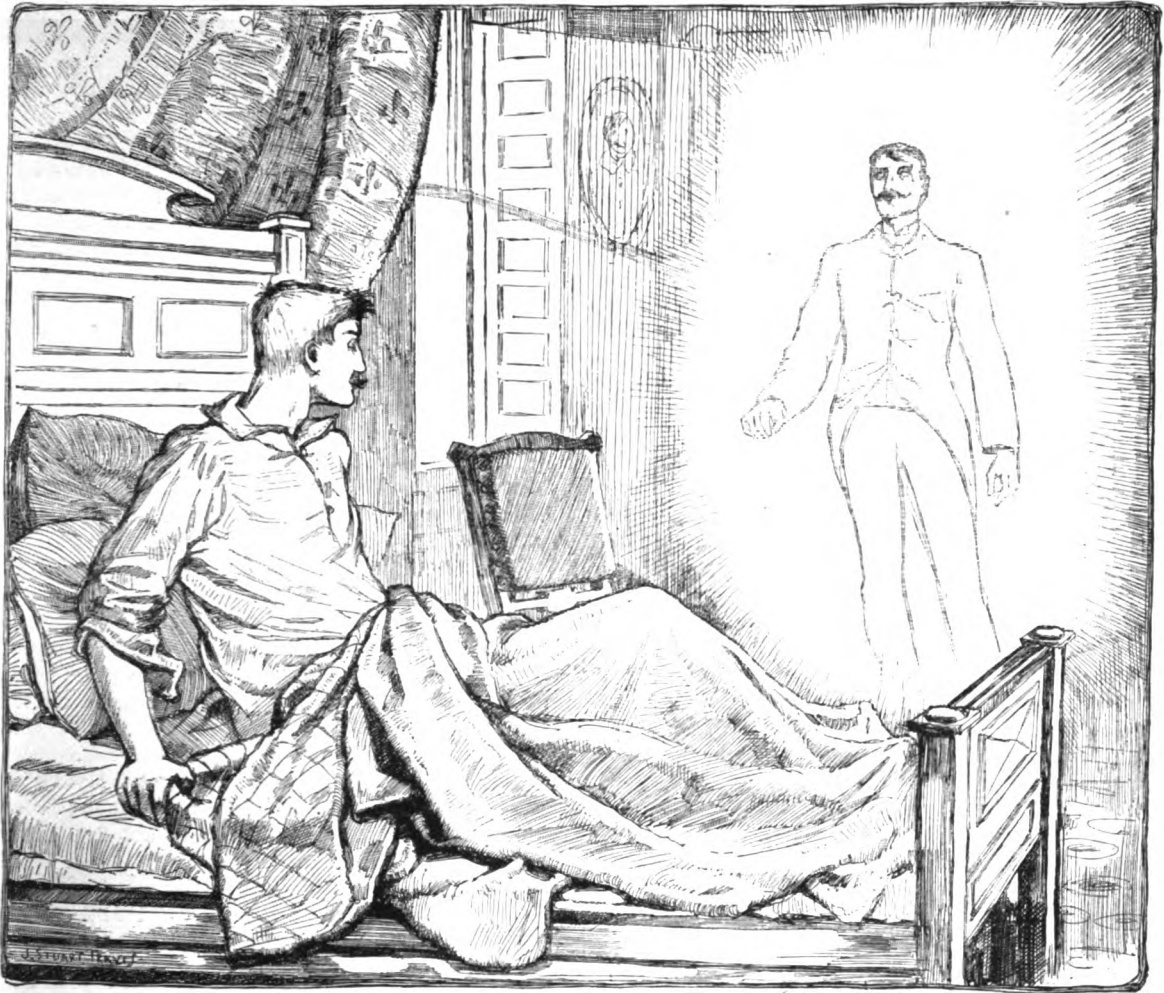
VON MOLTKE'S RESIDENCE IN SCHLESSEN.—SEE PAGE 299.

method in walking upon this tiling, and presently he began to suspect there must be a reason for it, and he set about finding out what it was. He learned by observation and upon inquiry that a man's luck for the day was determined by the way in which he placed his feet upon the tiling.

And Mr. Riggs, the Washington banker, confessed that whenever he walked upon a tiled floor he was particular never to step upon one of the dark tiles; he was satisfied that the dark tiles boded misfortune. The venerable Mr. Corcoran, whose philanthropies are well remembered, had and indulged the same superstition. In his art gallery he had the floors of inlaid wood, and it was his custom, when showing visitors or friends about the place, to pursue regular lines along the floor, it being his conviction that a deviation from those lines would assure him

Senators and Congressmen from the Southern States. Mr. Hoar, who has some of the old Mather blood in his veins, believes in witches and in the personality of the devil. In the course of his essay Senator Bowen tells many amusing stories of the superstitions indulged in by the famous people he has met.

THE magnolia has been suggested for an American national flower. This family of plants, confined to America, chiefly to the United States, save a few species in China and Japan, is distinguished for its beautiful foliage as well as for its remarkably fragrant flowers. The *Magnolia grandiflora*, which frequently reaches the height of eighty feet, with fragrant white flowers a foot in diameter, forms a combination of the rarest magnificence.



"IT SEEMED ALMOST LIKE A LUMINOUS MIST FLOATING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW—AND OUT OF THAT MIST SLOWLY GREW MY OWN FACE AND FORM."

MARMADUKE'S DOUBLE.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

WHEN the engagement of Marmaduke Ellerton and Fanny Addison was announced, it was the cause of almost universal congratulation among their friends and relatives. But there was one marked exception. Paul Browning, young Ellerton's cousin, received the glad news in dead silence, and his swarthy face looked livid from the pallor that overspread it. Marmaduke saw the change in his cousin's countenance and guessed at the cause, for he had often thought that Paul more than admired the beautiful Fanny. He had never regarded his cousin as a rival, for he knew very well that the young lady had no thought but for himself; and, like most young men in love, he thought it very natural that every one should be in love with the girl he adored; but he was pained at the evident disappointment of his cousin—more especially as Paul was of a passionate, resentful nature, and would brook neither pity nor sympathy. He tried to appear as unconscious as possible of the change in Paul, but he could not be blind to it, and he felt that day by day they were drifting further apart, till it was soon quite evident that Paul's feeling of resentment was settling into a fixed hatred. This was more than an ordinary grief to Marmaduke. He had never had a brother, but since his earliest recollection, Paul,

who was three or four years older than himself, had filled that place, and had seemed to love him very dearly; yet Paul's was a dark, turbulent nature, and under whatever real affection he had felt for his cousin always lurked a leaven of envy and jealousy, although the young men enjoyed everything in common, while the elder Ellerton, for the love of his dead sister, had always treated his nephew as his own son.

At first Marmaduke felt the change in his cousin's feeling for him very acutely, but he was so much with his sweetheart, and when away from her his thoughts were so busily engaged, that he ceased to distress himself about the inevitable, and hoped that all would come right in good time.

"Paul can't keep up a hopeless attachment forever," he thought. "By and by he will fall in love with some other girl. Though, of course, he will never find one like my Fanny. Meantime, I am glad he talks of traveling; it will do him good, and his presence is getting to be downright painful—not only to me, but to darling Fanny as well."

But Paul did not start on his travels, though he often spoke of doing so—a second change came over him, and he seemed almost to forget Fanny Addison's existence.

He seemed preoccupied and deeply interested in something else, and when he encountered Marmaduke, he greeted him at all times with affection and cordiality.

"Well," thought Marmaduke, "he's got over it, as I thought he would, but quicker;" and he was just a trifle disappointed, for it was hard to understand how *any* man could so quickly recover from a *grande passion* for his Fanny. "However, I am awfully glad," continued the happy lover; "and I suppose it must be those horrid chemical experiments that he takes such an interest in. There's nothing like science to occupy the mind, though, for my part, I prefer Fanny."

So, for a time, everything went merrily to the sound of the marriage-bells, which could be heard in the distance, for Miss Addison had consented to a short engagement, and already the wedding arrangements were being hastened for the happy day. It was just a month before the date settled on for the wedding that young Ellerton met his bride-elect, with his face so drawn and haggard that the girl exclaimed, in terror:

"Oh! Duke, my dearest, what has happened?—what is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"I have," murmured Duke, with a ghastly attempt to smile. "The ghost of myself."

"Oh! you need only look in the glass to see that," said Fanny. "Surely no one was ever so changed in twenty-four hours. Not only do you look haggard and pale, but you look actually thin and shrunken. My darling boy"—and she rested two soft white hands on his shoulders—"don't trifle with me; tell me, truly, what misfortune has happened to you?"

"Nothing in the world, my darling, while I have you," exclaimed Duke, with sudden enthusiasm, as he clasped the lovely girl in his arms. "I have merely had ugly dreams, and a bad night in consequence. Forgive me for being such a simpleton as to mind them."

"Bad dreams?" echoed Fanny, with a merry laugh. "It isn't possible that you are superstitious, Duke?"

"Oh, but I am, though, for a few minutes at a time," said Duke, with an effort, throwing off the depression that still clung to him. "It's my one fault, dear—"

"One fault!—is that all?" Fanny interrupted, gayly. "Fancy having a husband with only one fault; and even that I must cure you of—for I detest superstition—and then you will be quite too perfect."

"Nothing can be perfect enough for you, my lovely girl;" and then the conversation drifted into the customary extremely personal character peculiar to the talk of lovers, and not very interesting to outsiders.

But when Duke said good-by, he had quite forgotten the trouble that oppressed him when he first came in, and all trace of pallor, distress or sleeplessness was chased from his bright face. It was not till they met again that Fanny even remembered the circumstance; but no sooner did she look into his face than she saw traces of the same trouble that had been so conspicuous there on the previous day. This time, indeed, it was plain that her lover was making an effort to disguise all sign of disturbance; but Fanny could not be indifferent to the pale brow and hollow eyes, from which looked some unmistakable horror. In vain she begged him to tell her his trouble; at first he utterly refused to admit that anything troubled him; then he turned away in inquiry by light and trifling answers, and the girl's heart felt chilled with vague terror, for the conviction forced itself on her mind that some real trouble was at the bottom of this strange reticence, this mysterious, suppressed excitement that showed itself, despite Duke's utmost efforts to conceal it, in a nervous anxiety, a wild and

startled expression, and a fever that burned like fire in his deep, dark eyes.

Day followed day, and still Duke persisted that nothing was the matter, except bad dreams and restless nights.

But the change in the young man was now so great that all who saw him, even casually, remarked it and wondered at it; while his parents and his only sister were seriously alarmed, and despite his entreaties and assurances that he was quite well, called a consultation with the family physician and the most eminent members of the profession, who all agreed that some very serious shock to the nervous system must have been received—but of what nature it was not possible to say, for Duke Ellerton withheld his confidence, even from his mother, and most of all from the woman who had promised to be his wife. And this reticence on his part was heart-breaking to Fanny Addison, who now looked almost as pale and wan as himself.

"I cannot bear it, Duke," she said; "the most terrible certainty would be more endurable than this suspense—this mystery. It is killing me, dearest—can you not see that? But ah! it is useless for me to say more. You don't care; if you truly loved me, you would not be so cruel; but you don't love me, you have never loved me; let us part forever. Perhaps it is our engagement that troubles you. It is! You have ceased to love me, and you cannot find the courage to tell me so. Oh! miserable woman that I am! I could bear even the loss of your love, if I could make you happy again."

"Fanny, my darling—oh! for Heaven's sake don't torture yourself and me by such a thought. Not love you? My angel, you will never know how much; it is that thought that torments me more than all else. But no! I will tell you—you shall know the wretched truth. I am guiltless of everything but loving you too much, and trying vainly to save you pain. But that I cannot do. Let me, then, tell you all. It will be better so."

He flung himself on the ottoman at her feet, and clasping her slender hands in both of his, that were dry and burning, as if from some consuming fever, he began without a moment's pause, and in the fewest words poured forth the secret that was eating his life away.

"I am a doomed man, darling. I have known it now for fourteen days, and I feel that the hour is approaching rapidly. I am dying; but you must not think me a miserable coward because I shrink from death with such horror that he only comes nearer and quicker because of that shrinking. But it is not death that I fear, Fanny, dearest—it is parting from you. Hush, love—don't interrupt me, or I will not have courage to go on. I have had the warning that must not be disregarded. You have heard of the German story of the Doppelgänger—the Double—"

"You mean seeing one's own spirit," his listener interrupted; and though she tried to seem incredulous, and even scornful of such nonsense, she knew that her voice trembled, and a cold chill passed over her. "Of course I have heard of it—who has not? What utter nonsense, Duke! You told me you were superstitious, but I didn't expect such folly as this from a brave man like you."

Duke Ellerton smiled sadly, as he continued:

"You would have the truth, Fanny, and now you will not even listen while I tell it to you."

"I will!—I do! Oh, go on—tell me everything; and then, dear, let me show you what childish folly it is to think seriously of such fancies."

"This is no fancy," Ellerton resumed; and, despite her utmost efforts, Fanny felt the pressure of his own conviction taking possession of her. "I have seen, night

after night, the shadow of my own spirit standing before me, and from the first I knew it meant death; but the thought of leaving you was worse than death, Fanny, and I fought it with all my strength. You remember the first day when you found me so changed? It was on the night before that I first saw 'the shadow feared of man,' and I knew that I was doomed. I had retired for the night more than usually happy, for I had been with you the greater part of the day, and we had talked of our future, and had planned out a life whose path was to be all lilies and roses, as lovers will; nothing was farther from my thoughts than any shadow of sorrow from any cause, and, in a blissful dream of happiness to come, I was just dropping to sleep, when something startled me into sudden and complete wakefulness. It was a flash of light, as sudden and bright as lightning, which for an instant illuminated the room, but was gone as suddenly. I sat up and looked around, and was about to tell myself that it had been nothing but fancy, or the light of dream-land into which I had been dropping, when it came again, but more softly and not so bright. It seemed almost like a luminous mist floating in through the window, and pausing, at last, like a cloud in the air, at the farthest end of the room. Of course, I gazed, fascinated; I could not have moved my eyes, I think, had life depended on it—and out of that mist slowly grew my own face and form."

Fanny gave a sudden, sharp cry; then, bending forward, she clasped her arms about the speaker and drew him close to her heart.

"A dream—a dream!" she whispered, very earnestly. "Dearest love, do not yield to such foolishness; it was nothing but a dream."

Marmaduke smiled sadly, as he said:

"So I tried to think, my darling, in the bright sunlight of next morning, and before I left you that day I felt sure it had been nothing more; but the next night it came again, and the next, and every night—plainer, clearer each time. In vain I have fought against it. I feel my life waning day by day, and I know the hour is coming near now, for every night the face grows brighter and more life-like. But at least you know the worst now. No doubt of me, no thought of mystery, shall come between us when I am gone—"

But Fanny could bear no more. She burst into a passionate fit of weeping, for it was impossible not to be impressed and overcome by Ellerton's great earnestness and his solemn conviction of his own approaching death.

That was the first effect; but her tears relieved her, and then came the reaction. As soon as she was alone again, she reviewed all that Marmaduke had told her; and being a girl remarkable for common-sense, as well as for strength of mind, she dismissed all supernatural ideas from her thoughts.

"Duke is imaginative and over-sensitive," she thought, "while I have no imagination; we were evidently born for each other, for we are the exact opposite in temperament. I believe neither in ghosts, warnings nor doubles. Some one is playing a clever trick on him, and but for his love for me, it would not succeed; yet, the fear of parting from me has been too great for him—he can think of nothing else. Meantime, he will be driven to his grave or into a lunatic asylum, unless I can save him. It is useless to argue with him; nothing but facts will convince him, and where am I to find them? Ah, something comes to aid me! Has he an enemy?—does that enemy understand him thoroughly?—and what is the object to be gained? I think I see light! Paul Browning loves me; I have refused him—and, of course, he hates Duke,

who is his successful rival; and who else so thoroughly understands my dear boy? They were brought up together since children. He is killing Duke by torturing his over-sensitive nature."

The whole plot seemed suddenly to map itself before her eyes. Under the *stimulus* of anxious love, her brain worked as if on fire, and in less time than it takes to describe it she was dressed and speeding toward Ellerton's house. His sister Maud was, naturally, her most intimate friend, and five minutes alone with her served to put Maud in possession of all that Fanny had heard from Duke, and all that her own suspicions built on it."

"I believe you are right, Fanny. I don't believe in the supernatural any more than you do; but Duke does. He is imaginative, as you know, and high-strung and nervous to a degree. People who don't know him think him timid, but we know better. I have seen Duke face a mad bull as calmly as a lamb; those high-strung, nervous people are all that way. They have what Cousin Paul calls 'feminine courage.' I think it a very good kind myself—"

"I suppose your Cousin Paul thoroughly understands Duke?" Fanny Addison interrupted.

"I should think so—even better than I do. But he has been so wrapped up in some chemical experiments he's been making lately, that he hasn't seemed even to notice the change that has come over Duke."

"It is just about those chemical experiments I want to talk to you. The window of Mr. Browning's laboratory looks right into Duke's room, I've heard you say—"

"Yes, it does."

"Well, I want to get into that room."

"The laboratory?—impossible, Fanny, dear. Paul always carries the key, and he's away to-day, and won't be home till to-night."

"We can find a locksmith somewhere. If not, I'll have the door broken in, if I have to do it myself, Maud; for Duke's life depends on it."

"Fanny, dear, you are raving! But no matter—you shall get into the room, and I will manage it."

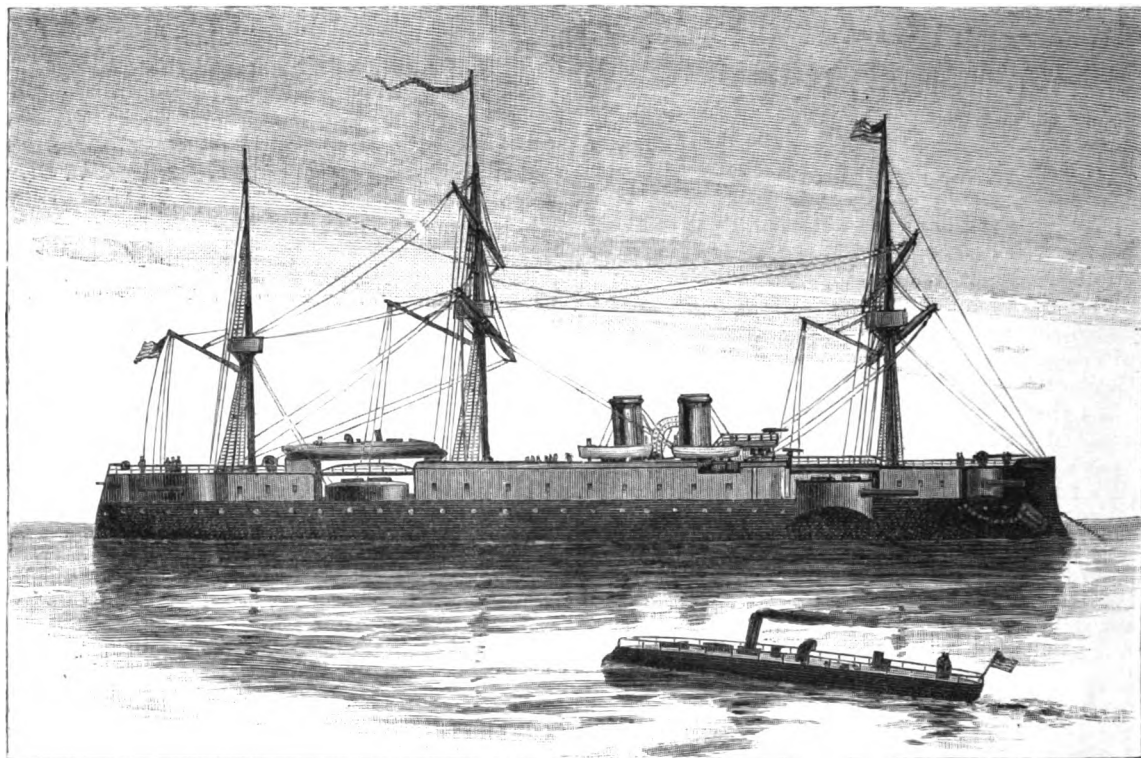
* * * * *

In after years, Fanny and Maud used to wonder how they had escaped with life out of the laboratory, as they handled more dangerous chemicals than either had ever heard of before; still, it was not chemicals, but a clever contrivance for throwing light, by means of a curiously constructed reflector, that, at last, put them on the track of the right discovery. With feminine quickness they soon learned how to work the thing, though they didn't understand the principle; close beside it they found a number of photographs of Duke, several of which had been enlarged by a well-known process, almost to life-size; these, by a process somewhat resembling the magic-lantern, could be thrown to a distance; and against a dark background, particularly when seeming to form in the air, out of a misty light, looked precisely like the ghostly Doppelgänger of the Germans, or the Wraith of the Scotch Highlanders.

After several hours spent in this way, Fanny concluded to remain for the rest of that evening with Maud; and Duke was surprised into momentary forgetfulness of his haunting fears by the merry looks and good spirits of the two girls.

It was late when Paul Browning arrived, but the dinner had been delayed, and every one was still at table. He was instantly struck by the atmosphere of gayety which seemed to characterize every one, and Fanny at once greeted him, almost hilariously.

"Oh, Mr. Browning," she said, "we have had such fun



THE WAR-STEAMER "MAINE," NOW IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

with that photograph-reflector, if that's what you call it. Don't be angry; I *compelled* Maud to force open the laboratory-door, though we never dreamt of finding it turned into a photograph-gallery. I should think you could play ghost with it quite successfully—it works much better than old Pepper's ghost. As soon as it got dark, we made experiments with all the photographs in the house, but none came out so well as Duke's. You must have had his enlarged on purpose.

Paul Browning had started violently when Miss Addison began to speak, and as she continued, his livid pallor increased till he seemed likely to drop in a faint. Words of passionate anger had risen to his lips, but he choked them down; for under the apparent gayety of the speaker there was a veiled menace that told him plainly that his murderous game was found out and frustrated forever. He glanced at the pale, angry face of his uncle, at Marmaduke, whose look was more in sorrow than in anger, lastly at his aunt, who had been like a mother to him; and then, without a word, he turned and left the room.

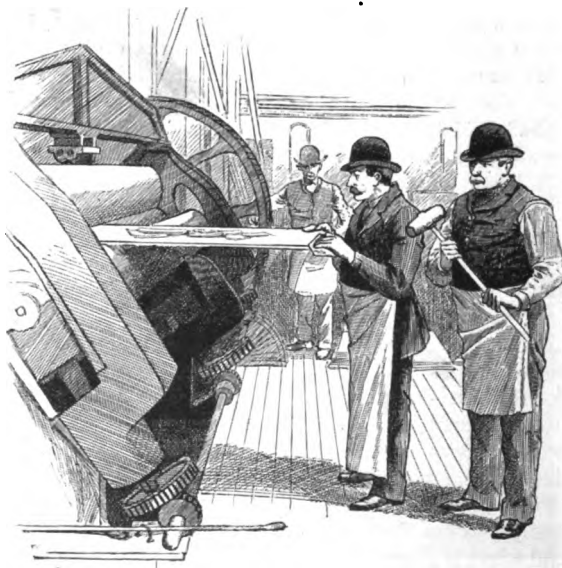
On the next day he went on the journey he had so long been talking of, and the preparations for the wedding festivities proceeded more rapidly than before; for the bridegroom

was no longer pale and careworn, and the fair bride seemed more in love with him than ever, since she had won him back to life and happiness.

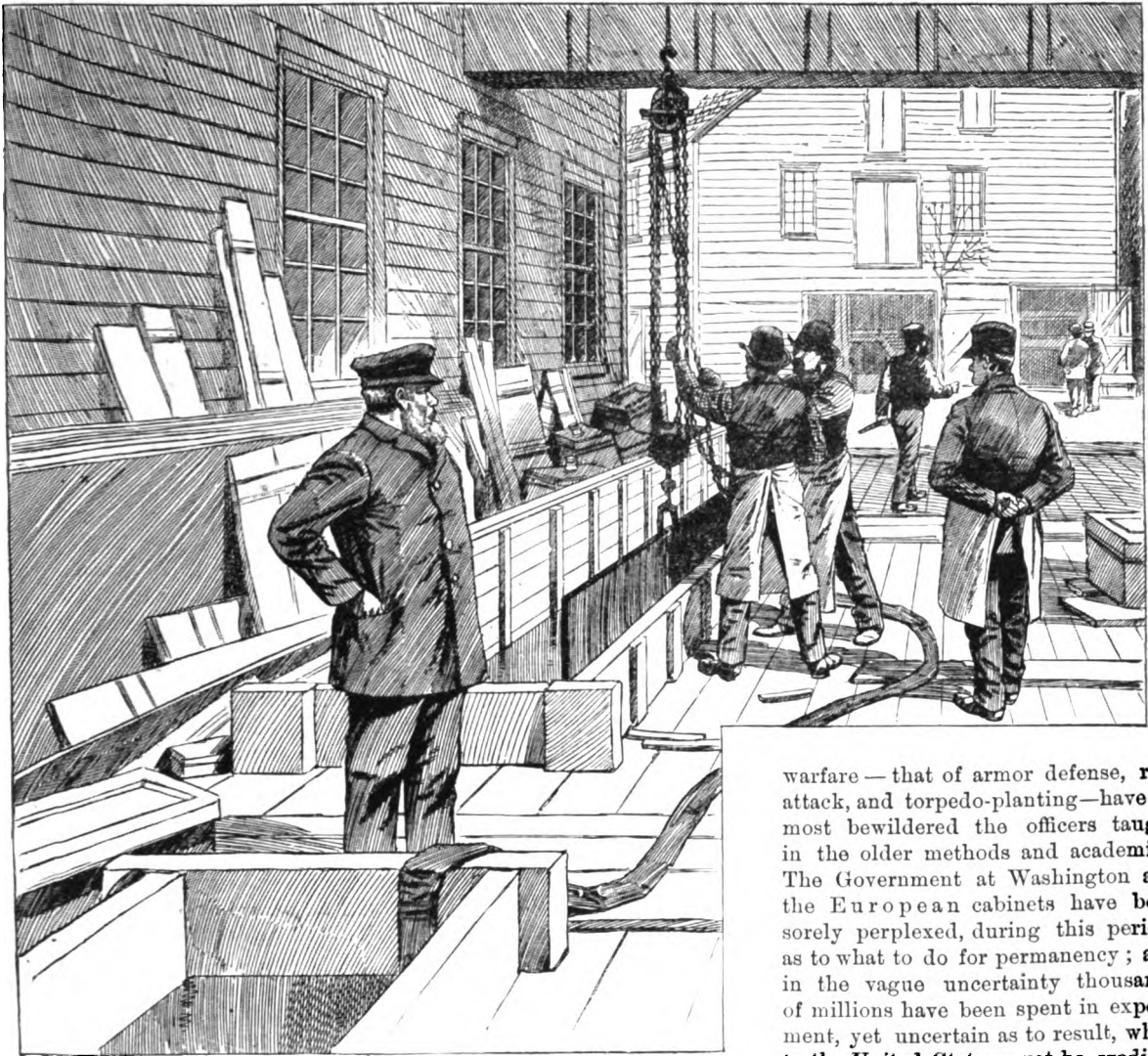
SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING.

BY ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH.

SHIP-CONSTRUCTION, whether for the merchant marine or the navies of the world, has undergone such rapid and permanent changes, during the present generation, that the great world of Flotation has shown even more startling progress than has been achieved on the several continents. Since the time the ancient galleys first plowed the Mediterranean up to the modern period, there have been obtained results of no such magnitude. In a space of time covered by thirty years, there has been a more remarkable relative advance in ship-building, in marine science, in safety at sea, in the speed of vessels, in the comfort of those who people the oceans, and in the vastness and magnitude of the great ships of war and commerce, than in the whole anterior historic period. Think of the gorgeous galley that took voluptuous Cleopatra to the embrace of Antony, propelled by the



ROLLING A PLATE.



THE PICKLING-VATS.

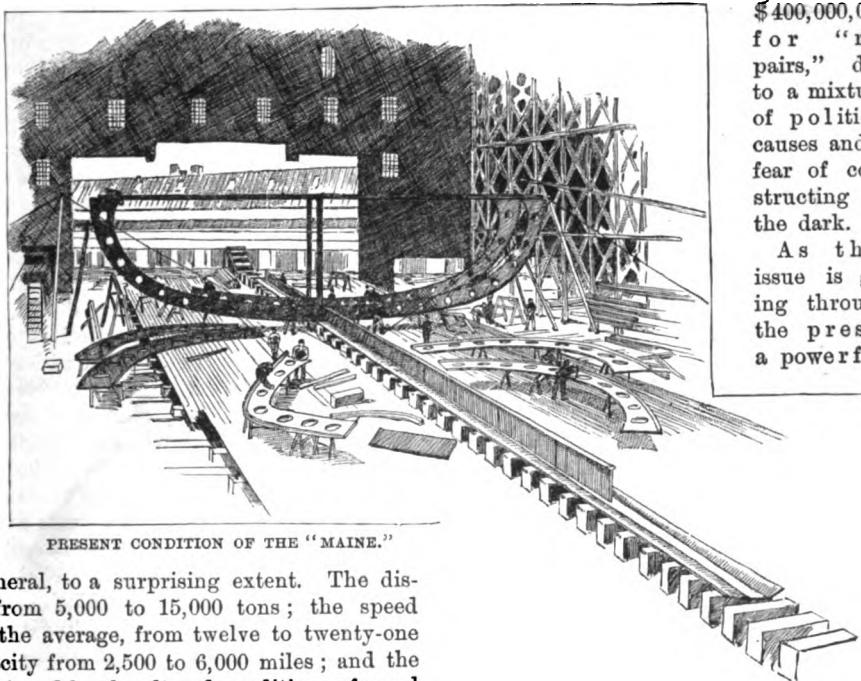
paddles of the Nubian giants; and then of that monster of the waters, the steam-ship *City of New York*, over a tenth of a mile in length, with breadth of beam and depth of hold in proportion, and with a transatlantic speed equal to the average record of the railways of a few years ago! Think, too, that it takes less time to go from New York to Liverpool, by the sea, than it does from New York, by rail, to San Francisco, by schedule, the distances being the same.

Within a few years, the size of vessels, either of commerce or for armed cruisers, has increased, in general, to a surprising extent. The displacements have advanced from 5,000 to 15,000 tons; the speed upon the ocean has risen, on the average, from twelve to twenty-one knots, and the steaming capacity from 2,500 to 6,000 miles; and the evolution in naval tactics occasioned by the altered conditions of naval

warfare—that of armor defense, ram attack, and torpedo-planting—have almost bewildered the officers taught in the older methods and academies. The Government at Washington and the European cabinets have been sorely perplexed, during this period, as to what to do for permanency; and in the vague uncertainty thousands of millions have been spent in experiment, yet uncertain as to result, while to the United States must be credited

the sum of \$400,000,000 for “repairs,” due to a mixture of political causes and a fear of constructing in the dark.

As this issue is going through the press, a powerful



PRESENT CONDITION OF THE “MAINE.”

cruiser is being constructed at the Government Yard in Brooklyn, and it will not be far behind the great vessels of the European navies in prowess, ordnance, displacement and speed. The new ship will be called the *Maine*. She is to be an armored ship, with engines and coal-capacity sufficient to enable her to make a cruise around the world. Her machinery and battery are to be protected by steel plates from 10½ to 11 inches thick, and her heaviest guns will throw 10-inch bolts of steel, weighing 500 pounds, to a distance of nine miles from the muzzle of the gun. The significance of such a vessel will be the better understood when it is considered that it is just nine miles, in a straight line, from New York's City Hall to the end of the iron piers on Coney Island, or that a projectile fired from the Battery would pass over High Bridge and land somewhere in the vicinity of Spuyten Duyvil Creek. In order to begin the construction of this monster, an entire new kit of tools had to be manufactured, for the days of the old-fashioned ship-building are gone by. A new shed has also been built, 215 feet long by 45 wide, and is provided with all the apparatus necessary to accomplish the armoring of the hull, which is the most difficult feature in iron or steel ship-building. When the steel is brought into the shed, it comes from the lighters on the dock, being transported on small cars that run on tram-ways. From the storage-shed they must go to the machine-shop which adjoins it, so that the rivet-holes may be punched in them and their edges may be planed. But before the plates enter the machine-shop they are put into pickling-vats, located between the two sheds, which are filled with diluted muriatic acid. There is an overhead railway, which is used to carry the plates from the storage-shed to the pickling-vat. From the pickling-vat the plate passes through two whirling steel brushes, which scrub its face so that the officers can see if there are any defects which escaped inspection during the process of manufacture.

The new machine-shop at the Brooklyn Yard is simply a substantial wooden shed, with beams and posts strong enough to support the necessary shafting. A 250-horsepower engine is to be placed in one corner, and a battery of three boilers furnishes the power. There are vast quantities of drills, rolls, punches and shears in their appropriate places; and thus a new plant has been furnished by Secretary Whitney for the construction of steel vessels, for the first time since the war, under the direct auspices of naval officers. Then there is the bending-shed; and the frames of the great ship seem remarkably slender. The cross-section is that of an L, and the arms are 4 feet 3 inches long, while the frame itself weighs nine pounds to the foot. Compared with the huge live-oak timbers that formed the frames of the old wooden ships, these of the *Maine* are as barbed wire to fence-rails.

The process of bending a frame is simple, but it must be seen to be appreciated. The frames are heated in a long brick furnace, and then hauled out on a floor made of cast-iron grating. A row of iron pegs is placed in the holes in this floor, before the frame is hauled out, and when the frame has been forced around, by means of levers, so as to lie against every one of the row of pegs, it is in the requisite shape. While the work of bending the frames has been going on since September 12th, and the preparation of plates some time longer, the scene is not as animated as it will be when the frames are in position and the men are riveting the plates on, and fifty hammers are pounding all at once at twenty-five rivets, and the little forges are glowing all about the ship, and the cranes are creaking as they lift plates and angles to their places, and the cars with other plates and angles are moving to and fro.

The building of the *Maine* is under the direct supervision of Admiral Gherardi, who is assisted by Commander R. D. Evans and Lieutenants Paul and Chambers. The construction-work is under Naval Constructor J. B. Hoover, supported by Assistant Naval Constructor J. J. Underwood. Under the orders of the Secretary of the Navy, on the admiral's responsibility alone rests the launching of the ship, and that, too, of a quality and at a cost that will be creditable to the Service and Government work. The effort is to be that our dock-yards can turn out as good cruisers as private builders, and quite as economically, which is not the case now with any maritime nation of the world. But the time-restriction of eight hours as the legal working-day, as against ten hours in private yards, will doubtless show that the Government cannot construct as cheaply as is assumed by the Washington authorities.

The general dimensions of the *Maine* are: Length between perpendiculars, 310 feet; extreme breadth, 57 feet; mean draught, 21½ feet; displacement, 6,650 tons. The armor-belt will be 11 inches thick, extending 180 feet amidships, from 3 feet above to 4 feet below the water-line. The steel armor-plates are to be carried on wood backing 8 inches thick, and at the forward end of the belt there is a bulkhead 6 inches thick, running entirely across the vessel.

The revolving turrets will be protected by steel armor-plates 10½ inches thick. On the raised casemate there is a conning-tower of elliptical form 10½ by 9 feet, protected by armor 10 inches thick. The ship will have a double bottom, with the usual arrangement of coal-bunkers, etc., to protect the engines as much as possible.

The *Maine* will have three masts, and will be bark-rigged; the fore and main masts are to be fitted with military tops, each carrying two small machine guns. In addition to the usual allowance of boats, including two steam-launches, she will carry on deck two torpedo-boats, each 60 feet long. The principal battery will consist of four 10-inch steel breech-loading guns, two mounted in each of the turrets, the latter to be arranged in echelon, so that all four guns can be fired ahead or astern at the same time; the 6-inch guns are mounted in the raised central breastwork, or casemate, having special protection for their gunners in the form of steel shields 2 inches thick. Two of these 6-inch guns are placed forward and two aft, while the remaining two are mounted one on each side of the central structure. The secondary battery consists of four 57-mm. rapid-firing guns, four 47-mm. guns of the same kind, four 47-mm. and nine 37-mm. revolving cannon, and four Gatling guns. There will also be seven torpedo-tubes, which can be used on occasion. The 10-inch guns will use a projectile of 500 pounds weight, with 250 pounds of powder, and are expected to have a maximum range of nine miles.

In the design of this vessel great care has been taken to provide convenient quarters for the officers and crew. She will be fitted with elaborate systems of pumping and ventilation by machinery, and is provided with several dynamos, which will serve to light the vessel throughout with incandescent lights, and also to supply three powerful search-lights. The electric arrangements will be so made that in case of damage to one dynamo, connections can at once be made with another.

The *Maine* will have two screws driven by two triple-expansion engines, each placed in a separate water-tight compartment. Each of these engines has cylinders 35½, 57 and 88 inches in diameter, with a stroke of 36 inches. Steam will be furnished by eight cylindrical return tubular boilers 14 feet 8 inches diameter and 10 feet long, each

having three furnaces. Forced draft will be secured by leading air to the under-side of the grate-bars, and there will be four blowers, having a total capacity of 26,000 cubic feet of air per minute. With forced draft the engines are expected to develop 8,750 horse-power. The total capacity of the coal-bunkers will be somewhat over 800 tons, and with a full supply the ship will be able to steam 1,900 knots at full speed, 3,200 knots at fifteen knots an hour, and 8,500 knots at ten knots an hour, thus giving her a large cruising range at low speed.

Leaving the *Maine* out of the question, the "new United States Navy" will not appear in respectable comparison with those of the great maritime powers of Europe. This will be seen by a glance at our armored cruiser the *Baltimore*, which will be launched from Cramps' yard, on the Delaware, in August, 1889. She has a displacement of only 4,400 tons. She is 315 feet long, 48½ beam, and will have a maximum draught of 21 feet. She has a double bottom, and is divided into many compartments by water-tight bulkheads. She has an armored deck, protected by a plating of from 2½ to 4 inches in thickness, while her machinery and coal-bunkers are so placed as to be as secure as possible from the enemy's fire. The main battery of the *Baltimore* will consist of four 8-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading rifled guns, while she will have, as a secondary battery, eleven Hotchkiss and Gatling guns, and will also carry a torpedo equipment. It is curious to note that this vessel was designed by Mr. White, of the English firm of Armstrong & Co., 'also a constructor in the British Navy. Like the other cruisers, she has two screws, with triple-expansion engines, which will work up to 10,500 horse-power, and the contract speed calls for nineteen knots an hour. But whatever may be the comparative value of great or lesser dimensions, it is interesting, in estimating actual results, to study recent naval warfare where iron-clads have been engaged.

Lieutenant Edward W. Very, U.S.N., in his able professional work, "The Navies of the World" (1880), thus summarizes the principal naval battles of the preceding twenty years :

Bombardments of Earth-works.—Hatteras Inlet, Hilton Head, Fort Henry, Roanoke Island, Fort Donelson, Fort Darling, Fort Hindman, Grand Gulf, Simonoseki, Kagosima, Fort Wagner, Fort McAllister, Fort Fisher, Danube Forts, Callao—to which may be added the effective bombardment of Alexandria by the British squadron, in June, 1885.

Bombardment of Masonry Forts.—Fort Sumter, Forts Jackson and St. Philip.

Passage of Forts.—Forts Jackson and St. Philip, Vicksburg Earth-works, Port Hudson Earth-works, Fort Morgan, Vicksburg Earth-works (second time).

Assaults.—Fort Sumter, Fort Fisher, Corean Forts.

Deliberate General Actions.—Memphis, Heligoland, and Lissa.

Dashes.—Passage of the Mississippi, Vicksburg, and Charleston.

Iron-clads against Wooden Vessels.—Hampton Roads, Roanoke River, Albemarle Sound, Black Sea, Ylo Bay, Iquique Harbor.

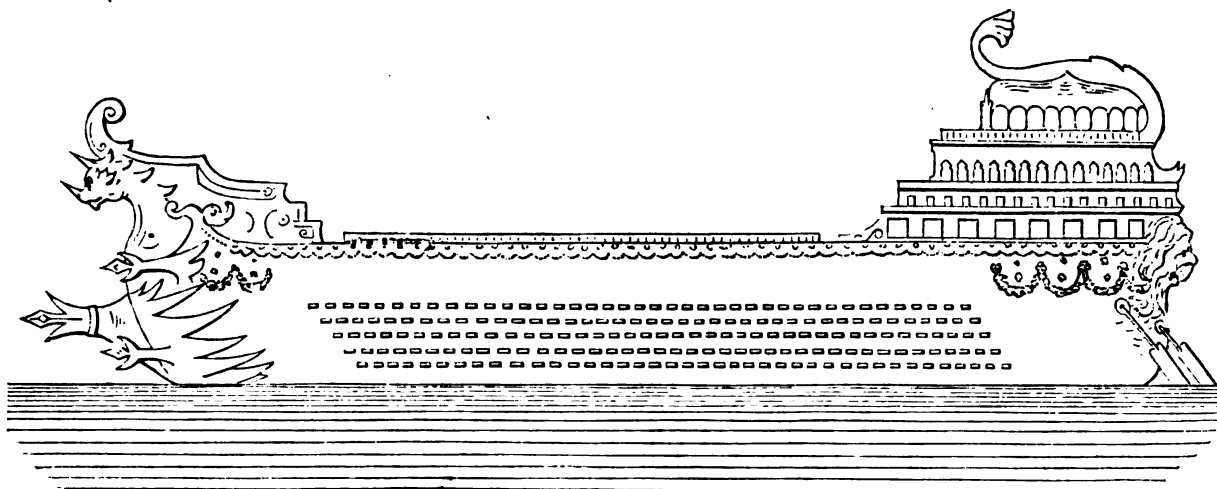
Duels.—*Monitor* and *Merrimac*; *Alabama* and *Hatteras*; *Weehawken* and *Atlanta*; *Kearsarge* and *Alabama*; *Meteor* and *Bonnet*; *Almirante Cochrane*, *Blanco*, *Encalada* and *Huascar*.

Whatever may be the truth, it has been assumed by the most eminent critics of marine warfare that the last great battle on the high seas has been fought, and that the future has not in store a single promised example of

those picturesque and thrilling conflicts of lordly squadrons that made brilliant, if gory, the naval history of the centuries gone by. Steam, iron-plating, rams and torpedoes have made general actions at sea well-nigh impossible. Then, too, comes in the question of ordnance. With the present disparity between the calibres and the ranges of rifled projectile guns of the different maritime powers, it is exceedingly doubtful if two hostile cruisers of the same tonnage could meet in action on equal terms. In other words, the one with ordnance that would carry her shot five miles would have her antagonist in chancery if the latter could only throw her projectiles four miles, for it is evident that the vessel with guns of the longest range could blaze away with effect, and decisive effect; too, if the speed of both be the same, without standing in any danger of being hit at all. It will thus be seen that the chances of even naval duels in the open water, such as that which occurred between the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama*—one of the most brilliant exploits in the annals of naval warfare, and creditable alike to the victor and the vanquished—are not favored by the fleets of iron and steel which now dominate the waters of the world. Yet, should war occur in the near future, while portions of the existing navies are still composed of wooden squadrons, it is not impossible that there may be contests between mixed fleets, with iron-clads at the head, as in the last great general action at sea—the battle of Lissa, which occurred on July 20th, 1866, between the Austrians and Italians, in the Adriatic, and in which Admiral Tegethoff won such a signal victory, mainly by his admirable handling of his "wooden walls." In this action the Austrian fleet had twenty-seven vessels, seven only of which were iron-clad frigates; while the Italian squadron, entirely of iron, nine rams and frigates, was not assisted by wooden ships. This action was a notable one, and deserves a word of mention.

The Austrians advanced in three echeloned lines ahead, the *Ferdinand Max* (flag-ship) leading the right and advanced iron-clad line. The wooden frigates formed the centre line, and the gun-boats the left and rear—all in close order. The Italians, on sighting the Austrian fleet, formed in single line ahead, open order, covering a distance of over five miles. The head of the Italian line opened fire on coming within gunshot. The Austrians turning together eight points to port, sent a broadside into the head of the Italian line, and resuming the former course, almost immediately pierced the Italian line astern of the third ship, half of the iron-clads passing through this break, and the other half between the Italian leaders. The leading Italian division then turned to starboard, to attack the Austrian wooden fleet, when the Austrian admiral, to foil this manœuvre, turned and passed back through the same interval. The rest of the Italian fleet closed up on the broken Austrian line, and the smoke concealing the signal, the action became one of dire confusion. The Austrian flag-ship, the *Ferdinand Max*, now made a dash for the Italian flag-ship, the *Re d'Italia* (built in New York, by William H. Webb), and at the third stroke she went down. Then three Austrian vessels, two iron-clads and one wooden frigate, set upon the *Paletro*, put her in flames, when she blew up with tremendous effect in an hour. Other fighting followed, when the Italians, badly beaten, withdrew, losing two iron-clads. Killed, 650; wounded, 40. The Austrians, killed and wounded, 136, of whom three-quarters belonged to the *Kaiser Max*.

Noting the result, let us look at a remarkable event in the Peruvian war. On May 21st, 1879, in Iquique Harbor, the Peruvian iron-clads *Independencia* and *Huascar*



THE GREAT SHIP OF PTOLEMY PHILOPATER.

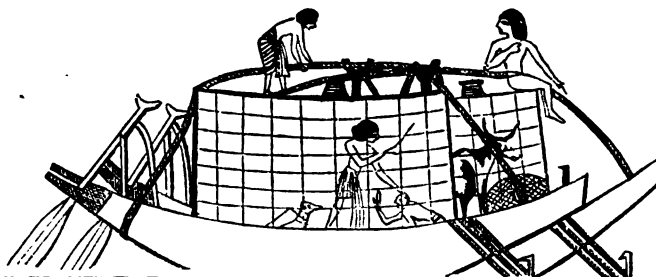
appeared off Iquique Harbor, in the morning, finding there the Chilean gun-boats *Esmeralda* and *Cavadonga*. The latter, upon discovering the enemy, ran into shoal water, the iron-clads taking a position about 2,000 yards away (about a mile and an eighth). After a short action, the *Cavadonga* (apparently with the intention of dividing the fire and possibly escaping) attempted to run down the coast, the *Independencia* giving chase. The *Huascar* continued to engage the *Esmeralda*, and, notwithstanding the short range, failed to hit her. At length a shore-battery drove the *Esmeralda* into deep water, and before she could commence to manœuvre, a shot from the *Huascar* disabled her engines. The *Huascar* then rammed her adversary three times, the first two blows being total failures, on account of stopping the ship too soon. The third onslaught was successful, sinking the *Esmeralda* with her colors flying—a remarkable exploit on the west coast of South America. The *Cavadonga*, keeping in the shoal water as nearly as she could, kept up head-way for two hours, the *Independencia* making three attempts to strike her with prow amidships, but without result. At the fourth movement, impetuous as it was, the enemy was missed and the *Independencia* struck a rock and hung fast to that anchorage. The *Cavadonga* at once turned, and taking a position under the Peruvian's stern, opened a terrific fire and forced the stranded war-ship to surrender. The *Huascar* once more appeared on the scene, and the victorious iron-clad not being able to take possession of its legitimate prize, the *Cavadonga* escaped. Heroic efforts were now made to haul the Peruvian prisoner off the rock, but the task proved unavailing, and she was finally fired and burned, until she sunk out of sight. In this action the Chileans lost the greater number of men, because of the sinking of the *Esmeralda*, but the destruction of such an important engine of war as the *Esmeralda* more than counterbalanced it, if we adjust aggressive and defensive fighting by a numerical balance of accounts.

One more action, showing iron-clad fighting in land-locked harbors, will suffice. On June 17th, 1863, in the early daylight, the Confederate ram *Atlanta*

was seen coming down the Wilmington River, and the Federal monitors *Weehawken* and *Nahant* steamed in to meet her. The *Atlanta* opened fire at 1,500 yards, and in a few moments afterward grounded. The *Weehawken*, nothing daunted, approached to within 300 yards, and gave the Confederate bull-dog a blast that shivered her timbers, and in less than fifteen minutes the ram was a captive of Uncle Sam. Five shots only were fired by the *Weehawken*, all striking the armor, three penetrating her hide, killing and severely wounding many of the crew at the guns. This was one of the most dramatic and decisive of the actions of the Civil War.

The duel between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*, carefully arranged beforehand as it was, needs scarcely more than allusion. There is little doubt but that the Federal vessel was saved from destruction by the wise thoughtfulness of Captain Winslow, in ranging his cables in parallel along the midship section of the hull, to protect his machinery from the guns of Captain Semmes, and in this respect the action partook of a battle between an iron-clad and a wooden sloop-of-war. The firing began at a distance of 1,200 yards, the *Alabama* delivering the first broadside, and that was immediately returned by the *Kearsarge*. The fighting continued for sixty-five minutes at a distance of 900 yards, the two ships steaming in a circle, to prevent a raking fire and to keep broadsides on. At the end of this time, the Confederate privateer, which had well-nigh swept American commerce from the seas, went out of sight forever.

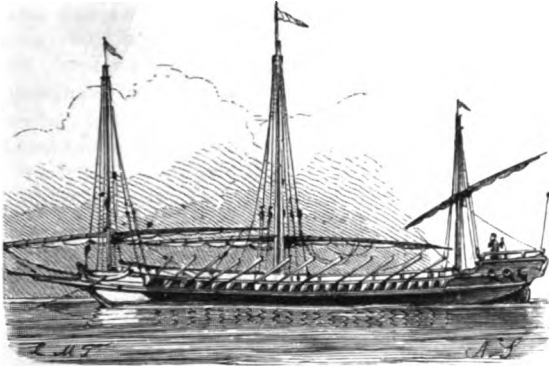
Noting these several actions as described, it is to be observed that there is some ground for the strong feeling and preference expressed by many of the older officers in favor of maintaining "wooden walls" as a part of the existing naval establishments, and of those which are to come. By these experts it is maintained that, in case of disaster, the result is less disastrous and bloody; that, instead of iron splinters flying about the deck, dealing death in every direction—the very resisting surface affording missiles of destruction to the enemy—the old wooden frigates, in the fight, afforded little chance of being killed,



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN VESSEL.



ANCIENT DANISH VESSEL.

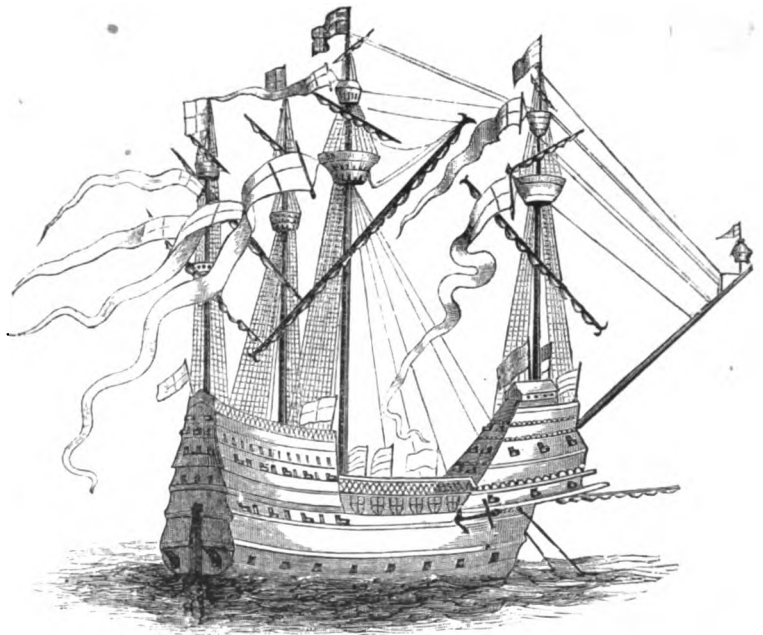


A BARCALONGA.

save when the individual was actually struck by a hostile shot. Add to this the impossibility (almost) of repairing iron ships in action, the cumbrous and complicated machinery, everything depending upon an absolutely perfect and faultless mechanism, and the chances of defeat, sinking or capture are very uncertain, whoever the enemy. Otherwise, calibre and range considered, it is not so much the armor or size of the vessel as of skill and, above all, good luck, which always and for many reasons regulate the fortunes of war on the sea.

There has been considerable discussion recently as to the advisability of employing ships like the *City of New York* as war-cruisers in case of a conflict on the sea. The case has been argued *pro* and *con*, and quite exhaustively, on both sides of the water. Those in favor of such a move in case of a declaration of war—the use of the merchantmen in actual combat—urge their speed, their capacity as transports, as of vital consequence; while the argument against them is that they have no platform surface to accommodate the handling of

heavy naval ordnance, and that they have none of the special invulnerabilities of armed war-ships, as we understand them at the present day. Furthermore, as rams, experience in collisions on the Atlantic—and with such insignificant craft as schooners—shows that, even with their water-tight compartments, they are brittle—unseaworthy—when struck at an unfortunate angle, and will break off at the bows and go down to everlasting doom, as in the helpless case of the *Oregon*. Huge bulk and length, exposure of rigging, funnels, their sides, complicated machinery, it is contended, unfit them for fighting purposes; yet, notwithstanding all these considerations, they would doubtless be drafted into service in case of a clash of the nations. Indeed, on every occasion when Russia has felt herself on the verge of war with Great Britain, the friendly maritime nations have



THE "HENRY GRACE-A-DIEU."—FROM THE PEPTSIAN LIBRARY.

swarmed with her agents in pursuit of the purchase of merchant cruisers.

To go back for a time to antiquity. The first interesting craft of the Christian era whose authenticity seems entirely plausible is the ship of St. Paul, described by Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, in his essay "On the Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul," the work of a man of much practical experience in the management of sailing craft, and a yachtsman of thirty years' practice. It is really a valuable contribution to the history of ancient merchant ships. The author has tested, by modern experiences, the details furnished by St. Luke, and has himself worked out the dead reckoning of St. Paul's ship, requiring, as it did, both knowledge and skill. He has also, by a diligent comparison of the representations of ancient vessels on coins and on the marbles and paintings of Pompeii with the Scriptural account, produced as perfect a drawing as we are ever likely to obtain of the Mediterranean merchant ship at the dawn of the Christian era.

St. Paul's ship must have been one of considerable size, as, besides her cargo of grain, she had on board 276 souls. Moreover, as she had to make a long and, as it turned out, a boisterous voyage, she must have been completely decked, and probably had two decks, from the number of her passengers, besides a high poop and forecastle, like the ships of two or three centuries ago. Her bulwarks were formed of battens fastened horizontally across the stanchions. Mr. Smith, continuing his researches, found a painting at Herculaneum, representing the ship of Theseus, and showing that the ancient sailors knew the use of the capstan and the hawser; but the manner in which these very large ships were steered remains a mystery up to date. For a long period the rig of ancient ships was of the simplest kind, a single large square sail on the mainmast being the chief means of propulsion. In the case of large vessels there was a sort of square sail on a short mast at the stern, and a similar one at the bow; but these were of more use in steering than in propelling. The Romans appear to have had a small triangular sail, like the Greek letter Delta (Δ), which bore the name of *suppara*, from its supposed resemblance to a woman's chemise; but such a sail could have been used only in fair weather. The use of anchors was also early understood, and in St. Paul's case, and the fact that the ship was able to anchor by the stern, probably saved the lives of those on board, as otherwise she might have been driven broadside on the rocks.

In ancient days the mariners determined their latitude by means still employed, but their instruments were necessarily very inferior. The gnomon, in some one of its varied forms, was the most common instrument for measuring the length of the sun's shadow at noon on different days and at different places. We know from Herodotus that this instrument was of great antiquity. Indeed, he ascribes the invention of it to the Babylonians; but the report of Arrian to the Emperor Hadrian of his shipwreck implies that there were other instruments besides this on board.

Pytheas, the first known navigator of the North Sea, is said to have determined the Summer solstice, at Marseilles, by observing the proportion of the shadow of the gnomon. Further than that, Eratosthenes drew a parallel of latitude through Gibraltar, Rhodes and Lycia to India, while Hipparchus made the first map on the principle of Mercator's projection by transferring the celestial latitudes and longitudes to the terrestrial globe. On the other hand, Ptolemy erred so far in his calculation of the longitude that he placed China 60° nearer Europe than it really is.

In computing the latitudes, the ancients reckoned in

stadia from the Equator to Syracuse, the *stadium* being about 201 yards and 1 foot. To determine the longitude, however, was more difficult, as the only phenomena by which men could readily measure the distance between any two places were eclipses of the moon, and these would have no practical value in calculating a ship's position at sea. Furthermore, it would not be easy to secure certainty in such observations, nor could they with facility undergo repetition. Hence the ancients were led to depend, either on an actual survey, or on the vague information obtainable from the reckonings of sailors, or on the itineraries of travelers. It need not have been surprising, therefore, to have seen how Ptolemy, and the greatest of ancient geographers, should have erred owing to the impossibility of fixing, with even tolerable accuracy, the longitudes of different places on the earth, as the earth was known to them. It is likely that their practice of constantly landing might, in some degree, have supplied their deficiencies in this particular; but there does not now exist any record of astronomical observations which were made at sea by even the most skillful of navigators. There was a very crude method in use in fact. There was a sort of dead reckoning—an observation of the position of the sun during the day, and of certain stars during the night. Such was the hap-hazard way by which the positions at sea were obtained.

As to the mariner's compass, some writers have attempted to show that the Arabians and the Chinese were acquainted with it even in those remoter ages; but for this theory there does not appear to be any tangible warrant whatever. It is certain that Marco Polo, who made voyages on the Chinese seas in native boats, nowhere even hints at any such compass, while Nicola' de Conti, who navigated the Indian waters in an Indian vessel, in 1420, after the properties of the magnet were known in Italy, expressly states that the mariners had no compass, but were guided by the stars of the Southern Pole, the elevation of which they knew how to measure. Nor is there any reason to believe that the Chinese had any greater knowledge, though there may be in some Chinese books a notice of the physical fact that, by constant hammering, an iron rod becomes magnetized—in other words, has imparted to it the property of pointing to the north or to the south.

* As to the speed of ancient vessels, the time occupied in the performance of different voyages by the varying craft was due to the general fact that, owing to their construction being generally from three to four times as long as they were broad, with shallow keels and rarely other than square sails, they could not have made much headway on a wind, but were capable of considerable speed when the wind was aft. Thus Pliny states that a merchant ship passed from Messina to Alexandria in six days; another from the Pillars of Hercules to Ostia in seven; another from the nearest port in Spain in four; another from Narbonne in three; and another from Africa in two. So, also, Arrian relates that the ship in which he sailed on the Euxine accomplished 500 *stadia* before midday, and St. Luke asserts that he ran from Rhegium to Puteoli, 182 miles, by the second day after he started; but in all these instances it is quite certain, as St. Luke declares, the mariners had a good stiff breeze abaft.

In the days of the Ptolemies, ship-building and commerce flourished to a great extent in Egypt, and that industrious and ingenious people constructed vessels as much larger than any others then known as the *Great Eastern* is larger than any vessel of modern times. One of these extraordinary vessels is described by an Alexandrian historian, Callixenus—that is, "Ptolemy Philopa-

ter's Great Ship." She is said to have been 280 cubits long, 38 broad, and 53 from the highest part of the stern to the water. She had four rudders, each 30 cubits long, and the oars were 38 cubits long, with handles weighted with lead. She had two bows, two sterns and no fewer than seven beaks, one of them much larger than the rest. She carried on board 4,000 rowers and about 3,000 mariners, besides a large body of men between decks, and a vast quantity of stores and provisions. She was launched by means of a contrivance invented by a Phœnician; one, indeed, which probably might have been adopted with success for the launching of the *Great Eastern*, and assuredly at less cost—the expense of the English experiment having been \$200,000.

As to the dimensions of this remarkable craft, if the cubit be taken at 18 inches, the ship was 420 feet in length, 57 feet beam, and 72 feet depth of hold—not so very far from the dimensions of the steam-ships of our own times. Though inferior to the *Great Eastern* in all of its proportions, save depth of hold, Ptolemy's vessel could scarcely have been designed for sea-going purposes, because 7,000 or 8,000 men could scarcely ride out a tempest in such a ship on the turbulent Mediterranean Sea. It is more than probable, according to all of the authorities, that she was a pleasure-yacht of the Egyptian monarch, who had even more colossal ideas of luxurious ease than Jay Gould or Mr. Vanderbilt.

There was also another wonderful vessel constructed during the reign of the Ptolemies, described by the same ancient chronicler. It was called the *Thalánēque*, or the "Carrier of the Bed-chamber," which was 300 feet in length. She was fitted up with every conceivable luxury, and in a style of magnificence much superior to that of any other floating structure of that period, with colonnades, marble staircases, and beautiful tropical gardens. Thus it was that the Egyptians believed in huge marine structures, not necessarily for navigating the angry deep, but as Plutarch observes, in speaking of the great war-ships built by Demetrius, "While these could really be used, the still longer ship of Philopater was a mere matter of curiosity, for she differed very little from an immense building, and was calculated more for show, as she could not be put in motion without great difficulty and danger."

But the Egyptian rulers were, however, not alone in their ambition to build ships of gigantic proportions. They found an enthusiastic rival in Hiero, King of Syracuse, who constructed a vessel scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of Ptolemy, and it surpassed the Egyptian ship in accomplishing at least one successful voyage. For the construction of this monster, Hiero cut down on Mount Etna trees enough to have built sixty squadrons, procuring implements from Italy and Sicily, ropes from Spain, hemp and pitch from the banks of the Rhone, watching himself, like John Roach, every detail of the building. Then Archimedes appeared as a first-class mechanic. He invented a screw, of great power, with which to launch the vessel. She was finished in six months—which shows that the eight-hour law was not in force in the dock-yards of Syracuse. Her accommodations and outfit would put to shame the fleet *Etruria* or the gigantic *City of New York*. The floors of the state-rooms were made of stone mosaic-work, bearing on it a pictorial representation of the whole story of the Iliad. There was also a temple to Venus of Cyprus, inlaid with ivory, furnished with rich and valuable goblets and vases. Finally, she was fitted with a lofty mainmast—a single tree, which was procured, after a long search, in the mountains of Bruttii—and had four wooden and eight iron anchors. For freight, her

capacity proved to be enormous. On her initial voyage to Egypt (she was called the *Alexandrian*) her cargo consisted of 60,000 measures of corn, 10,000 jars of Sicilian salt fish, 20,000 talents weight of wool (no high tariff), and other merchandise 20,000 talents, all of which was in addition to provisions required for the crew. Hiero sent her to Alexandria first, because there was a famine in Egypt, and, again, because he had no harbors in Sicily that could contain her. She bore the following inscription in blazing letters of gold:

"Hiero, the Son of Hierocles the Dorian,
Who wields the Sceptre of Sicily,
Sends this Ship,
Bearing in her the Fruits of the Earth,
A rich Gift to all Greece and her Islands.
Do thou, O Neptune!
Preserve in Safety this Ship
Over the Blue Waves."

Now, contrast the size and accommodations of the *Alexandrian* with the Inman steamer *City of New York*. Here are some of her figures:

Tonnage	10,500.
Horse-power of engines.....	16,000.
Length over all.....	580 feet.
Breadth of beam.....	63½ feet.
Depth of hold.....	59½ feet.

But as prefatory to a description of this winged palace of the sea, it must be said that the development of the Atlantic passenger trade has certainly, in all respects, been most remarkable. For a considerable time after the launching of the *Great Western*, progress was comparatively slow. The *Persia*, launched in 1855, brought a stand-still for a long period. Then high-pressure engines came into vogue, together with condensers. About this time the screw or propeller superseded the paddle or cumbersome old side-wheel, which still resounds on our rivers and inland waters. Then followed that other great innovation, the compound engine, and the *Alaska* furnished to ship-owners an example that New York could be brought within little over a week of Liverpool. Later appeared upon the ocean the *Oregon* and the *Etruria*, and other ships that are household words to-day. The *Etruria*, which at this writing has made the fastest time on record, crossing the ocean in six days, one hour and fifty minutes (from Cork Harbor to Sandy Hook), has compound engines. But a further improvement has been made in the *City of New York*—a much larger and nobler ship—of what is known as the triple-expansion system, representing, for the time being, the maximum effort of engineers and ship-builders; and says an eminent critic, "The startling feature about the practice of Atlantic steam navigation is that it is perfectly understood that the *City of New York* will be obsolete in five years. Her owners, even now, contemplate building something better; and the same firm have in hand, for the White Star Line, a ship which, it is hoped, will be more powerful, more rapid, and more magnificent. We hold our breath when such statements are made. But it is impossible to argue that they are untrue. We cannot set a limit and assert that it shall not be passed."

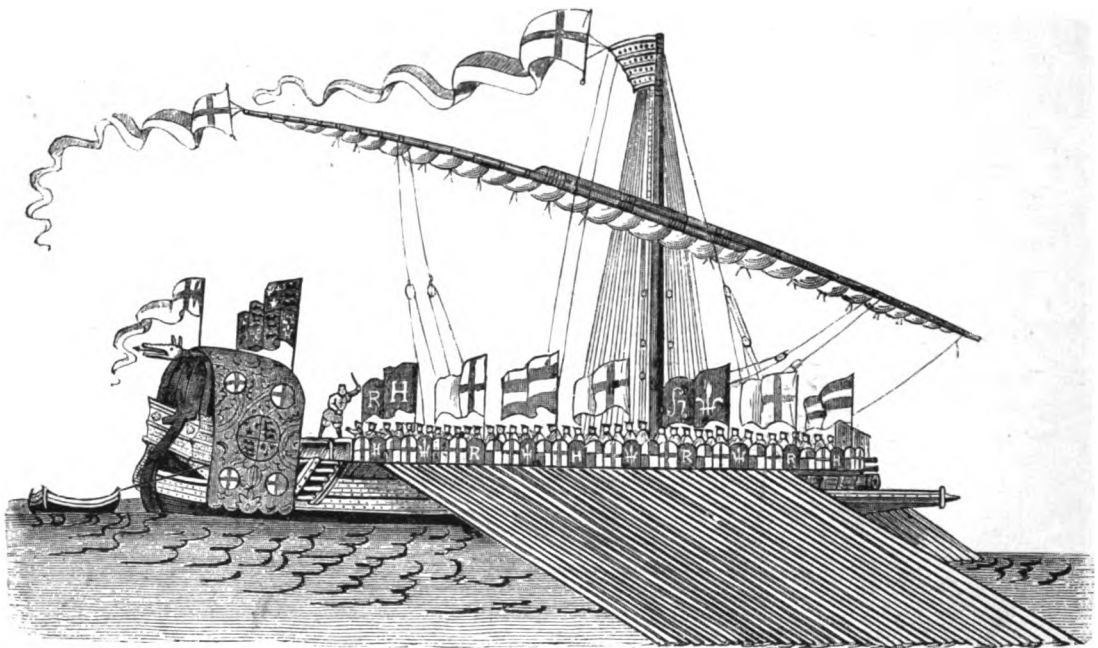
It is known that the *City of New York*, during her trial trips, with a displacement of 12,000 tons and a 19,000 horse-power, attained a speed of over twenty knots. This ship has iron screws. Each set of engines indicates 9,500 horse-power. A very simple calculation will suffice to show that one set will drive her at a speed of seventeen knots, which would take her across the ocean in less than eight days. A speed of twenty knots would take her across in a little over six days. To save, therefore, thirty-six

hours on the passage, the engine-power—and with it, of course, the boiler-power—and consumption of coal are doubled; and great as the sacrifice appears to be, it is regarded as not too much. And, beyond doubt, the coming Atlantic steamer will be nothing more than “a gigantic torpedo-boat”—a sort of leviathan *Siletto*, which little craft, it will be remembered, out-steamed the *Mary Powell* on the Hudson, and made the greatest speed yet attained on the water—twenty-four miles an hour. This future ocean monster will be filled below with machinery, while above she will be a palatial hotel. Even coal she will not carry in excess—just enough for a single voyage. For although American coal were not used on her return voyage, it would not be practical or economical to send coal in a passenger-steamer merely to bring her back again. Coal, therefore, must ultimately be transferred across the Atlantic in large boats, for the use of ocean-racers.

As the latest development of the highest class of commercial ship-building, let us take a glance at the *City of*

above it. All of the decorations are in white and gold, a species of elastic plaster being employed with artistic effect. The main saloon is partly cut up by four semi-bulkheads forming recesses, each of which holds two tables for ten persons each. The wood-work is ash, sycamore and other decorative timbers.

The promenade-deck extends from stem to stern, and is, of course, topmost of all. There are various structures in the centre, including several of the principal rooms; but these do not interfere with the promenade itself, as there is on either side of these houses a clear space of eighteen feet. The life-boats are carried eight feet above the deck, and do not form any obstruction. In order to carry out the hotel idea, the *City of New York* has been arranged with private apartments. These are arranged on four decks, and within 155 feet of the centre of the ship. The largest of the select apartments are fourteen suites of rooms, equally divided between the promenade and upper decks. Arrangements are made for having food served in these rooms, and passengers may give



THE ENGLISH GALLEY "SUBTILE"—FROM THE ROLL OF THE KING'S GALLIASSES, 1546.

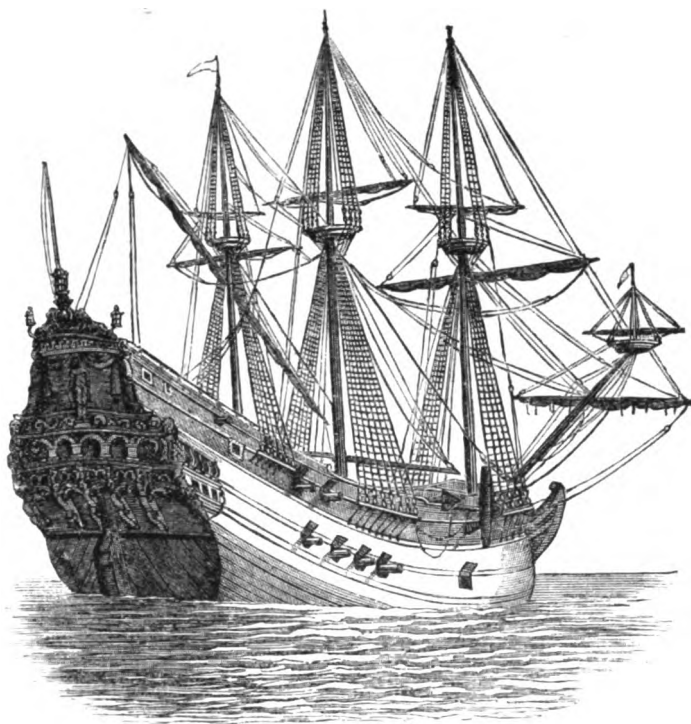
New York. Her shape is elegant and yacht-like, her lines showing poetry and refinement. Her bows are peculiarly graceful, and the way she has already behaved with a gale dead in her teeth, coming around the Irish coast, is convincing proof that, sharp as are her bows, she will always be a dry ship. Her fittings and internal arrangements are revolutionary, and unlike the stereotyped interiors of the day. It has long been the practice to leave a wide, open space above the main saloon, and to surround this with a balcony, or gallery, known as the music-room. There is nothing of this kind in the *City of New York*. Still, the main saloon has an opening, but this is covered by a semicircular stained-glass roof 33 feet long and 25 feet span, placed inside an external roof of steel plate with stout glass in it, which protects the inner roof, but is itself not seen from below. At one end of an arch is a species of balcony, on which stands an organ; at the other is a somewhat similar balcony, supporting a stained-glass window, the sashes of which open on hinges. This window belongs to the drawing-room, a beautiful apartment, covering nearly one-half of the main saloon on the deck

private banquets in their own quarters. There is luxury and privacy combined. Private baths are attached, and there are twenty-five day sitting-rooms for the voyagers. The smoking-room will seat 130 gentlemen; and this is furnished with a *café*, where all degrees in potency and kinds of liquid nourishment can be had at transatlantic prices, but with American artistic skill. It is 45 feet long and 25 feet broad. The emigrants have fine, airy rooms provided for them, at the two extreme ends of the lower main decks. The sleeping-berths are in the middle line of the ship, and not, as usual, built outboard, on the bilge of the hull. The *City of New York* is now the largest passenger-carrying vessel afloat. She is 2,500 tons larger than the *Servia*; 2,723 tons larger than the *Etruria*; 2,340 tons larger than the *City of Rome*, and can accommodate 2,000 passengers. In order to avert rolling, and bring the seasickness of our ocean sisters and brethren down to a minimum, the ship has been fitted with a steadying-tank. This is a chamber containing water placed athwartships, and is intended to arrest or check rolling by the transfer of the water from one side of the

ship to the other, at such velocities as will modify her own periodic oscillations.

Enormous as this ship is, she is steered with a tiller, like a yacht. A complete electrical plant has been fitted on board, the power being supplied by five dynamos, placed on a platform between the two main engines and above the level of the tops of the cylinders. These engines and dynamos supply current, not only for light, but to four large horizontal fans on the hurricane-deck driven by motors direct. These fans and motors are located on the top of the ventilating-shafts extending down into the depths of the ship, from which they draw air. This is the first time that electricity has been used for ventilating purposes at sea. Nothing finer was ever built than the engines, and nothing is more interesting than to observe them in action, when they obtain a piston speed of 800 feet per minute—certainly the greatest velocity ever attained by pistons 9 feet 5 inches in diameter. Moreover, an important experiment has been tried in the boiler and engine construction of this mammoth vessel. Although she is a much larger vessel than the *Umbria* and the *Etruria*, and is intended ultimately to be faster than either, she has less boiler-power. The *Etruria* has seventy-two furnaces. The *City of New York* has only fifty-four, disposed in nine double-ended boilers, and containing 1,250 square feet of grate-surface. The apparent deficiency is met by the triple-expansion engines, and, again, by forced draught. There is every reason to believe that when engine and fire-room hands have thoroughly settled down to their work, 20,000 horse-power and more will be obtained.

But a further glance at the ancients, by way of comparison. Of the Romans it may be said, in the words of Gibbon, "the ocean remained an object of terror rather than curiosity." Still, Rome had great squadrons. Forty ships and 3,000 soldiers guarded the

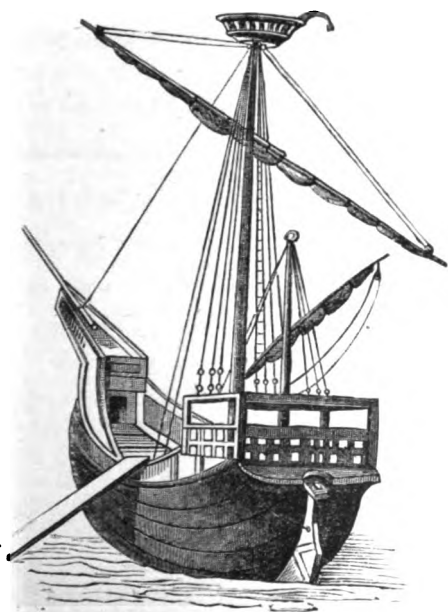


A GENOESE CARACK, 1542.

waters of the Euxine. A very considerable force was stationed at Frejus. Fleets of Roman vessels cruised in the English Channel, to keep up communication between Gaul and Britain; while throughout the whole period of her supremacy a strong force was maintained upon the Danube and Rhine, to protect the Empire from the inroads of northern barbarians. But these fleets were the slow growth of centuries, and Rome showed ambition on the sea only when the first Punic War roused her to extraordinary exertions to deprive Carthage of maritime supremacy. But the whole tenor of Roman legislation shows that sea-faring pursuits were long despised.

For several centuries of that period called the Dark Ages there was dire confusion in maritime matters on the Black and the Mediterranean Seas. The struggle for supremacy was incessant, and, in the fray, one barbarous nation succeeded another. The Goths and Vandals were followed by the Franks, the Bulgarians and Hungarians. Following them arose the Russians and Normans, each contending for the mastery of the seas, and seeking such plunder as was abroad in that piratical age. Then appeared the Turks, the western wave of the Tartars and Mongols from the steppes of Central Asia—all of whom, under various names, overran the Eastern Empire, at the time of the Crusades. But few of the races had either the accomplishments or the inclinations of maritime people. But among the northern nations the Scandinavians took to the sea, and they have ever since remained among the most diligent, daring and conscientious of maritime peoples. In those days they were fond of distant and hazardous voyages in pursuit of discovery and commerce. It is maintained by a large, profound and highly respected body of scholars that America was first discovered and settled by the Norse navigators.

The first scene of the naval achievements of the Scandinavians was in the Baltic, but they extended the theatre of their operations to the Euxine, and spread terror on every sea, by their more than Roman audacity, and by the valor of their arms. About this time the maritime



A VESSEL OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

exploits of the Muscovites began to be notable, and they extended their trading operations in all of the adjacent seas to their own country; and not satisfied with the limited markets on the shores of the Baltic, they visited, in a commercial spirit, the Arctic Ocean and the Black and Caspian Seas, while the internal navigation of such rivers as the Dwina, the Don, the Volga and the Oxus took them to Archangel and to Astrakhan.

About this same period, the 10th century, up rose the Normans on the sea, a people as daring and as full of conquest as the Russians, and much more of a sea-faring race. They left their ports and penetrated as far as the Mediterranean with numerous fleets, and became the terror of the East, being more feared than ever were the Muscovites or the Saracens. They ravaged Flanders, France, Spain and Italy, and William the Conqueror, at Hastings, hoisted his victorious standard upon English soil.

Almost simultaneously Venice rose into great power and splendor as a maritime nation, and for five centuries continued to carry on a highly profitable intercourse, which enriched her merchants, developed and fostered the arts, the sciences, and all branches of knowledge, which made the city one of the most magnificent capitals of all times, and in its physical aspects a unique wonder of the world. The sea was the patrimony of the Republic, and the Venetian galleys, carrying the luxurious merchandise of the Orient, secured the lucrative commerce of Greece, and with it their marvelous fabrics and productions. Venice in every aspect, as relating to the sea, has had a glorious history. When engaged in the Crusades, the Republic, having suffered many insults from the Byzantine Court, resolved to besiege Constantinople. No such armament as she gathered for that purpose had for ages, if ever, assembled in the waters of the Adriatic. The squadron consisted of 120 flat-bottomed vessels for the horses; 240 transports filled with arms and men; 70 store-ships laden with provisions, and 50 stout galleys for assault. Their expedition was a triumph, and they found themselves, with the Crusaders, masters of Constantinople.

The early history of Genoa, which subsequently became a rival of Venice, was not unlike that of the Queen of the Adriatic. So powerful did the Genoese become in the Mediterranean Sea, that while they awed the Greeks into a reluctant submission to their pecuniary exactions and imperious demands, they resisted at their chief settlement, Caffa, the inroad of the Tartar hosts. The demands of the Genoese merchants were in proportion to their rapacity, and at last they actually usurped the customs, and even the tolls, of the Bosphorus, securing for themselves alone a revenue of 200,000 pieces of gold.

Galleys appear to have been rated by their banks of oars—that is, uni-remes had one; bi-remes, two; tri-remes, three; quadri-remes, four; and so on, up to the great ship of Ptolemy Philopater. According to Homer, the Greek fleet at the siege of Troy consisted entirely of uni-remes. They were all undocked, with the exception of a platform at each end, on which the archers, or principal fighting-men, stood, and they were guided by oars, or sweeps, at both extremities, to insure rapid evolution. Various ancient writers give the Corinthians the credit for having been the first to construct tri-remes. Although the tri-reme, in the times of Thucydides, and for some centuries afterward, was more approved for purposes of war than any other vessel, there is sufficient proof that vessels of four, five, six and ten banks of oars were built; that Alexander the Great increased the number of banks to twelve; and that Philip, the father

of Perseus, had a galley of sixteen banks. Themistocles built 300 tri-remes for the purpose of carrying on war against Ægina. At this time the Athenians maintained a fleet of 300 or 400 vessels, sustained by the bullion gathered from the mines of Laurium, which continue to be worked to this day, the ancient *scoriae* yielding a handsome revenue to the modern contractors. Out of this refuse has been taken many millions, and great smelting-works and a city of 20,000 souls—maintained by the mines, only a few years reopened—have grown up on the site of ancient Laurium.

The row-galley of the classic age constituted the steam-ship of the ancients, as distinguished from their sailing-vessels. She had sails to aid her progress when the winds were fair, as a steamer now has; but the one depended on her oars as much as the other now does on her machinery, and, however vast the improvements, there is really no difference in principle between the galley of the ancients and the steam-ship of our time. In practice they are the same, except that steam is substituted for manual labor. An oar is a paddle, and the blades of the oars fastened together, like the spokes round the axle of a wheel, and projecting into the water, constitute the paddle-wheel of modern times.

Any account touching on the subject under consideration can scarcely avoid mention of the oft-told story of the Spanish Armada, that, just 300 years ago, sailed from the Iberian Peninsula to occupy the ports of Britain, disperse her fleet, and land a force of 54,000 men, under the Duke of Parma, upon English soil. But as the Armada sailed majestically up the English Channel toward Plymouth, to accomplish the purpose whose proclamation had produced consternation throughout Britain, then it was that Lord Howard of Effingham, as Lord High Admiral, took command of the navy, with Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, the most renowned seamen in Europe, under him, and went out to meet the Spaniard, and that it was

"Hell for Spain, and Heaven for England—God to God and man to man
Met confronted; light with darkness, life with death: since time began,
Never earth nor sea beheld so great a stake before them set,
Save when Athens hurled back Asia from the lists wherein they met."

And the British bard Swinburne, in his pictorial verse, thus gives the *mise en scène*:

"Three hundred Summers have fallen as leaves by the storms
in their season thinned,
Since northward the war-ships of Spain came sheer up the way of the north-west wind:
When the citadel cliffs of England are flanked with bastions of serpentine,
Far off to the windward loomed their hulls, an hundred and twenty-nine,
All filled full of war, full, fraught with battle and charged with bale;
Their store-ships weightied with cannon; and all were an hundred and fifty sail."

The dispersion, and almost complete annihilation, of the Armada made England the mistress of the seas, a position which she has maintained until the present day, and which she is not likely to relinquish in the centuries to come; for if she be backward in other matters of national and international policy, she is always in the forefront with the best of skill and the most generous of appropriations to maintain the integrity of her vast commerce and the security of her insular empire.

Without going into any detail of the early history of

English ship-building, it may be said that the first ship of the English modern navy, as seen up to the period of our Civil War, was the *Great Harry*, built in 1488 by Henry VIII. She had four masts, carried courses, fore and main top sails and top-gallant sails, and had guns in broadside on two covered decks. Vessels of that time flying the official ensign were built more for show than for service. The first English three-decker was the *Sovereign of the Seas*, built in 1637, and she was at that time the best man-of-war in the world. She was 232 feet over all, 128 feet length of keel, 43 feet breadth of beam, and 1,637 tons register.

The American ship-builders were the first to abandon entirely the cherished features of the European models. The first vessel ever constructed in our portion of North America was *La Gavarra*, built by Vasquez de Ayllon, near the mouth of the Wateree, in 1626.

From that time on there were no significant changes in our naval architecture until we began to build our Liverpool packet-ships, and they were the finest in the world, and their achievements on the oceans such as to add distinction to the national name and renown to American ship-builders. The names of Henry Eckford, Isaac Webb, William H. Webb, Donald McKay, George Steers, Henry Bergh and Cornelius Vanderbilt are all associated with that period, when the swiftest ships ever built were the products of their enterprise and genius; and as one visits the old docks of New York, Greenpoint, Mystic or Boston, he finds that this once-absorbing industry lies fallow and is practically extinct. Little remains but reminiscence of the old ship-mechanics, who hover about the beverage-halls and recount the oft-told stories of the flourishing past, over potations that send their tongues galloping at a rate that would out-distance the fleetest clipper, if we could find a competent medium to materialize the human voice.

"Do you remember how William H. Webb began?" I asked one of these voluble *raconteurs*, who did not refuse an invitation to say "How."

"Yes; well! he was a student in his father's (Isaac Webb's) yard, but before he had mastered his father's business, he went abroad on a journey of pleasure. While at the opera in Paris, he received news of his father's death. He hastened home by the first vessel, only to find his father's estate insolvent. He called a meeting of his creditors, and proclaimed his intention, if permitted, to proceed with the business—to pay off every dollar of the indebtedness, principal and interest. Time was given him. He kept his word to the letter, and this, as an honorable man, gave him a solid and extensive credit, and laid the secure foundations of the immense fortune which he enjoys to-day. And you know, perhaps, that he is now building an institution for the education of ship-builders, and has made the institution a handsome endowment. Mr. Webb built more tonnage than any American who ever lived, and his name stands higher than that of any of his competitors in the same line."

The early American clippers were broad of beam forward of the centre, but above the water-line sharp in the bow, deep aft, long and low; and they presented admirable forms for capacity, for stability to sustain a large amount of canvas, for great speed, and for holding their course on the wind with little drifting to leeward. The masts were long and slender, the sails unusually large for vessels of their size, and so true-out and perfect-set that no portion of the propelling-force of the breeze that reached them was lost. Close-hauled, they drew well with the vessel running with 40° or 45° of the wind, while the best-equipped frigate would be sharp-set 60°.

One of the most remarkable engines of war ever constructed—certainly the most formidable ever built in New York—was the *Dunderberg*, designed by William H. Webb, at his yard, foot of Seventh Street, in this city. It was a huge, iron-armored ram, with a casement carrying below the spar-deck fourteen 15-inch guns, and pierced for two 20-inch pivot-guns fore and aft. She was begun for the United States Government during the Civil War, but the Rebellion was subdued long before she was finished. Peace, however, did not prevent her indomitable builder from going on with his enterprise, and he bent all his characteristic energy to her completion, and she was launched in the Summer of 1867, with imposing ceremonies. When Mr. Webb accepted the commission from the authorities at Washington to build the most powerful engine of war afloat, he was already, then less than fifty years of age, the most celebrated ship-builder of his time. He had constructed the gigantic flag-ships of the Russian and Italian navies, his clippers sailed every sea, and he had attained great fame as a bold and an original naval architect. It is not strange, therefore, on the cessation of the Civil War, that he was beset by foreign powers for the purchase of the *Dunderberg*. This country had no use for such a costly and gigantic cruiser, and an enabling Act was passed by Congress, permitting him to dispose of the ram as he might find to his advantage. At that time the war of 1866 had been fought, and had resulted in the summary humiliation of Austria; so Napoleon III. was on the alert, and he, together with victorious Prussia, were bidders for the ram. The war-cloud, which burst with so much fury in 1870 was then a threatening portent in the political sky, and Napoleon snapped up the bargain, and bought the vessel for \$3,000,000, a figure which permitted Mr. Webb to foot up a clear profit of nearly a million of dollars. In proportions and naval architecture she was the most powerful man-of-war then afloat. She measured 400 feet over all, was 70 feet breadth of beam, with armored casement running almost the entire length of hull proper; while abaft was her screw-propeller, 20 feet in diameter, and forward an enormous, solid iron ram, fashioned with a sharp edge, to fit the bilge of a vessel's side, 20 feet in length. The *Dunderberg* attained a speed of sixteen knots an hour, phenomenal in those days. She depended little on sailing auxiliaries, having been fitted with enormous compound engines built by John Roach, who at that time had not himself thought of entering the ship-building arena. The displacement of the *Dunderberg* was 7,000 tons, and her lines were majestic and beautiful.

As a representative of the New York *Herald*, it was my good fortune to make the transit of the sea on board the *Dunderberg* on her first voyage. Under the command of Captain Comstock, and having on board Mr. Webb himself, she steamed out of New York Harbor on August 19th, 1867, and made the passage to Cherbourg in fourteen days seventeen hours, much to the surprise of all naval constructors, who watched the experiment with intense interest. This was so because she had been built almost flat-bottomed, with nearly perpendicular sides to the water's edge. Therefore she was very buoyant, very easy, and quick in responding to the helm, being able to turn a complete circle in one and a half times her length. Moreover, her steaming capacity was not tested to its fullest capacity, and there were experimental features which retarded her progress at a rapid pace; among them an immense overhang, which would strike the sea at every pitch of the huge ship.

The subsequent history of the *Dunderberg* was under the name of the *Rochambeau*—to which name she was

changed by the French Government. Her timbers were not seasoned, on account of the difficulty of obtaining a supply during the Civil War. Thus dry rot set in. Add to this the fact that the French began to experiment with her, and there is little wonder that she has passed out of sight, like the *Great Eastern*; but the fact remains that she was the greatest war-ship of her time.

With clippers the passage round Cape Horn lost its terrors, and the passage from New York to San Francisco was confidently calculated within a few days, and at half its former length. The clipper-ship *Great Republic*, built by Donald McKay, of Boston, was the finest, the largest

days when one of the fleet clippers, home from the Pacific, shot by Sandy Hook under all sail, and came to anchor within a few hundred feet of the Battery. Those, indeed, were the days of the romance of the sea. But steam and iron came, and the clipper is no more!

Of course, coasting-vessels continue to be a prominent feature of construction along our sea-board, and are even yet ahead of the world for the magnificence and speed of the steamer-craft which ply our inland waters. For swiftness, no such vessel as the *Mary Powell*, on the Hudson, is known in the world.

Let me conclude by saying, that he who sits down in



THE ARMADA AND THE ENGLISH FLEET.

and swiftest merchantman ever constructed. Her capacity was 4,000 tons. She was 325 feet in length, 35 feet breadth of beam and 37 feet depth of hold. She had four masts, and a single suit of her sails measured nearly 16,000 yards of canvas.

In the fifties, the sailing-vessels made better time than the steam-ships; and in 1851, the *Flying Cloud* made the passage from New York to San Francisco in eighty-nine days and twenty-one hours; the *Comet*, by the reverse route, in 1852, in eighty-three days; and the *Sovereign of the Seas*, from the Sandwich Islands, in eighty-three days, and during her whole voyage, 17,591 miles, she made a daily average of 222.7 statute miles. That was great sailing; and who does not recall the enthusiasm of those

1900 to write about ships and ship-building will have a very different story to tell from that of the narrator of the present day. While the facts of the past will remain, the drift of improvement in all branches of the marine art presages an almost complete revolution in the navigation of the sea. The great movement of peoples from continent to continent, growing larger and larger year by year; the final catastrophe of a gigantic war, that may set the whole world aflame; the inevitable, if partial, domination of the torpedo in shallow waters; the introduction of the dynamite gun as a factor in naval ordnance—forces like these, in their natural culmination, cannot otherwise than totally change the ships of war and the ships of peace alike.



AN ARTIFICIAL FATE.

PART I.—A MURDER MYSTERY.

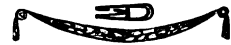
CHAPTER I.

FOUND DEAD!

It was a beautiful morning in late June. The sun was not yet risen. A long line of white fog marked the course of the winding river. The dew lay thick on the rank grass, and hung in huge drops from the bending bells of the fresh, sweet flowers of Summer. The world seemed new, and altogether good—good as it might have been when it came from the cunning hand of the Creator—in the ancient day when Time began—ere yet humanity had learned to live and love, suffer and die, and to face, with a pathetic patience, the far-off and vague hopes which the race would find scattered along the thousand-aged cycles of change and progress.

The world was fresh, new, ready for man's work in the Vol. XXVII., No. 3—21.

Clarence M. Boutelle:



"TAKEN ALL IN ALL, STEPHEN WARD IS A MOST THOROUGHLY UNATTRACTIVE INDIVIDUAL."

new day—ready, with a genial welcome, for every son and daughter of toil. But only a few of the world's workers were up and ready for the renewed conflict of another morning. In the little village yonder, two miles away, dimly seen across the fog-mantled river, scarcely any one was now astir. In the great house on the hill—the house overlooking and seeming to overshadow and dominate the village—there were no signs of life, as yet. The curtains were down. The shutters were closed. No one moved along the lawn. No smoke rose, from any one of its many chimneys, to stain the purity of the morning air. Across the river, the scene could have scarcely seemed more desolate and empty had it been Death that had brooded over the place, the whole long night, instead of his lovelier, twin-born brother—Sleep!

On this side of the stream the scene was different, though even here an hour would make much difference in the number of waking workers. Here, looking away in any direction, up the river, down the river, or back into the open country, the eye found nothing but a goodly land of farms—farms with their alternating stretches of grain and grass—farms with broad reaches of forest, untouched as yet by the woodman's ax—farms with their quaint-looking farm-houses—old, low, unpainted, ruinous.

Scarcely a farm-house in sight was without its vague and shadowy line of smoke, rising from its chimney, rising from its breakfast-fire. And from several, men and teams could be seen going to the fields for the work of the day, while in other directions boys were driving the cows to pasture.

Here comes one now—a boy driving a dozen sleek cows along the winding road by the river-bank—or must I give to one who has lived eighteen years of this sort of life the name of man, instead of boy? No matter. We shall not need to quarrel over his title in the world. If man—well. If boy still—time will soon make it man. Let us follow him. It is not a quarter of a mile from here to the pasture-bars. We may find something worth our while.

Stephen Ward is not an attractive sort of boy, though there is a something in his face which might develop into beauty—under more favorable conditions; and something in his motions which freedom from hard labor might allow to grow into grace—in time. Most people look well when well clad; some look well in any clothing; there are boys who appear princes (democratic American princes) in any garb; but Stephen Ward is not one of these. His coarse and ill-fitting garments, patched in some places, newly torn in others, seem more out of place on him than they would on many another poor young man. His bare feet and ankles look uncommonly large and awkward. The wet grass, through which he has waded, seems to have given him more damp discomfort than another would have found. Taken all in all, Stephen Ward is a most thoroughly unattractive individual. And—

He undoubtedly knows it!

His ragged straw hat shades a frown which seems quite at home on his face, and his eyes appear to have harbored shadows so long as to have almost forgotten the sunshine. Stephen Ward looks like a young man who thoroughly detests the life to which Fate has assigned him, and who doesn't see any way out of it. And he looks what he is. And so—

Let us follow him up the road. He may find something of interest waiting for him.

This young man is in a vicious mood this morning. Possibly he is never in any other. A squirrel darts across

the road just ahead of him, and turns to look at him. He picks up a convenient stone, aims carefully, and throws swiftly at the harmless little animal. His hand was quick and his sight keen. The squirrel staggers away with one leg shattered and broken—crawls away to die. And the young man laughs—unpleasantly, a laugh which has nothing of the boy's pride of his quickness and skill in it, but which is full of malignity and malice. If Stephen Ward is not dwarfed, mentally and morally—if he is not in danger, and danger-producing, too—then indications on the surface of the current of human life are sometimes strangely untrustworthy.

The fog lifts a little from the stream, and some large fish breaks the cool surface of the swift river. Stephen Ward shuts his teeth sharply together, and grinds them with an access of sudden and impotent rage. It would be so pleasant, so very pleasant, to come here and sit in the shade and fish—and he—he must hurry with the cows. He must be back again, and in the field, within a half-hour.

He glances across at the village, and his face works convulsively. He looks at the school-house there, and hot tears of indignation stand in his eyes. "Knowledge is power—power," he mutters, and his hands close and unclose nervously. Power, and he seeks it and craves it. Power, and he feels that it is far above him and beyond him, even in this land which boasts of its freedom and its free schools. He is a drudge, an outcast, scarcely more than a slave, and his whole helpless soul rises up in a mad and unreasoning revolt. A boy with ideas beyond his years; a youth with possibilities, for good or evil, greater than you will find in life's morning-hour of promise in the head and heart of the average human being; a man who seeks knowledge, craves wealth, and thirsts for power—and one who is likely, should Fate grant him his demands, to use his powers in his own way.

"A boy's will is the wind's will, and—and—" he mutters, and the words which follow become inaudible, while the mutter changes into a groan. He has caught sight of the great house on the hill, yonder, and he shakes his fist in that direction, while he says some harsh and unpleasant words under his breath.

The morning deepens, brightens. The sun is almost up. The glory of the day has increased. The goodness of God is seen in every swinging leaf and nodding flower, and is heard in the songs of innumerable birds. But Stephen Ward sees nothing of it, hears nothing of it. He only sees, with the eyes of recollection, the weary round of earth's toilsome yesterdays; he only hears, with the ears of despair, the enunciation of earth's primal curse—said anew, and with added emphasis, for him.

He follows the tinkling music of the tiny bell on the neck of the cow which leads the drove, but he has forgotten that there is music anywhere in all the universe.

The path bends here, away from the river, and passes through a narrow strip of wood. It dips down into a narrow valley, just beyond—the loveliest place, so the young man thinks, and often has thought, that he ever knew. And still, the morning is as bright as ever, the promise of day as strong, and only the shadow of the boy's own soul fell upon his way.

The path rises up to a level ridge, and runs straight across it. There is no loneliness here. One can see for miles in every direction. And still—this morning—the wind seems to have a mournful cadence in its tone; and the sun, this moment clear of the eastern horizon, has a dark blot of cloud across it; and—and—what is that? What is that which lies so still and stiff and straight, over against the morning, while the whole world around

is waking to the joys and duties of the new day? Why do the cows turn aside, and move frightenedly through the rank, wet grass? Is the sunlight in his eyes playing him false, or—or—

And suddenly he knows. Suddenly, in a moment, he has grown older by years—aged by the shock of his first-remembered contact with death!

A dead man lies across his path! A man with that awful *abandon* in position and posture which should be the final and unassailable test with which to answer the quivering doubts of any who ever confound trance and catalepsy with death—and halt between two opinions.

A dead man lies there, with a bar of yellow sunshine lying upon the brow which will no more, forever, have the light of life upon it, or in the staring eyes beneath it!

One moment the boy looks, and then he is away as fast as he can run! Away to give the alarm! Away to tell the awful tale! Away to repeat the most terrible story which ever came home to Riverdell.

Away—away—past the farm of the man to whom he owes his labor, from earliest dawn to deepest dark—the farm of the man who took him home, an orphan, in some one of the years so near the beginning of his life that he has never remembered it—and never will. Away—away—and with only a panting sentence of incoherent words flung behind him, as he passes home, to tell those there the maddening story they neither guess nor know.

He reaches the bridge. He rushes across. He stops, white and panting, beside a little knot of men who are standing and talking quietly together at the entrance of the main street of the little village of Riverdell.

"What is it?" some one demands, sharply.

"A—a dead man!" stammers the boy.

"Where?—where?"

The boy manages to get breath enough to tell him.

"And—who—who?" The questioner runs his eyes over the group of men standing there, in front of the post-office, waiting for the mail just brought in by the train, which passed fifteen minutes ago. Not all the usual crowd are there; perhaps, but there are enough to reassure him. He laughs, even though it be a trifle uneasily, and tries to convince the boy of error—as though an opinion, more or less, could make or unmake the horror of death.

"I guess you're frightened, Steve," he said, and not unkindly; "but you must be mistaken. The sun got into your eyes, maybe, and——"

"I thought so," said the boy, solemnly, "and hoped so, but——"

"No one ever died in Riverdell who didn't die in his bed," said the man, convincingly; "and——"

"There has to be a first time," persisted the boy.

"And I cannot think how any man could meet with a fatal accident there."

"If you please, sir, I don't think it was accident," said young Ward, gravely.

"Ah? No?" and the man's doubts of the central fact of the boy's strange tale seemed suddenly to be swept utterly away; "what do you think it was? Suicide?"

"Perhaps so; and—perhaps——"

"Well?"

"Perhaps *murder*!"

"Ah? And the man? A stranger, or some one of the farmers living near by——"

"He was between me and the sun, and—and I didn't wait long. But I think, I am almost sure, that—that——"

"Well? Can't you speak?"

"That it was Mr. Elveys."

"Elveys?" cried the man; "Edwin Elveys? The thing is absurd!—impossible! What would Elveys be doing there in the night?—the middle of the night? And there are three of us here—myself and two others—who were playing whist with him, in his own house, when the clock struck eleven. He was my partner, and we won——"

But some of the others had looked up toward the great house on the hill—the house with the curtains still unraised, the shutters still closed, the chimney still innocent of any hint or suspicion of smoke, and with the fresh green of the dewy lawn untouched by human foot. They looked at the house. Some shook their heads.

"We can go with the boy, at least," said some one. All the rest assented. Even the first speaker agreed to that, though he smiled at all the rest in a most exasperatingly superior manner, and muttered, repeatedly, "Impossible! Absurd!"

I suppose that "impossible" and "absurd" are the two words with which it is easiest and most natural to meet any of the strange things which happen in life. But the strange things happen, and are found to be true in spite of them.

And so——

Though it was absurd and impossible—even the man who had said so could not deny the evidence of his own senses, when the little party stood on the level, rocky ridge, facing the sunrise. Edwin Elveys was dead. He had been shot through the head. There could be no doubt that he had died instantly.

Was it suicide? It seemed so, at first. He held a revolver in his right hand; it was cocked; and, even in death, the muzzle seemed pointing dangerously near to his side.

"Strange," said one, "that so wealthy a man as Edwin Elveys, and a man with everything to live for, should have raised his hand against himself."

"Strange? Strange indeed," echoed another. "Why, he must have been worth at least a million dollars."

It didn't take long, however, to determine that the case was not one of suicide. It is true that the man had been shot through the head; but he had his own revolver in his right hand, while he had been shot from the left, and a little from behind; they found where his heels had settled down into the soil—found that one foot had been suddenly and firmly advanced—found that he had half turned to face the place where his assailant must have stood in order to have shot him as he had. And then—examining his own revolver—they had found every chamber loaded; he had gone down—down to his death—in the very moment when he had turned toward merciless murder the instinctive protest of attempted self-defense. His left hand was shut tight; not, so it seemed, in the convulsive agony of sudden death—but rather as one would have involuntarily closed it as he steadied his every muscle and nerve in preparation for making the shot on which his life depended.

Indeed and indeed, it didn't take long to make it absolutely certain that murder had had its wicked and woful way with him. And—he had seen the one who shot him down—had almost turned to face him—had been almost ready for him—had been only a little too late. Could he speak, the guilty might well tremble and turn pale. But no; he lay there in the pathetic silence and dignity of death; his lips would never unclose to speak the name of the one who had cut short his useful life. The morning smiled; the earth was bright; but neither the heavens nor the earth gave any sign.

The men in the little searching-party looked at one

another in terror. That this man had come here, and in the night, walking in what was only a cattle-path, not a road, was a fact too strange for them to dare try to explain it. And yet—there was hardly one of them who had not sometimes been as far from home, at as late an hour, and in even lonelier places—though on a regularly traveled road—many a time and oft. What had been done, last night, to Edwin Elveys, might have been, in other nights, to any one of them. There is a selfish love of life in the breasts of the bravest; there is a shrinking horror of the mysterious in the minds of the most fearless. No wonder that these men looked silently, one at the other, with terror in every glance.

"Could—could he have had much money with him?" asked some one.

"He hadn't much last evening when we were playing whist," said the one who knew his death to be "impossible and absurd" so little a time ago; then, in answer to some questioning looks, he continued: "No, we weren't playing for money. I never played for money in my life, and I don't think Elveys ever did. But he emptied his pantaloons-pockets in search for something—I don't remember what—and looked through his coat-pockets for a bit of blank paper on which to record the games. In his pantaloons-pockets, he hadn't a dollar, nor any purse or pocket-book in which to place money; in the inside breast-pocket of his coat, he had a long pocket-book, or bill-book, and when he opened it, I saw two bank-bills in it. I think one was a twenty and the other a five."

The other two who had played whist confirmed this.

"Let us see," suggested some one; and two or three of them examined the pockets of the dead man. Evidently he had not been robbed. Two bank-notes, one for twenty dollars, the other for ten (instead of for five, as the whist-player had believed), were found in the long pocket-book in his breast-pocket. A diamond pin glistened in his shirt-front, and the local jeweler volunteered the information that he sold it to Mr. Elveys for five hundred dollars, and that that gentleman got it at a bargain. The murdered man's watch was not in his pocket, but as it was still fastened to the watch-chain, as the chain was still whole, and as the hook still hung in the button-hole of the vest the dead man wore, there was no reason for thinking that any one had tried to take it from him—and failed. Indeed, no one could reasonably doubt that it had fallen from his pocket as he went down before the sure shot which had taken his life. And the suddenness and fearful force of the fall could not have been more markedly manifested than they were by the fact that the watch had fallen upon a stone, and so hard as to have stopped it. Fifteen minutes to one! That was the silent story the watch had to tell. And an hour and forty-five minutes before that time, Edwin Elveys and three friends had been playing whist in Mr. Elveys's own house—almost three miles away!

Not robbery! And the men quailed still more in face of the new mysteries that fact involved—the new dangers it made possible! They sometimes carried money, and several times twenty-five or thirty dollars; they sometimes wore diamonds—that is, some of them sometimes did. But it would be easy, very easy, to leave money and other valuables elsewhere; but, against that sort of crime which kills for the sake of killing, what could they do? What hope of escape had they? You see, they were panic-stricken—unhinged—unreasonable. They had lived for years—some of them for years enough to have rounded out a long life-time—and had read the newspaper accounts of crime with that apathetic sense of personal incredulity

which will not allow it possible that any such dangers as are there depicted, any such deeds as are there narrated, can come near them. And now—now that one had been taken from their very midst, their thoughts and beliefs and feelings had swung to the other extreme; to find some one shot dead, any morning, would be the most natural and quite-to-be-expected thing in the world. "How terrible is the danger?" was the unspoken thought of more than one man in the little group, and one or two were asking, in hoarse, hushed whispers, "Who will be the next?" It is not strange, perhaps, this change from the feeling which has no doubt of security to the fear of danger at every corner and in every shadow. Possibly the change is a salutary one, usually, from the stand-point of all save those whose fate it is to lie in stark silence and teach the lesson that crime's hand may fall anywhere.

"I cannot understand it," cried one; "he hadn't an enemy in the world."

"Not so far as we know," amended a more cautious man.

And after all, that was all they could say. Could a group of *your* neighbors, reader mine, standing where the tempest of murder had driven *you* awreck, say *more* of you?

Edwin Elveys had come to Riverdell eighteen years before; he had brought his young wife with him; he had bought him a home; he had engaged in the work of his profession. He had announced that he came to stay. And he had remained. He had been understood to have money when he came; he was known to have made much more; all who knew him were certain that his investments were judicious and safe; every one believed him to be the wealthiest man in the vicinity. But where he came from, whether he had brothers and sisters living, or a father or mother, no one knew. If any one had ever wondered—the reticent and dignified gentleman had been a hard man to approach with a question which might have been impertinent; and—if any one had asked—he had found no knowledge in his quest. And—consequently—Edwin Elveys had had no enemies—*so far as they knew!*

Edwin Elveys's child had been born in Riverdell; that was seventeen years ago. Edwin Elveys's wife had slept in the Riverdell cemetery more than twelve years. The citizens of Riverdell and vicinity had seen fit to honor Mr. Edwin Elveys in many ways; they had trusted him utterly. He had served them in the Legislature, a term or two, and had served them well. He had been a candidate for Representative in Congress, and had been stronger than his ticket—though too weak for success. There had been a time when his party controlled the State Government, and he could have had the nomination for Governor—by simply saying he would accept it. And then, rather than betray a political friend to whom he had pledged his support, he had fought an unavailing fight for him in the convention—only to see the prize go to a gentleman not so much troubled with sincere scruples and political honesty. A good man, and a true, with no man to wish him ill—*so far as they knew!*

A lawyer, Edwin Elveys had given more time to the making of peace than the trial of civil suits. A fine orator, with a personality calculated to appeal strongly to a jury, he had never defended a criminal unless he believed, in his heart, in the man's innocence. A capitalist, he had never burdened an unfortunate debtor, nor foreclosed a mortgage against the home of a poor man. Generous, genial, gentlemanly—and they could say of him what they did. And they could say no more!

"Some one—must—notify his daughter," said one man, slowly and hesitatingly.



SPRING.—FROM A PAINTING BY REICHAN.

"Y-e-e-s," responded several. But no one volunteered to do the unpleasant duty. They had all liked him so well, they had all respected him so fully, they all mourned him so truly, they all pitied his daughter so genuinely, that they felt the task would be a hard one.

"I—I—suppose—I—might—if—if—" began a young gentleman; indeed, one of the younger^t of all who were there.

"No, indeed," cried a gray-headed man, impulsively; "though I honor you for your courage. But you're young—too young to put such a duty as that upon. I'm ashamed of myself for not offering sooner, and ashamed of the rest, too."

"Perhaps—sir—" began barefooted Stephen Ward. "Well?"

"Perhaps Mr. Grantley thinks there is some peculiar reason why *he* should be the one selected——"

"There is a peculiar reason," said the young gentleman, firmly, facing the gray-headed man as he spoke, and turning his back on Stephen Ward; "*Miss Elveys is my promised wife!*"

"Ah?" growled Stephen Ward.

"In that case," said the old man, "your offer is a most natural one. Suppose you go at once, and——"

Mr. Grantley flushed painfully.

"I forgot, when I spoke, but she left town this morning on the train."

"You can telegraph, then, that you are coming on a matter connected with her father; and when you meet her, you can break the sad news, and——"

"She did not tell me her destination," faltered the young gentleman.

"Ah-h-h!" sneered Stephen Ward.

CHAPTER II.

ONE CASE OF THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

RALPH GRANTLEY had loved Etta Elveys almost as long as he could remember. One of his earliest recollections was of seeing her wheeled along the sidewalk, in her carriage, by her kind and quiet nurse, and sometimes accompanied by her invalid mother, in the early years when he had scarcely graduated from the child's carriage himself. A feature of this recollection, or, perhaps, *the* feature, was the memory of the wonderful beauty which had been hers, even then. Later, at school, in all the childish intercourse and childish games, all the time, and everywhere, she had been the one object of his admiration; she had been the shining centre around which his little world revolved. Her beauty and grace had grown with every year, and his admiration and love had more than kept pace with them. And now, on the threshold of manhood and womanhood, his heart was still true to his earliest fancy, and hope sometimes dared whisper to him that he had not loved in vain.

It is quite the fashion, I believe, to sneer at the love of girls and boys. I am not sure that I wonder at it. Time is needed for the testing of all things, and the promise of the child must be proven true or false, as the case may be, only when the fleeting years have left childhood behind, forever. It is not unusual, I admit, for the passion of the young to finally and fatally lose itself in the shadow-lands of indifference. And yet—dear reader——

Do you know that the love of men and women sometimes fails? Do you know that the mature heart is sometimes mistaken? Do you know that parents never again have the same full, trusting, undivided love, from their children, that they have when they are young, inex-

perienced, and quite unused to the ways of the world? Do you know that I sometimes seriously doubt whether children ever after win so full and free a share of parental love as they do in the days of their boyhood and girlhood—the happy days before they are men and women? Grant a great heart-capacity to the young—a capacity to give love, and to receive it in return—and what follows? This, at least—that when time has proved it, when trial has purified it, when experience and self-sacrifice have tested it, when manly courage and womanly faith have ratified and sanctified it, we may look into the past and say that even then it was beautiful. And so, I say that the affection of Ralph Grantley for Etta Elveys was a beautiful thing—and always had been.

No one besides these two seemed aware of his love for her—unless it might be that Stephen Ward knew it. The girl did not feel quite sure of it herself, and she had never stopped to seriously question her own heart. She saw him often. She had no rival. The past had no sorrows—so far as he was concerned. The present lacked little of perfection—as she understood it. And she saw no reason for having any doubts or fears regarding the future. So she took the good of life as it came, and was quietly content.

Least of all, probably, did Edwin Elveys realize the fact that some one coveted his daughter. To him, she was still only a little girl. To him, if he ever gave it a thought at all, the years seemed many between this golden present and the time when he would find it necessary to surrender his dear girl to another, conscious that she had let another crowd his love to a place of secondary importance in her heart.

An evening in late June. As perfect a night as Nature ever gave. The moonlight flooding village and hill, river and the country-land beyond it.

An evening which should have seemed full of promise. An evening which, doubtless, did seem full of promise to many—and which undoubtedly was. But, somehow, somewhere in Ralph Grantley's brain, a presentiment of coming calamity seemed to have found a place. What he feared—or expected, he could not say. He could not tell how the evil would come, nor on whom its heaviest blow would fall. He only knew that he trembled when he dared think forward as far as to-morrow.

What would you have done, in his place, under such circumstances? What would most men have done? Is your life still young enough—and your heart still hot enough—for you to find the same answer waiting utterance behind your lips that he found behind his? Someway, he did not doubt the reality of the danger which seemed to loom before him in huge vagueness; he could not reason himself out of his mood—nor had the sudden falling of this cloud upon him left him quite strength enough to try; he could only hope that the blow would not be heavier than he could bear—that the loss would not be greater than he could endure—that the danger might not be so great that he should fail utterly in his attempts to avert it. And——

What *would* you have done? Would it have been the thing he chose to do?

His resolve was simple—natural—direct enough. He would go up to the house of the girl he loved. He would tell her of the overmastering passion of his life. He would do it; *he would!* He would have told her—and asked her to give him her promise to be his wife—even though he had known that the presentiment which tortured him meant that, in the morning, he would be dead!

He walked slowly up to Mr. Elveys's house. There was nothing in that that was strange. For years, he had been

going there, going several evenings in every week. But to-night his feet were slower than they had ever been before. To-night he was later than he had ever been.

He went in slowly, thoughtfully. He scarcely more than spoke to Etta, and he forgot to smile at all. She had never seen him in such a mood; it wounded and hurt her much—and possibly angered her a little. He had never asked to see her father before; he did to-night. True, he had never said why he called at the Elveys mansion; he had never said to Etta that she was the sole reason for his frequent visits; he had always been frank and cordial in the presence of her father—always; and still, she had assumed that his visits were to her; she had never doubted it—nor had the servants either, when it happened that one of them was before her in answering his ring at the bell. But to-night—still standing—before she had had time to ask him to take a seat—he asked for her father. It surprised her, of course, and perhaps piqued her a little.

She told him her father, with several friends, was in the room just across the hall. She knew he was busy with them, though she couldn't say that they were engaged with anything more important than a game of cards. Still—she could call him. Should she?

She came dangerously near the young man. Her hand touched his arm, and he could feel it tremble a little. Her warm breath fell upon his face. The moonlight was all about them. The glamour of the night had asserted its power over them.

True, he was there to tell of his love for her. But he meant to do it in a stupidly prosaic and gentlemanly way. He meant to show that young hearts can carry as cool blood as those that have been growing older and slower for long, long years. He meant all that.

But, like many another well-meaning man, he failed. Something in her words or her tone touched him. And then, she was so near. And she seemed so frail and unearthly and unreal in the moonlight. A swift thought, sharp as a knife, cut him to the heart. Suppose he should lose her, after all? Suppose he should ask her father, obtain his consent, and then that she should tell him "No!"

He opened wide his arms. He reached out his hands to her. A sort of wild, inarticulate cry burst from his lips—such a cry, possibly, as the primitive men used, with which to woo *their* wives, in the days before men had found much in the way of language possible.

She understood him. It was all over in a moment. His arms were about her. Her head was on his shoulder. His lips were draining hers of the kisses that she had never had before for any man save her father.

"You love me, Etta?" he whispered.

"I do, with all my heart."

"And—for how long a time——"

"Ever since I can remember, I think."

"You will be my wife, Etta?"

"Of course. Haven't I said I love you?"

"Yes, you have. But that didn't quite satisfy me. You'll find me a very jealous and exacting sort of lover, I fear."

"I shall be glad—glad."

"Thank you, darling. But—but—I am worried to-night. I——"

"Your good fortune has not turned your brain, has it?" she demanded, archly and laughingly.

"It is good fortune—rare good fortune," he said, fervently; "such fortune as any one who knows you might well envy me. I wonder what Stephen Ward——"

The girl shuddered in his arms.

"That horrid boy?" she cried. "You know I never could endure him."

"Did you know he worships the ground you are so kind as to walk on?"

"No-o-o! Does he?" she queried, wonderingly.

"Well, I know it. And perhaps that has been quite enough. I was wondering—you see——"

"And I shall think your brain is wrong, if you talk so. Why not own that your worry is over now? Why not admit that I have put all doubt and trouble away from you?"

"Because it wouldn't be true. It was not my love for you, not my doubts as to winning your favor—though God knows my doubts were great, and my deserts little enough—that gave me pain. I seem to be standing on the border of a great, deep, dark gulf. Something is going to happen. I cannot tell what. But I am sure there is danger near us—great danger. Will you always love me, no matter what happens?"

"Yes, Ralph, always."

"And always be true to me?"

"Yes."

"And——"

The door opened, just then, and Mr. Elveys came suddenly into the room. Ralph Grantley's first impulse was to let Etta go; his second one was to be brave—and keep her. He acted upon the second impulse.

An angry and somewhat contemptuous exclamation broke from the lips of Mr. Elveys. Young Grantley interrupted it before it was half done.

"Pardon me," he said, gravely, "but you mustn't forget yourself. I have just asked your daughter to be my wife. I was about to seek an interview with you."

"My daughter? Your wife? Why, boy, she's only a little girl, and——"

"She is more than seventeen, sir," said Grantley, "and many women marry at as young an age as that."

"H-m! h-m!" ejaculated Mr. Elveys, musingly; "I suppose that is true. My wife did! But you—you are only a boy."

"I am twenty-one, and——"

"And I married before I was twenty-two," said the man, reflectively; "well—well—how time does fly! I suppose you could scarcely support a wife now, could you?"

The gloom in Ralph Grantley's brain seemed to concentrate itself in his eyes.

"I don't know why I'm not able to do so," he said, firmly; "it's true that I have only recently been admitted into partnership with my father, and true that he isn't rich—that is, not as rich as—as—some are——"

"H-m! h-m! Not as rich as I am, I presume you mean?"

"If you wish it so, sir, and since you have said it. But the business is in a prosperous condition, and is increasing every year. I know of no reason why you should ask us to delay our happiness."

The old man sighed, and his face clouded.

"No," he said, slowly; "I suppose you know of no reason, and I pray God you never may—not fully. But *there is one*, all the same, and——"

"Do you mean, sir," cried Grantley, "that I cannot marry your daughter? Do you mean that I am not worthy of her?"

"Oh, no, not at all. I could have wished that she had been content to remain a little girl for a few years more. It would have pleased me if she had waited longer before finding love and listening to its story. But—*what is—to-be-will-be*!"

"But you said—or I understood——"

"That there must be delay? Yes. There must."

"How long?"

The old man stood for a minute or two, his head bent forward upon his breast, his mind seemingly busy with some puzzling calculation. At last he raised his eyes, looked Grantley squarely in the face, and answered his question.

"Two years, I think, or three."

"Two years is a short eternity—when love and lovers are concerned."

The faintest suspicion of a smile shone in the eyes of Edwin Elveys—a smile, possibly, for the extravagant words of a young man who, according to popular belief, should be a mere novice in love, and ignorant of its philosophy. But he did not dispute the young man. For a minute or two he made him no answer at all. He walked the length of the room—twice; up the room—doubtfully; down the room—resolutely. Then he stopped opposite Grantley and Etta again. And then he spoke once more.

"You are right," he said, with a sigh; "but three years is longer. And what I have said must be as I have said."

"Very well, Mr. Elveys. I accept your conditions, though I do not understand your reasons. If you mean it as a test, if you doubt my constancy, I can assure you that you are mistaken——"

"It isn't that, my boy; it isn't that at all. God knows I don't doubt you; He knows I wouldn't willingly send you to such a horrible ordeal as a test of your devotion would be. And—and yet——"

"You need not speak more. I will be satisfied—since—I must be. No man could think twice of any other woman, when it was his good fortune to see Etta every day, to touch her hand, listen to her voice, and——"

The old man actually groaned aloud.

"That is it; that is just it," he cried; "but you cannot see her every day. You cannot sit by her, and listen to her. She must go away, and——"

"Go—away? Why, sir, you said, only a minute ago, that you would put me to no test. And that—that is a test on which the life-long happiness of many has been wrecked." Elveys shook his head gloomily.

"I know it; I know it," he said, sadly, drawing his hand slowly and wearily across his forehead, "and, because I know it, it makes it doubly hard—doubly hard. But—she must go."

"But when? where? for how long?"

"I—you—she—— Well, there are relatives she must visit. I have always recognized the necessity of her going—always since she first came into this wretched, wicked world—came to brighten and bless my home. She must go. I've never disputed that fact, not even to my own heart. I've only been putting off the evil day of parting from her. She must go. She must go for two years—or three."

"Oh, sir," cried the young man, piteously, "make it otherwise if you can. Think back to your own youth—your young-manhood, and be as kind and merciful as possible. If it is money—or the hope of money—which impels you to do this—I beg you to let it go—and to be just and generous."

Mr. Elveys turned upon the young man furiously—much as some maddened animal, hunted and harassed, might have turned upon a cruel hunter. His face was very white, and his eyes blazed with indignation. And still, Grantley could not help noting that terror had a place in the man's face, too.

"Money? Bah! Do you young fools think there are only two good things in this world—love and money? Do you dare think I am not old enough to have found the little worth of one—and of the other? Money? money? Do you think I'd risk my daughter's happiness for the sake of that? I—I cannot explain—that is, *I will not*—but this matter of Etta's going away is a matter of life and death!—a matter of life and death!"

The young man was visibly shocked. He wondered, vaguely, if it were possible that there could be any taint of madness in the Elveys blood. But he controlled himself, with an effort, and made a brave and manly answer.

"I accept your statement, without demanding any explanation," he said, "and agree that your decision shall be final. To go and see her, sometimes, during the two long years of waiting and probation, and to learn to know those bound to her by ties of blood, will be——"

"*Will be impossible*," said Mr. Elveys, with a shudder. "The relatives of whom I have spoken are not people to be proud of; that much I am willing to say freely. And you shall not see them, shall not know them, shall not associate with them at all. I will not run the risk of——"

"Perhaps," said the young man, his tones full of a fierce sarcasm, and trembling with anger which he could not wholly suppress and control—"perhaps you will be telling me next that I may not even write to her, nor she to me, in all this time; that, in fact——"

"Silence must fall between you? Is that it? You have guessed right. You must not know where she is; you must not even know the name of the country in which she lives. Nor can I allow it to be possible that her letters, nor yours, should be seen and read by any one in all the world. Once in three months you may come to me. Then I shall tell you that Etta is alive and well——"

"And happy?" sneeringly demanded Grantley.

The old man shook his head.

"No; I shall never be able to tell you that while she is gone. I do not expect that. I dare not hope it, nor must you. I shall only tell you that she is alive and well—or—or—*tell you the truth!*"

Etta was down upon her knees, now, at her father's feet.

"Oh, father, father!" she cried.

He raised her tenderly. He bent over and kissed her. He led her to an easy-chair. He bade her be seated.

He turned, then, to face young Grantley, who had followed him, and who stood close behind him, and in rather a threatening attitude.

"Mr. Elveys," cried that young gentleman, "I don't know whether to think you are a madman or a fool. I don't much care. I only know that I will never submit to your absurd demands—never—never—never. Etta shall not go away to some unknown place, to some place where I can neither follow her nor write to her, not for a month—a week—a day—to say nothing of two or three years."

"Yes, she will. She shall. I command her to go. I command her to keep silence. I command you not to follow her, or seek to find where she has gone. She has always obeyed me when I have merely *requested*; I think she will not defy me now—now when, for the first time in her experience with me, I command."

"That may all be. But I shall defy you. I do."

And for one terrible moment it seemed as though Ralph Grantley might so far forget himself as to strike the man whose daughter he loved. That danger—that temptation—was over in an instant, leaving Grantley



WITH THE BREATH OF THE NEW-MOWN HAY.—FROM A PAINTING BY HANS DAHL.

very white and shaken. It may be that it is as well that Etta's face was hidden in her hands, from between the fingers of which the hot tears fell fast, and that she did not see it at all.

"Bah!" said the lawyer, coldly; "do you think I have lived all these years to be balked in my purpose by a mere boy like you? I tell you, fellow, I shall have my own way—if I live!"

"If you live? I hope, then, that——"

"Don't say it, boy," said Elveys, in a greatly changed voice; "don't say it. The time may come when you will regret it. I have something more to my taste, across the hall, than a quarrel with you. My guests are waiting. Good-night. But forget it not: I shall have my way—if I live."

The old man left the room.

The young man turned impulsively to the girl.

"You—you will obey him, Etta?"

"I shall. I must. You, yourself, would not love me so well if I refused."

"No-o-o, I suppose not. But—you will be true to me?"

"Always. True as steel."

"Through good and evil report alike?"

"I have said it."

"God bless you, then, and keep you. Good-night. Do you wonder at my presentiment of gloom? Shall you ever doubt any presentiment again? I have won the promise of one of the sweetest women in all the world to be my wife, and I go away from her feeling much as I should if I were soon to follow her to the grave, instead of standing by her at the marriage-altar. I—I must be alone, to think, to hope, to plan. Good-night! Good-night!"

He stooped and kissed her, the moonlight falling all about them as they stood near the open window. He held her in his arms for a half-minute. Then he turned and left her. And, as he went, he looked at his watch. It was five minutes before eleven.

He did not go home. He walked down the hill from the great Elveys mansion. He walked down the long main street of the village. He crossed the river, and left Riverdell far behind him. He loitered, here and there, but gradually went farther and farther into the country. Here, the path bent, away from the river, and passed through a narrow strip of woods; just beyond, it dipped down into a narrow valley, the loneliest place he had seen in all the long walk, he thought, as he stood there, in the silence, and listened.

Some one was coming. The young man was not really afraid; but he felt in his pocket to see whether he was armed or not. And he stepped behind a tree to wait until the approaching man should pass him. The footsteps came nearer—nearer—were opposite him—went by. And he, peering out from his place of concealment, saw and recognized the man who passed. It was Edwin Elveys!

Ralph Grantley stepped out into the path behind the man. He took out his watch and looked at it again. It was fifteen minutes past twelve. And——

It was two o'clock when Ralph Grantley was back on the lawn, again, in front of the home that had belonged to Edwin Elveys—at midnight!

"I wonder how Etta sleeps?" he muttered to himself. "I wonder how she will endure the morrow?"

He could not sleep. He wandered about the village until the time for the early morning train. Going to the station, more to pass away the time than for any other reason, he met Etta there. He had no opportunity for

seeing her alone, no chance for speaking with her in private. He helped her carry her luggage aboard. He said "Good-by" in as prosaic a manner as could have been possible had he been merely an ordinary acquaintance. Then he walked back to the main street again.

He was one of the group standing in front of the post-office when Stephen Ward came hurrying there with his startling story, and he was one of the first to reach the side of the dead man on the lonely ridge where murder had met and vanquished him.

He did nothing to help in the search of the dead body, during the hurried half-hour between the time of reaching it and the beginning of the mournful return to Riverdell. He made no remarks—offered no suggestions—until he made the offer to tell Etta Elveys of her bereavement. And then——

It was true he did not know her destination. By the time he could reach the telegraph-office the flying train would have passed a half-dozen important junction points. It was surely annoying. Is it any wonder his face flushed?

CHAPTER III.

A MORNING WITH ROBERT RORUX.

MR. ROBERT RORUX lived in one of the most charming places which you can find within an hour's ride of New York City. And he lived a life which seemed to his neighbors to be one of the most elegant leisure imaginable. He went to the city—when he pleased; sometimes he pleased to go six days in the week, and sometimes he didn't please to go at all; sometimes he went in the morning, and sometimes he waited until late afternoon; sometimes he impressed his acquaintances as being in a hurry, but usually a difference of a train or two did not seem to be a matter of any moment to him.

Mr. Robert Rorux was popularly supposed to do business in the city, though the nature of that business was an impenetrable mystery to all who knew him in the little suburban place where he had his home. No one knew where he went when he went to New York; no one had ever seen him in store or bank, or office or counting-house; no one knew of any city directory which honored the name of Robert Rorux by giving it a place in it. And questions adroitly put, as well as watchfulness cunningly indulged in, had given nothing of satisfaction to any of his inquisitive acquaintances. Mr. Robert Rorux was supposed to do business in New York City. It must have been a peculiar business, then, to admit of his going away, to various parts of the country, or even across the sea, on trips which lasted indefinitely. He went whenever it happened—in Summer or in Winter, in sunshine or in storm, when men were supposed to stand in need of vacation rest, and when they should have been at their freshest and best; his goings and comings utterly baffled the guesses of all his neighbors. But they all united in calling his trips journeys of rest and recreation—and they envied Mr. Robert Rorux accordingly.

Robert Rorux was undoubtedly and undeniably rich. He lived in the handsomest house in the place, in the midst of the most extensive and best-kept grounds, and—as he had had the house built under his own direction—and as he had had it furnished in accordance with his own ideas—it was generally believed to be a veritable paradise. Few persons in town had ever seen the inside of the house; few had ever penetrated far into the grounds; and no one—so far as his nearest neighbors knew—ever came out from the city to see him. So the common opinion regarding the elegance of his surround-

ings had little foundation in reason—no matter how much it may have had in fact.

Mr. Rorux had money in the bank, and money well invested in land and in mortgages, in bonds and stocks. All that was well known. And there were many wild stories told regarding fabulous amounts which he had invested in various other—and, to them, unknown—parts of the great world of speculation and business. He was generous, just, easy with his creditors; he gave liberally to all worthy local objects. And still, he suffered the fate of all men who, purposely or by accident, surround themselves with mystery.

The Rorux servants were a silent and secretive set. Some one of Rorux's neighbors had once gone so far as to say that he could find out a thing more easily from Mr. Rorux himself than from one of his employes. Shall I offend the logical acumen of any of my readers if I assert that the man who said that showed by his remark an utter lack of appreciation of the character of Robert Rorux—and then follow with the paradoxical statement that no one could have induced the servants to talk at all? And must I explain? Thus—then—that there was no way in which Rorux could be made to talk against his will, and that no one knew of any way in which to make the servants talk.

Mr. Rorux had the look of an old man. He had the nervous grace and energy of a young man. The nickname he had—"old Rorux," sometimes maliciously modified into "old Borax"—rather represented some thought of the community as to his nature and characteristics, and perhaps his experiences, than his age.

Mr. Rorux was a bachelor. Besides his servants, he lived alone in his huge house. Rich, respectable, not ill-looking, it would not have been strange if he had been sought after and courted. But the opposite was true. No one with marriageable daughters would have calmly allowed him to establish himself on intimate terms with the family; no one would have been quite ready and willing to accept his invitation to dinner. And she would have been an elderly and hopeless maiden indeed, at least in the estimation of this narrow and exclusive place, who would have listened to his compliments or accepted his attentions.

Rorux—"old Rorux"—had no friends. No one went to see him. He went to see no one. And so, since we cannot go in better company, let us go up to his house this morning together, you and I, dear reader, and spend an hour with him.

The house occupied by Mr. Rorux is situated a long way from the street, or perhaps I should say *road*—for he lives well out of the little town in which by courtesy his residence is said to be located—and is so shut in by tall trees that one cannot see it until he is almost there.

His grounds are shut off from the highway by a high and broad stone wall, a wall on the top of which there is an ugly and unpleasantly suggestive railing of iron, the chief characteristic of which is a series of sharp spikes, which are inclined upward, and out toward the street, at an angle of forty-five degrees.

There is a huge iron gate here, set deep in massive masonry, and usually left locked. It is locked now. Any one coming here at his invitation, or by his permission, would be asked for his name before the key would be turned in the huge lock and the gate opened to allow him to pass. Any one coming without previous invitation or notice would ring this bell. A young man from the dainty stone structure just inside the gate would thereupon come out, ask various questions, use skillfully a pair of keen eyes, and then saunter slowly up to the

home of Mr. Rorux, to ask him just one thing: "Shall I open the gate, or shall I not?"

All this would take time. And, though we needn't be in any particular hurry, we have no more time than we need. So we will not pause at anything so gross as bolts and bars; we will quietly ignore anything so undemocratic and un-American as a lodge-keeper. We will go wherever the wind goes. And—there—could anything be easier? The young man who is responsible for the gate did not see us! He was looking up, just then, at a cloud lazily sailing across the sunny sky of June. Let us go up to the house; the historian and his audience ask no privileges—and have all!

The lawn is as smoothly shaven, as finely ornamented with shrubs and flowers, and as well shaded with grand old trees, as any you ever walked across. Mr. Rorux thought of all that, looked forward to all this, willed just what should be now, when he purchased a certain rough tract of forest-land almost twenty years ago. Listen! I hear the songs of birds that are found free only in lands which lie under the blazing sun of the tropics, and in islands which are set in the green glory of Oriental seas! Look! There are flowers and plants that you could only duplicate, from their native habitats, by taking a journey of a half-dozen years in the wildest regions of the globe, running the risk of losing yourself in Amazonian forests, of falling in Indian jungles, or of dying in the fever-haunted and cannibal-peopled *terra incognita* of Central Africa. And here! now! draw in a long breath! The air is heavy with perfumes that first pleased the senses of generations of men and women who lived and died in far Arabia, or in the Valley of Cashmere.

Yonder is the house. Will you call it a palace, or a castle? Is its most striking characteristic, in your eyes, its beauty or its strength?

Count up the pillars of white marble along its front! You can hardly believe your own senses, and must count again to be sure! And yet, there is so much of gray granite above them, and behind them, that the severest taste would not have them less.

Are you disappointed in the size of the building? You needn't be. Do you marvel that one with wealth such as this structure indexes should have lavished all this ornamentation on a house so small? Go up, then, to the front of the house, and face its length! Go up to the tree yonder, and put your hand on the trunk as high as you can reach! How many feet is that? How many times that to the top of the tree? And look!—up—up—to the top of that tower, yonder! How much higher is that than the tree?

Let us go in—and without the use of knocker or bell! The immensity of the mansion this man made for himself, and only a year ago—mind you—only a year ago, will grow upon you as you go, by my side, up to the room where we shall find him! Let us go in and see the sort of man our mysteriously wealthy friend, Robert Rorux, is.

The halls are large and broad and handsome. Weapons and armor of by-gone times—almost of forgotten ages—hang on the walls. This man has seen, somewhere, sometime, the ancient hereditary home of some noble race; it has pleased him to copy and imitate; indeed, I am not sure he has not exceeded and overdone. I can fancy the cynical sarcasm and the sneering self-scorn which have been his as he has done all this, by the might of the power of gold! Something, somewhere in his life, has hurt this man, and his heart is sore yet. I wonder how much more of happiness he would find in an humble

cottage, with *one*—one of his own choosing—always with him, than he does here, in this money-molded pile, this pathetic travesty on the homes of noble birth and the traditions of ancient lineage, this pitiful burlesque on the pomp and pride of rank and state, this monument to the too-late present of a rich man's deathless purpose, this tomb of his cramped and burdened past, this hollow mockery of the vanities of life, in which he walks—eats—sleeps—exists—and *alone*?

This is the door of the room Robert Rorux calls his library. Let us go in. It will not disturb him. We are sure of finding him in his library when he is at home at all. Robert Rorux is a great reader, or likes to think he is.

I am inclined to think that Rorux's neighbors like him less, and distrust him more, than they did a year ago. A year ago he was not, by habit and in practice, less exclusive than he is now. But a year ago he lived in a house the door of which opened on the street—or should I say *was closed on the street*? A year ago this beautiful palace had no existence except in the mind of Robert Rorux. A year ago the grounds around it were a luxurious wilderness.

And this room? Yes, this is the library. It is a room large enough to have long vistas of shelf-lined walls; and an abundance of cozy and sheltered nooks, inviting one to tarry, but rather too luxurious to be used for genuine study. The room is paneled with a variety of highly polished, dark-colored woods. Some of them, indeed, are almost black.

Heavy hangings of richly ornamented leather hang on the walls at intervals.

The room is well lighted, despite its dark and gloomy finish, and the heavy writing-table of the owner stands in the lightest and most cheerful spot in the room.

The room is not crowded with books. There are long spaces, along the walls, where there are no book-shelves at all. The first impression, to a lover of books, on entering this apartment, is one of disappointment. Costly pictures catch his eye; priceless statuary and bronzes look out at him from unexpected nooks, and rare and costly furniture is there in luxurious profusion. But the place seems, for a library, to be strangely empty of books.

It is only when one has remained long enough to have become used to the great size of the irregularly shaped room, only when he has walked slowly from case to case, only when he has looked to see what ones of his own favorites are missing—and has found them all there, only when he has counted and calculated, that he knows the number of them all must reach far into the tens of thousands. A beautiful home, this. A beautiful place in which to spend one's happiest hours—this room is that—if one is so fortunate as to have literary tastes or literary ambitions. I can imagine that any man who can afford to do so had rather remain here, when he can, than go into the great city to do business. But it is hard to understand why he should ever take any vacation trips—very hard; where will he find, in all the world, a more pleasant place than this?

The table of Robert Rorux is at the farther end of the room. We need not hurry to reach him. Let us look at some of his books on our way. Here are new books, whole shelves of them, in the rarest and costliest of bindings; here are rows of books published in limited editions, specimens of *éditions de luxe*, and the like. Rare books; books made priceless by the names of owners—long dead, but never to be forgotten—written down in them; books which are so ancient that the mind is

crushed back upon itself, dwarfed and humbled, as it tries to realize their age and their worth; books which cannot be duplicated anywhere in the world; these are here—this is the sort of room in which Robert Rorux spends his best and his happiest hours.

And this gentleman is Robert Rorux. This set of shelves, close at his hand, contains the books which he has had longest, knows most, and loves best. This is where you will find him during the most of the waking hours he spends at home. Can it be possible that he ever goes away without having a good reason for so doing?

He is a tall and thin gentleman, rather pale, with clear gray eyes which seem to look through and beyond one, rather than at him. He seems nervous and excitable, though rather strong and vigorous than the opposite. As for his age—what did I tell you? Watch him read that letter, sitting quietly in his chair, and you would say one thing. And now—now—look at him as he half rises from his seat, takes another letter from the pile of mail his servant has just brought him, and hurriedly, and without any pretense at neatness, tears it open. Would you take twenty years off your estimate of his age? Or would it be only ten?

Look about you a little as he reads this letter. The corner of the room is in the light, and you have every advantage. Do you see nothing strange? Nothing incongruous?

Nothing?

Are you sure?

Ah! you do—at last? A picture turned carefully, face to the wall, and with a long strip of crape hung smoothly over it, and with a rose-stem, innocent of color or perfume, long, long years ago, still pinned, with a rusty pin, to its dingy and rusty folds. There must surely be a strange romance in the life of this recluse, and most likely a sad one. I am not so sure now, as I was a little time since, that, in the place of Robert Rorux, I should not wish to go away on the frequent trips he takes. It must be trying to sit, hour after hour, day after day, under the shadow of a crape-shrouded sorrow which turns its dead eyes forever away from the heart that still thrills and the brain that still loves it.

Robert Rorux reaches out, from time to time, taking letter after letter, which he opens and reads. Some cause smiles, one or two bring frowns, but most of them seem matters of indifference to him. I doubt whether I should enjoy having him for a correspondent.

He tears the wrappers from several newspapers, and hurriedly glances at certain columns in them. He is evidently a selective reader, with eyes for only that which immediately and personally interests him, and a will so strong that attractive head-lines will not tempt him to waste his time. I gather, too, from his actions, that his neighbors may be mistaken in thinking him a man of leisure.

He stretches out his hand to take a paper which is strongly inclosed, and which has required a stamp upon it—a paper sent him by some one, and not one for which he has regularly subscribed, and for which he regularly pays. He touches it, and—

He must have some supernatural and abnormal sort of sensitiveness! If you have ever seen some one receive a sudden and unexpected shock of electricity, and of great power, you can imagine something of the spasm of pain which shakes his arm and hand—something of the involuntary convulsive activity which comforts his face! If you have ever seen a man standing face to face with some venomous reptile, dangerously near, and fearful to move



AN IDYL OF THE MILL BRIDGE.

lest motion hasten, on the part of the ready and angry creature, the motion which means sudden death, then you can faintly and feebly picture something of what his eyes and attitude showed as he sat and gazed at the innocent-enough looking newspaper. But, after all, few men who have been called on to face any of Nature's poison-pests, with such a superlative look of horror as his face wore, have ever changed expression—in this world! Few whose nerves and muscles have been so rudely contorted by an electrical current have lived long enough to know the pain of it all!

The man speaks. Listen!
 'What can it mean? What can ail me?
 I never had such a thing happen to me but
 twice before in all my life. Once was when I

learned that the woman I loved was married! Once was when I learned she was dead! And I—I wonder what this third attack means? I pray God it is the last. I wouldn't endure another agony like this—not to bring her back to life again, and to me."

He picks up the paper. He carefully removes the wrapper. He looks long at it, trying vainly to read a postmark which is absolutely undecipherable, and puzzling his brain over a handwriting which seems strangely familiar—remarkably like something he has seen somewhere, sometime—and which still has so much of the new and unknown in it as to vanquish all his powers. He opens a drawer. He puts away the wrapper, sighing as he does so.

"To study over another time," he says, sadly; "and to give up, doubtless, as beyond my powers of analytical guessing, in the later day—when I must."

He takes up the paper. He reads the name of it, and the name has nothing of suggestiveness in it; the name awakens no recollections; it sets in motion no marvelous train of related thought which will sometimes give him a clew to the sender. But I am sure that the knowledge of that name would make his future different from what it will actually be—vastly different. I am not quite sure whether I am glad or sorry that he does not know.

The paper is printed at the capital of one of the Western States—I don't know that it matters much to us which one. Neither the name of the State nor the name of its chief city has much of interest for Robert Rorux; he has been to the city, and to one or two other places in the State, on one or two of the frequent and mysterious trips to which he is given. Beyond that, reason has nothing to offer regarding his receipt of this paper.

He opens the paper, nervously, and gives a hurried glance up and down its columns. There is nothing in his copy which was not in every copy of that issue; the paper comes to him as clean as it came from the press; no friend or foe has seen fit to mar its pages with the touch of pen or pencil.

"Whatever its message to me," he says, slowly, "the sender evidently regards it as worth searching for."

He puts the paper on the table again, and sits musing for a time. He lights a cigar, and smokes meditatively.

"I can think better when I am smoking," he says, as though there were some memories stirring in his mind, some recollections so sacred that to them he must offer an apology for his action.

"I wonder whether it has anything to do with—with the old-time pain and tragedy of my life?" he mutters; "if it hasn't, why was I so hurt and harmed by the sight and touch of the paper? I don't like to think of the supernatural, or of the possibility of it. And yet, I must remember that I have suffered in this way just twice in my life before; and I must not forget the occasions."

He picks up the paper again, and begins to search systematically, and slowly, for something of definite enough interest to him to make him sure that its presence in the paper accounts for its having been sent to him.

He finds it, finally, and reads it through. Vague, brief, indefinite, it is still calculated to deeply move him. Let us read it:

"FOUND DEAD!

"*Special Telegram, June —, 18—.* Hon. Edwin Elveys, formerly one of the most prominent politicians in this State, was found dead, early this morning, in a lonely spot about three miles from his residence. It is known that he was playing cards, with a party of friends, at eleven o'clock last evening, in his own house. There are reasons for thinking that he was killed less than two hours later."

That was all. Perhaps, all things considered, it was enough. In this world, "nothing succeeds like success;" it may be that this influential paper could afford no more space than that to a man who had been manly enough to stop short of an eminence which he could have reached only by questionable means—a man whose life had long ago reached the time of Fate's past tenses—a man who was "*formerly—*"

But the astute editor had complimented the dead to the degree of assuming that the residence which had been his was well known—unless, indeed, it was a so-called "intelligent compositor" who had inadvertently left it out.

The face of Robert Rorux is a study. He is not glad—I think. I am sure he is not sorry. One moment I half believe that this news which he has so interestedly read, this news beyond which he has sought no farther, has in it nothing personal to him at all; one moment I believe this—and the next I *know* I am mistaken.

In his eyes, the reflection of a hot hope, out of which all desire was lost long ago; on his lips, the half-spoken wish for vengeance—a wish so old that the event has hardly given as much as a quiet satisfaction; these are some of the things I think we may read in Robert Rorux, as he sits at his table with the paper held carelessly in the hand which hangs at his side—sits and thinks.

Suddenly he looks up. His eyes sweep along the wall, catch the flutter of the rusty crape, stirring in the morning wind, and fill with tears.

"Oh, my God!" he cries, agonizedly, "if some one, somewhere, would only give me something to do. Work—work—to take my mind from its memories and its sorrows."

He rises and walks nervously to and fro.

"Dead!" he says, sharply, "dead!—is he? I wonder he lived so long! I wonder he lived so long! Let me see; they told me she lived less than six years; I think, less than six, short, fleeting years. I wonder how long she would have lived if—if—if—"

His emotion overpowers him. It is some time before he can speak again. But he has a great will-power—a marvelous self-control. He asserts himself wonderfully well.

"I never knew where she lived. I do not now. I—I suppose it would be safe now—entirely safe, since they are dead—both dead; but I know there was a time when it would not have been. I knew that when she married; so did my friends. I knew it when she died; so did the generous friend of my younger years, who kindly came and tenderly told me. I never knew where—where—and I don't know where *her* grave is—nor *his*! And I—I never yet tried to find out anything, anywhere, of any one—and failed. It speaks well of my powers of self-denial that I do not know."

He takes up the paper, hurriedly, and reads the telegram again—reads it with a feverish energy which seems to have in it something of doubt as to the accuracy of his senses in having found just that a few minutes ago. Satisfied, again, or seemingly so, he takes up the thread of thought just where he dropped it.

"Self-denial? I suppose some—men and women who look only on the surface—would say '*indifference*.' *Indifference*? Merciful God! No one could say that who ever knew how much I loved her! I—I wonder whether I would be happier, now, in knowing where her home was? I wonder if I should find anything of good coming to me, some starlit night, if I stood by her grave?"

"Dead! dead!" he says again, slowly, solemnly, but without much of feeling, after a short pause. Then he

continues, excitedly: "I wonder if it was because he married her—because he was so bold as to make her his wife? Six years! Six years! God—God! I would have married her, and taken my chances, taken all risks, and counted life little less than perfection, for the blessing of a single year."

He rises from his table. He glances at his watch. He makes a mental calculation regarding the next train to the city, and the time he will reach it.

"Oh, God!" he cries, finishing much as he began, "I pray Thee send me work—work! Oh, if only some one, somewhere, would give me something to do!"

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST CROCUS.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

First golden flower of the budding year,
We hail with joy again thy blossoms bright;
A hopeful harbinger dost thou appear
Of young Spring's dawning after Winter's night.

Hail to the thrush! He celebrates thy birth
With eager warblings from exultant throat;
He knows that flow'rs once more will deck the earth,
And gives his rapture voice in each sweet note.

Bright grow the days, and balmy is the air;
We know the swallow soon will come once more;
Nature's fresh beauty seemeth doubly fair—
She doth revive, her Winter slumber o'er.

O Spring, fair Spring, the Earth's awaking voice
With thy most welcome advent first is heard!
And we and all her creatures now rejoice
To greet thy reign as do the flower and bird!

THE ANNATTO-BUSH.

The name *Bixa*, which has been given to a genus comprising four species of tropical shrubs or small trees belonging to the natural order *Flacoustiaceæ*, is the native name of the Indians of Darien for one of the species, *Bixa orellana*.

The Brazilian name of the plant is *urucuara*, or plant-bearing *urucu*, the latter being the Brazilian name of the pigment known as annatto. The name in *lingoa geral* is the same.

There are probably two species in Brazil, *Bixa orellana* and *Bixa urucurana*, the former being indigenous to the West Indies; but the two are very much alike, and it is hard to say which species is grown in the Amazon Valley; probably both are found, but they resemble each other so closely that to the ordinary observer they are undistinguishable.

The species usually considered as producing annatto is *Bixa orellana*. This species is a small tree or large shrub growing from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height, bushy from the root, or forming a simple stem. The leaves are broad, heart-shaped, and pointed. The flowers, which are rose-colored or white, and somewhat resemble apple-blossoms, are produced in large bunches on the ends of the young branches. The fruit is heart-shaped, about an inch long, red or greenish yellow, according to the variety, and is covered with stiff prickles. When dry, it splits in two, showing the seeds in a perpendicular row on each side. These seeds, which are very numerous, are imbedded in a red, waxy pulp. The plant is never met growing wild, though one often finds it many miles from any habitation; but it always marks the site of a former house or plantation.

The two species, or perhaps varieties, grown in Brazil only differ in the color of the flower and fruit, which in the one are pink and red, respectively, while the other bears blue flowers and greenish-yellow fruit. The coloring-matter seems to be of the same shade in both, and no appreciable difference is seen between the two kinds in the quantity produced.

The tree is cultivated in the whole Amazon Valley, and is always seen around the houses of the Indians. It appears to attain a great age, but it never becomes very large; the trunks of the largest seldom, if ever, measure more than seventeen or eighteen inches in diameter at the base. The wood is light, and considered of no value. The tree is subject to no diseases, is not attacked by insects, and birds do not eat the seeds. It grows freely in any soil and no cultivation is necessary, except to shade and keep down the weeds around the young plants until they become well established. The trees must be grown in full sunshine, for if grown in the shade they do not bloom. Propagation is in Brazil effected only by seeds, and the trees begin to bloom when they attain the height of about ten feet, which is in three years from the time of sowing. In a cooler and drier climate, where growth would not be continuous, a far longer time would be necessary.

There seems to be nothing in the nature of the tree to prevent its propagation by cuttings, which would probably root readily in bottom heat, and plants so obtained, following the usual rule, would flower and fruit much earlier than seedlings. The plants sometimes form many suckers around the parent, making a dense bush with many stems; when this occurs, increase could be had by separation, and as the roots are numerous, fine and fibrous, transplanting would probably be easy. In Brazil the fruit matures rapidly after flowering, and is ready to gather in about two months; if gathered as soon as mature, the tree at once makes fresh growth and flowers and fruits anew. The practice, however, is to allow the fruit to remain on the tree until wanted for use; it dries, and as the capsule does not readily burst, the seeds remain long in good condition. Within a few months the tree is again in bloom, and usually one sees flowers and both immature and dry fruit on the tree at the same time. With the most careless culture, two full crops can be gathered every year.

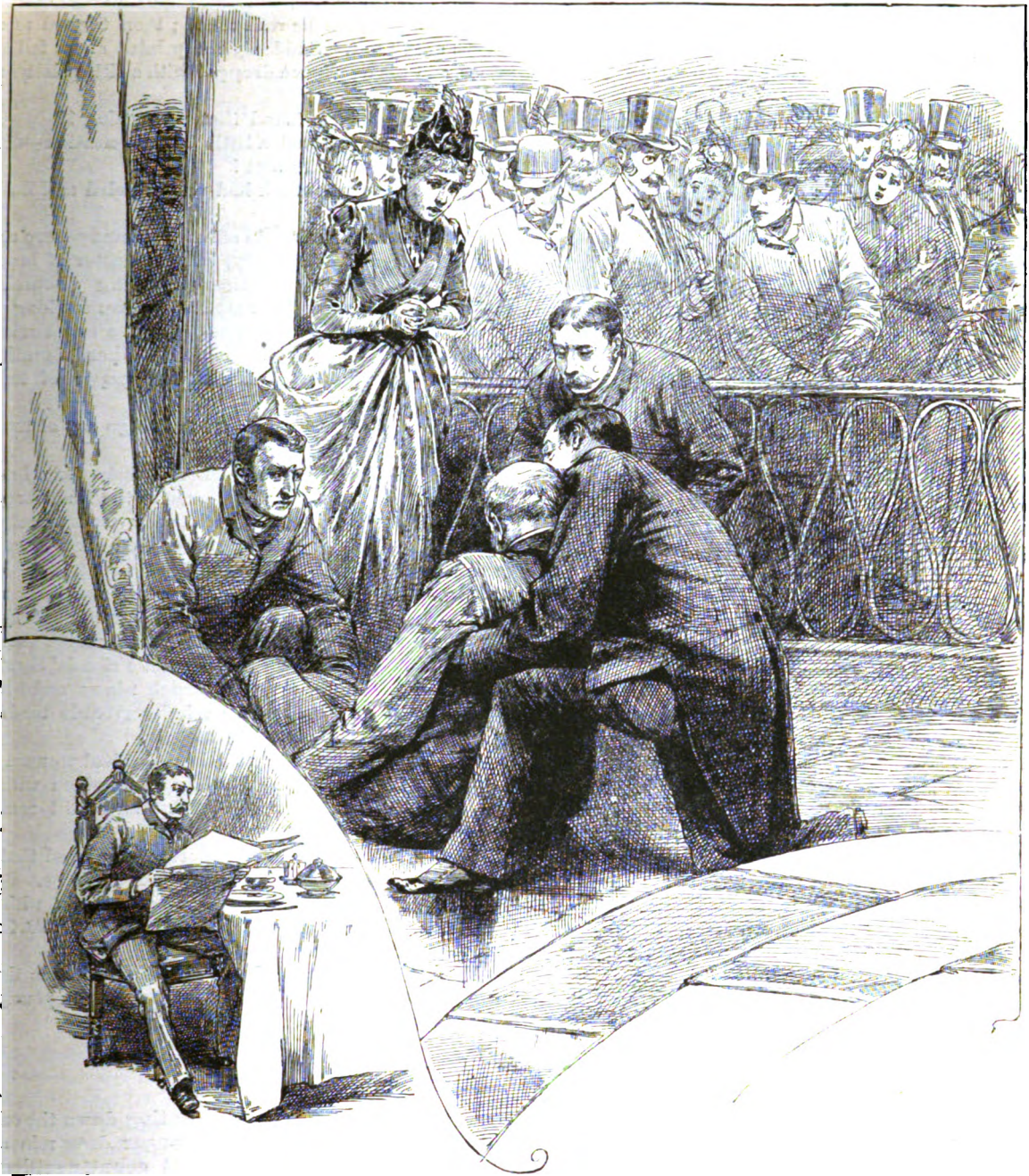
The preparation of the pigment is very simple. The seeds are macerated in water until the pulp, which is readily separated, is removed. The water is then passed through a strainer made of strands of palm, to remove the seeds and fibre, and is then evaporated in the sun until the mass becomes thick. This mass is then rolled in leaves, producing roll annatto, or it is evaporated to dryness and made into cakes, producing mass annatto. Sometimes the seed as taken from the pod is simply dried for market, and forms what is known as "*Urucu em grao*."

The pigment is extensively used by the Indians in dyeing the threads of hammocks and by the wild Indians for painting their bodies, they mixing it with turtle-oil or the fat of the *peixe-bois* (manatee). In Pará it is sometimes used to give color to cooked rice, but one never hears of it being so used on the Amazon. An infusion of the leaves, drank hot, is considered by the Indians a remedy for jaundice.

An American gentleman who has explored the Amazon Valley from Pará to Iquitos, Peru, says that he has never seen in his travels any systematic culture of the *urucu*, and little of the said article goes to market from the territory through which he has passed.



MEDITATION.—FROM A PAINTING BY ARTHUR HOPKINS.



"WILLING HANDS CARRIED THE UNCONSCIOUS PERSON SWIFTLY TO THE NEAREST DRUG-STORE." . . . "ERIC STUYVESANT SIPPED HIS COFFEE, GLANCING OVER THE COLUMNS OF THE 'ORACLE.'"

THE MAN IN GRAY.

By F. E. H. RAYMOND.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT an exquisitely lovely creature that is!"

"Where?"

"Oh, bother! you're looking the wrong way. There, on the left of the gate."

"The blonde, by the stout old gentleman?"

"Yes, of course. Looks as if she were bathed in dew—fresh as a wild flower."

An excellent presentation of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was just over at a favorite little theatre "up—
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town," and the crowd was leaving the building with that hurried rush common to New York audiences.

"Artistic rhapsody! But she is pretty."

"I should say so. Never saw such a face!—and what beautiful, dreamy eyes! She is still listening to old *Bottom's* nonsense; but, by Jove! she'd better wake up! There'll be an awful jam in a minute!"

"What's the matter with Old Avoirdupois?—her father, probably. He reels and staggers!—there! he's down!"

The young men, who had been standing aside, watching the outsurging mass, sprang to the strong iron rail which barricaded the entrance.

The old gentleman had fallen, and the blue-eyed girl was struggling to drag him from beneath the feet of pushing men and women.

A panic was imminent, but a strong arm swung vigorously about.

"Stand back! stand back! There's a man down!"

Those who were foremost obeyed, and the friends succeeded in raising the prostrate form.

A ruffian, in broadcloth, pressed forward.

"Apoplexy. He's either dead or dying."

Willing hands carried the unconscious person swiftly to the nearest drug-store. The daughter tried hard to follow, but the brute, who had rushed between her and her father, prevented.

"Here, my beauty, come with me. Is the old gent your daddy? Never mind, I'll take you to him."

The villain's arm was about her waist, his liquor-tainted breath on her white cheek, as he bore her forward. A cane fell heavily upon him, forcing him back and away. In an instant he, too, was down beneath the treading feet, but the girl and her rescuer disappeared.

When the speedily summoned ambulance arrived, the young woman begged earnestly to have her father taken to their hotel; but the surgeon assuring her that the only hope of help lay in prompt hospital treatment, she made no further remonstrance, and the vehicle hastily drove away.

"Can I follow him?"

"It is very late. Are you alone?"

"I am—now." The voice quivered.

"Where do you live?"

"We were stopping at the Blank Street House."

"With your permission, I will take you safely there."

"Oh, I *must* go to papa."

"Have you any friends in town?"

She turned to a policeman who had entered the store.

"Will you send a note and a cab to this address?"

She wrote a few words on a card and gave it to the officer, then sat down to wait in the quiet place which the druggist had made for her.

The crowd dispersed. The young men, who had been so helpful, withdrew to the street-door. The minutes lengthened to an hour ere the clattering foot-fall for which she listened was heard upon the avenue; but the girl was at the curb-stone before the carriage stopped.

A man sprang from it, lifted her carefully in, then stepped back, closing the door with a snap.

"To the hospital."

Around the corner dashed the horses, racing at full speed to overtake Death. Then silence fell like a curtain upon this pitiful scene of a New York night.

* * * * *

"You are late this morning, Eric, as you were last evening."

"Good-morning, still, and pardon my keeping you. I hope you did not worry."

"I always do."

"Foolish mother! Will you never give that up?"

"I doubt it."

"And I—that which kept me was very sad."

"At a Shakespearean comedy?"

"Afterward; coming from the play."

The incident of the stranger's sudden illness and the young daughter's desolation was briefly told.

"Here is the morning paper. Look it over; perhaps there is some account of the affair."

Eric Stuyvesant sipped his coffee, glancing over the columns of the *Oracle*, and came upon a short relation of the accident which he read aloud; then turned to other items of interest. Suddenly the printed sheet fell to the floor, and his egg-spoon dropped with a little clatter upon his plate.

"What have you found that is startling?"

Madame dearly loved a little bit of sensation—of a decorous Knickerbocker sort!

The young man's cheek had visibly paled and flushed.

"Nothing."

"It must be *something* to affect your composure so."

To this there was no reply, but the matter of breakfast was resumed, and the ordinary morning discussion of home affairs. Still, neither mother nor son sat long at the meal, or lingered when it was over; the one anxious to escape the watchful eyes of love, the other to gratify her curiosity by rifling the fateful newspaper of its contents.

"Good-by, mother. I may have to go out of town to-day; so, if I'm late, don't sit up."

He reached the door, and loitered there for a brief instant—turning for one more glance at the familiar place; gathering every detail of the great, sunny apartment which looked out upon its own green lawn and broad, anciently aristocratic Second Avenue, with its patrician households, still loyal to old days, old ways, and their roomy old homes. Thence to prim little Stuyvesant Square, where groups of children and attendant maids were hurrying through the park to the quaint Friends' Seminary. The clock of old St. George's struck nine; and his gaze came back and rested with an indescribable tenderness on the snowy-haired, stately mother.

He had been her idol; and she, his ideal woman. Because of instinctive, unflattering comparison with her, he passed all younger women by and still remained heart-free.

What Madame Stuyvesant's portraits showed that lady to have been as a girl, such Eric's wife must be.

He smiles a little, but sadly, as he sees her, with well-adjusted eye-glass, groping through the *Oracle* for the mystery she will never find.

The last resonant stroke of the hour cleaves the air, the last belated school-child hurries by; the young man turns away and the door is closed.

CHAPTER II.

THE red rays of sunset were slanting down the one village street of Canterbury as a stranger drew rein at the "Sagamore's" door. Unlike most country settlements, this one boasted a well-paved highway, bordered by flag-stones of ample size.

The wealth of the town, such as it was, lay in its granite quarry, although its resources had scarcely yet been tested.

There was just enough of enterprise among the inhabitants to utilize the rich gift of nature, so far as their road and sidewalk went; and the contrast between the primitive, vine-covered cottages, behind the white palings, with the smoothly chiseled curb-stones outside was odd enough.

Great rivalry existed among the householders as to whose strip of pavement should be most perfect and cleanly, and each exercised his right to wash and scrub even to the centre of the street, so that the first impression given a stranger was one of extreme neatness.

Afterward, he noted the long and beautiful stretch of the avenue itself, descending gently from a hill at either

end, and edged for its entire length by elms and maples whose overspreading boughs met in an arch above the perfect roadway.

Half way the distance from either end, the cottages gave way to more pretentious buildings—a church or two, the hostelry above mentioned, a school, and two or three stores, and even one most substantial granite structure, which bore the signs of "Bank" and "Post-office."

Behind the row of cottages on the south side the gardens sloped to the bank of the Duleout River; also the church-yard, or one small cemetery—chosen exactly half way between "up street" and "down," at a time when sectional feeling ran high—was washed at its foot by the dimpling waters. On the north, and almost from the garden-limits, rose a gentle range of hills, wherein was situate "the Quarry."

Daily a stage-coach rattled down the avenue from "East" or "West." The vehicles met at the Post and Sagamore, to exchange mails and secure meals, then clattered away again, to disappear in the outside world.

Railway there was none, nor on the broad-bosomed river any boats save those of pleasure; only the stage-coach and the Quarry kept these simple people from absolute stagnation; and this, in the height of the nineteenth century, in the depth of the Empire State.

The landlord of the Sagamore came out to meet the dismounted equestrian. He was neither eager nor unwilling to receive a passing guest, but still shrewd enough to take a mental photograph of every stranger, and this one seemed out of the common.

His close-curling hair and heavy mustache were of an iron-gray, as was the ordinary business-suit he wore with such an easy air—albeit it showed, in dust and stain, that he had seen hard riding. The restless, penetrating eyes beneath the heavy brows were of a neutral, steely hue, and even the face was so dust-covered as to be of the prevailing color, and gray also was the soft felt hat he lifted, addressing the host.

"Can you put me up for the night?"

"I suppose so."

"Then just have this beast looked after carefully. He has come a good distance. By the way, what town is this?"

The inn-keeper pulled his glasses down into place, and looked at the questioner sharply.

"Where'd you hail from, stranger, anyways?"

After a slight hesitation: "From the South; but you haven't answered my question yet."

"H'm! Should think everybody knowed Canterbury."

"Pardon my ignorance. Now, will you give me a room and supper?"

The host led the way in-doors, but turned to remark something about "pay in advance."

The traveler promptly handed him a bill, which seemed to add a modicum of energy to the other's lagging footsteps.

At supper, which proved good both as to quality and service, the stranger overheard himself discussed.

"Who is he, anyhow?"

"I dunno."

"You'd ought to keep a register an' find out."

"Well, I ain't never, an' I guess I sha'n't begin."

"What'll you call him?"

"Gray'll do as good as anything. He's all of a color."

This suited the guest well enough, and when the loungee addressed him as "Mister Gray, I believe," he did not contradict, but simply bowed; at which that worthy congratulated himself on his own brilliancy.

Sitting by the window of his comfortable chamber, long after every one in the house was asleep, the visitor's thoughts were more at rest than they had been for many a day.

The moonlight lay in a glory upon the rippling river. It brought out with startling purity the whiteness of the cottages; fell through the interlacing boughs upon the roadway, with a delicate tracery of light, and touched to exalted beauty the portrait of a woman that rested on the window-ledge—a woman, but not young; with snowy, wavy hair and deeply tender eyes; a woman who might have been a queen, but was in every line a mother.

The gray, curling head dropped down, and the lips beneath the fierce mustache pressed remorseful kisses upon the senseless picture.

"Mother! mother! praying for me, as I know—it is coming at last! Peace—rest; here will I stay, here live, if God wills."

The silver notes of the little church-bell floated out on the silence. "Peace—rest," "Peace—rest," they chimed. "Midnight is past—the dawn cometh."

Sinking into the spacious bed, fragrant with sweet country scents, there came into the weary heart a thought of comfort:

"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new."

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a postman's ring and whistle at the basement.

"Run, my child; the letter may have come!"

Agnes hastened down. Often before she had obeyed that anxious mandate, and though frequent missives came and went, "the letter" was never among them. The girl had a feeling that it never would be. She had dwelt now for many months beneath her benefactress's roof, and had come to love her with a daughter's devotion, so that it hurt her to note how thin the beautiful old face was growing, how tremulous the shapely hands, while the anxious expectancy of that first day was unabated still.

This time there *was* a letter, addressed in a strong but unfamiliar hand. It might be the one so watched for, and the possibility of the joy it might bring winged the young feet as they flew up the stair.

Madame Stuyvesant met her at the door.

"You seemed very slow. Did he bring it?"

"This came," said Agnes, laying the bulky envelope within the outstretched hand.

She looked up into the joy-transfigured face, and read that hope at last had its fruition.

"I am so glad!" she murmured.

With that strange selfishness which besets the best at supreme moments, the old lady looked coldly into the sympathetic face. In joy as in sorrow the stranger "intermeddled not."

"You may get my glasses, child; then go for a walk, if you like."

Poor little Agnes! her cheek flushed, and a lump rose in her throat; but, if sensitive, she was also sweet-tempered, and obeyed, presently losing all feeling of annoyance, as she paced in the sunlight up and down the pretty park.

Turning once, she saw the housemaid running after her.

"Oh, Miss Agnes! Miss Agnes! The mistress says you are to come back directly. She's got a letter from Mr. Eric, and she says the house is to be closed to wunst, an' you and she is to go till him."

The two, returning, found madame in anything but her wonted calm. Dismissing Norah, she explained to her companion.

"My son has written for me to join him. It was impossible for him to communicate with me earlier, but he has now given explicit directions about the journey, and advises my bringing some companion. Of course, he does not know about you. Our home will be in the country. Are you willing to go, or shall I seek some one else?"

What a ring of pride in the mother's voice! Only yesterday the lovely orphan girl had been "my dear child—my daughter, whom God might have given me." This, in her sorrow; but to-day, in the richness of real

"Oh, what a lovely place!" cried Agnes, watching out. The mother's eyes were watching, too, but not for pretty views. But who was this that came to meet her, all his face aglow with gladness?

"She would find him changed," but—not like this. Still the gray-haired man came, smiling, smiling toward her. The old lady drew back, while one hand sought her glasses. What ailed the light?

"Mother! mother!" The appealing sadness in the tone touched her—voices never change.

The glasses dropped on the carriage-floor, and she trod them underfoot as, proud, erect and, now, also smiling, she stepped out into "her boy's" awaiting arms.



COOKING THE DINNER.—FROM A PAINTING BY B. J. BLOMMERS.

maternal joy, she was only a necessary attendant, as good—no better—than another.

But Agnes answered, sweetly: "Oh, I shall be very glad to go."

"Then please sit down and write a note to Howells & Howells, my lawyers."

It takes a life-time to make a home; alas! a few hours can dismantle it beyond recognition.

Under common circumstances, it would have meant death to uproot Madame Stuyvesant's heart from the spot where she had passed her fifty years of wife and widowhood. Now, though she knew it was forever that she turned her back upon it, and almost before the echo of her carriage-wheels should die away, workmen would begin transforming the old mansion into that detestable thing, a modern "flat," she felt no regret.

"And this, I suppose, is your companion?"

"Yes; she is Agnes—Miss Wilmot. She has been with me since—since—I have been alone."

The man in gray advanced to bid the young lady welcome. She turned her sweet face toward him, showing in its radiance her happiness in theirs who had befriended her. What was there in her loveliness to freeze the welcome on his lips and set his head a-reeling? She looked at him curiously, and he instantly recovered himself.

That night, just as she was drifting into dream-land, madame stood by her bed.

"My dear, I wanted to correct you. You addressed my son as Mr. Stuyvesant. That is *my* name, but he is Eric Gray."

"Strange," speculated the drowsy one, "I never heard



THE TOILET OF A LADY OF ANCIENT EGYPT.—SEE PAGE 344.

that madame was twice married, but I suppose she must have been."

So "supposed" all others who noted the difference in surname of mother and son.

In one of the loveliest spots in the pretty village Mr. Gray had built his house, of the same substantial material for which, through his industry, the place was now noted; for early after his arrival he had bought the main interest in "the Quarry," and had opened it up to commerce. Indeed, the apparently accidental coming of "the man in gray," on that long ago Summer night, had begun a new existence for sleepy Canterbury.

Idle pleasuring on the Duleout had given place to the traffic of many boats, and all day long at the new and roomy wharf resounded the blows of hammer and chisel, or the cries of busy workmen. And a railway was almost finished, which was to bind, with its slender steel bracelet, the village to the great metropolis. Almost past was the day of the coach and its gossiping driver, and, in this new whirl of activity and American "push," the village had grown and spread and stretched itself hither and yon in the inflation of its prosperity.

"Seems a wonderfully enterprising man, that Mr. Gray.

"Yes," assented Landlord Betts; "but you'd never think it to look at him. He's that quiet and stern, nothin' sca'cely to say, though every word means business. Just rode up here a hoss-back, an' wanted a room. Kind of lung 'round a day or two; didn't ask many questions, an' blamed! if the fust I knowed he hadn't bought up the hull Quarry. Sence then, I tell ye, things has just been a-buzzin'."

"Married, is he?"

"No, not yet; but they say he's a-makin' up to a young woman that's his mother's 'companion.' A sweet-lookin' creetur, an' mighty gentle an' soft-spoken. Old lady's dretful proud an' set in her ways—comes of one of them old Dutch families down to York—an' she opposed the match long at first. Seems to be agreeable now, though."

"I suppose there was no money in it?"

"S'pose not, but the girl's a lady born an' bred. Mr. Gray's old enough to be her father—leastways, he looks so. His hair is eve'a'most white, though his face don't seem so much old as solemn-like, an' some folks say he ain't much risin' thirty. Goin', be ye, to call on *them*? H'm! might a-told me first off. Here, Lyddy Jane, run along with this gentleman a piece, and show him the way to 'Heart's-ease.' That's what they named the place. Oh! you're welcome. 'Tain't no trouble, not in the least."

CHAPTER IV.

THE clouds hang heavy over thriving Canterbury. Between its banks the Duleout runs sluggishly, burdened by the blackened mist that lies upon its bosom, and stretches out from thence to enshroud the pretty gardens.

Even the white-walled cottages take on a leaden hue, and the leaves upon the trees shrivel and grow gray in the noxious atmosphere.

If only the rain would fall and wash away this foulness! or the sun break through and burn it!

There has been a terrible drought. Hot, scorching, drying up all moisture and killing every green thing, it hung on in its intensity for days and weeks; then came these great, gray banks of vapor, with their promise of the precious drops.

Alas! they shed them not, but only seemed to shut down close above the doomed village like its funeral pall.

Stifling, penetrating, the pestilent air clings to men's faces, creeps into their lungs, and maddens the blood in their veins till it runs with a wild force—and Typhoid laughs at his success.

Many lie sick, and some are dead. Lyddy Jane, that round-faced daughter of the landlord, was buried yesterday. To-night's in-rushing train brings one, with the look of a "professional," who asks and makes his way to Madame Stuyvesant's mansion.

Only one, as yet, is stricken there, and he the dearest. On his hot pillow the gray head of son and husband tosses ceaselessly, while his incoherent mutterings are daggers in his mother's heart.

Pale, erect, self-repressed, she rarely leaves her place beside the sick man's bed. Even the gentle Agnes, whose few years of happy wifehood have gone by like a dream, acknowledges the other's prior right, and draws back to pray and comfort herself with her babes.

"Mrs. Gray, the nurse has come."

The young matron hastens to the lower hall, where stands a quiet-looking man who hands her a printed card, stating his profession of "trained nurse," sent out, in answer to her telegram, from old Bellevue. His air of confidence and cheerfulness instantly awakens hope in her despairing heart.

As she turns toward him, a strange sense of previous familiarity with that beautiful face comes over him, and he watches her curiously, puzzling to "make it out," but fails.

"Will you have supper before you go up-stairs?"

"Perhaps it would be best."

"This way, then," and she directs him to the place. He thanks her, she smiles sweetly, gravely—and the mystery is solved. These two *have* met before, and the "professional's" gaunt cheek flushed with shame as he remembered where.

"Mother"—for the first time in many days the tone is rational.

"My son."

"Faithful mother!"

"The wife kneels at the bedside. 'Agnes, my darling, I have been—very ill.'"

"That is all past, dear—my husband."

He smiles wanly into her blue eyes. "I shall not get well."

"Oh, yes; you will! You are better—so much better, Eric. Tell him, mother; he will believe you."

"I have something I must tell you. Is she here?"

Madame Stuyvesant laid her hand gently upon his thin fingers.

"God has let me come back to say it. Mother—wife—I am a miserable, remorseful man. Even when I have seemed happiest, the load was heavy. In this pretty village—in a new, busy life, there promised forgetfulness and peace."

The words faltered feebly, at long intervals, from the parched lips, and with bated breath the women listened.

"Don't talk any more, my boy. By and by you will be stronger."

"By and by—too late! *Once—I killed—a man!*"

A silence which only the ticking clock dared break. The mother smiled incredulously, but the wife seemed freezing.

"It was many years ago; on the night your father died, Agnes. When he fell in the lobby of the little theatre, I raised him up. A man in the crowd insulted you. I struck him down senseless, beneath the trampling feet, and paid no further heed.

"In the morning—in the old breakfast-room, mother

—you gave me the paper and I read that he was dead—by my blow. Detectives were in search. I thought of our old name, of your agony, and I went away; leaving you to guess why. Even your worst conjectures were not half so bad as the truth.

"Struggling with the inclination to go back and face the ordeal like a man, yet loving you too well, I journeyed up and down, seeking rest, and finding only torment. It was a fearful conflict. In six months I was an old, gray-headed man. I stumbled upon this place for a night's lodging, and here there came to me the first ray of hope and comfort. You know the rest—"

"It is all past—and I am dying. I am glad, glad—to go this way. You and Agnes will keep my secret. Go away from here, and give my children back their rightful name—the proud old name which never can be shamed, *now*."

Not one of the trio remembered the hired attendant, or noted that he had been listening to every word, or that he had risen and come toward them with a strange, rapt look upon his face. Like a bell upon the silence came the low, intense voice.

"You shall not die, but live!"

The women started, but the sick man turned a calm gaze on the speaker. He was too near the land of rest to be moved by any human speech.

The nurse went on, speaking rapidly, his eyes glowing with religious fervor.

"You did *not* kill a man. You gave him life—and I am he!"

Ah! even the dull ear of Death can listen now.

"Yes. I am he that, in the lobby of that play-house, inebriated, vile, addressed this lady like the ruffian that I was. I was picked up for dead, and so the reporters gave it for a fact. Afterward, I was glad to let it remain so; for dead I was to the old, wild life.

"I lay in the hospital many weeks, and when I recovered from that blow I was a changed man. But my health was gone, my old employment closed to me; so I staid hanging about Bellevue, making myself useful where I could. The surgeons began to call upon me to help them; by degrees I progressed, and finally put myself in training for my present duty. It was the Lord's will, for with the work came the strength to do it.

"When I was sent here, there was something about Mrs. Stuyvesant's face—pardon me, madam, the pleasure of first giving you your real title—that seemed familiar. When she smiled, I knew her. But not till now did I guess who *you* were.

"Surely the ways of the Lord are strange, and not as the blundering ways of men.

"He—and He only—brought me to this chamber, and in His name I bid you live. *You shall not die!*"

The little children crept in, gazing with awe-struck eyes upon the enthusiast's face.

"Mamma—mamma! is he a prophet?"

Her husband's glance turns toward her also. A strange light is in it—yet less of heaven than earth—a hopeful, human, questioning glance.

The brave blue eyes smile back their message.

"Yes, darlings; he is! God's comforter and prophet."

TO MY BED.

By J. E. P.

Let poets strike the tuneful wire

In scornful Beauty's praise;

Far be from me the vain desire

To emulate their lays.

A softer subject fills my brain,

Inspires my grateful song—

To thee, my bed, this humble strain,

These homely rhymes, belong.

My earliest friend! how many hours

Of rest I owe to thee!

When friends are cold, and fortune lowers,

Thou still art true to me.

'Tis said that love's an empty sound,

And friendship but a name;

But thee, my bed, I've ever found,

Night after night, the same.

Visions of infancy arise—

Of nursery days long fled,

Of rosy cheeks and sleepy eyes,

And tucking up in bed;

A Kiss, and then a soft Good-night,

And heavy eyelids closing:

Who has not known the slumber light

Of childhood thus reposing?

Sometimes to lie awake, and watch

The moonshine on the floor,

Or with a rapt attention catch

The creak of distant door;

Or, if in winter-time, to peep

The closed curtains through,

And see the fire, while footsteps creep,

And lights go to and fro.

'Twas so in childhood. Then in youth

To thee, my bed, I owe

The dreams, how far surpassing truth!

That youthful sleepers know.

Dreams of true love and friendship warm,

That only come at night;

The dawning day dispels the charm,

And fades the vision bright.

When wearied with the discontent

Of others, or my own,

Such consolation thou hast lent

That all my cares have flown.

And I have risen on the morn,

With purpose good and strong

That virtue should my life adorn,

Content to me belong.

And in that time when tears are shed,

And daylight looks like folly,

Calm rest I find on thee, my bed,

Alone with melancholy.

Then times and places, scenes I trace,

Forever pass'd by,

And friends who've run their earthly race,

And rest them in the sky.

Thus have I shown in rhymes uncouth

How thou, my bed, hast been,

Through playful childhood, hopeful youth,

A friend in every scene.

On thee, her quiet place of rest,

How sorrow ceased to weep,

How anger fled the ruffled breast,

And yielded up to sleep.

And now, when evening breezes blow,

And friends are hovering by,

And age or sickness lays me low,

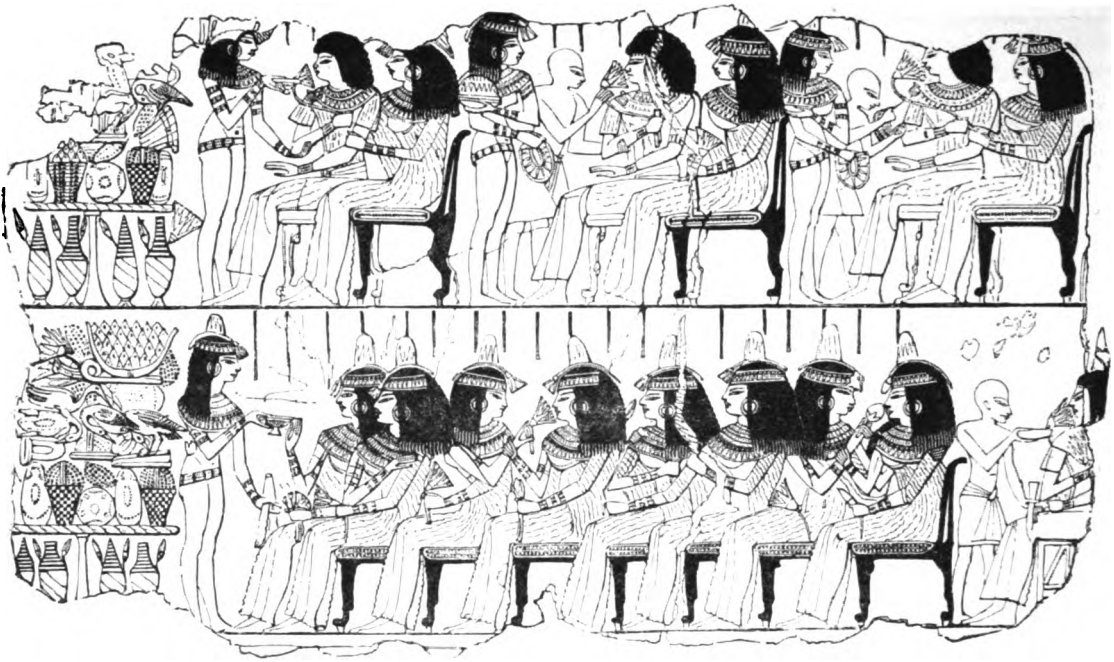
And warns me I must die,

Gently I hope to rest on thee,

My old, my earliest friend,

That where young life first greeted me

Our fellowship may end.



Fresco representing a feast. (IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

A LADY IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

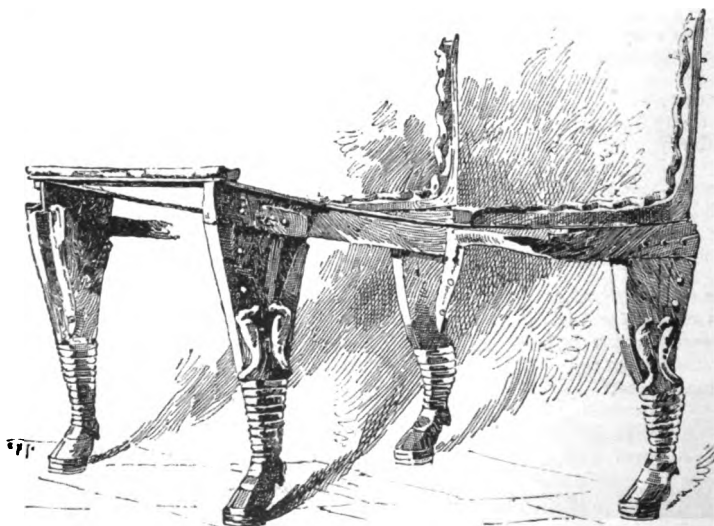
BY HELEN MARY TIRARD.

THERE is a great fascination to us who live in this world of the nineteenth century, surrounded with everything belonging to our own time, to look backward and try to pierce the veil which covers the remote past, and to picture to ourselves the life of those who lived in the childhood of this world, which sometimes seems to us so old. In the land of Egypt, more than five thousand years ago, there reigned a civilization and culture which might in many respects put our much-vaunted superiority to shame, and we may in thought not only rebuild their temples and trace the history of their great conquests, but also repopulate this ancient world with real men and women, dress them in their own clothes, and learn to know their ways and faces as if they were truly the old friends which they ought to be. In other ancient lands this is almost impossible, so much has perished, so little remains to us with which to put together a picture full of the small details of every-day life. In Egypt, the whole life of the nation rises before us, and prince and peasant, queen and lowly maiden alike, live again with all their daily surroundings. This almost magical resurrection of an ancient people in full life and activity is due to two causes: first, to the dryness of the climate, which has preserved to us perishable

substances and beautiful paintings in such perfection that many seem as fresh as if they were pictures of to-day; and secondly, to the character of the old Egyptians themselves, who desired to live for posterity, and to perpetuate, not the great facts of their history alone, but also the daily life of each individual.

The houses in which they lived are gone; there are scarcely any remains of them, except at Tell-el-Amarna, in Middle Egypt, and there we can only trace the foundations and follow the course of the streets. These houses they built of mud and wood, to last but for a moment, and they called them inns, or hostleries; while their tombs—their dwellings, as they said, for eternity—they built of stone. The sanctity of the grave has preserved to us in these tombs treasure-chambers, and in no other country of the world has the truth of the old maxim been

so conclusively proved, that "the measure of respect paid to the dead is an index to the state of civilization of the living." Here in the tomb the immortal pictures have rendered the earthly life of the ancient Egyptian eternal; here the "lady of the house" is always at home, and even the mysteries of her toilet are revealed to each careless passer-by who casts his curious glance upon the walls.



THRONE OF QUEEN HATASU. (IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

One of the most interesting revelations that dawn upon the unlearned observer is that, while most of the tombs in other countries show us the deceased taking a touching farewell of this world, or are filled with mournful panegyrics or joyful hopes of a future existence, the Egyptian tomb stands by itself in the absolute freedom of treatment allowed to the artist, who, unconscious that he is standing on holy ground, perpetrates his jokes upon the people of his time; his drawings are often more the equivalent of Du Maurier's social satires than of Leslie's trim modern maidens. In some inner chambers his fertile imagination is cramped within narrow limits, and the warning finger of the priest is raised against the intrusion of things too secular; but in the entrance-halls and passages it would seem as though he had often had free commission to cover so much space, and his taste for caricature has given us a vivid insight into the manners and customs of his time. From such an artist we learn, in a realistic way, that ladies in Egypt of 3,000 and 4,000 years ago not only wore jewelry, but that they were not above the frivolity of chattering together, when they met, upon the relative beauty of their ear-rings. They required, or, at all events, they often had, the assistance of many hand-maidens, whom we see surrounding their mistress at her toilet, some bringing her flowers, some jewels, some vases of perfumes, some busy rubbing oil into her soft skin after the bath, while others stand patiently awaiting her bidding. Afterward we see these ladies of fashion as, with careless ease and natural grace, they join in the feasts, they sit listening to the music of professionals, or are themselves the performers, or converse, or look on at the dancing of hirelings. In every trait depicted they are essentially human, essentially feminine, essentially living.

In trying to estimate how much an exaggerated spirit

comfortable home, such as books and furniture. Amongst the latter, beautiful works of art have been preserved to us; as, for instance, the throne of Queen Hatasu (recently presented to the British Museum), made of wood, inlaid



TRANSPARENT DRESS.



TRANSPARENT DRESS.

with gold and silver, in which, nearly 4,000 years ago, this famous royal lady sat and planned her wonderful expeditions to the spice-lands of old. But perhaps even more curious and interesting than gorgeous thrones of kings and queens are the articles used and worn by a lady in her every-day life; and amongst these we will first mention the wigs, which are often found placed in wig-boxes, ready for her to put on. Some of these are very elaborate; one, in the British Museum, is almost perfect, and consists of an upper part entirely composed of little curls, while the long hair below is divided into numberless small plaits; another, at Berlin, is very similar—it is still less broken, and each little plait has a curled end.

In the fresco of the feast at the British Museum the ladies have their hair dressed in a compact mass, divided at the ends into tiny plaits. Fashionable ways of dressing the hair, or of shaping the wig, may be discovered by studying the statues of the deceased, which were placed in the tomb. These are often represented wearing wigs, some short and thick, as that of the beautiful statue of the Lady Nefert in the Boulak Museum; others with longer hair flowing down over the shoulders, or with two thick pieces in front covering the ears and descending over the chest. All show elaborate care and trouble, and, indeed, in some the face itself seems secondary to the immense mass of hair which surrounds it. These wigs were made either of sheep's wool or of human hair; the former were probably for every-day wear; the latter, perhaps, kept for festivals, for state occasions, or for wearing in the temple processions, when the women, no doubt, had to appear in all their splendor before their king, who was both high-priest and monarch. These immense wigs would then give them additional importance; viewed by itself, such a wig, doubtless, appears an absurdity, but seen in numbers it must have produced a

of fun has sometimes been at work in these pictures, we are aided by the objects placed in the tombs with the bodies. Here we find all the necessities of daily life, such as food and clothing, as well as the surroundings of a

pleasing uniformity, not less imposing or more ridiculous than the shakos of our guards or the wigs of our barristers.

But wigs were not always worn by every Egyptian lady; it was a glory to have long hair, and it was only when this failed her that she had recourse to what was purely artificial. In one of the novels of ancient Egypt, the "Tale of Two Brothers," we find the heroine of more than 3,000 years ago so busy braiding her hair that she begs her brother-in-law not to disturb her, but to fetch what he wants from the chest himself, "lest her locks might fall by the way." Perhaps the prettiest way of wearing the hair is found in the representation of one of the lute-playing damsels in a Theban tomb, whose naturally curling hair follows the curves of both head and neck, giving us a pretty picture of a graceful girl amongst so many that border upon the grotesque.

Amongst the women of Nubia we find living pictures at the present day of these old Egyptian styles; and the shocks of hair in innumerable little plaits, carefully oiled with castor-oil, make one sometimes wonder whether the ladies of the old frescoes are not around one in very life; while in the children's hands are dolls made of pieces of cane, with miniature models of ancient wigs pinned on to the top with a long thorn.

Wooden pillows are used by these Nubian women, hollowed out for the head, not so much to give rest in sleep as to guard the hair from being injured during unconsciousness. Wooden pillows from Egyptian tombs fill glass cases in our museums, and it is strange to see how little difference there is between the ancient and the modern.

Curious hair-recipes occur on many of the papyri, some of which are very absurd. One, to prevent the hair from turning gray, directs that a salve should be made from the blood of a black calf, cooked in oil; in another, that of a black bull is preferred for the same object; evidently the color of the animal was to pass through the salve into the hair. In another place we read of the tooth of a donkey dipped in honey being used for *really* strengthening the hair; and the ingredients for an ingenious compound are given for injuring the hair of a rival, and the counter-remedy to be used by those who think their hair-oil has been tampered with by a suspicious *friend*. Cakes of a composition which absorbed oil were always placed on the heads of guests at feasts, and from them the oil gradually trickled down through the hair. A most disagreeable practice this may seem to us, but to them it appears to have given great pleasure; and with the Egyptians, as well as with the Hebrews, oil was symbolical of joy and gladness. Rouge and other coloring substances were used by women in Egypt to enhance, as they thought, their beauty; the eyes had often a green line underneath them; the lashes and eyebrows were penciled in black; and, as in modern Egypt, the nails were always stained red with a preparation from the henna-plant. In our museums we can see the little pots and vases formerly filled with these unguents and colors, and the pencils they used with them, as well as various sorts of combs and hair-pins; of the latter, there is a very pretty set in the Museum at Boulak—single-pronged wooden pins, with jackal-heads, stuck into a cushion in the form of a turtle, which was evidently one of the favorite dressing-table ornaments belonging to the deceased lady.

All these little essentials of the toilet were placed in the tombs by the loving hands of friends and relations, for the use of that spiritual body which, they believed, required all the adornment the lady had loved on earth.

Notwithstanding the elaborate care lavished by the Egyptian lady on her personal adornment, she adopted a simplicity of dress suitable to the climate in which she lived. Except for the wig, the head was usually uncovered, with sometimes a colored band tied round it. The queens often wore the vulture head-dress; but this was more as an official ornament than as a covering. In common life, also, the women, both of high and low degree, went barefoot, though they had sandals to wear when they were in full dress. These sandals were made of papyrus, or palm-fibre, or of leather; they had straps to pass round the foot and between the toes, and in some a piece of the sole was turned up and bent over the toes, to protect them; in later times some of the leather sandals had sides to them, which causes them very much to resemble modern shoes.

We cannot help noticing in Egypt, as in other countries, how very much national or individual character is expressed by the form of dress worn. In the ancient tombs of Beni Hasan the nationality of the strangers (there represented as arriving in Egypt) is indicated, not only by their Shemite faces, but also by their long, rich robes, contrasting with the plain white dress of the Egyptians, which was in accordance with the character of that nation, whose simplicity, gentleness and poetic temperament is yet seen amongst the modern dwellers on the banks of the Nile. Herodotus says of dress in Egypt that "the men have two vests—the women, only one;" and it is a fact of Egyptian history that the dress of the man was always more elaborate and complicated than that of the woman. The old historian adds that "they [that is, both men and women] are so regardful of neatness that they wear only linen, and that always newly washed." The testimony of Herodotus is borne out by the representations of men washing their clothes found at Beni Hasan (about 2,000 B.C.), while every traveler on the Nile often sees the modern Egyptian washing his one long blue shirt in the river; afterward he washes himself, and then putting on his wet garment, both dry together in the sun as he goes about his work.

Under the old empire in ancient Egypt, both queen and peasant wore, as a rule, the same close-fitting robe, which reached from the shoulders to the ankle; this was either supported by two straps somewhat like the modern braces worn by men, or it covered the shoulders and opened on the chest in V form. These dresses were made of linen, sometimes of an unbleached yellow hue, though white was preferred as the coolest and the most cleanly.

When, later, the great conquests of the Egyptians opened the country to foreign influences and customs, we find a great change in the fashion of dress; then it was that both men and women began to wear the long, transparent robes—more decorative, perhaps, than useful—as found represented most perfectly in the sculptures of Abydos, though some of the casts from the tombs of the kings at Thebes, in the British Museum, give us a very good idea of their beauty. The outer robe, which covered the old, close-fitting garment, descended in graceful folds to the feet; it was sometimes made without sleeves, part of the dress hanging over the shoulders and tied in front with long bows; at other times the left arm only was put through a sleeve, and the right arm left free; or there might be two sleeves, either almost close-fitting to the arms, or hanging down nearly as far as the knees. These dresses were capable of artistic draping according to the taste of the individual, but always, in the case of the woman, followed the beautiful lines of her figure, and were never forced, like some of the men's clothes in ancient Egypt, and some of the modern dresses of our own

country, to represent an exaggerated shape which could belong to no human being. The dress simply clothed the figure; the woman, too unconscious of her beauty to try to hide it, allowed the long, sweeping lines to be seen, until the Greeks taught them those beautiful, elaborate folds of drapery which win the admiration of the world. The material found in such quantities in the tombs is never "made up" into dresses, partly because such dresses as were worn required little *making*, partly, perhaps, because the living friends and relations thought that the fashions might alter so much, in the course of years, that the lady who had gone to the Hidden Land would rather have her *trousseau* in such form that she could use it as she liked.

This material is always of linen, generally toned by age to a beautiful yellow or tawny brown. Notwithstanding their love for white, we often find the Egyptians represented their goddesses or their deceased friends in robes that were remarkable for the wealth of coloring lavished upon them. These dresses are sometimes yellow, with red sashes tied in front, the long ends reaching to the bottom of the robe; sometimes red, covered with yellow stars; others are embroidered in diamond patterns, with pearls and precious stones, design of lotus or papyrus forming a beautiful border at the top and bottom. This coloring may seem to us crude and harsh, and, indeed, it is quite unsuitable for our dull climate; but in the atmosphere of Egypt the brilliance of the sunshine takes out all vivid coloring, and blends it into the softness and harmony of a rainbow.

The Eastern love for color and decoration was shown also by the taste of the ancient Egyptians for jewelry, often composed of many-colored enameled pastes or stones in harmonious patterns; this is fully borne out in the Egypt of to-day, where young and old, rich and poor, alike love their jewels, whether they consist of costly diamonds or of strings of cheap and gaudy beads. In the old frescoes the ladies are represented literally covered with ornaments, and we are able to compare these pictures with the objects themselves found on the mummies.

Some of these have a religious character; such are the amulets and charms, which were supposed to help the deceased in the under-world, the sacred eye of Horus, the symbols of life and stability, the scarabæus, or sacred beetle; numbers of these are found in the coffins, in either costly or common metal, according to the wealth or rank of the deceased. Rings with emblems of the gods are very frequent; they often tell us to the service of which divinity the wearer was devoted, or they give us his rank, as they were often used as official seals. In the Louvre is, for instance, the ring of Rameses II., with a horse on the seal. Pectoral plates, sometimes of rich workmanship, protected the heart of the deceased, and were often in the form of the outspread wings of the sacred hawk, or vulture, the feathers beautifully enameled in different colors. All mummies had their jewels, but some of the most beautiful which have been found are those now at Paris, which belonged to a son of Rameses II. These are surpassed by those of Queen Aahhotep (mother of Aahmes I., of the eighteenth dynasty, or of his wife Nofertari), which form one of the glories of the Boulak Museum, and show us to what perfection the Egyptian goldsmiths of that period carried their art. Some of the bracelets are of gold open-work, with figures of animals wrought in enamel. The large necklace is composed of eight or nine rows of ornaments; of these we may mention the little gold jackals that sit on their haunches, the figures of antelopes pursued by tigers, the

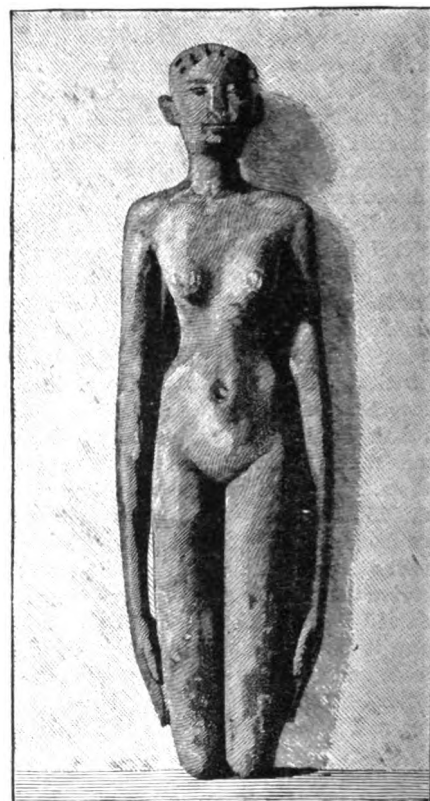
vultures and hawks with their wings outspread, the lotus and other flowers; all these were sewn on to some material by a little ring behind each figure, and the whole was fastened round the neck by a clasp composed of two hawks' heads of gold. Below this necklace was worn the pectoral, in which the king is represented standing in the centre of a little shrine; on either side is a divinity pouring over his head the water of purification. Besides these jewels, there is the queen's diadem of gold, with sphinxes guarding a *cartouche* of blue enamel, and many amulets and charms; one of the latter consists of a little gold boat, with golden rowers holding their silver oars under the orders of the commander seated in the centre. Many of the human and animal figures in this collection are really beautiful sculptures in miniature. With her jewels was buried the queen's mirror of gilded bronze, its ebony handle decorated with a carved golden lotus-flower. Mirrors of the same shape are to be found in all museums; the Arabs in Egypt sell them to the tourists, and the Nubian children treat them as playthings; they are all loot from the tombs of ladies of the ancient past, who seem to have found great delight in studying the appearance of dress or features, with the help of their mirrors of polished bronze.

Thus we learn, both from the pictures of bejeweled ladies and from the mummies of the ladies themselves, that jewelry was much more an article of dress in the old time than it is now; in fact, it follows from the above that, while giving but scant attention to the more perishable materials of their clothing, which were worn in the simplest possible forms, they lavished their skill of workmanship upon the more costly and more lasting jewelry. Bracelets were worn on the upper part of the arms, as well as on the wrists; heavy twists of gold adorned the ankles; other jewels covered the forehead, neck and breast. Ear-rings were introduced from the East during the period of the great conquests of the fourteenth century B.C., and were often so heavy that they were fastened to the wig instead of to the ears. In no museum can Egyptian jewelry be so well studied as at Boulak, where it survives in all its beauty and costliness, and excites our wonder at its workmanship. Not only do we see precious stones, enamels, and inlaid-work in rich setting, but we find that the clasps of necklaces and the hinges of bracelets are on models which have not been improved upon at the present day. Their necklaces were no mere strings of beads, but an elaborate collection of jewels or gold representations of animals and the like, which really formed a garment—a graceful, close-fitting covering for the neck, shoulders and upper part of the chest, so that it must often have appeared, from a distance, like a glittering golden suit of mail. Naturally, only queens and people highly placed could afford such costly ornaments, but the spirit of decoration extended to the people, and no female mummy was buried without her necklaces, even though they should consist only of rows of colored beads skillfully woven into the form of an open net-work to cover the neck; indeed, it would appear that their intention was to have some decorative covering which should allow of cool breezes lightly fanning the upper part of the body, while at the same time such covering should form a complete investment.

Their child-like enjoyment of adornment with bright colors is seen more perfectly in those wreaths of flowers which were really the jewelry of home life in Egypt. The wreaths worn round the heads of guests at feasts were nearly always composed of lotus-flowers, both buds and full-blown blossoms being used; while their necks



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN WIG.



A DOLL OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

were wreathed with garlands of various kinds. And flowers were used, perhaps even more to decorate the lady at her death than they had been while she was alive. Wreaths and bouquets are always found with the mummies; and when the mummy-case of the grandson of Queen Aahhotep was opened, at Cairo, the body was found covered from head to foot with garlands, and, strange to relate, amongst the flowers was a dead wasp, quite perfect; attracted by their sweet smell, as the body lay in state before the funeral, it had flown in, and is now, perhaps, the only specimen of a mummified wasp in the world. Children made these garlands, just as children do nowadays, by putting the stalk of the one flower through that of the next, and then they delighted in hanging these flowery chains round their own necks, or round those of their parents.

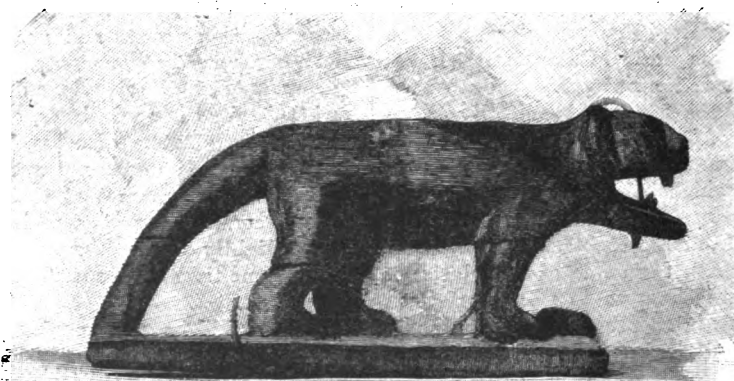
There were loving little children in that old country of the Nile, and our hearts are full as we see the objects brought from the graves of the girls and boys who, sad to say, died in the very spring-time of life. More touching far than the costly jewels or the curious and wonderful wigs are all these tokens of genuine

child-life. Dolls of wood or bronze, with painted bodies and bugled hair, some well made, some with little likeness to humanity; animals with strings to pull their jointed limbs—a hippopotamus in the British Museum, crocodiles, with movable jaws, at Berlin and at Leyden. As we look at these toys, the children of that far past seem very near to us, with their human love for their mock babies, picturing to us the love of those mothers of ancient Egypt, whom, when we know, we must revere.

A NATURALIST IN AUSTRALIA.

THE most attractive spot I traversed in all the Blue Mountains was Nellie's Glen, a stupendous ravine hardly

less than 1,000 feet in depth. Here noble tree-ferns afforded a welcome shelter. *Hymenophyllum* and various small ferns covered the face of the moist rock. Large yellow-breasted robins flitted overhead. The irresistible laughter of the jackass, hidden away in the tall gums or wattles, compelled us to join in his merriment. Gigantic



TOY HIPPOPOTAMUS. (IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)



A PRIESTESS OF OLD EGYPT.—FROM A PAINTING BY N. SICHEL.

ants scurried here and there. One large black fellow, solitary in habit, carries a massive pair of jaws, but fights only when disturbed. He is known commonly as the "policeman or bull-dog ant," because he separates the "soldiers," a fierce and warlike tribe with red bodies; the latter have uncontrollable fits of passion. Tickle one with a stick, and he will simply lie on his back, kicking with fury. Beware how either species touch the skin. I am informed that the sting or bite is intensely painful, like the touch of a hot iron. But there is a more extraordinary species still in Queensland, called the meridian ant; the hillocks erected by them are several feet high, but remarkably thin. Passing in the train, they have the appearance of so many tombstones. The strange thing is, each one is erected due north and south; they never vary from this position.

"FADS."

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

THE world is governed by whimsical people, and by their whims or "fads." "Fad" is absolutely a new word, coined in Belgravia, and sent out broadcast with that language which is so persistently creeping into every hole and corner of this wide, wide world.

"Fads" are, as a rule, very harmless. In fact, they are somewhat idiotic. They develop in various ways with all sorts and conditions of men. They burst into blossom at stated periods, flourish and fade. They do not last long. They are fevers that burn themselves out, after a given date.

Fashion is, of course, the fountain of faddism, for "fad" pervades society with the big, big S, and it is in this rich loam that it thrives. To be talked about is social fame. But how is one to get talked about? That is the question. Why, by a new "fad." Start something quaint, original, harmless—a gesture, a costume, a vivid display of some exceeding fondness for something out of the common—and the "fad" steps to the front, becomes familiar in the mouth as a household word; the high-priest is immortalized, and the disciples and followers share the triumph and the glory. "Fads" have existed since the flood, and will be in vogue when the last trump comes to be sounded.

Of the ancient "fads" there is no space to speak; besides, they would not interest the rush of the nineteenth century. The "fads" of the last quarter of this century are well worth looking up, and their name is simply legion. A "fad" that got hold of Society and kept it for a time was potichomania; and the ladies went fairly crazy over it. This "fad" consisted in pasting flowers, birds, reptiles, as cut from chintz or muslin, on to quaintly shaped china or earthenware vessels—"the stranger the shape, the more salable the piece." Everywhere pretty fingers of pretty girls were nimbly at work with paste-pot and scissors, scissors and paste-pot. No vessel was safe from them; neither were their great-grandmothers' silks and chintzes—the grand old brocades, with their roses and lilies, being especially fitted for the "dear, delicious work." Every house where girlhood flourished was full of paste and pots, and the piano—everything—was left aside for potichomania.

Some of the work was exceptionally artistic and good, while, latterly, it became difficult to determine whether the pattern was laid on or burnt in. I have seen rooms decorated with this work, and very charming decoration it made.

Following upon the heels of potichomania came a fever

for painting by hand the panels of drawing-room doors. Usually white, this color—or no-color, as artists will have it—made an excellent background, and to paint flowers, fruits, wreaths, ferns and landscapes upon the panels became a "howling fad." The very best instance of the "fad" that I have ever seen was done by the Princess Louise, on the doors of the reception-rooms at Rideau Hall, the Government House. The princess, who, *par parenthèse*, is an excellent *artiste*, and, as Oscar Wilde says, should have married a struggling artist, painted branches of apple-trees laden with fruit and russet leaves. These, with true artistic skill, she wove in and out of the panels after such a fashion, and in such strong relief, as to lead the not-too-close observer to imagine that the branches *had* been twisted in. Her Royal Highness was immensely proud of her handiwork, as well she might be.

Following this work came the "fad" of modeling one's friends in clay or terra-cotta. Where one succeeded, hundreds failed, and the "fad" died out.

About this time photography began to reach the hands of amateurs, and to "do" the "present company" was the ambition of faddists. The process, however, was so expensive, and so unsatisfactory, that the amateur photographer faded away.

Women are warmer and more enthusiastic faddists than men, and, as a matter of course, set the fashion.

The Princess of Wales, being the possessor of a very long, slender and lily-like throat, was compelled, in the interest of art, to cut it down—that is, to break its unusual length, by a band of black velvet. The faddists caught the flame, and every woman in England, whether she had the throat of a giraffe or a pug-puppy, strapped on a band of black velvet, blindly following this royal lady's lead.

The Duchess of Manchester, of whom they say—Well, "no scandal against Queen Elizabeth." At all events, the fair Duchess was, and is, very warmly admired by the Prince of Wales, and this very beautiful woman started the "fad" of silver collars, not unlike those worn by pet patrician dogs.

Galleries were ransacked, old paintings furbished up, musty manuscripts pored over, in order to dig out some new and *bizarre* form of collar, some of them being absolute instruments of torture; while artists were besieged—even the Royal Academicians—for special designs.

It was immensely amusing, in places of popular resort, to see the ladies—their necks stiff as ramrods, and enormous silver collars around their throats. Some of the ornaments were both solid and heavy, and of every pattern and device it is permitted to conceive. Monograms, coats-of-arms, mottoes, and even verses, were to be found on their collars; and one, worn by Mabel Gray, the queen of the half-world, had a calendar and clock right under her chin. The clock used to chime, and the sun, moon and stars start from their spheres, at particular times, to the great satisfaction of the swells who formed the courtiers of this lovely but luckless dame.

About this time mankind took to wearing lockets appended to the watch-chains—enormous golden lockets, enshrining hair or photographs. This "fad" ran for a long while, and artistic jewelers raked in piles of money. The lockets were of every possible shape and every possible design, some of them being set with brilliants. At one time, the larger the locket the better the form, and upon a man's stomach (for watch-chains were much longer then than now), reposed a great golden ornament, usually monogrammed, and always highly ornamented.

To the locket succeeded the sleeve-link, superseding

the good old mother-of-pearl button, fastening at the wrist, the good old-fashioned cuff coming half over the back of the hand. Compare the mother-of-pearl button of that day to the slabs and tombstones worn at this hour of writing—the stiff, uncompromising cuff, coupled to the shirt-sleeve by one set of studs, and linked over the hand by great, ungainly slabs. Some sleeve-link designs, it is true, are exceedingly tasteful, but, as a rule, our average American man is too much addicted to tombstone displays.

The "Song of the Shirt" is even being sung by our males, and the faddists at one time went in for frills—ye gods! frills! To the frills succeeded the *plastron*—the plain, unvarnished bosom, without a pleat, and fastened by one imperial stud.

To the Marquis of Hartington is due this "fad," and his lead was followed in all the London clubs; and then—everywhere—all over the civilized world. The faddists tried to bring in velvet for evening dress, and knee-breeches; but the spindle-shanked brigade were too strong for the calves, and the knee-breeches failed to come to the front. The spindle-shanked ones also carried the day at court, for they succeeded in altering the court dress so as to make long trousers admissible to the "levees," failing, however, to bring them into the "drawing-rooms."

The late Count de La Grange owned a famous race-horse—Gladiateur. This wonderful animal bore away the blue ribbon of the Derby on the Wednesday, and on the following Sunday won the Grand Prix du Paris, the most coveted prize on the French turf. I crossed from Dover to Calais, on the Friday, with the count and his horse, and was struck by the extraordinary tightness of his nether garments, mentally wondering how he ever got into them, and being in, ever succeeded in extracting himself. La Grange's "fad" was the tight trousers, and at the Oaks, the race of the Friday after the Wednesday's Derby, half a dozen of the Marlborough (the Prince of Wales's) Club were pasted into pantaloons à la the owner of the famous Gladiateur. Soon the extremities of the civilized males all over the globe were enshrined in pants as tight as though run in a mold.

Mustaches and beards came into faddism after the Crimean War, 1855-56. Up to that date no Briton wore a mustache, save and except a blackleg or a cavalry officer. The mud-crushers, as the infantry officers were contemptuously termed by their brothers of saddle and sabre, were compelled by the "regulations" to shave.

The rigors of the awful Winter in the trenches before Sebastopol laid all ranks low, and Private Tommy Atkins of the Fifty-first Foot sported a beard beside Captain Lord Fitznoodle of the Tenth Hussars. The "fad" became epidemic. Mustaches bristled on every upper lip, and Great Britain, for some months, disported the most unsavory set of mortals that ever eyes were laid upon.

The old fogies were simply wild. The steady-going bankers, merchants, lawyers, rose to a man against it, and the army was furious. One old city man, who employed about half a hundred clerks—ninety per cent. of whom were sporting mustaches—called the roll, and thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, I perceive that the mustache movement has taken with you—nearly all of you. Now, I have no objection to the mustache (murmurs of delight from the clerks), but I would ask this favor of you: Wear your mustaches by all means, but you must not wear them during office-hours."

The mustache movement would have died out, had not the fear of a French invasion set John Bull into a military frenzy; hence the volunteer movement, and with the

volunteer the mustache. The Lawyers' Corps, commonly known as "The Devil's Own," were the last to join the mustache "fad," and to this hour there are more side-whiskered and lip-and-chin-shaven men in this regiment than in any other in the service—yea, in the world.

It was of the volunteers that *Punch* got off his celebrated joke, "In what way do the volunteers resemble General Wolfe?" "Because the last thing General Wolfe did was to die for his country, and it is about the last thing the volunteers would do!"

Another joke on the volunteer for volunteering, which became a big, big "fad," was unconsciously uttered in Parliament. An honorable M.P. was gravely discussing the designs of Napoleon III., and the chances of the French army popping across the silver streak: "Our volunteers are a necessity to our homes and hearths," exclaimed the M.P., "and they will never quit the country *except in case of actual invasion!*"

The "fad" of volunteerism recognized no limit, and every man felt it incumbent upon him to enroll. The mustache and the martial stride took their places in homes and upon hearths, and grim-visaged war became the burning question of the hour. Anybody anxious for a good laugh should take a peep at John Leech's sketches in *Punch*, showing up this "fad" of "fads."

The two illustrations, "In the Volunteers" and "Considerate Attention," give a fair idea of the fun poked at these faddists.

The Crimean War also brought out another "fad"—the baggy breeches, copied after those worn by the French infantry. Wasp waists and baggy breeches became the "fad," and "peg-tops," as the latter were named, ran into outrageous profuseness. The perfect cut left the trousers tight as wax on the instep. Then they widened, till they resembled the garment worn by the facetious clown in the pantomime, with pockets enabling him to stow away sucking pigs, live geese and tons of sausages. The "peg-tops" were a godsend to the spindle-shanked brigade.

The terrible Indian mutiny gave birth to a "fad"—to wit, the bangle. A silver bangle was found on the wrist of Miss Louisa Carleton, daughter of Colonel Carleton, commanding one of the ill-fated native regiments which had mutinied. The unfortunate girl was murdered, after undergoing uttermost atrocities, and her dead and mutilated body flung into a ditch at Cawnpore. Upon the left wrist was found a bangle—a slim, slender thread of silver. The bangle blazed into a "fad," and every woman who could purchase a bangle sported it conspicuously, and in all places and at all times. The "fad" went a step further. The bangle superseded the engagement-ring, and after a curious fashion. I was one day in Emmanuel's, in Bond Street, the Tiffany of London, and the most prominent jewelry-store in the world. A young lady, evidently engaged, entered with her *fiancé*. The amorous pair proceeded to a remote corner of the store, where a polite expert was on hand with a spirit-lamp and blow-pipe. The lady bared her delicate wrist. The silver bangle, which had been cut, was then actually soldered on, so that, emblematic of eternal love, it was to keep on forever. This is pushing faddism to a very strong limit.

How the "Grecian bend" came to be a "fad" shall never be known. It must avowedly have had its origin in a cramp. Anything more ungraceful or absurd it is impossible to conceive. And then, to apply it to the Greek! Ye gods! To see our sisters and cousins and aunts moving about as though they were suffering from colic was too monstrous; and yet, because it was a "fad" the faddists adopted it. It did not last long, however—

not many moons—and it was absurd to find it in the provinces long after it had died a natural death in the capitals.

The present "fad" of walking with the arms nearly akimbo, and with long strides, has not a particularly pleasing effect. On the contrary, it rather unsexes the fairer ones, especially when combined with the stiff military-jacket collar and the man's shirt-collar. The female fashionable attire of the present day is a "fad." They plunge into the clothes of the sterner sex with the most unblushing effrontery—hat, jacket, ulster, shoes, shirt-collar, shirt-bosom, cravat-pin, gloves and canes. This, without referring to Lady Heberton's "fad" of the divided skirt. Low heels and high heels have been "fads,"

day had its origin, some eight or ten years ago, at the Théâtre Châtelet, Paris, when "Les Mille et une Nuits" was on there. There were in that extravaganza two princesses whom an old witch had metamorphosed into a pair of turkeys. When retransformed into their original forms they retained some of the turkey nature, which most showed itself in their bustles. The *Princess Bien-Truffée* was so comically delicious as to soften the heart of an ill-tempered misogynist sultan, and get him to dismiss the rest of the seraglio. The *Princess Belle-à-Voir* rivalled with her in the pretty drollery of her get-up. The immediate consequence was a struggle between the "tailor-made" style of corsage, which molded the whole form, and the *Bien-Truffée* or *Belle-à-Voir tournure*. Both



AN UNFORTUNATE REMARK.

Mr. Tallboys—"WHO IS THAT VERY PRETTY GIRL TALKING TO LADY GOSSIPER?"

Miss Darklocks—"OH, SHE IS MY SISTER."

Mr. Tallboys—"INDEED! I SHOULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT IT. YOU ARE NOT AT ALL LIKE HER."

(And then he wondered at her subsequent coolness.)

the low heels coming out triumphant, and pointing derisively to the bunions created by the Pompadour.

At one time it was a "fad" with men to wear long coats down to their heels, very high silk hats, and umbrellas folded so tight as to be unserviceable. Canes have become a "fad." A wattle such as shepherds use, or drovers, studded with solid gold knobs, was brought into faddism by the Marquis of Hastings, the fastest man of the fastest lot in London. The Irish blackthorn, the shillalah, is all the "fad" now, and, like the Irish Home Rule party, is very thorny, if not an obstructionist.

To come to the last sad "fad" of all, the "dress-improver"—which, *Gracias á Dios!* is becoming smaller by degrees and beautifully less. The hideous bustle of to-

were given fair trials, and, after a long fight, in which there were victories won and defeats sustained on both sides, the large and eccentric bustle has conquered.

With this last sad "fad" we bid adieu to "faddism"; only for the present, though, for the "fad" will come to us in another guise ere many moons go under.

At a recent aristocratic carnival-ball at Vienna, the toilets of the one hundred and twenty ladies who formed the *cortège* represented a value of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the value of the diamonds worn being from two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to two million five hundred thousand dollars.



"IT WAS THE TIGRESS WHICH CREEPT FORWARD AND LIKED MY FACE."

THE STORY OF A TRAMP.

BY LIEUTENANT R. H. JAYNE.

THE tramp problem is ever with us. How to rid the country of these pests is a question which many able minds have wrestled with in vain. Over in Trenton, New Jersey, the authorities tried the plan of compelling every tramp to work to pay for his lodging and food. When this labor took the form of breaking stone, there was an immediate thinning out of the fraternity. The peregrinating nuisances quickly telegraphed the news, by means of their cabalistic signs, and before the Winter was less than half over, the tramps vanished like the dew of the morning.

Ned Danforth is a well-to-do cabinet-maker, in Jersey, happily married, and one of the best of citizens. It is hard to realize that he was once a frowsy, unclean tramp; but such is the fact, as he does not hesitate to admit, when questioned.

"Yes," said he, "I was a genuine, unadulterated vagabond for two years, during which period I passed through every phase of the profession. I have ridden under railway trains, where I was smothered in dust and cinders, and when half way to my journey's end, have been pulled out by the brakeman and kicked down the bank into the river; I have robbed hen-roosts, and been fired upon by indignant farmers; I have slept in barns, hovels, woods, and the open fields; I have gone in rags, and been starved for days and weeks; I have been scorched and frozen; I have committed petty offenses, so as to be arrested and taken care of during bad weather—all this, and much

more, I have done out of laziness and a perversity which to-day it is impossible for me to understand.

"There are a few who are driven into the vagabond life of a tramp by misfortune, and deserve sympathy; but the majority are a pestilent class, entitled to no pity or tolerance.

"I got into the business in an odd way. I took a fancy to a bright young fellow, whom I found sleeping in our barn one morning. He told me he was a college graduate, but that he had formed a taste for strong drink, which threatened his prospects for life. It occurred to him that it would be a good plan to become a tramp for several months. Starting out, as he did, without a penny in his pocket, he was unable to beg money enough to satisfy his appetite, and he told me, with a glow which I shall never forget, that he believed he had already mastered it.

"He was such a lively, entertaining fellow, and drew such a fascinating picture of the aimless, vagabond life, that I was captivated. I was only a boy of seventeen; it was summer-time, and there was no danger of suffering from exposure, so, to make it short, I ran away with him.

"I couldn't muster up enough courage to face the world without any money, so I took some fifteen dollars with me. I wished, in case I should be disappointed, to have enough to bring me back home, without being compelled to beg my way.

"Well, the second night out, when I was sound asleep

in a corn-crib, my new friend robbed me of every cent, and I never saw him again. I was ashamed to go home, and, the next morning, when I crawled out of the place and ran a quarter of a mile down the road, with the farmer's dog nipping at my heels, I was that desperate that I determined never to go home again.

"I don't propose to tell you all, or, indeed, a tenth part, of my experience. I seemed always to be on the move, and, as cold weather approached, kept pushing further south, until I had reached Virginia. I spent the Winter there, but suffered dreadfully. The next Winter I spent in Texas, where I got along much better. They have a glorious climate in the Lone Star State, and there are thousands of people there who do not sleep under a roof from one year's end to the other.

"But I was hungry most of the time, was kicked and cuffed, locked up, and maltreated in every way. Still I was filled with a strange stubbornness which prevented me writing to my parents, who would have been glad enough to send me the means to reach home. When I faced north, in Spring, it was with no thought of giving up my vagabondage.

"I reached Little Rock, in Arkansas, one afternoon just as it was growing dark. It seemed to me that I was as hollow as Dr. Tanner after his forty days' fast. I crossed the bridge and went up the hill to the town, where I managed, for the first time in months, to get my fill of food.

"There had been something like a picnic in the neighborhood, and there were twenty odd baskets in which the lunch had been carried. These were sitting on a long bench at the rear of the station—no doubt waiting for some wagon to take them away, probably to the church, where the owners would get them. Being so late, most of the refreshments had been eaten, but every basket contained part of the lunch with which it had been filled earlier in the day.

"I never had a better chance, and I improved it to the utmost. When I could eat no more, I slipped around the station and below, to where a train of freight-cars were standing, soon to start on their way over the Iron Mountain Railroad to St. Louis, a good many miles off.

"That was the course I was following, and I was looking out for a chance like that. It seemed to me that I was never in such good luck in all my life. The night was dark, and, as I sneaked along, I was sure none of the hands saw me; for if they had, they would have ordered me away from there in the usual style.

"While I was prowling along the track, my heart gave a throb of delight, for I saw the side door of one of the cars open. That was a piece of good fortune that almost overcame me. I glanced hastily around, and, sure that no one had yet observed me, climbed up the side and into the car as quickly as I knew how.

"Nestling in one corner, I fairly hugged myself with pleasure. Of course it was dark as a cave a mile underground, but it was comfortable, and, unless detected, I was sure of a good long ride toward my destination, which might be almost anywhere in the north.

"I had not been there more than five minutes, when I heard the heavy tramp of some man along the train. He stopped by the side of the car, where there was just enough light for me to see his head and shoulders.

"'Good gracious!' I heard him exclaim to himself; 'what an oversight! How did I come to do this? It might have caused a dreadful accident!'

"I did not understand the full meaning of his words just then, but I did before long.

"He banged the door shut and fastened it.

"Ten minutes later, the cars began bumping one after the other, as they will do when a long train starts, and I knew from the grinding and squeaking of the wheels beneath, and the jar of the huge box-car, that the train was under way.

"I supposed there would be another stop when we drew up alongside the regular station, but there was not. The train kept moving through slowly, and it was not long before the hollow rumbling showed that we were passing over the big iron bridge which, you may know, spans the Arkansas River at Little Rock.

"'We're under way, sure enough,' I said to myself, with another grin of self-gratulation; 'I guess I am booked for a through passage.'

"As soon as I was convinced we were fairly away from Little Rock and on our way northward, it occurred to me to make some investigations of my quarters.

"I had been so lucky that I was half prepared to stumble upon a barrel of crackers or ginger-snaps, or some other delicacies; or possibly there was a feather-bed in one corner, waiting for me to repose my weary limbs upon it.

"Bear in mind that all was utter darkness, and I was groping slowly about with my hands stretched in front, when my foot struck something big and soft, and I went heels over head on my face to the other side of the object, whatever it might be.

"At the same moment, I heard, above the grumble and rattle of the cars, the snarling growl of some wild animal, which was resting on the floor, and over which I had just taken a header.

"Well, there's no use of my trying to picture my feelings. I wore a shabby, close-fitting cap, and I distinctly felt it slide off my forehead, shoved thither by the rising of my hair in terror. I clambered to my feet and scrambled back to the corner where I had first taken refuge, and cowered down, believing that my last minute had come.

"Even in that terrible moment I wondered how it was possible that such a state of things could have come about. If the animal, whatever it was, was loose in the car, why had it not jumped out and made its escape when the door was left open, before I crawled through it? And why had not the beast assailed me in the first place?

"Of course I could not answer those and similar questions, so I may as well tell you now what I afterward learned. The farther end of the freight-car was partitioned off and made into a cage, which was supposed to be secure. Within this cage was placed a tiger and tigress for shipment north. The latter was quite tractable, but the former was almost as wild as when in his native jungle.

"By some means one of these beasts had got loose, after the cars started. If one could come out of the cage into the other part of the car, it was to be supposed that the other would do the same. In either event, I don't think any company in the United States would have taken an insurance on my life at less than a hundred per cent. premium.

"It was extraordinary that I had not discovered the animals before, for now I plainly saw the greenish glare of their eyes, and continually heard their snarling above the noise of the train.

"When a few minutes had passed without any molestation, I ventured to creep to the side of the car in the hope of forcing open the door. Could I do so, I meant to take a flying leap out in the darkness, no matter where we were or how fast we were going. But, as I feared, the door was locked immovably fast.

"No one can picture the agony I suffered during the next three hours the train kept moving. When the glow of a pair of eye-balls showed that one of the brutes was approaching, I lay still, and could only ask Heaven to protect me. It was the tigress which crept forward and licked my face, its tongue so rough that it almost took the skin off; but she went back without proceeding to violence, and my torture continued.

"At the end of the time I have mentioned, the train stopped. Perhaps the man who had left the door open in the first place had some misgivings, for he came down to the side of the car, lantern in hand, drew back the door a few inches, and peeped in. I had barely enough strength to make him hear me, and with an exclamation of amazement and fear he drew me out upon the ground, hastily closing the door and fastening it again.

"It was easy to understand why the tigress did not harm me, for, as I have said, she was gentle and tractable, but it was a mystery that no one could ever explain why the tiger did not tear me to shreds. I may have been superstitious, but I felt that it was such a direct interposition of Providence that I wrote home, secured enough funds, and gave up tramping forever."

AFRICAN PYGMIES.

ONE of the abounding follies of the pedant is that of sneering at popular traditions. The philosopher treats them very differently, by studying their origin—they must have some sort of origin. They may be fallacious, but they cannot be baseless, and their history is always instructive. In many cases they are records of fact concerning which the pedant is simply ignorant.

This was notably the case with the traditions of the fall of meteorites, which were treated with such lofty contempt until the beginning of the present century; and may yet prove to be also the case with the sea-serpent.

Among such traditions is that of the existence of a race of pygmies in Central Africa, the truth of which has been finally demonstrated by Emin Pasha. The Akkas that he found in the country of the Monbuttu, one of whom he retained as a domestic servant, are true pygmies, as proved by the detailed measurements he sent to Professor Flower and the skeletons he disinterred and forwarded to the British Museum, and which arrived safely in September, 1887. They are of full-grown people—one a man, the other a woman. The height of the female is just four feet, to which should be added half an inch for the thickness of the skin on the soles of the feet and top of the head. The male skeleton is about a quarter of an inch shorter. The height of the full-grown woman of which Emin states particulars is barely three feet ten inches. As Professor Flower observes, "one very interesting and almost unexpected result of a careful examination of these skeletons is, that they conform in the relative proportions of the head, trunk, and limbs, not to dwarfs, but to full-sized people of other races, and they are therefore strikingly unlike the stumpy, long-bodied, short-limbed, large-headed pygmies so graphically represented, fighting with their lances against the cranes, on ancient Greek vases."

Their skulls are quite unlike the Andamanese and the Bushmen. They are obviously negroes of a special type, to which Haney has given the appropriate name of Negritto. They occupy various spots across the great African Continent, within a few degrees north and south of the Equator, extending from the Atlantic Coast to near the shores of the Albert Nyanza (30 deg. E. long.), and

perhaps even farther to the east, south of the Galla Land; there are still surviving scattered communities of these small negroes, all much resembling each other in size, appearance and habits, and dwelling mostly apart from their larger neighbors, by whom they are everywhere surrounded.

The above particulars are derived from a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution by Professor Flower.

THE MARCH WINDS.

BY SUSANNA J.

WHEN the winds of March, awaking,
Sweep through misty skies,
Holding revel in the forest
And where mountains rise,
Rings a glad, triumphal music,
Breathes a promise fair
Over mute, unsmiling woodland,
Over pastures bare.

Meadow streams anew are leaping
In their freedom gay;
Smile the willows on their margin,
Gold above the gray—
Smile, though yet the sun is distant
In the chilly blue;
Soon the wide and dreary landscape
Shall its youth renew.

Winds of March, a thousand blossoms
Hear your martial call—
Daisies meek, and fair narcissus,
Golden-crowned and tall;
Violets breathing gentle fragrance
On your pinions wild;
Primrose, nestling in the hollows
Where dead leaves were piled.

Birds, so long in silence hiding,
Flit on joyous wing;
Of the year's glad transformation
All with rapture sing.
With your grand, majestic voices,
Sweep, ye winds, and roar;
All the happy earth rejoices—
Winter days are o'er!

THE FLEET MARRIAGES.

BY ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

AT the commencement of the eighteenth century, a branch of industry peculiar to England, and, we might almost say, peculiar to London, drove a roaring trade—infamous, it was true, but active and lucrative. On the site of the eastern side of the present Farringdon Street stood, some 200 years ago, the old Fleet Prison, with its recognized buildings and officials, whilst clustering about it, like an excrescence, were its various other buildings and officials, which, though not recognized, seem to have held their own, and in spite of censures, civil and ecclesiastical, to have exercised a sway which was practically undisputed. Beneath the iron-grated windows of the prison rolled the unsavory tide of the Fleet Ditch, till it met the embrace of the Thames at Blackfriars, where it formed a wide but shallow mouth, called a *Fleet*. At one time the ditch, so railed at by the satirists of Queen Anne, was a river, and ships of considerable tonnage, it is said, were able to anchor where the Holborn Viaduct now stands.

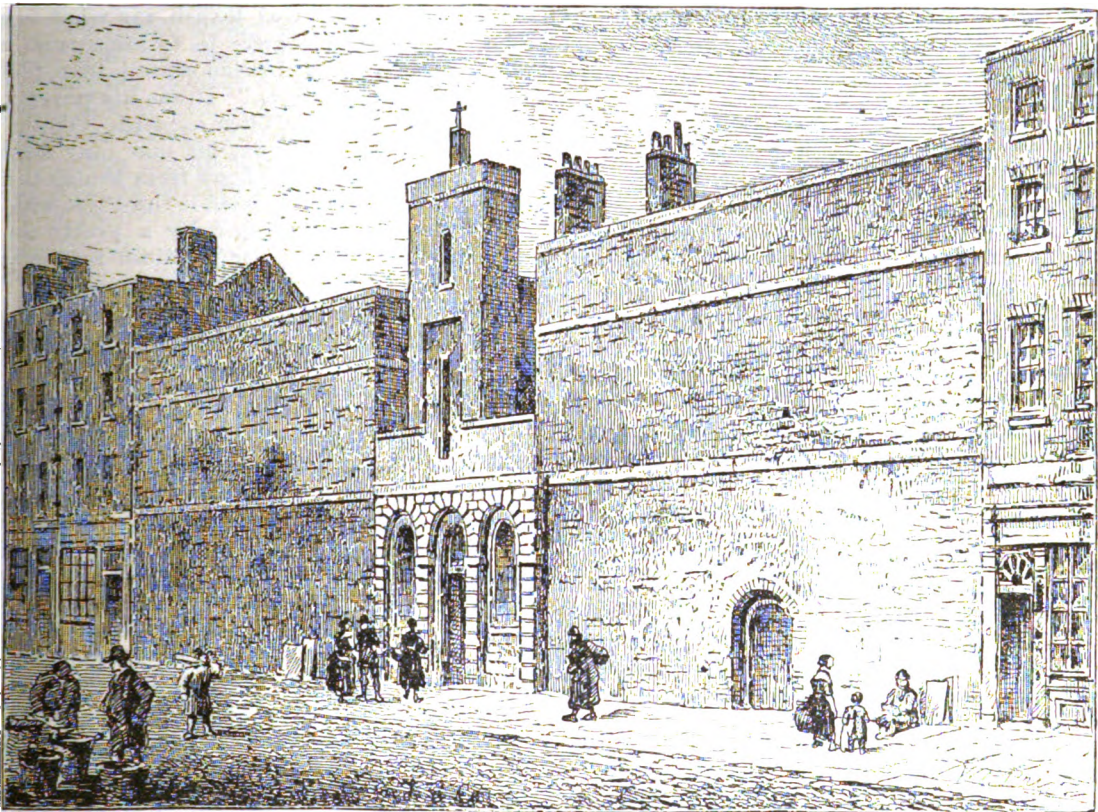
The Fleet was a prison purely for debtors, and its governor—or warden, as he was then styled—made a considerable addition to his salary by affording better accommodation to such of his victims as could pay for it, and



THE WIDOW.—A GROUP BY ERNEST BAZZARO.

whose instincts, social and moral, rebelled at the filth and degradation of the common side, the quarters of the poor debtors. In conjunction with the warden, there was also another official who made an excellent thing out of his appointment. In the prison was a chapel, where the chaplain, for a moderate fee, joined such couples together as wished to be married in secret, or who objected to the publicity of the parish church, or who had not the funds to be married elsewhere. The perquisites of the reverend gentleman soon excited the envy of his poorer but equally qualified brethren who were out of ecclesiastical work. It was in the days before clauses in Bankruptcy Acts came to the relief of the impecunious, and when imprisonment for debt was a real and unpleasant fact, as many an offender had found to his cost. In the Fleet and its boundaries—or “Rules,” as they were called—were scores of parsons,

recognized by law as perfectly legal. A fee had to be paid for the marriage-certificate, an insertion entered in a register—a rule not always complied with—and the claims of justice and decency were satisfied. The Church, then as now, condemned such proceedings; but when the common law sanctioned them, ecclesiastical censures, especially by the class against whom they were directed, were laughed at and calmly ignored. Around London there existed a host of places where people could be joined together in holy matrimony with or without the “benefit of clergy,” and though the ceremony might be deficient, the union was complete in substance and indissoluble. The terrible consequences of such a system, or, rather, lack of system, were conspicuous in every page of the social history. Young men in a drunken freak were linked for life to the scum of the streets; heiresses were



STREET FRONT OF THE FAMOUS FLEET PRISON IN LONDON.

whom vice and extravagance had brought within its walls, and who were at their wit's end to find shillings enough to pay for their dirty beds and meagre food. Why, they asked, should they not turn the channel of fees from the well-lined pockets of the chaplain into their own, to which coin had so long been a stranger?

At this time, England, like all Protestant countries, was not bound by the teaching of the Council of Trent, which made it compulsory upon all who obeyed the Vatican to have marriage celebrated by a priest and in presence of two witnesses. An Englishman at that date, so long as he complied with the elastic terms of the common law of the land, could be married very much where, when, and how he pleased. He could be married in church, with his friends and relatives around him, as at the present day; or he could mumble a few words, promising to make a woman his wife, in the back room of a tavern, with or without a clergyman, and the union was

spirited away, and then compelled to submit to a hateful union; men, owing to the facilities afforded them, rushed into matrimony and repented at leisure; so easy was the process, that no man about town, who had led in his hot, early days the dissolute life of a Corinthian, ever knew whether or not one of these hasty but legal weddings might in after years be sprung upon him. The atmosphere was redolent with seduction, desertion, and the vain efforts of unhappy bridegrooms to escape the toils their folly or carelessness had prepared for them.

Chief among the agents who carried on this nefarious trade stood, a good head and shoulders above the rest of the community, the Fleet parson. In vain he was censured by the warden, denounced by the bishop, and banned by church and chapel; he went through his ceremonies, entered the name in his registers, genuine or false, received the fees he bargained for, and thus found enough money to pay for his bed, his mutton and his gin.

Prevented from using the chapel in the Fleet, every tavern within the boundaries of the prison had a room fitted up as a chapel, to accommodate this scoundrel priest, in which the marriage-ceremony could be performed. As a rule, "those about to marry" preferred to be "tied up," as they expressed it, by a Fleet parson in bands and cassock to a layman; failing such a person, however, the services of the blacksmith or cobbler known to attend upon the shrine of Hymen were availed of. Hence, outside the taverns and lodging-houses which fringed the Fleet Ditch were a tribe of disreputable men called plyers, who, whenever they saw a rustic with a wench, or a shame-faced couple upon whose brows elopement was stamped, or a drunken sailor with his Molly, rushed forward, like foreign touts at a landing-stage, and advanced their rival claims.

"Gaping crowds surround th' amorous pair.
The busy plyers make a mighty stir,
And whisp'ring cry, "D'ye want the parson, sir?
Pray step this way, just to the 'Pen in Hand,'
The Doctor's ready there, at your command."
"This way" (another cries). "Sir, I declare
The true and ancient register is here."
The alarmed parsons quickly hear the din,
And haste with soothing words t' invite 'em in.
In this confusion, jostled to and fro,
Th' enamoured couple know not where to go;
Till, slow advancing from the coach's side,
Th' experienced matron came (an artful guide) !
She led the way without regarding either,
And the first parson splie'd 'em both together."

The income made by these dissolute divines was often no mean one. The fee for a marriage was, as a rule, a guinea, with five shillings for the certificate, and half a crown each to the clerk and pleyer. This sum, however, varied according to the notoriety and wants of the holy man who welded the bonds of wedlock. There were Fleet parsons who were glad to pick up half a crown, a roll of tobacco, or a dram of gin, for the performance of their professional duties; whilst there were others—the famous doctors "within the Rules"—to whom five pounds was a gratuity of frequent occurrence.

The drunken sailor who had just been paid off, and whose blue trousers, as loose as his morals, were filled with guineas, was always generosity itself as he quitted the tavern-parlor which had witnessed his union with a blushing bride who was as well known in Wapping or Ratcliff Highway as was the Monument in Fish Street. "Here, mate, help yourself," was his usual remark, as he pulled out a handful of gold, and the irregular divine was not slow to avail himself of the offer. To the ancient dame who had run away with her young footman, to the needy man of fashion who had eloped with an heiress, or to the couple who shunned bans and licenses, and whose union, once effected, secured numerous advantages, the payment of a few pounds, more or less, was a matter of no moment.

The three famous doctors—Gaynham, Ashwell, and Wigmore—who lodged within the Rules of the Fleet made over seven hundred a year by their iniquitous proceedings. Excommunication, the penalties of certain Acts, the censure of the bishop, had no effect upon this infamous trio—they were privileged persons living in a privileged quarter, and the law, either civil or ecclesiastical, was powerless to touch them.

"Long has old Gaynham with applause
Obeyed his Master's cursed Laws,
Readily practis'd every Vice,
And equal'd e'en the Devil for device.
His faithful Services such favour gain'd,
That he first Bishop was of Hell ordain'd.

Dan Wigmore rose next in Degree,
And he obtained the Deanery.
Ned Ashwell then came into grace,
And he supplied the Archdeacon's place.
But as the Devil, when his ends
Are served, he leaves his truest friends,
So fared it with this wretched three,
Who lost their Lives and Dignity."

The vocation of the Fleet parson—like the dog in the hymn, "It was his nature to"—was to celebrate clandestine marriages, and, however irregular might be his proceedings, the knot tied by him was valid and binding. A few, however, of this class of clergy appear to have been not wholly insensible to the stings of conscience. "*Vide meliora*," replied one, when severely reprimanded by the Bishop of London, "*deteriora sequor*." Another wrote in his pocket-book, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. The marrying in the Fleet is the beginning of eternal woe." A third was anxious to quit the miserable business. "May God forgive me what is past," he sighs, "and give me grace to forsake such a wicked place, where truth and virtue cannot take place unless you are resolved to starve." It was his poverty, and not his will, that made him often consent. To the ordinary Fleet parson a wedding was his one only means of obtaining a livelihood. We know from Smollett that *Peregrine Pickle* became acquainted in the Fleet with a clergyman "who found means to enjoy a pretty considerable income by certain irregular practices in the way of his function." The practices were "irregular," while the places in which they were performed were styled "lawless"; but unhappily, as the law then stood, all such unions were perfectly sound and indissoluble.

A walk along the Fleet, with its notorious taverns and lodging-houses, its hungry plyers, its crowd of bullies and stalwart viragoes ready to rob, drug, marry, and, if compelled to it, even murder the victim who strayed within the boundaries of this Alsatia, was a pilgrimage fraught with no little danger to the unwary. A study of its registers and of the paragraphs in the weekly newspapers of the time plainly reveals to us the condition of things suffered to exist in a quarter which was within the very shadow of the great cathedral. "In walking along the street," says Pennant, in his "History of London," "in my youth, on the side next the Fleet Prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?' Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with 'Marriages performed within' written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop, a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered, plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco." Here is a paragraph from the *Weekly Journal*, September 26th, 1719: "One Mrs. Ann Legh, an heiress, having been decoyed away from her friends in Buckinghamshire and married in the Fleet against her consent, we hear the Lord Chief-justice Pratt hath issued his warrant for apprehending the authors of this contrivance, who have used the young lady so barbarously that she now lies speechless." Occasionally the Fleet parson appears in a more favorable light, and was employed for the redress of vicious acts. Thus we read in the *Post Boy*, June 18th, 1730: "Yesterday a cooper in St. John Street was seized and carried before Justice Robe, being charged with violating a certain young woman. The man, considering the danger he was in, compounded the affair by sending for a clergyman from the Fleet, who married them at a tavern in Smithfield, to the great joy of all parties." Many of the tavern-

keepers of the Fleet retained a parson on the premises, at a regular wage of a pound a week; whilst other landlords, upon the arrival of a wedding-party, sent for any clergyman they chose to employ, and divided the fee with him. Divines like Gaynam and Ashwell were, of course, not to be had on these terms. Another extract from the *Post Boy* shows the extent to which compulsion was carried in bringing about one of these unholy but legitimate unions: "Margaret Prendergran and Mary Benson, two Irishwomen, were convicted at the Old Bailey sessions for aiding and assisting one Russell, an Irishman, in forcibly marrying a young gentlewoman, the marriage being performed by a Fleet parson." A letter inserted in the *Grub Street Journal*, January 15th, 1735, exhibits, however, in more vivid colors and with greater detail, the manners and customs at the Fleet and the vile conduct of its peculiar clergy. Indeed, from the ample evidence we have on the subject, the parsons of the Fleet, what with their feuds among themselves, their maintenance of all that was base and detestable, the vicious tactics they adopted to evade discovery, their ignorance, inebriety, and lack of most of the requirements of civilization, are an ineffaceable disgrace on the pages of English history. The "Grub Street" letter is long, but as its contents will be novel to our readers, no apology is offered for its insertion:

"SIR,—There is a very great evil in this town, and of dangerous consequence to our sex, that has never been suppressed, to the great prejudice and ruin of many hundreds of young people every year, which I beg some of your learned heads to consider of, and consult of proper ways and means to prevent for the future. I mean the ruinous marriages that are practised in the liberty of the Fleet, and thereabouts, by a set of drunken, swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, that wear black coats and pretend to be clerks and registers to the Fleet. These ministers of wickedness ply about Ludgate Hill, pulling and forcing people to some peddling alehouse or a brandy-shop to be married, even on a Sunday stopping them as they go to church and almost tearing their cloaths off their backs. To confirm the truth of these facts, I will give you a case or two which lately happened.

"Since Midsummer last, a young lady of birth and fortune was deluded and forced from her friends, and by the assistance of a wry-necked, swearing parson married to an atheistical wretch, whose life is a continued practice of all manner of vice and debauchery. And since the ruin of my relation, another lady of my acquaintance had like to have been trepanned in the following manner. This lady had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the Old Playhouse in Drury Lane, but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach for the city. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it, and jumps in after her. 'Madam,' says he, 'this coach was called for me, and since the weather is so bad and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company; I am going into the city, and will set you down wherever you please.' The lady begged to be excused, but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went, and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. Deluded with the assurance of having his sister's company, the poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow in a black coat and black wig appeared. 'Madam, you are come in good time, the Doctor was just a-going!' 'The Doctor!' says she, horribly frightened, fearing it was a mad-house; 'what has the Doctor to do with me?' 'To marry you to that gentleman; the Doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be paid by you or that gentleman before you go!' 'That gentleman,' says she, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine,' and begged hard to be gone. But Dr. Wryneck swore she should be married; or, if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage from that night. The lady, finding that she could not escape without money or a pledge, told them that she liked the gentleman so well, she would certainly meet him tomorrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, which, says she, 'was my mother's gift upon her death-bed, injoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring.' By which cunning

contrivance she was freed from the black Doctor and his tawny crew. Some time after this, I went with this lady and her brother in a coach to Ludgate Hill in the daytime, to see the manner of their picking up people to be married. As soon as our coach stooped near Fleet Bridge, up comes one of the myrmidons. 'Madam,' says he, 'you want a parson?' 'Who are you?' says I. 'I am the clerk and register of the Fleet.' 'Show me the chapel.' 'Which comes a second, desiring me to go along with him. Says he, 'That fellow will carry you to a peddling alehouse.' Says a third, 'Go with me, he will carry you to a brandy-shop.' In the interim comes the Doctor. 'Madam,' says he, 'I'll do your job for you presently!' 'Well, gentlemen,' says I, 'since you can't agree, and I can't be married quietly, I'll put it off till another time;' so drove away. Learned sirs, I wrote this in regard to the honor and safety of my own sex; and if for our sakes you will be so good as to publish it, correcting the errors of a woman's pen, you will oblige our whole sex, and none more than, Sir,

"Your constant reader and admirer, VIRTUOUS."

The registers of the Fleet are, however, the mine to be worked by the antiquary or historian interested in this curious and not very flattering chapter of past social life. Let us turn over their unsavory leaves and make a few extracts from the more startling and characteristic entries. Our friend Wigmore appears to have been, if a licensed priest, at least an unlicensed publican, for we read, under date May 26th, 1738:

"Yesterday, Daniel Wigmore, one of the parsons noted for marrying people within the Rules of the Fleet, was convicted before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of selling spirituous liquors contrary to law."

Occasionally the Fleet parson was nothing more nor less than a common beggar.

"On Friday last [December 19th, 1746] was brought before Sir Joseph Hankey, at Guildhall, a man in a clergyman's habit, for begging, which he made a common practice of; he was committed for further examination the next day, when it appeared he was a notorious idle fellow, and common cheat, having made use of that habit only to impose on the public; as also to perform the office of marrying several persons at the Fleet Prison; whereupon he was committed to Bridewell to hard labour."

Here is a precious revelation of infamy:

"On Tuesday, one Oates, a pleyer for and clerk to weddings at the Bull and Garter, by the Fleet Gate, was bound over to appear at the next Sessions, for hiring one John Funnell, a poor boy (for half-a-guinea), that sells fruit on Fleet Bridge, to personate one John Todd, and to marry a woman in his name, which he accordingly did; and the better to accomplish this piece of villany, the said Oates provided a blind parson for that purpose."

In 1737, a Richard Weaver was indicted for bigamy, when the following evidence was given:

Alice Allington—"On January 13, 1733-4, I was married to the prisoner at the Hand and Pen, in Fleet Lane, by the famous Doctor Gainham."

Prisoner—"I don't know that woman for my wife. I know nothing about the wedding. I was fuddled over night, and next morning I found myself a-bed with a strange woman,—'And who are you? how came you here?' says I,—'O my dear,' says she, 'we were marry'd last night at the Fleet.'"

A remarkable entry shows that women were accustomed to pay men to become their temporary husbands in order to plead coverture to any action for debt. In the July of 1728 we find Josiah Welsh, a cordwainer, of St. Giles's, Cambridge, marrying four women in fourteen months, each time, of course, changing his name. The entry then proceeds to add that there was paid to this individual "two and sixpence for his trouble." Thus comments one Dr. Gally upon this custom: "It is well known to be a common practice at the Fleet, and that there are men provided there, who have, each of them, within the compass of a year, married several women for this wicked purpose." One further entry and we close the list; it shows how bitter was the penalty men had to pay for



A WEDDING-PARTY ARRIVING AT THE FLEET.—FROM A PRINT IN THE EARLY PART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

entering unconsciously into these unions. On May 16th, 1733, Sir John Leigh, of Addington, Surrey, was married to Elizabeth Vade, of Bromley, Kent. Listen how the union took place. Vade goes with Sir John to London, to attend a christening. He makes his victim drunk, takes him in a hackney-coach to a lodging, already engaged for the purpose he has in view, then sends for a Fleet parson and marries Sir John, a man between fifty and sixty years of age, to his (Vade's) own daughter, "a girl about sixteen or seventeen years old, without any fortune, whom Sir John had scarce ever seen before." We read: "Sir John Leigh by this marriage was placed entirely under the influence of William Vade, the father of the bride, who obtained the control over his estates, and procured the execution of a will which was subsequently disputed in Chancery, and eventually the question was carried to the House of Lords." With what result we know not.

Though the Fleet was the most notorious spot in London where clandestine marriages were celebrated, it was not by any means the only place of resort patronized by the unconscious or secret votary of Hymen. In addition to the Fleet, with its chapel and taverns, where weddings freely took place, there were the King's Bench Prison, the Mint, the Savoy, and the Chapel in Mayfair, presided over by the notorious Alexander Keith, who, according to Lord Orford, "constructed a very bishopric of revenue." It was at Mayfair Chapel that the Duke of Hamilton married the beautiful Miss Gunning, "with a ring of the bed-curtain at half an hour past twelve at night." In the north and east of London there were also various haunts and chapels where similar marriages were suffered to be celebrated.

It was impossible that, as civilization progressed, the scandals arising from these clandestine unions could be

permitted to continue. Year after year the evil had been discussed in Parliament, but though reformers had introduced Bills and amendments upon the subject, nothing was practically done to redress the grievances complained of until the eighteenth century had entered upon its fifth decade. Then, in the year of grace 1753, Lord Hardwicke introduced a measure enacting that any person solemnizing matrimony in any other than a church or public chapel, without bans or license, should, on conviction, be adjudged guilty of felony, and be transported for fourteen years; also, that all such marriages should be void. Strange to say, this reform Bill encountered considerable hostility; it was an attempt to interfere with the liberty of the subject, and of the two evils, people preferred to be immoral than to be enslaved. Fox—whose own father had been married in the chapel of the Fleet—loudly declaimed against the measure, and was the hero of the hour with the mob, who cheered his name to the echo.

"It is well you are married," writes Horace Walpole to Seymour Conway, who had married the widow of Lord Ailesbury. "How would my Lady Ailesbury have liked to be asked in a parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn her weeds forever rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony. What do you think? But you will want to know the interpretation of this preamble. Why, there is a new Bill, which, under the notion of preventing clandestine marriages, has made such a general rummage and reform in the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe, every dowager and her H—, will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented this Bill, but had drawn it so ill that the Chancellor was forced to draw a new one, and then grew so fond of his own creature that he has crammed

it down the throats of both Houses, though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it. The Duke of Bedford attacked it first with great spirit and mastery, but had little support, though the Duke of Newcastle did not vote."

In spite, however, of all opposition and the sarcasm of the wits, the Marriage Act passed through both Houses, and was enrolled on the Statute Book; it was to take effect from March 25th, 1754. The Fleet parsons were in a towering rage at this interference with their vested interests, and with that most sensitive portion of the human frame—the trousers-pocket. Henceforth, there was to be a long farewell to fees, piers, gin and tobacco.

"D—n the bishops!" said the pious Dr. Keith, of Mayfair; "so they will hinder my marrying, will they? Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged; I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and, begad, I'll under-bury them all!" The *Connoisseur*, a sarcastic weekly paper of the time, knowing how sore Keith was on the subject, and how severely the Act would cripple his resources, took the matter up, and inserted a few kindly remarks purporting to come from the divine himself. "I received," it writes, "a scheme from my good friend Dr. Keith, whose chapel the late Marriage Act has rendered useless on its original principles. The reverend gentleman, seeing that all husbands and wives are henceforward to be put up on sale, purposes shortly to open his chapel on a more new and fashionable plan. As the ingenious Messrs. Henson & Bever have lately opened in different quarters of the town repositories for all horses to be sold by auction, Dr. Keith intends setting up a depository for all young males and females to be disposed of in marriage. From these studs (as the Doctor himself expresses it), a lady of beauty may be coupled to a man of fortune, and an old gentleman who has a colt's tooth remaining may match himself with a tight young filly. The Doctor makes no doubt but his chapel will turn out even more to his advantage on this new plan than on its first institution, provided he can secure his scheme to himself, and reap the benefits of it without interlopers from the *Fleet*. To prevent his design being pirated, he intends petitioning the Parliament that, as he has been so great a sufferer by the Marriage Act, the sole right of opening a repository of this sort may be vested in him, and that his place of residence in Mayfair may still continue the grand mart for marriages.

"Catalogue of Males and Females to be disposed of in Marriage to the best bidder, at Dr. Keith's Repository, in Mayfair."

"A young lady of £100,000 fortune—to be bid for by none under the degree of peers, or a commoner of at least treble the income.

"A homely thing, who can read, write, cast accounts, and make an excellent pudding. This lot to be bid for by none but country parsons.

"A very pretty young woman, but a good deal in debt; would be glad to marry a Member of Parliament or a Jew.

"A blood of the first-rate, very wild, and has run loose all his life, but is now broke, and will prove very tractable.

"Five Templars—all Irish. No one to bid for these lots of less than £10,000 fortune.

"Wanted, four dozen of young fellows, and one dozen of young women, willing to marry to advantage—to go to Nova Scotia."

The chaplain of Mayfair regarded himself as the special and most injured victim of this measure, and published a pamphlet, which had an enormous circulation, entitled "*Observations on the Act for Clandestine Marriages.*" A few of his remarks may be taken out of oblivion. "Happy is the wooing," he writes, "that is not long a-doing; is an old proverb and a very true one, but we shall have no occasion for it after the 25th day of March next, when we are commanded to read it backward, and



A FLEET MARRIAGE.

from that period (fatal indeed to old England!) we must date the declensions of the numbers of the inhabitants of England. . . . As I have married many thousands, and consequently have on those occasions seen the humor of the lower class of people, I have often asked the married pair how long they had been acquainted; they would reply, some more, some less, but the generality did not exceed the acquaintance of a week, some only of a day, half a day, &c. . . . Another inconvenience which will arise from this Act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great, that few of the lower classes of people can afford; for I have often heard a Fleet-parson say that many have come to be married when they have had but half a crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their cloaths. . . . I remember once on a time, I was at a public-house at Radcliff, which then was full of sailors and their girls, where there was fiddling, piping, jigging and eating; at length one of the tars starts up, and says, 'D—n ye, Jack, I'll be married just now; I will have my partner. The joke took, and in less than two hours ten couple set out for the Fleet. I staid their return. They returned in coaches; five women in each coach; the tars, some running before, others riding on the coach-box, and others behind. The cavalcade being over, the couples went up into an upper room, where they concluded the evening with great jollity. The next time I went that way, I called on my landlord and asked him concerning this marriage adventure: he at first stared at me, but recollecting, he said those things were so frequent, that he hardly took any notice of them; for, added he, it is a common thing when a fleet comes in to have two or three hundred marriages in a week's time, among the sailors."

As is always the case, the interval between when a Bill is passed and when it becomes a law was fully availed of in taking every advantage to commit the offenses the measure was to prevent. Never was marrying and giving in marriage doing such a brisk trade in the Fleet and at Mayfair Chapel as during the months which preceded the coming into operation of the Hardwicke Act. On the 24th of March no less than 217 marriages took place between eleven and six in the Fleet. It was the last day for the celebration of the Fleet weddings. Whilst Lord Hardwicke's Bill was under discussion, the *Grub Street Journal* humorously suggested the following amendments:

"When two young thoughtless fools, having no visible way to maintain themselves, nor anything to begin the world with, resolve to marry and be miserable: let it be deemed *petty larceny*."

"If a younger brother marries an old woman, purely for the sake of maintenance: let it be called *self-preservation*."

"When a rich old fellow marries a young wench, in her full bloom, it shall be *death without benefit of clergy*."

"When two old creatures that can hardly hear one another speak, and cannot propose the least comfort to themselves in the thing, yet marry together to be miserable, they shall be deemed *non compos*, and sent to a mad-house."

"When a lady marries her servant, or a gentleman his cook-maid (especially if there are children by a former marriage), they both shall be *transported for fourteen years*."

"When a man has had one bad wife, and buried her, and yet will marry a second, it shall be deemed *felo de se*, and he shall be buried in the highway accordingly."

"And when a man or woman marries to the disinheriting of their children, let them suffer as in cases of *High Treason*."

For several years after the passing of this Act a method was, however, found to evade its enactments. We read that at Southampton vessels "were always ready to carry on the trade of smuggling weddings, which, for the price of five guineas, transport contraband goods into the land of matrimony." And who has not heard of the last of the

species of Fleet parson—he who solemnized clandestine weddings at Gretna Green?

As we wander through the echoing halls of history, and study the votive tablets hung upon its walls, in grateful recognition for such reforms as have been inspired by religion, prompted by education, or demanded by civilization, in very truth among the most conspicuous of them should be the offering which commemorates the abolition of the Fleet marriages.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

No one who happened to be present in the House of Commons on the evening of May 22d, 1874, and heard a speech delivered from a back ministerial bench by a slim young gentleman of decidedly *blond* appearance, would possibly have imagined what Providence had in store for English politics. The speaker was Lord Randolph Churchill, then personally unknown in political circles; but his father's name occupied a conspicuous place in "Burke's Peerage," which was in itself a sufficient guarantee that he would be listened to with attention and respect by at least one section of the House.

The elaborate pedigree of the Churchill family, so carefully traced by the Ulster King of Arms, may be briefly epitomized. John Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough, better known as "Handsome Jack Churchill"—the greatest general and statesman of his time—was descended from an old family which had been impoverished during the civil wars, and after a long series of transcendent and heroic achievements won the great victory of Blenheim, which has immortalized his name, and for which he obtained a grant from the Crown, at the desire of Parliament, to himself and his heirs of the Royal Manor and Hundred of Wooton, in Oxfordshire. Here a magnificent palace, bearing the proud name of Blenheim, was erected by the Queen's orders, and also a stately monumental pillar raised, to hand down to posterity the achievements of the illustrious soldier. His grace married Sarah, daughter and co-heir of Richard Jennings, Esq., a lady as remarkable for her temper and imperious disposition as her great beauty, and sister of "La Belle Jennings," Duchess of Tyrconnel. But his only son, on whom the dukedom and other honors were entailed, having died unmarried, in 1703, a special Act of Parliament was passed, extending the limitations of these dignities to his daughters and their heirs male successively. Under this patent, the duke's titles, which would otherwise have become extinct on his death, devolved upon his eldest daughter, Harriet, Countess of Godolphin; and on her death without male issue, in 1733, they reverted to her nephew, Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, as son and heir of Anne, Countess of Sunderland, the duke's second daughter.

Thus the dukedom became vested in the Spencer family, who were of a lineage much more illustrious than the Churchills, from whom they inherited it, having been peers in Parliament since the year 1264, and having enjoyed the Earldom of Winchester long before it was conferred on either of the historic houses of De Bruges or Paulet. Hugh, Lord Le Despencer, Justiciar of England in the reign of Henry III., and one of the most powerful barons in the realm, was ancestor of the celebrated favorites of Edward II. and Richard II., as well as of Mary Elizabeth, in her own right Baroness Le Despencer, the present and twenty-third holder of the title, and premier baroness of England. Thirteenth in

lineal descent from Geoffrey Le Despencer, a younger brother of the Justiciar, was Sir Robert Spencer, of Wormleighton, in the County of Northampton, who was raised to the peerage by James I., July 21, 1603, as Baron Spencer of Wormleighton. Sir Robert appears to have been a Member of Parliament of the advanced school, judging from his caustic reply to Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, in a debate upon the royal prerogative, in 1621. "My lord," said Arundel, "when these things were done, your ancestors were keeping sheep." "When my ancestors were keeping sheep," replied Spencer, "your lordship's ancestors were plotting treason." This answer excited such irritation at the moment that Lord Arundel, as the aggressor, was committed to the Tower; but having soon afterward acknowledged his fault, and apologized, he was discharged. Lord Spencer's son and successor, the second baron, was made an earl in 1643, by the title of Sunderland; the third earl was Principal Secretary of State, Lord President of the Council, and Lord Privy Seal under Queen Anne and George I.; the fifth earl succeeded, as above stated, to the titles and estates of the great Duke of Marlborough, and his grandson—the fifth duke—out of gratitude to the memory of his illustrious ancestor, took the additional surname of Churchill, in 1817, since when the family have generally been known by the latter name. The fifth duke was for many years Member of Parliament for Woodstock, and dying in 1857, was succeeded by the eldest son of his first wife of three, John Winston Spencer, the seventh duke, who married, July 12th, 1843, Lady Frances Anne Emily Vane, eldest daughter of Charles William, third Marquess of Londonderry, by his second wife, Lady Frances Anne, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Harry Vane-Tempest and of Anne Catherine, in her own right Countess of Antrim. His grace, who held many ministerial appointments, including those of Lord Steward of the Household, Lord President of the Council, and Viceroy of Ireland, died July 5th, 1883, leaving two sons and six daughters, viz.:

1. George Charles Spencer Churchill, the present and eighth Duke of Marlborough and Marquess of Blandford, Earl of Sunderland and Marlborough, Baron Spencer of Wormleighton and Baron Churchill of Sandridge, in the peerage of England, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Prince of Mindelheim in Suabia, and patron of 13 livings. Born 13 May, 1844; married 8 Nov., 1869, Lady Alberta Francesca Anne Hamilton, sixth daughter of the late Duke of Abercorn, by whom (who obtained a divorce in 1883) he has issue: one son and three daughters.

2. Lord Randolph Henry, of whom anon.

3. Lady Cornelia Henrietta Maria, married 25 May, 1868, Sir Ivor Bertie Guest, since created Lord Wimborne.

4. Lady Rosamond Jane Frances, married 12 July, 1877, Captain William Edward Fellowes, now Lord de Ramsay.

5. Lady Fanny Octavia, married 9 June, 1873, the Right Honorable Edward Majoribanks, M.P., eldest son heir of Lord Tweedmouth.

6. Lady Anne Emily, married 11 June, 1874, James Henry Robert, the present and seventh Duke of Roxburghe.

7. Lady Georgina Elizabeth, married 4 June, 1883, George Richard, Viscount Curzon, M.P., eldest son and heir of the Earl of Howe.

8. Lady Sarah Isabel Augusta.

Having taken a brief glance at the rest of the family, let us now come to "Randy" himself. The Right Honorable Randolph Henry Spencer-Churchill, styled by

courtesy and commonly called Lord Randolph Churchill, was born on the 13th of February, 1849. Having taken honors at Oxford, where he revolted against the proctor, he was, in February, 1874, to keep him out of further mischief, returned to Parliament for the family borough of Woodstock, for which his father, ere he was yet a duke, had sat before him. His maiden speech, to which I have already alluded, was delivered on the 22d of May, and was in favor of the selection of Oxford as a military centre. Although there was nothing particularly remarkable about it, the speaker nevertheless received from Sir William Vernon Harcourt the courtly compliment, "I congratulate my noble friend upon the promise he has given of obtaining great distinction in this House."

After thus early plunging into debate, Lord Randolph was content to remain silent, and for the rest of the session *said never a word*. In the session of 1875 he made his second speech, which immediately attracted attention. Sir Charles Dilke had moved a resolution dooming to extinction the grotesque privileges of small boroughs. Lord Randolph, as the representative of a very small borough, at once came forward to champion their cause. The House was not full when he arose, as nothing particular was expected, but those present were startled and delighted by little flashes of humor and a certain freshness of treatment, which were something new in Parliamentary debate. Apparently exhausted with his effort, Lord Randolph again withdrew into the background, and for three years more was content to remain in obscurity.

In the session of 1878, however, he again broke out, and, adopting a line of procedure familiar enough since 1880, convinced all whom it might concern that he was a very original character, delightfully untrammelled by the conventionalities of political life. The occasion arose upon a Bill dealing with local government, brought in by Mr. Selater-Booth, then President of the Local Government Board. Lord Randolph was naturally regarded from all sides as a Tory of unimpeachable principles. His father, the Duke of Marlborough, was at the time a member of the Government, occupying the high position of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The House of Commons was not unfamiliar with outbreaks of indiscipline among Liberals, but for a Conservative to break forth from the ranks and publicly denounce one of his own officers was a thing at the time absolutely unknown. If it were possible for a moment to conceive a Tory member doubting the wisdom of any course adopted by his leaders, he would be expected, at least, to remain silent. This was a pleasing delusion which, on this particular night, Lord Randolph Churchill dispelled forever. It was noted that he had quitted his accustomed seat, on the back bench behind the members of the Government, and spoke from a corner seat below the gangway. Perhaps I cannot do better than quote some notes, made at the time of this memorable scene, premising that the motion under discussion was that the House should resolve itself into committee on Mr. Selater-Booth's County Government Bill: "Mr. Rylands (late Liberal M.P. for Burnley) moved its rejection, on the ground that it was another step in the direction of centralization, against which he had protested when the Prisons Bill was before the House. The motion was seconded by Lord Randolph, who, whilst protesting that he 'did not want to say anything disagreeable,' emphatically declared that he 'had ransacked the whole arsenal of denunciatory phrases, and had not found any that adequately expressed his estimation—or, rather, his want of estimation—of the measure.' Failing perfect success, he was content to characterize the Bill as 'Brummagem stuff,'

and as being 'stuffed with all the little dodges of a President of the Local Government Board when he came to attempt to legislate upon a great question.' He could make some excuse for the Cabinet, for their thoughts had been occupied a long time in other and more important directions. Some weeks ago their minds were engrossed with the difficulty of getting their ships into the Dardanelles. Of late they had been considering how they might get the ships out again. Amid this occupation, they had consented to allow Mr. Sclater-Booth to come down to the House, and, with all the appearance of a great lawgiver, to endeavor to amend, in his little way, the British Constitution."

Lord Randolph, who went on to criticise the Bill and its author in the most merciless manner imaginable, had brought with him a sheaf of notes, which got mixed up in inextricable confusion, and added to his speech the charm of adventitious surprise. Possessing a considerable number of sheets of note-paper, all folded lengthwise, it occurred to him that it would be an advantage, when addressing the House, if he care fully inserted a sheet between each finger. And

having both hands full, he waved his arms about somewhat after the fashion of a windmill. But these eccentricities of manner did not seriously militate against the success of a speech brimming over with clever phrases.

"I have," said Lord Randolph, amongst other magnanimous reflections on the portly President, "no objection to the President of the Local Government Board dealing with such questions as the salaries of inspectors of nuisances; but I do entertain the strongest possible objection to his coming down here, as I have said before, with all the appearance of a great lawgiver, to repair, according to his small ideas and in his own little way, breaches in the British Constitution."

This is a word-picture which leaves little to be filled up. It hits off, in a few sentences, the salient characteristics of Mr. Sclater-Booth—or, rather, Lord Basing, he having recently been "kicked up-stairs" under that title—his pompous appearance and inadequate ability; his supreme satisfaction with himself and the very different feelings he inspires in others, when an accidental impulse converges attention upon him.

This speech, as might be expected, made great noise at the time. But Lord Randolph once more appeared, satiated with the meed of applause that had followed upon its delivery, and again withdrew from any prom-

inent part in the business of the House of Commons, being little heard of for the rest of the life of the Disraeli Parliament.

Lord Randolph was now the leader of a very small but very active section of the House, known as the "Fourth Party," consisting of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Mr. (now Sir John) Eldon Gorst, Mr. Arthur Jas. Balfour (now the hated Chief Secretary), and himself, all professedly Conservatives, but dissatisfied with the mild-mannered Sir Stafford Northcote, and fighting "for their



BLASSET'S "WEeping ANGEL," AMIENS CATHEDRAL.

own hand" in the most improved fashion. If their philosophy was not Socratic, their power of putting questions on all possible occasions was quite in accordance with the Socratic method; and their speech-making proclivities were equally active. The Marquis of Hartington, while acting as leader of the House of Commons, summed up in an amusing manner the performances of the "Fourth Party." Up to that time (August 10th, 1880), said his lordship—exactly three months from the beginning of business—Mr. Gorst had asked 85 questions and made 105 speeches; Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, 34 questions and 68 speeches; and Lord Randolph Churchill, 21 questions and 74 speeches—making, in all,

140 speeches and 248 questions. But the public soon perceived that the members of the "Fourth Party" were good for something else besides asking questions, and in due time each one of them was promoted by the Tories. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, having a natural bearing

between in the Cabinet-making of 1885, fell into the ranks as President of the Local Government, and after passing a few months at the Scottish Office, was taken into the Cabinet as Chief Secretary for Ireland; while the irrepressible "Randy" gave strong indications that



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

toward diplomacy, was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Sultan of Turkey; Mr. Gorst, being of a legal turn of mind, was accommodated with the office of Solicitor-general, and subsequently became Under Secretary of State for India; and Mr. Balfour, having officiated as Lord Salisbury's go-

nothing short of the Premiership would suit his startling and aggressive capabilities. So much for the "Fourth Party."

Lord Randolph Churchill is generally credited with having initiated the proceedings against Mr. Bradlaugh, whom he did not hesitate to describe, on more than one

occasion, as a "seditious blasphemer"; but, as a matter of fact, he was not in the House when Mr. Bradlaugh presented himself, and it is to Sir Henry Drummond Wolff that belongs the honor of raising the question of Mr. Bradlaugh's right to take the oath, which led to such a protracted and unseemly struggle. Sir John Eldon Gorst appeared next upon the scene, his collaboration being eagerly welcomed by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff; but it was only when the debate had proceeded through one or two stages that "the noble Lord, the Member for Woodstock," joined the two champions of religion, and immediately assumed his natural place as leader. With that clear insight which, in later years and in more responsible positions, has been frequently demonstrated, Lord Randolph at once perceived the enormous political capital that might be made out of this incident. It was, upon the face of it, a somewhat difficult task to undertake personally to associate Mr. Gladstone with a man of avowed atheistical opinions, but the very difficulty of the job attracted Lord Randolph. He hotly opposed the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh, and missed no opportunity of bracketing him with Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal Party, thus attracting toward the latter a portion of the odium in which Mr. Bradlaugh was held by large classes of the community. In this scheme he was ably seconded by his clever colleagues, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Sir John Eldon Gorst.

Lord Randolph might be supposed to have felt some embarrassment with respect to the leader of his party. Sir Stafford Northcote had, when the Bradlaugh storm first began to patter on the roof of the House of Commons, shown no disposition to make the question a party one. He had, in fact, seconded the motion to refer the matter to a select committee. That would have fettered any ordinary member of the party; but then, Lord Randolph Churchill was no ordinary member. He "went for" poor Sir Stafford with as light a heart and as free a hand as in earlier years he had assailed Solater-Booth. Sir Stafford had, from a party point of view, made a mistake, and Lord Randolph left him to reap the consequences, meanwhile steadily and unresistingly pursuing his own course. In a very short time he was the acknowledged leader of the Tories on this question, and Sir Stafford Northcote was obliged to abandon the position he had earlier taken up, and follow the youth below the gangway.

From that time Lord Randolph's position in the House was secured, and he always had an audience when he rose, which became very often indeed. Still, he was not taken seriously. The House listened and laughed and went its way, pleased as it might have been at the theatre or the circus, where some merry fellow had diverted it. In the debate on the Closure Resolutions he displayed great ability and untiring energy, but it was not until 1884 that he convinced the public he was something more than a mischievous boy who delighted in shocking the respectabilities of the House of Commons. He again protested vehemently against the supineness of the front Opposition bench in the daily papers, and in a clever article in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "Elijah's Mantle." On the other hand, he proved himself a highly effective partisan orator. Out of Parliament he expressed himself in favor of protecting British industries, and attacked with much vigor Mr. Gladstone's Irish and Egyptian policies, but on the question of extension of the franchise he displayed some remarkably sudden changes of opinion. In the following session he frequently voted with the Government against his own party, and on one occasion lectured Mr. W. H. Smith with much severity for proposing

to exclude Ireland from the benefits of the extended franchise. He also attempted to prove that Mr. Chamberlain had instigated the Aston riots, and shortly before his departure for India was reported as having formed a creed for Tory Democrats strongly tinged with State Socialism.

Lord Randolph had now made himself particularly inconvenient to his political masters, and in May, 1885, a determined effort was made to snuff him out. He had been nominated Chairman of the National Union of Conservative Associations, and a combined effort was made by the leaders of the party to defeat him. Lord Randolph triumphed, though by a small majority. The papers were filled with accounts and contradictions as to what was taking place in the inner ranks of Conservatism. One thing was very evident—there was hopeless confusion and disunion, and Lord Randolph Churchill was holding his own; but, to the intense astonishment of everybody, he suddenly flung up his hardly won championship, and announced his intention of retiring altogether from political life. In the meanwhile, however, wiser councils prevailed with the Conservative chiefs. They had come to the conclusion that Lord Randolph was a man to be conciliated rather than defied, and accordingly steps were immediately taken by which a reconciliation was brought about. Lord Randolph dined with the Marquis of Salisbury, and peace and harmony prevailed where, a week earlier, a fierce storm had raged.

But peace had been obtained on Lord Randolph's own terms. He was now stronger than ever, and when, in the Summer of 1885, the Liberal Government were overthrown and Lord Salisbury was called upon to form an administration, Lord Randolph secured one of the chief prizes of office, being appointed Secretary of State for India, with a seat in the Cabinet. His short term of office was marked by the annexation of Upper Burmah, and his speech on the Indian budget was enlivened by an animated attack on the late Viceroy, Lord Ripon, whom he accused of having neglected the frontier defenses in order to promote philanthropic measures.

In November, 1885, Lord Randolph accepted an invitation to contest the central division of Birmingham with John Bright. People laughed at the madness of the notion. But "Randy" threw himself into the campaign with his usual energy. He went down to Birmingham and delivered a series of speeches, which immediately attracted attention, not only on account of their force, but from their reception by the people. He was defeated, however, by a large majority; but having very wisely taken the precaution of standing for Paddington as well, was returned for the latter constituency by 2,576 votes, against 769 polled for his opponent, Mr. Page Hopps. It was characteristic of his lordship's *sang froid* that he should have started for Norway on the afternoon of his polling-day in Paddington.

When Lord Salisbury returned to power, in July, 1886, Lord Randolph became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the Tory phalanx in the House of Commons; and his promotion to that high place was sufficient proof of the important position he had assumed in the ranks of the Conservative Party. As a matter of fact, he dictated the formation of the Ministry to suit himself, and having got his old enemy, Sir Stafford Northcote, out of the way, by making him an earl, and his only other rival of any importance, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, being safely installed in Ireland as Chief Secretary, he had everything his own way for the next four months. His lordship's sudden resignation, on the 22d of December, was for many months afterward the main topic of conversation in political circles in England.

and even now you can find people there who are still ready to discuss whether it was really the extravagance of the Government, and not differences of opinion with Lord Salisbury on the Bulgarian question and other affairs. His subsequent visit to the Czar of all the Russias, which for some weeks divided with the Crown Prince's illness the "European Intelligence" of a dozen capitals, has generally been accepted as making for the latter interpretation.

What Lord Randolph's next move will be is hard to say. His recent revolt against the Tories and attacks upon their policy were as distasteful and damaging to the Government as they were soothing to the Opposition. Nothing that he may do in the future can astonish anybody who has watched his career, which for brilliancy and strangeness of incident it would be difficult to parallel. With the most indomitable courage and perseverance he has contrived to live down his opponents, and by sheer force of intellect worked his way up to the front rank. As it is, he is already regarded as almost, if not quite, the Conservative leader; and it looks as though the mantle of Lord Beaconsfield had fallen upon the young, able, irrepressible, reckless, but acute and hard-working, chief of the Tory Democracy.

Lord Randolph Churchill may be best described as the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of modern politics. The secret of his rapid success is very simple—he has always known exactly what time of day it is. As for the public at large, there are, he saw, only two sure ways of bringing down the House. One is to appeal to the higher moral sentiments, the other to use a great many "big, big D's." His lordship went in for the big D's, and his platform performances are dictated by a constant desire to meet a demand to "give it 'em hot, Randy."

As a Parliamentary orator, Lord Randolph possesses, in almost an equal degree with the late Lord Beaconsfield, the quality of being personally interesting, of which he is now the only remaining example in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone does not possess this peculiar quality, nor does Mr. Bright, except in the faintest degree. Everybody knows, when the G. O. M. rises, that his speech will lie within certain well-ordered limits; but it will be more or less eloquent, and more or less convincing. The certainty the other way was one of the attractions of Lord Beaconsfield's Parliamentary speech-making. The audience were always on the *qui vive* for some smart personal thrust at some mutual acquaintance, and they were rarely disappointed. This is why the House of Commons fills up to hear the disjointed talk of Lord Randolph Churchill. The noble lord is not an orator in any sense of the word. Indeed, he scarcely as yet pretends to be a serious debater. But with reckless audacity he hits out right and left, and the representative of a nation which once delighted in bear-baiting, still thinks regretfully of Sayers and Heenan, and furtively attends mains of cock-fighting, likes to see somebody hit.

No one can gratify this aspiration with greater fullness than Lord Randolph Churchill. His very manner while in debate makes the exercise the more charming. In moments of comparative repose, his gestures suggest that he is about to perform some conjuring trick, and his confidentially conversational manner of addressing the other members aids the illusion. In the House of Commons he usually sits with his legs crossed and the point of his toe extended outward—a thing, perhaps, not necessarily very remarkable in itself, but which has become so owing to circumstances, for this extended toe of his is, to those who know, quite a barometer of his lordship's Parliamentary humor. When he obligingly lowers the

toe to allow fellow-members to pass to and fro, the initiated note with glee that it is fair weather in the Churchill camp; but when the toe is extended stiffly, like the lance of some warrior ready for the tourney, declining to lower or give way an inch, then people in the immediate vicinity look out for storms. Owing to the discovery of this peculiarity of the noble lord's, there were some members in the House to whom his "unexpected" speech on the Local Government Bill was not altogether a surprise. The toe had been so rigid, so obstinately defiant, all through the debate, that they felt sure something unpleasant would happen before the House rose, and they were not wrong.

The year 1874, in which he first entered the House of Commons, was in another respect also a memorable and happy one for Lord Randolph Churchill. While on a visit at the Isle of Wight, during the Summer of 1873, he first met Miss Jeannette Jerome, the eldest daughter of Mr. Leonard Jerome, of this city. Here commenced an acquaintance which soon led to an engagement, and on the 23d of January following Lord Randolph and Miss Jerome were married at the British Embassy in Paris. Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill have two sons. The eldest, Winston Leonard, was born November 30th, 1874, and his brother, John Winston, in February, 1880.

From the outset of Lord Randolph's career he was aided by the active sympathy of his beautiful wife. During those memorable years when Lord Randolph was fighting his difficult battle for a place and a name in politics, when his friends seemed few and feeble and his enemies many and powerful, who can say how largely his wife's encouragement and aid may have contributed to arm him for the fray, and have stimulated him to persevere? When, at length, he had won a success as brilliant as it was to many surprising, and had become a power in the land, then, too, her ladyship's high qualities were more generally perceived and more fully appreciated.

The contested election at Woodstock, in June, 1885, on the occasion of Lord Randolph's being appointed Secretary of State for India, afforded Lady Randolph the first notable opportunity of showing after what manner she understood the duties of a "Primrose Dame." Her wonderful powers of persuasion were exerted to their utmost in canvassing the electors, and her untiring energy and dauntless activity contributed in no small degree to the ultimate triumph of her husband at the polls.

Still more eminently did she display the same powers on a subsequent occasion. At the general election, in November, 1885, Lord Randolph determined to attack the seat held by Mr. John Bright for Birmingham, and to enter the lists in the very heart and home of Radicalism. The Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Randolph undertook to canvass the constituency, and together and separately they visited the various works and manufactories and addressed the operatives, also visiting shops and houses. It was the first time lady canvassers had ever gone among the Birmingham workmen, and although the party that these represented was the unpopular one, they were everywhere received in a most gratifying manner. Indeed, the greatest enthusiasm characterized the reception given to Lady Randolph, her carriage being frequently surrounded and escorted by large crowds of cheering people. The seat was not wrested from the Radicals, of course, but Mr. Bright's "majority" was considerably reduced. It was enough to show, however, if anybody ever doubted it, that a beautiful and clever woman may, even in these days, become not the least influential of politicians if she chooses.

THE MER-BABY.

(Suggested by a picture by Miss Dorothy Tennant.)

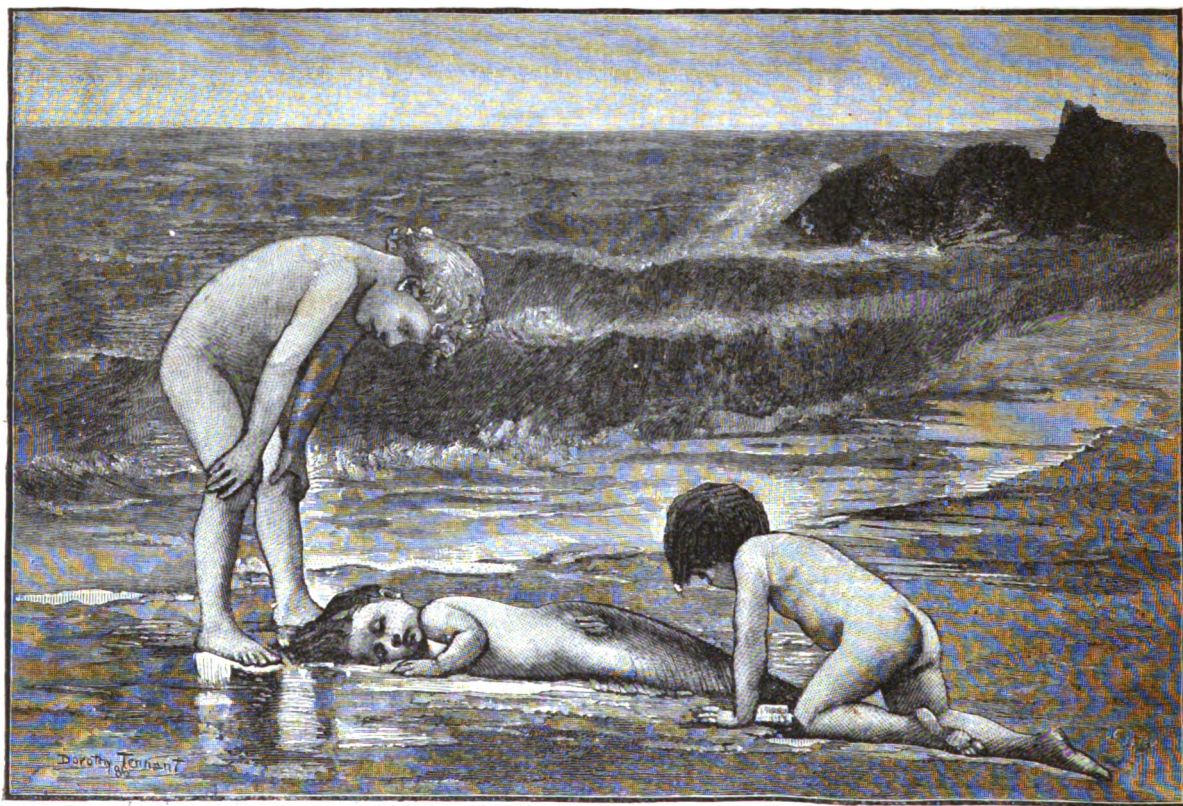
BY VIOLET FANE.

THEY wandered forth, linked hand in hand,
To watch their father's speeding sail,
When lo! they saw it on the sand—
A mer-baby, with folded tail.

A mer-baby—al! pale and dead—
Left stranded by the ebbing tides,
With sea-weeds wreathed about its head,
And silver fin: upon its sides.

They took it to their mother dear.
She loved not mer-folk over-well,
For she had heard those tales of fear
The deep-sea fishers have to tell,

And well she knew that bleaching skulls
Lie hidden in the changeful main,
Neath where the siren lures and lulls
The mariner with dulcet strain.



They strove with many an artless wile
To wake it up and make it play;
The wan sea-baby would not smile,
All pale and motionless it lay.

Its eyes were closed as though in sleep.
Its fingers clasped as though in pray'r;
The little land-babes could but weep
To see it lying lonely there!

Then out and spake the elder one—
His eyes as azure as the wave—
"We will not leave it here alone,
But make for it a pretty grave,

"Near where our little sisters sleep,
Hard by the hedge where violets grow,
Where mother often goes to weep
And mind her children in a row."

This—ay, and more—the mother knew;
Yet when she saw a thing so fair,
With curling tail all silver-blue,
And fingers clasped as though in pray'r,

Near where her little daughters slept,
Hard by the hedge where violets grow,
Where oftentimes she came and wept,
To see their green graves in a row,

She made for it a pretty bed,
All velvet-soft, with gathered moss,
And set a sea-shell at its head,
Because she dared not set a cross.

And "Heaven grant, my babes" (said she),
"If father sinks beneath the wave,
The fish-tailed people of the sea
May make for him as soft a grave."



"MAUM 'BANNA." . . "HE PICKED UP HER HAT, WITH ITS SCARLET RIBBONS, AND ADJUSTED IT ON THE BROWN, TUMBLER HEAD."

ON THE VERY BRINK.

BY BRAD COURTLAND.

CHAPTER I.

"You surprise me, Isidore. Of course, we must keep up appearances."

"Bother appearances! I'm tired of corn-dodgers and maracaibo without sugar, and I'm not going to sit quiet and hear you tell how delightfully we live, that existence is one long pæan of bliss—and that when I'm half famished."

"Ingrate!"

"I don't care. It's the truth."

"Were you not such a rapacious——" (She hesitated for an appropriate simile, but the other dashed in rapidly with, "Animal!")—"shark, without a drop of the good
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blood of the Deschappelles, you would not desire food so vehemently."

"Then the ancient Deschappelles must have been spirits, or bats."

"Miss"—awfully—"they were nobles."

"That accounts. I thought they weren't human."

The elder of the speakers bestowed an obliterating glare upon her contestant, adjusted the faded gray shawl as if it were the product of some Indian loom, and, with the air of a princess, swept from the room.

The disputants were mother and daughter, owners of the once valuable estate of Lenoir. But ravages of war,

devastations from cyclones, and upheavals by earthquakes had reduced the fair domain pretty much to the condition hinted at. The left-in-possession subsided on a couch (a cross between a gridiron and a rack) and burst into stormy sobs, between which was audible:

"If the noble Deschappelles c-c-c-ould li-i-ve on ra-a-re-fied air, then it's more than th-is one can, and I detest such pride that makes people resort to base subterfuges."

Brown eyes, brown hair, brown skin—not reddish, but brown-brown—and the fullest, most buddish lips, describes Isidore Deschappelles.

A head intruded cautiously through the open window.

"Is you da, honey?"—in a guarded whisper. "Wha you' ma?"

"I don't know, Maum 'Sanna"—lugubriously.

"You hongry?"

"Yes"—promptly.

"Dar's a tater, den. I t'ief it out'er ole Siloam's patch, but a'ter it roas' in my fire, it my tater."

Maum Hosanna was so severe in her logic that the girl laughed through her wet lashes.

"How many did you 't'ief, Maum 'Sanna?" she asked.

"'Nough fur t'morrow' dinner. T'morrow Sunday. Can't make small ob de Lawd's Day wid week-a-day witles."

It was a healthy, well-organized yam, and the red lips bored into it enjoyably.

"Maum 'Sanna"—between nibbles—"were any of the Deschappelles, far back, ghosts?"

"Lawd, no, chile—dey's folks."

"Wonder if they were fond of yams?"

"Spec so. Shu! Spec dey had a million or two acre of yam, an' all dat."

"Maum 'Sanna, when I die, I want to go to a yam"—irreverently.

"Shu, chile, spec you go to better dan dat."

She skurried away in obedience to the violent tintinnabulating of a bell.

The Lenoir bells were about all that had escaped calamity. They still hung as in other days, when a servant responded to each. But, unfortunately, Mrs. Deschappelles labored under the pleasing fiction that the retinue were still in waiting. Isidore was a winsome sprite of sixteen, not at all *en rapport* with her illustrious progenitors. She was replete with vivid life, and could not support existence on old family traditions.

Lenoir was mortgaged to its utmost capacity. The mortgagee, a prominent broker of obscure origin, was already planning modern improvements on the pile of the noble Deschappelles.

Mrs. Deschappelles shuddered at the possible future. All that retained tangibility was a solitary "deed of gift," one that could not be mortgaged or pawned—the inalienable transmission of blue blood.

Of their servants, only Maum Hosanna clung to them. Originally Mrs. Deschappelles's maid, and then Isidore's nurse, as the family fortunes contracted she subsided into a little of everything. She was as tenacious as her mistress of the family honor, and stinted herself often to appease the appetite of her favorite. Mrs. Deschappelles's pride was so stupendous that she would have died rather than confess to a vacuum after partaking of their meagre fare. She reappeared, majestic in the Persian delusion, and eyed her offensive offspring, who was still a devouring element. The element, unabashed, announced, gleefully:

"Potatoes to-morrow, ma. Maum 'Sanna stole some. Ar'n't you glad?"

"Sacriligious snipe!"

"Gus dines here to-morrow. We can keep up appearances, and that."

"The Deschappelles and De Fontainebleus came over together," commenced the elderly lady, impressively. ("Da did dat"—interpolation from Maum 'Sanna.)

"Then I'm thaukful that there is no certainty of their returning together."

"Auguste de Fontainebleu——"

"Is a fair specimen, if he only had a little more 'go.' I'm afraid the voyage we took in the *Fungus* ages gave him malaria."

"Have done, excrescence."

"Now I am going to geologize with Bill Rudy, catching up her cotton-field hat."

"Merciful Heavens! Bill who?"

"Rudy. The new people who bought 'The Throne.' ("Dem ain't not'in"—from outside the window.)

"Don't mention them"—spasmodically. "Since the poor Kings were obliged to abdicate, don't intrude—Rundys."

"Can't help it. Awful jolly lot; five meals a day" (high-bred sniffs on the part of Mrs. Deschappelles).

"None of your make-believes!"

"From where?"—frigidly.

"I don't know. Connecticut, Massachusetts—some of those wide-awake places."

A handsome, languid fellow of twenty-six entered, causing an abridgment of the discussion.

"How are you, Aunt Deschappelles?" he drawled, lazily.

"As well as is possible, Auguste, with the disputative qualities of this girl," waving toward Isidore, as if she were the outgrowth of another hemisphere, and whose actuality was greatly to be deplored.

He dropped a kiss on the brown curly head.

"She doesn't like it, Gus, because I say the whole Lenoir property is insufficient to supply the appetite of one moderately disposed female!"

"Very few Southern plantations are, now, Isidore," gravely.

"Then, why do we keep them?"—passionately.

"Because we are encumbered with them; because most of them are heavily mortgaged; because no one is willing to pay for run-down rice and cotton lands; because family prejudices intervene, and because of countless other reasons"—with a dreary laugh.

"Gus"—judicially—"how many acres have you planted in provisions this year?"

"I? Oh, well, my specialty is cotton. The negroes will plant it because it brings in ready money."

"Eight cents a pound"—concisely.

"Were it four, they would plant it all the same."

"Why don't you put a stop to it?"

"I should lose my 'renters'—serenely."

"Who are these Rundys, Auguste?" inquired Mrs. Deschappelles, with great *hauteur*.

"Decentish sort of people, I should judge, from Maine. They seem to be experimenting on the rocky formations of our old hill-sides."

"Prospecting, you think?"

"Probably. They are welcome to all they can find at Fontainebleu."

"The colonel always worked his gold-mines," explained the colonel's relict.

"So did my father, at the loss of a few thousands annually."

"Yes, I have heard the colonel say it was merely to keep his extra hands employed."

"Why, then, were not the extra hands disposed of, and the money saved?" demanded the New South.

"Because they were attached to the old landmarks, and a dislike to part families, and——"

"Bother! Shameful mismanagement, I say!"

"Child, you don't know anything about it."

"And now"—with stinging emphasis—"both places will hardly feed a well-conditioned bird!"

"Gormand! Always desiring food! I request your abstinence!"

"Going, going, gone!"—disappearing with a breeze.

"It would have been better, perhaps, could I have made up my mind to dispose of the land in small lots, but then the old feeling was paramount that I would rather lose all than squat on a corner of Fontainebleu."

His eyes rested unconsciously on a wide-spreading beech-tree. On its smooth trunk were scored many a name and date. The last were scarce six years old. "I. T. D." and "A. T. De F.," with an unctuous heart between.

That knowing old beech!—the Fall *café* for armies of jay-birds, flashes of sapphire-light, who attack the dainty kernels with such swift glee; the precision with which each meat is extracted; the noisy objections as one appropriates more than his share. Beyond the spreading branches in the old pasture-lot, his eyes focused Isidore's graceful figure; by her side a lithe, active youth.

A frown darkened his high-bred face. A swift revolt stirred within him.

"I do not like this accession of Bundy, Auguste."

"Nor I, now that you mention it"—with increased *hauteur*.

CHAPTER II.

AN extensive tract of woodland connected the two plantations. Rolling hill-sides which were intersected by a scoriac creek, hedged and brinked with cane and ivy. Across the narrowest part a tree had fallen, which served the purpose of a bridge for foot-passengers between the two places.

It was a week later that young Fontainebleu, with his gun, wandered slowly up the path leading from the river. Occasionally a covey of partridges whirled up almost under his feet. Rabbits in twos and threes leaped timorously among the thick brush and cacti. Rabbit-stew was a standard dish at Lenoir and Fontainebleu. (Really, it is as tasty as chicken, if one does not know.) A little higher, the sandy creek-loam merged in the red clay of the hill-sides, well covered with growth of oak, hickory, maple and poplar.

Near the spur of the hill was a small cleared space, in whose centre was a natural grotto of crystallized rocks half covered with wood-parasites. Heart-breaking sobs greeted the young man as he emerged on the plateau, and a recumbent figure, in limp lawn, at once challenged his attention.

"Isidore, my child"—shedding gun and bag—"what has grieved you?" He sat beside her, and drew the distressed face in the shelter of his arm. "Has anything hurt you?"—for the hands persistently hid the tear-misted eyes.

"Hurt? What is a hurt in comparison to this? I will not stand it. I will run away and be a *hœs-hand*, before such an indignity shall happen in our family again; and so I have told mamma."

"Yes, dear; but you haven't told me"—gently.

"You see, it was Bill Bundy. I have been to his house three times, passing by accident, and that"—in answer to his look of surprise—"and the last time, Mrs.

Rundy, who is a charming person, insisted on my remaining to tea. (And truly, Auguste, there was such an abundance.) So, last night, when Bill (who is a perfect gentleman, if his name is Bundy, and if he *didn't* come over in the *Fungus*; he didn't, for I asked him,) brought me over some pretty chrysolites (I had forgotten there was no lump-sugar in the house; there seldom is), I asked him to stay and take tea with us. Now, what must Maum 'Sanna do but go somewhere and borrow a cupful of lumps, and half fill the sugar-bowl with pieces of raw turnip, and spread the lumps on top for a make-believe. Of course, Bill being a man, you may imagine that he dug down the tongs to the very bottom, and clawed up a piece of turnip. Oh, Gus!"—laughing hysterically—"he was the most surprised individual on the American Continent. Mamma glared banefully. I wanted to laugh, but dared not, and Maum 'Sanna looked perfectly disgusted. Oh!"—dissolving again—"it's odious!"

Auguste could not forbear smiling at the pictured image of Maum 'Sanna and her subterfuges.

"What became of Bundy's turnip?" he asked.

"He put it in his tea and stirred it mechanically."

"So the boy didn't enjoy it, eh?" In his secret heart it was an immense satisfaction—the vision of Bill Bundy trying to dissolve turnips in his tea.

"It wasn't *that*, Auguste. Don't you see, it's the everlasting pretense, and keeping up appearances. I have determined to become a shop-girl."

"Good gracious, Isidore, are you crazy?"

"No; but the rest of you are. It's much better to run a paying business—pastry-shop, for instance," sobbed out the last of the noble Deschappelles.

"Don't, Isidore. I would cut off my right hand gladly if I could coin the blood for you."

He spoke with a vehemence that startled her, this usually poised, high-bred fellow.

"You, Auguste! Why, I didn't dream you would trouble to raise your hand, much less——"

She paused, in confusion, almost terror, the blood mantling even to neck and arms, and glowing through the thin lawn gown.

"I fear we are in a wretched plight. Literally on the very brink. The crash is almost inevitable!"—sadly.

"I sha'n't mind," confided Isidore, "as far as we are concerned, though mamma does call me an 'indisputable frog,' and 'a voracious scorpion,' and that."

"I feel for Aunt Deschappelles—the circumstances which make (from Maum 'Sanna's narrow standard) subterfuges necessary. Of course she does not lend herself to them; all the same it is galling."

"No"—lugubriously. "Mamma has a grand sort of 'wave-off' air, and is never supposed to know that certain covered dishes contain dynamite and are not to be investigated. But I have given Maum 'Sanna to understand that the next time we have potatoes and corn-pone for guests, and she ostentatiously deposits three extra covers, I shall expose the sham."

He smiled, for he knew she would.

"Let the places go, Auguste. You can help me out with the pastries."

"After all, what is life but to make those we love happy?"

He picked up her hat, with its worn scarlet ribbons, and adjusted it on the brown, tumbled head. He was longer than necessary knotting it under her rounded chin.

Suddenly he stooped, and with a man's passion kissed the full crimson lips.

Ah! what was this? Auguste had kissed her since she



THE PIFFERARO.—BY GUNO VON NECHITZ.

could remember, and she had never given it a thought. Her heart fluttered to suffocation.

Suddenly she turned and fled over the spur of the rolling hillock.

Fontainebleu threw himself on the seat, and for two hours thought it all out. When he started down the hill he had made a determination that, come what would, "old things had indeed passed away."

On the way back, he headed Maum 'Sanna skirting the yam-patch.

"Hello, Maum 'Sanna!" he called. "Isidore has been telling about your turnip tricks. What do you suppose the Rundys will say of such performances among honorable people?"

"Shu, Mars Gus"—unabashed—"dem ain't no honorable folks; don't tell me. Stands ter reason; case honorable folks would a-fish 'bout fur der sugar, an' not go an'

CHAPTER III.

A WAVE of affliction pervaded the Lenoir atmosphere. The bell-ropes were knotted half way up to the ceiling, and things generally looked forlorn.

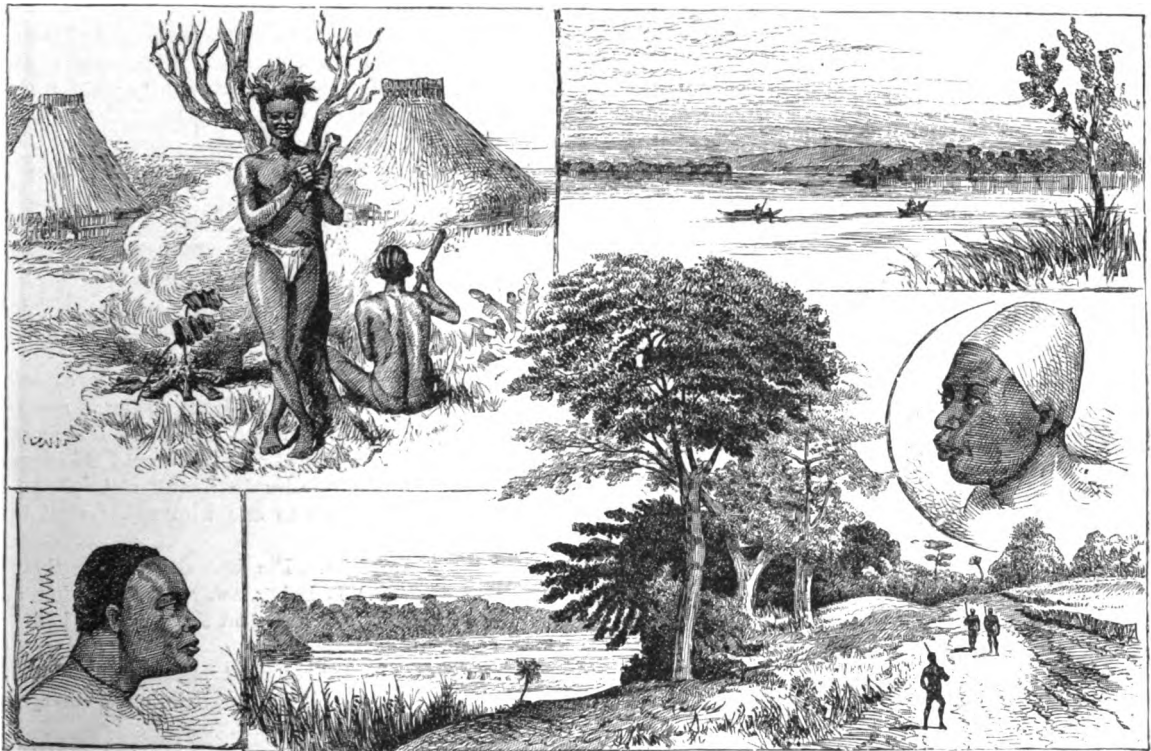
Mrs. Deschappelles, in a crape bonnet, which she had exhumed from a trunk of her girlhood, paraded dismally through the rooms, and regarded each individual a personal foe.

In this she was seconded by Hosanna, who had tied up her head in black cambric, and made a solemn-looking bow of the same for her neck.

For the Deschappelles had come to the very brink, and were only awaiting the final plunge.

The gloomy atmosphere almost stifled Isidore. She caught up her hat and fled to the woods.

As she passed through the old, disused pasture-lot (for



WEST AFRICAN CANNIBALS AND THEIR HAUNTS.—SEE PAGE 375.

tack der fambly stock! 'Fore de Lawd, de Deschappelles allers bin ust ter habin' der sugar-bowl choke-up to der brim."

From the turnip episode, Maum Hosanna conceived an ineradicable aversion for the Rundy family. When not on a "steal," she and Siloam held long debates on the merits of "our white folks," as opposed to "dem white folks."

"Dem Rundy can't show out fur not'in', Si, case dey ain't sot. Same like when Injun shape out he clay pot, 'tain't no 'count till he sot an' bake. Now, we-alls bin sot so long till we forgits."

"Dat's so. De Deschappelles an' Fontainebleus run in on de same *express*"—Siloam's wife, be it remarked, was a Fontainebleu darcy—"an' dat's der right way for folks ter do; not to go an' kirsizzle wid ebbry kine er ramshacklety."

"Well! What sort you call dem, anyhow? Dunno sugar from tunnip!"

since the stock law they had been unable to keep it inclosed), she almost stumbled over Bill Rundy. He was so absorbed that at first he did not perceive her.

When he did, he sprang to his feet gladly.

"Miss Isidore, I was just coming your way. I have good news for you—also Mr. Fontainebleu. My father acted as State Mineralogist for years, and he considers the specimens of magnetic iron found on Lenoir as fine as any he has ever seen. It will be a mine of wealth for your family, and I am so glad—" He paused, his pretty, boyish face in a glow of delight.

"Wealth for our family!" Isidore repeated, vaguely. "How can that be? I do not doubt the actual fact—of course your father knows—but it will be of no value to us. We will not be able to develop it, for you must have seen, Will, how beastly poor we are. Why, I don't suppose between Fontainebleu and Lenoir we could raise five dollars."

"My father thinks that it could be arranged without

expense. Selling off a portion to some company would enhance the value of the rest. My father thinks the deposit a rich one."

"I feel fairly bubbling, Will. If it should be so, it will end just like a story, for I had determined to take a situation in a pastry-shop."

"Isidore, of course you would not"—indignantly.

"But I should, though"—naively. "Does any one else know?"

"Not a soul. I came to you first."

"Well"—soberly—"what shall we ever do for you? You have been our good angel."

They walked toward the dwelling in silence. Mrs. Deschappelles met them at the door, and bowed coolly to the young man in her best "wave-off" air. She had added a long love-veil to the bonnet which she wore with grace and ease.

"Oh, mamma!" burst out Isidore, "such glorious news! Bill Rundy—you remember, turnip in his tea? Oh, just listen! We can save Lenoir. It is banked up with deposits of iron, so his father says, State Mineralogist, and that—don't he, Bill? And Fontainebleu, also. Oh, gracious! Maum 'Sanna shall have an income of her own."

Isidore made a roll of her old hat and tossed it under the sofa.

Mrs. Deschappelles took in sufficiently to average the affair. Then she was beset by various emotions: First, a desire to carry off the situation, and keep up appearances; secondly, a stern anger toward Isidore, for so completely giving herself away; thirdly, a determination to awe the Rundy by her grandeur.

"I hope, Mrs. Deschappelles," said the lad, modestly, "that the plant may prove as rich as it promises."

"Ah, yes. Well, the expenses, of course"—superbly. "My bankers—"

"Oh, gracious! and I have just been telling Will that we couldn't raise a fiver between the two families."

"Cease, common clay!"

Fontainebleu's entrance caused a diversion. A week ago Isidore would have greeted him with, "Gus—bonanza!" But now she was silent, and let Mrs. Deschappelles and Will impart the wonderful tidings.

Fontainebleu accepted the information with the same quiescence that he would receive his morning's mail.

But no one knew how his heart throbbed with thankfulness.

Just on the brink, and to be rescued in such a miraculous way.

"You had best see father about it, Mr. Fontainebleu."

"Certainly"—but he was scarcely roused yet. "Shall I act for you, Aunt Deschappelles?"

For once that lady shed her grandeur and was natural.

"Yes, Auguste, for Heaven's sake! And, under existing circumstances, you can't be too prompt."

* * * * *

Maum Hosanna entered active objections from the start, and was resolved to contend every inch of the way "wid dem Rundy."

She hinted, darkly, that "De debbil put dat black truck in de sile, an' he spec ter fine 'em when he cums a'ter 'em."

But in despite of that, the "black truck" panned out well. Wealth, indeed. The poor, worn-out hills held a very Birmingham in their black hearts.

Two out of the many hundreds of Southern homes rescued just on the brink.

CHAPTER IV.

"Don't, Will, I beseech you; for truly it can't be. I'm devoted to you and your family; we owe you everything, but—I'm so sorry; not that. Are you very, very disappointed, Will?"—wistfully.

They stood together under the spreading beech, and, in her impulsiveness, she seized his hand. The boy—for he was scarcely more than eighteen—caught both of hers, and kissed them as if they were the Holy Grail.

"I feared it," he said, brokenly. "I knew how it was with him; because through all he was only eager for you—his only fear that your place would not be the richest yield; but I did not know how it was with you. I might have known. Father thinks Mr. Fontainebleu one in a thousand."

"Don't, Will; there is nothing of that. He has never even hinted it."

"All the same, it's going to be, Isidore"—sadly. She glanced involuntarily at the initials overhead, and the crimson bubbled over her pretty transparent face.

She had scarcely acknowledged it to herself. Auguste had been so much a part of the family; but it came to her now in despotic conviction that "It was that Fontainebleu boy, and nobody else."

"But you will stay here, and be friends, Will," she premised.

"Of course we are friends, Isidore; but I can't stay just now; besides, I wish to pursue my father's profession. And so, you see, I'll say Good-by now."

"I shall kiss you, Bill, and I don't care who knows it, for I think you the truest, best fellow going, and I shall be fond of you till the day I die."

The kiss was one she might have bestowed on a dear brother, but it was witnessed by the dilated eyes of Mrs. Deschappelles. Words failed her when Isidore entered. She was morally syncope. What would this degenerate scion of the Deschappelles do next? she asked herself. The degenerate scion was one who never went back on her exploits.

"Yes, I kissed him. I'm just devoted to that Rundy boy, and there he is going away forever, after all he's done for this family, too. And the way he's been treated is an abominable shame."

To these manifestly coherent utterances Mrs. Deschappelles waved helplessly to Auguste, who emerged from the obscurity of the curtains.

"You are right, Isidore. They are the noblest people I know. I wish it were in my power to do something to show my appreciation of their worth."

What was it Mrs. Deschappelles heard?

Right for a Deschappelles to be seen kissing a Rundy?

The world was in desudation; the only reliable *point d'appui*, the Deschappelles and their family pride.

"Settle it between yourselves"—dismally. "You are the veriest"—she hesitated for a word severe enough, but decided on—"Judas."

* * * * *

"My darling, I do not grudge Bill his kiss, but what of mine?"

She was in his arms now.

Yes, what?

"I think Maum 'Sanna, or somebody, is calling"—vaguely.

"Let them call. I think I may venture to affirm that Fontainebleu is able to provide for a couple of healthy birds; possibly something over. And, my little girl, come to me now. I only cared for wealth to lavish it on you. Poor Rundy!—only I couldn't give you up

to him. Isidore, tell me, in your own inimitable way, that you are mine."

"You know it perfectly well, Auguste; and I don't care for money, either; and I would have kept the paste-shop gladly, and never complained once."

"I know it, darling. Saved just on the brink."

(By the yam-patch.) "Shn, say wha' dey please, Si. Let um grab! Debbil truck all de same, an' my 'pinion am, when he cum ter grab he property he grab dem Rundy jus'."

THE ETHICS OF CANNIBALISM.

By H. H. JOHNSTON.

In very early human society there was probably no deliberate, organized slaying and consuming of the older, weaker members of the community, but such deeds were sporadic, so to speak, and what the French would call "regrettable incidents." Brutish Protanthropos, perhaps, has been ranging the wintry woods all day in vain quest of game, and returns to the tribal cave, vaguely cross, in a dull, unreasoning way, and keenly hungry. By the smoldering fire lies a still uncracked marrow-bone, remaining from the last repast; and this he is about to greedily seize, perhaps, when, to his anger and disappointment, it is snatched from his extended hand by an old, lean aunt. An angry dispute takes place, for the aunt will not forego her hold on the bone, and much-provoked, hungry Protanthropos yields to brute rage, and cracks her skull with a stone-ax or fells her with a fire-brand. Then follows an indistinct remorse, and a dull consciousness that he has done wrong. There is a clamor of shrieking female relatives and a growling protest among the men; but after awhile the outcry ceases, and Protanthropos recovers his spirits. It is agreed that the deed is irregular—a sin against the community; but there, it is done, and the aunt lies dead. "What shall we do with her body?" asks some one. "Eat it," boldly suggests her hungry nephew; and without much ado the slain aunt is hastily broiled and her bones are amicably picked in the family circle. This is a fatal precedent. When next the horde is hungry a quarrel is fixed on an old uncle, and he is killed and consumed; then grandfather and grandmother severally meet with "accidents," and are likewise absorbed, until, at length, it passes into a rule that all the elders of the tribe, when they become toothless or tiresome, when they lose their cunning in the chase or are slow at kindling fires and in preparing food, shall be slain and eaten by their relatives.

Cruel as this practice is, and opposed as it may be to the principles which guide our social morality, it is interesting, from a philosophical point of view, to reflect on the effect it would have on the dispositions of the older members of our civilized communities. If, like certain tribes in West and South-west Africa, or in Australia, it was our custom to immolate and reduce to a kind of sublime Liebig's extract all the aged folk who showed unmistakable signs of failing powers, how preternaturally quickened would become the faculties of our elderly relatives! How they would wax in amiability as they waned in strength! What pathetic anxiety they would display to make clear to their critical kinsfolk how spry and active, how cheerful, willing and attentive they remained, despite the failing sight, the whitening hair, the stiffened gait! In humble circles, Mrs. Gumidge would cease all reference to the "Old 'un," and though her gayety might be somewhat forced, still her unceasing

industry and unvarying amiability would long stave off her inevitable doom. And when we ourselves, as our years increased and middle-age lay behind us, felt the first warnings of approaching decrepitude, should we not hasten to repair the breaches of time, to foster and retain as long as possible our vigorous juvenility of mind and body? Should we not tend to become Liberal, rather than Conservative, in our old age, and so increase in sweetness of disposition and broad-minded charity toward all men, that when the inevitable day came when our failing powers could hold out no longer, and a doctor's certificate compelled our reluctant relatives to do their duty, it would be with a feeling of sincere regret that they put an end to our individual existence and ingested the essential extract of our mortal remains? Perhaps in a more advanced intellectual state than we are in at present, we might view such a fate, such a culmination to our life and labors, with resignation, caring less for individual than collective existence, and, with a rare unselfishness that at present we can only dimly appreciate, sinking our personal interests in the advancement of communal welfare. In a condition of thought like this, a conscientious person who felt himself effete would offer himself up for reabsorption by those around him who had not spent their energies. Thus the pension-list would be greatly reduced and the community kept at a certain level of vigor. But I confess, being myself still unregenerate, still selfishly attached to all that I call my own, my *ego*, incomplete and unsatisfactory though it be, I am thankful to think that our moral code is based on different lines to those which guide sections of African and Australian society, and which, with little doubt, were religiously followed by the communities of earliest man. I find comfort in looking forward to an old age of rest and leisure and undisturbed tranquillity—a quiet fading away into an unconscious senility which shall lessen the terror of dissolution, even though in my lingering I cumber the ground and serve no useful purpose.

With a growing belief in a soul, in a vital principle animating the body which can be disconnected from the visible substance, the practice of cannibalism is diversely affected. On the one hand, the increased sanctity of man's body brought about by the conception of its spiritual tenant has tended to abolish anthropophagy as an unpardonable insult to the body which the soul would remember and revenge; on the other hand, it has incited several varieties of sacred, symbolic cannibalism, which are based on a belief in the immortality of man.

One view taken is a curiously negative one—it is thought that by eating a man you consume his soul utterly, and so finish him now and hereafter, and that, therefore, such a consummation is the most awful revenge you can inflict on your enemy. So when, three or four years ago, there was a tribal conflict at Brass, in the Niger delta, some of the attacked, who were nominal Christians, ate portions of the bodies of those whom they had slain, thinking thus to deprive them of the boon of future existence.* This, no doubt, was also the motive that prompted the recent cannibal outbreak at Okrika, when the Okrikans devoured over a hundred of their

* When this incident was first brought to our notice, many unjust animadversions were made on the work of missionaries in those regions because some of these native Christians turned cannibals. It was not borne in mind that "what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh"; that you cannot turn wolves into sheep-dogs in one generation; and that whereas these so-called Christians ate those whom they had killed in self-defense, they would, before they came under missionary influence, have attacked and killed for the purpose of eating.



enemies belonging to the adjoining Ogoni tribe. Thus, where the cannibalism takes the form of sacrifices offered to gods, it was believed—as recently in Fiji and anciently in Mexico—that if the priests ate the visible human body, the gods, by analogy, consumed the intangible soul. Indeed, many systems of human sacrifice in different parts

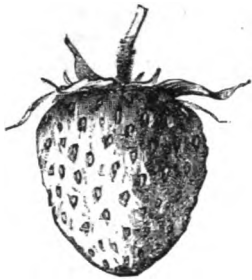


FIG. 1.—STRAWBERRY, WITH HARD FRUITS ON THE SURFACE OF THE SWOLLEN TOP OF THE FRUIT-STALK.

of the world have been based on anthropophagic principles, though no actual eating of the victim's flesh may have taken place, because gentler manners and intellectual refinement have etherealized the idea. Thus it has often occurred in the past history of Europe and Asia, and in modern Africa, that whereas theoretically a human being is sacrificed to the ogre-god or goddess, the victim is really represented by an animal—a camel, horse, ox, sheep, goat, or fowl—a descending scale that typifies a waning faith in the efficacy of the sacrifice. During some recent work in West Africa a certain native chief was anxious to prevent my explorations of such creeks and rivers as led to trading districts which he desired to remain unknown. Finding verbal dissuasion unavailing, and not liking to have recourse to physical force, he tried, as a last and somewhat despairing resort, to place supernatural obstacles in my way; so he directed that at the entrance to these forbidden creeks a live white fowl (lowest and cheapest sacrifice) should be suspended from a palm-stake. Consequently I was frequently surprised and pleased at what I thought was a graceful token of hospitality, posted at different points of my

journey, and never failed to turn the fowl to account in my bill of fare. After this manner of disposing of the fowl-fetich had occurred several times, and yet I remained unpunished for my temerity by the local gods, the natives gave up further opposition to my journeys as futile and expensive. In talking this over on my return with one of the more advanced chiefs of

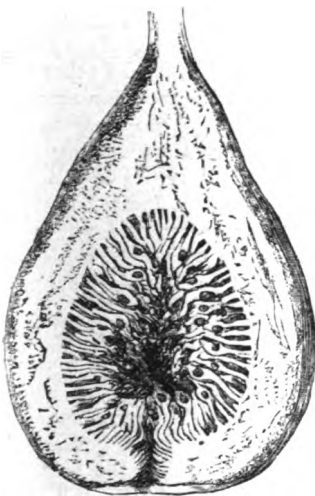


FIG. 2.—LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF FIG, SHOWING FRUITS IN THE CENTRE OF THE ENLARGED AND HOLLOWED-OUT FRUIT-STALK.

the district, my native friend shook his head half humorously, half seriously, over the decay of religious belief. A white fowl, he said, was "poor man's juju"; a few years ago it would have been a white goat, and in his father's time a white boy (Albino Negro), spitted on a stake to har the way, and this last would have been a sacrifice that might well have moved the local gods of

wold and stream to intervene—but a white fowl! *O tempora! O mores!*

In its mystic character cannibalism forms a part, either actually or theoretically, of the initiative ceremonies or sacred rites of African freemasonry and secret societies. The partaking of human flesh, generally prepared in a kind of paste mixed with condiments, and preserved in a quaintly carved wooden box, and eaten with round spoons of human bone, constitutes a bond of union between the confederates, and is also employed as a pledge of friendship between suspicious strangers or whilom enemies, or accompanies the making of a solemn declaration or the taking of the oath. But although these grewsome rites still linger in the holes and corners of unexplored savagery, they are fast disappearing or softening into a metaphorical celebration.

The eating of man's flesh, which was, no doubt, once more or less prevalent among all savage races, from motives of hunger or Malthusian principles, and which existed as an emblematic rite in religions of the past and low-grade beliefs of the present day, is now confined in its endemic form to limited areas in Western-Central Africa, uncolonized Australia, parts of Polynesia, New Guinea, Sumatra, and possibly the heart of the Malay Peninsula and Formosa, and also to the Tierra del Fuegians and a few wild Indian tribes in Bolivia, the Amazon's Valley, and the back of Venezuela, in South America. Before many years are past, however, cannibalism will cease to exist anywhere, extirpated unhesitatingly by our disgusted civilization.

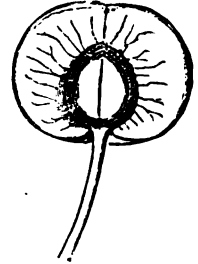


FIG. 3.—LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF A CHERRY.

A FRUIT.

BY DR. ROBERT BROWN, F.L.S.

WHAT is a fruit? To answer the question would seem at first sight not to require any botanical knowledge whatever. "It is simply the juicy organ, like an apple, strawberry, or peach, which remains after the flower disappears." This definition—or any other framed on the same lines—will not suffice for the botanist. To him a fruit is not necessarily edible, and, indeed, the most familiar of so-called "fruits" he knows are, botanically, not fruits at all. For instance, the fleshy parts of a pear or an apple are strictly only enlargements of the calyx, and of the top of the flower-stalk (peduncle), the real fruit being the "core" in the middle; while the true fruits of the strawberry (Fig. 1) are the little, hard, seed-like bodies which dot the surface of the juicy edible portion, which is only an enlargement of the top of the peduncle. Again, the fig (Fig. 2) has its real fruits inside the more prominent outer portion, which consists simply of the expanded and hollowed-out top of the stalk, containing within it the seed-like fruits. In the "hip" of the dog-rose, the



FIG. 4.—RASPBERRY.

fruits are the seed-like bodies inside the soft edible outer covering, which is also an expansion of the fruit-stalk. It thus appears that, according to the botanist, a fruit need not be edible, or even soft, but simply the mature pistil including the ovary, containing inside it the seed or seeds, which are, again, the ovules fertilized by contact with the pollen. There are, however, exceptional cases in which the fruit is ripened although the seeds are abortive. A very familiar instance of this is afforded by the Corinth grapes from which Corinth, or "currants," are made, the Muscatel grapes, and the St. Michael oranges, all of which are diminutive and almost "stoneless." In other words, the seeds inside these fruits are in the form of ovules. Nor is it universally the case that the fruit matures in the air. The ground-nut (*Arachis hypogaea*), the allied genus *Voandzeia* of Surinam, and a species of the clover genus (*Trifolium subterraneum*), after their ovules have been fertilized, all bury themselves in the ground, and if anything interferes to prevent this, the fruit withers away and dies without ripening. The fruit being, therefore, only the matured pistil—or, practically, the matured ovary—a description of the one applies, with modifications, to the other also. Like the pistil, it is made up of one carpel or of several coalesced, or of a number of carpels separated one from the other.

The parts of the ovary, however, get altered in the process of ripening, until it is sometimes difficult to detect them in the fruit. Take, for example, the cherry (Fig. 3), peach, plum, or any other stone fruit. Here we see the walls of the ovary have become swollen, and in the process of maturation developed the sugar, juices and fine flavors which give these fruits their edible value. There are, in reality, in, let us say, a peach, three coats. The outer one is the skin, which surrounds every part of a plant, the surface of the stigma excepted; the middle is the pulpy or fleshy layer; while the innermost is hard and woody, and constitutes the "stone." Inside this stone is the seed itself. Now, all these parts can be traced in any true fruit, though sometimes, as in the case of a grain of wheat, which is a fruit, the walls are so excessively thin that the seed to which this covering is firmly attached is the most prominent and valuable part of the structure. Take, again, the pod of a pea. In this fruit we have the outer skin and the middle fleshy coat, while the inner layer which lines the pod is not, as in the stone fruits, marked by the deposition of "lignine" in its cells, but is a thin parchment-like membrane. There are, however, exceptional cases in which the middle layer of the fruit does not constitute the pulpy portion. For instance, in the mulberry, rose and apple, the edible part is formed by the calyx and fruit-stalk, either alone or conjoined with the ovary. Again, in the juniper and yew the scales become fleshy, and constitute the "berries" of these trees and shrubs, though these juicy scales do not, as in the yew, always cover the seed, the point of which protrudes through the end of the rosy fruit-covering. Such a fruit is, however, no fruit at all, for a fruit can only be constituted by the wall of the ovary, and in the order of plants to which the firs, pines, yews and cypresses belong, the walls of the ovary are wanting, and the modifications of scales referred to are employed to cover the naked seeds. In the almond the middle coat is not fleshy, as in the peach, but of a thin, almost leathery, consistence. However, in the variety called the peach-almond the stone is covered, not by the "husk," but by a pulpy flesh which is edible.

As a rule, the calyx and corolla disappear after the pollen has fallen on the stigma and fertilized the ovules, and the life of the plant has become concentrated in

these immature seeds. Then, likewise, the style and the stigma, when the former is wanting, also fade, though in one or two cases they remain attached to the fruit in a shriveled condition, and in some plants, like the clematis, the anemones and the herb-bennet (*Geum urbicum*), they even take a new development, and become a marked addition to the fruit. In the clematis, or traveler's joy, for example, the styles take the shape of the long feathery awns which have given the common species (*Clematis vitalba*) of the hedges the popular name of "old man's beard." In the strawberry and geum, among other plants, the calyx remains after the fruit has ripened, and in the former plant is familiar in the form of the ruff-like circlet of little leaflets which surround the base of the so-called fruit. In the apple and pear the calyx may be seen in the end opposite the stalk in a more or less shriveled-up condition, and indeed, as we have already explained, may be considered as forming, by the expansion of its tube, or by the expansion of the stalk of the flower on which it is situated, the fleshy portion of the fruit. In the raspberry (Fig. 4) and the mulberry (Fig. 5) the fruits look very much the same. But a short examination will show how different they are, for while in the former the calyx remains quite distinct from the fruit, in the latter it gets united with each of the little fruits and forms part of it. In the *Gaultheria*, the berries of one species of which are so familiar to every traveler in North-west America as the "Salal," the calyx becomes, to all appearance, a part of the fruit. Carefully watching the progress of growth, and dissecting the parts instead of eating them, the real fruit will be found to be a dry pod within the prominent outer one. Another false fruit is the so-called Winter cherry, which forms such a familiar ornament of dinner-tables. It is, of course, no connection of the cherry, being much more nearly allied to the potato, the tobacco-plant, the cayenne-pepper shrub and the thorn-apple, the only ground for its popular name being the round, cherry-like fruit which gives it its value as an ornamental shrublet. However, this "indusium," as it is called, is not really a fruit proper, in so far that the cherry-colored covering is simply a fleshy calyx concealing the humble fruit within. In other "fruits," so called—the *Hovenia dulcis* of Japan, for example—the portions eaten under that name are only the swollen peduncles, the edible portions thus having even less claim than the strawberry and apple to the botanical designation which they usurp. Finally, in the pineapple the fruit is even more complex, for it is a union of a great number of fruits, in which the seeds are abortive, combined with the bracts, or leaf-like organs sometimes found beneath the flower.

These and other modes of forming real or simulated fruits have given rise to a great number of forms, which have been characterized by names, sometimes useful, still more rarely necessary, and most frequently perfectly superfluous. For instance, there are among the dry fruits *nuts* like the acorns, and *achenes* like the fruits of buttercups (Fig. 6), and the so-called "seeds" of grasses ("caryopsis," as sometimes called), and the ordinary cereals, most of which are only different species of grasses. Then there are *follicles*, as in the hellebore and aconite (Figs. 7, 8); *legumes*, as in beans and peas (Fig. 10); *siliques* (Fig. 9), as in the wall-flower, turnip, and plants of that order; and *capsules* (Figs. 11, 12), as in the poppy, tulip, rhododendron. Finally, not to multiply the long array of names, there are among the succulent fruits *drupes*, as in plums, cherries (Fig. 3) and peaches; and *berries*, as in grapes, oranges (Fig. 13) and gooseberries. But any classification of fruits yet formed is purely arti-

ficial, and only serves the purpose of artificial classification—viz. as an aid to the memory and an index by which the stores of real knowledge may be got at.

A much more interesting inquiry is that which concerns the changes which the ovary undergoes during the period at which it is arriving at maturity, or, in more familiar language, ripening. Here, again, the reader must be reminded that a fruit is only an adult ovary, and that, theoretically at all events, its structure ought to be the same as that of the organ of which it is the complete development. As a rule, during the period which begins after the ovules have become fertilized, the wall becomes sappier and more swollen, and the materials within considerably enlarged, though the dry, membranous pod of the bladder senna is quite as much a fruit in the botanist's eyes as the luscious guava, and perhaps even more so than the monstrous Duchesse pear, one of which commands in the city markets about as much as a laborer can for a week's work. The skin of the fruit is, of course, the epidermis, and in nearly every respect agrees with that thin covering as found on the leaf. It has stomata and chlorophyl, and in all respects performs the functions of the epidermis, though in some fruits the glossy appearance of the skin is due to the deposition of a delicate layer of wax in its cells, while the color of, say, a "rosy-cheeked apple" is caused by some alterations in the chlorophyl of much the same nature as those which take place in leaves when they assume their golden-yellow and russet-brown. Again, as we have seen, the walls of the ovary, which in an early stage of the plant's life were comparatively juicy, may become rapidly hard and dry, owing to the loss of the sap, though in the case of most edible fruits the contrary operation is undergone; the outer portion of the ovary-wall remains soft and pulpy, while, as in the case of stone fruit, the inner one, originally soft, becomes hard and stone-like. The way the fleshy portions of all the edible fruits increase in amount is by the cellular tissue, which tissue is the component material of the soft parts of every plant or organ of the plant, receiving, under the stimulus of light and warmth, a tendency to rapidly develop, by the addition of one little bladder-like cell to another, until the mass of pulpy material—such as can be seen in an orange—gets enlarged. At the same time, the woody fibres, which were originally contained in this part of the fruit-coat, get attenuated, partially absorbed, and lost in the midst of the mass of soft matter. The extent to which this is the case is important if the fruit is to be eaten, and, accordingly, low-class pears are frequently said to be woody, a term which needs no explanation. There is, indeed, always a tendency in nature to revert to the wild type. The aim of the gardener may be described as a desire to produce cellular tissue in preference to woody fibre, and the more of the one and the less of the other there is the more succulent will be the pot-herb or the fruit. Yet, in cutting across a pear the reader must often have felt the edge of the knife grate against some hard particles in the midst of the soft "flesh." These gritty specks were cells which had displayed an inclination to retrograde, by accumulating in their interior, not sugary sap and fragrant ethers, but "lignine," such as that which makes the once soft inner layer of the ovary-wall of the peach hard as stone.

But there are during the process of ripening chemical changes going on quite as important as the physical ones to which we have alluded. An unripe apple is, for example, sour; a ripe one, sweet. One pear is, again, of the most delicious flavor; another is tasteless and unpalatable. Finally, to keep to the same series of examples,

a crab-apple from the hedge-row is so acid that it "draws the mouth together"; while a Normandy pippin is so sugary that it seems scarcely allied to the first-named fruit. All these differences are due, first, to cultivation, and, secondly, to the changes which go on in the walls of the ovary during the process of ripening. Briefly, these changes may be characterized by saying that the amount of sugar contained in the cells becomes greater, while the acids, starch and tannin proportionately diminish. These facts may be guessed at by the rough analysis of the tongue.

A green fruit acts like a leaf: under the action of the sun it gives out oxygen. But when ripe, the respiratory function alters, in so far that carbonic-acid gas (carbon dioxide of the modern chemist) is exhaled, while oxygen is absorbed. In chemical composition, fruits at an early age agree very closely with leaves, just as we have seen that their structure and functions are very much the same. This is, however, in the earliest stages of their growth. By and by they become sour from the production within their cells of tartaric acid (as in grapes), citric (as in lemons, oranges, and cranberries), malic (as in apples, gooseberries), etc., and at this period give out little, if any, oxygen. But in time a change takes place. Tannin and these acids disappear, or become much reduced in quantity, while, as the ripening goes on, sugar becomes notably increased in amount. At the same time the fibrous and cellular tissues diminish, the sugar being, to some extent, owing to chemical transformation, produced at their expense. The gummy, mucilaginous, gelatinous matters are also capable of being converted into sugar. Thus, if apple-jelly—that is, the pure jelly of the fruit—be treated with a vegetable acid, and dissolved in water, a sugar much like that in grapes is obtained. But though this is the regular rule, there are some curious disparities in carrying it out. For instance, in apricots and pears malic acid keeps diminishing as the fruit ripens, while in currants, cherries, plums and peaches that acid augments during the same period. Again, in currants, cherries, plums and pears gum keeps diminishing, while in apricots and peaches it augments; and so on.

And here it may be useful to glance at the changes which take place in green fruits during the operation of cooking, for the application of artificial heat exercises much the same influence upon them as the more moderate influence of sun and light. That is, the acids and mucilaginous products, reacting on one another by the aid of heat, are converted into sugar.

Bassorin, salep and pectine are all modifications of vegetable jelly, and along with sugar there is produced, during the process of cooking, a similar jelly in fruits, which has nearly the properties of starch when this has been altered by hot water. When dry it is horny or cartilaginous, and when moist it swells up, becomes gelatinous, and can be dissolved in cold water. Finally, it might be added that in some fruits the sugar is liquid; in others—as, for example, the grape, fig and peach—partly concrete; and that in a third series—notoriously that to which the olive belongs—oil accumulates during the process of ripening. To sum up, it might be said in general terms that the production of sugar keeps pace with the ripening of fruits. But when succulent fruits are mature, the sugar in its turn undergoes a process of oxidation, or chemical burning up, which induces a series of changes which finally culminate in the rotting of the fruit.

The fruit, during the process of ripening, requires, like the flower, a large amount of sap to support it. Hence a plant which begins to flower and fruit early

rarely produces large fruit, and is sometimes killed after the first efforts have exhausted the strength of its constitution. Gardeners, being aware from experience of this peculiarity in vegetable physiology, nip the flower-buds of rare fruit-trees, until they have acquired sufficient vigor to bear the strain of fruiting; and when they wish a tree to produce large and juicy fruits, they prune it of all superfluous wood which might use up the nourishment required for the support of the flowers and fruit. It may



FIG. 5.—MULBERRY.

also be remarked that the fruits of young St. Michael orange-trees are often fully seeded. It is only when the tree is getting old and feeble that the seed ceases to be matured, and the fruit, accordingly, to be valued for that very reason. When the fruit is sufficiently ripe it falls, owing to the gradual contraction and final snapping of the stalk by which it is attached to the tree, for then no further sap is required for its support.

But many fruits open in various curious ways in order to liberate the seeds, which, though considered apart from it, are, of course, part and parcel of the fruit, and by far the most important part also. Accordingly, either immediately before the fruit falls, or soon after this event takes place, the "dehiscence" of the fruit enables the seeds to enter the ground, and thus perform their function in the economy of the plant. But there are numerous fruits which are "indehiscent"—that is to say, they do not open. Among these are the greater number of edible ones, such as apples, pears, berries and stone fruits. In these cases the fruits fall to the ground when they are ripe, and in due time rot, and thus permit the seeds to escape into their destined element. Before, however, the process of putrefaction sets in, or, rather, immediately after the oxidation, which is its first stage, has begun, the fruit is "bletted." This "bletting" is the intermediate stage between maturity and decay, and is that yellowish woolliness of the fruit familiarly known as "mellowness." When the fruit is fully ripe, the materials within it are as complete as they ever will be, and the cell-contents have become tolerably equalized. The water in the fruit has grown less and less, owing to less and less being absorbed as maturation has proceeded; and, in brief, everything is so perfect



FIG. 6.—ACHENE OF THE BUTTERCUP.

that the only change must be retrogression, for no organized being ever remains perfectly still. This overthrow of the balance of nature is accomplished by bletting, which may be concisely explained in the words of the famous Genevan botanist, M. Alphonse de Candolle: "After the period which is generally called that of ripeness, most fleshy fruits undergo a new kind of alteration —their flesh either rots or blets. These two states of decomposition cannot, according to Bérard, take place except by the action of the oxygen of the air, although he admits that a very small quantity is sufficient to cause it. He succeeded in preserving for several months, with little alteration, the fleshy fruits which were the subject of experiment (apricots, currants, cherries, greengages, peaches, pears), by placing them in hydrogen or nitrogen gases. All fruits at this extreme period of their duration,

whether they decay or whether they blet, form carbonic acid with their own carbon and the oxygen of the air, and, moreover, disengage from their proper substance a certain quantity of carbonic acid. Bletting is, in particular, a special alteration. This condition is not well characterized in any other fruits than those of *Ebenaceæ* (ebony order, to which belong the *Diospyros*, or 'persimmon,' of the United States) and the *Pomaceæ* (or apple order). Both these natural orders agree in their fruits being austere before ripening. It would even seem, from the fruits of the persimmon, the sorb and the medlar, that the more austere a fruit is the more it is capable of bletting regularly." Indeed, a medlar only becomes edible after having undergone the process of bletting. At first it is sour and astringent, but during its bletting it loses its acid and tannin. It has been found that a Jargonelle pear, in passing to this state, loses a great deal of water (83.88 reduced to



FIG. 8.—FRUIT OF THE ACONITE, COMPOSED OF THREE CARPELS.

62.73), a good deal of sugar (11.52 reduced to 8.77), and a little lignine (2.19 reduced to 1.85), but acquires rather more malic acid and gummy matter. Lignine, in particular, seems in this kind of alteration to undergo a change analogous to that of wood in decay. The practical deduction from this is, that if fruits are kept in closed vessels, in an atmosphere free from oxygen, they will preserve for a much longer period than they otherwise would. A simple process is said to consist in "placing at the bottom of a bottle a paste formed of lime, sulphate of iron and water, and afterward introducing the fruit, it having been pulled a few days before it could have been ripe. Such fruits are to be kept from the bottom of the bottle, and as much as possible from each other; and the bottle is to be closed by a cork and cement." The fruits are thus placed in an atmosphere free from oxygen, and may be preserved for a period varying with their nature. For instance, Dr. Lindley, whose description has been quoted, notes that peaches, prunes and apricots have by this method been kept good for from twenty days to a month, and pears and apples for three months. If they are withdrawn after this time, and exposed to the air, they ripen well; but if the times mentioned are much exceeded they undergo a particular alteration, and will not ripen at all. This leads us to remark that apples, pears, cherries, gooseberries, currants and the like continue to live after being taken from the trees and bushes, for it has been shown that they absorb and exhale carbonic-acid gas, and ripen. But if we are to adopt, in a question on which there are several views,



FIG. 7.—SEPARATE CARPEL OF ACONITE, SHOWING A SINGLE FOLLICLE.



FIG. 9.—SILIQUA OF THE WALL-FLOWER.

those of M. Pasteur, in time, the fruits being prevented from absorbing oxygen, they begin to assimilate it from their own tissues, an alcoholic fermentation commences, and the fruit becomes soft and pulpy. In short, it *rots*.

Fruits also may, by being covered with wax, be prevented for a time from putrefying. If the apples are very acid, they may, being exposed to light and air, become sweeter, and *vice versa*. In selecting wild fruits for cultivation, sour varieties should be selected, for it is the propensity of cultivation to develop sugar, and to render fruits at all well-flavored a certain dash of acidity is requisite.

How long does a fruit take to ripen? In the case of a grass it takes only a few days; and in some *Compositæ*, like dandelions, the process of maturation seems about equally rapid. But even grasses vary among themselves as to the period required for ripening their fruits, or, as they are called commonly, "seeds." In some, such as the fescue-grass, the common quack-grass (*Briza media*), the wild oat, etc., from thirteen to seventeen days, according to the season, are requisite; while the bent (*Elymus arenarius*), etc., take from forty to fifty-seven

tar. Now, destructive distillation of this amount of coal-tar gives about 70 lbs. of pitch, 17 lbs. of creosote, 14 lbs. of heavy oils, about 9.5 lbs. of naphtha yellow, 6.3 lbs. of naphthaline, 4.75 lbs. of naphthol, 2.25 lbs. of alizarine, 2.4 lbs. of solvent naphtha, 1.5 lb. of phenol, 1.2 lb. of aurine, 1.1 lb. of aniline, 0.79 lb. of talodidine, 0.46 lb. of anthracite and 0.9 lb. of toluene—from the last-named substance being obtained the new product, saccharine, said to be 230 times as sweet as the best sugar-cane.

A PAPER was recently read before the French Academy of Sciences, by M. Emile Lavasseur, on the "Centenarians now Living in France." The first reports collected gave the number of persons who had attained 100 years and upward as 184, but on these being thoroughly sifted no less than 101 were struck out, leaving 83; but even of these there were no fewer than 67 who could not furnish adequate proof of their reputed age. In 16 cases, however, authentic records of birth or baptism were found, including that of a man born in Spain and baptized August 20, 1770. His life was spent almost wholly in France. All the other centenarians were reputed to be between 100 and 105 years of age, with the exception of a widow claiming to be 112 years old. Of the 83 persons said to be centenarians, women formed a large majority, the proportion being 52 women to 31 men. There were but few married couples, 6 male and 16 female celibates, 23 widowers and 41 widows. One of the latter was Madame Rostkowski, 103 years of age. She enjoys a pension of sixty francs a month, allowed her by the French Government in consideration of her late husband's military services. More centenarians exist in the southwestern departments than in the rest of the Republic, while

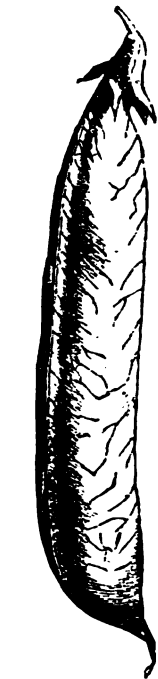


FIG. 10.—LEGUME OF THE PEA.

days. Many of the *Coniferae* (fir, pine and cypress order) take more than a year; the mistletoe takes nine months, and the majority of the fruits of temperate climates occupy from three to six months in bringing the ovary from the period when the ovules are fertilized to the condition of maturity known as the ripe fruit.

A fruit we have hitherto considered mainly as a fruit-wall, the materials which this wall incloses being, for convenience' sake, left out of account. It is, however, needless to say that the seeds are part of the fruit, and, after all, so far as their botanical importance is concerned, the most important part of it. The various modes in which the fruit opens—when it does open—the nature of the seed, its sprouting, and the modes which are adopted in nature to permit of its being scattered over the world, are all extremely interesting, but may be best discussed by themselves.



FIG. 11.—CAPSULE OF THE TULIP, COMPOSED OF THREE CARPELS.

CONTENTS OF A TON OF COAL.—A careful estimate, made by an English chemist, of the contents or constituents of a ton of coal presents some interesting facts not familiar certainly to unscientific minds. It is found that, besides gas, a ton of ordinary gas-coal will yield 1,500 pounds of coke, 20 gallons of ammonia-water and 140 lbs. of coal-



FIG. 12.—CAPSULE OF THE POPPY.

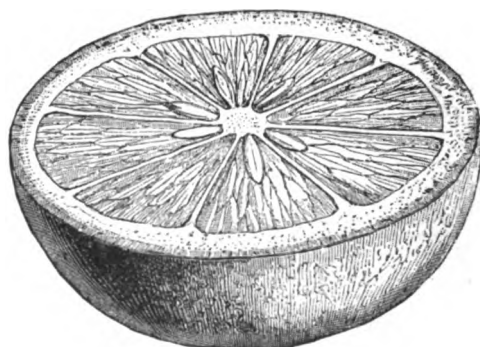


FIG. 13.—TRANSVERSE SECTION OF ORANGE, SHOWING THE FORM OF BERRY, SOMETIMES CALLED HESPERIDIUM.

the basin of the Garonne—from the Pyrenees to the Puy de Dôme—contains as many as all the rest of France put together. M. Lavasseur finds that the chances of a person in the nineteenth century reaching 100 years of age are one in 18,800.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

In an admirable address before the meeting of the British Association, on the general subject of electrical science, Mr. W. H. Preece, a most eminent English authority, had something interesting to say in regard to errors in telegraphing: "A flash of lightning in America," he remarked, "may cause an extra dot in Europe, and (in the Morse system) *man* becomes *war*. An earthquake in Japan may send a dash through France, and *life* would become *wife*. A wild goose flying against a telegraph-wire might drive it into momentary contact with another wire, and *sight* might become *night*. Nine-tenths of the errors made, however, are due to the execrable calligraphy of the present day. As a matter of fact, the telegraphist delivers to the editor of a newspaper 'copy' far more accurate than the first proof of his own leader, submitted by the printer. The quantity of news transmitted is enormous; an average of 1,538,270 words are delivered per day. At the recent Republican Convention in Chicago, 500,000 words were sent in one night; and when Mr. Gladstone introduced his celebrated Home Rule Bill, April 8th, 1886, 1,500,000 words were sent from the Central Telegraph Office in London." At the same session the following clear description of what thunder is was given by Mr. Hirm: "The air traversed by a flash of lightning is suddenly raised to a high temperature, and its volume therefore increased. The column of air thus heated may be several miles long, and as lightning is practically instantaneous, the sound bursts forth from the whole column at once. To an observer, therefore, the beginning of the clap gives the minimum distance of the lightning, and the length of the clap gives proportionately the length of the column." Photographs that have been taken show that lightning does not, as a rule, take a zigzag course, such as is conventionally used to represent a flash on canvas. Its course is much more erratic and sinuous, its construction more complicated, and pictures have been obtained of dark flashes whose *raison d'être* has not satisfactorily been accounted for.

A LECTURE is read by Professor Lester Ward, of Washington, to those who yet "hold that the low order of vegetable organisms, known as parasitic fungi, are the result, and not the cause, of disease," as, he assures us, many "intelligent people" still do. "Suppose," he asks, "that it was definitely proved, as it is strongly believed, that yellow fever is caused by a minute parasitic plant permeating the atmosphere in which the disease is located, attacking, apparently, the healthiest as well as the weakest, it would be contended that perhaps some inappreciable change unfavorable to life had taken place in the atmosphere, and that vital power had in some mysterious way been affected before the fungi—scavengers they have been termed—undertook to perform their special work. Experiments are, however, being continually made by eminent men, which, if generally known, would convince any one that a large number of species are actually causes of disease. Some very convincing facts have recently been made known by Professor J. C. Arthur, the botanist attached to the New York Experimental Station at Geneva. They were made by Brefeld, in Germany. He took one hundred and twenty healthy cabbage-worms and placed on them the spores of a minute fungus, *Entomophthora radicans*. Eighty-one took the disease, sixty-two died in a week, their bodies covered by spores; nineteen lived much longer, but finally dried to mummies, when they were found filled with another condition of the fungus known as resting spores. Successive series were tried, resulting the same way, except that the later in the season, the greater the proportion of mummies with resting spores. Facts like these are becoming abundant with scientific men, and deserve to be spread among the community at large."

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON contributed to the last volume of the "Proceedings of the Geological Society of London" what he calls "a summing-up" of the geology of Eastern Canada and New England, and a comparison of the eozoic and paleozoic rocks of our north-eastern coast with those of Western Europe. With reference to the Laurentian and Huronian, which have been peculiarly Sir William's field of study, he makes the following statement: The Laurentian is a regularly stratified system, probably divisible into two or three series, and characterized in its middle or upper portion by the accumulation of organic limestone, carbonaceous beds, and iron ores on a vast scale. Its period was terminated disturbances the enormity of which are evinced by the great plications of the crust which occur throughout the valley of the St. Lawrence and over the Maritime Provinces. The Huronian was defined as a littoral series of deposits, skirting the shores of the old Laurentian uplifts, and referred to some rocks which may be regarded as more oceanic equivalents. Sir William says that a very complete series of Cambrian rocks may now be recognized in the coast region of Canada, closely equivalent in details to that of Britain and Scandinavia.

Basswood is capable of being enormously compressed; but if, after being subject to great pressure, it is exposed to the action of steam, it swells until it has entirely regained its original bulk. The *Mechanical News* says that advantage is taken of this in the production of so-called carved moldings. The "carved" pattern is stamped by dies deep into the wood, the surface of which is then planed down to the level of the lowest depression. If now the wood be steamed, the parts originally depressed will regain their original bulk, and will therefore form in relief the pattern of the dies.

INTERESTING statements are made by Professor Fernow, in the latest report of the United States Forestry Department, in regard to the effect of sunlight on trees. "It is well known," says this writer,

"that light is necessary for the development of chlorophyll and, therefore, for the life of all green plants, and especially for that of trees. The heat alone which accompanies the light is not sufficient, although the relative influence of the light and the heat on the growth is still an open question, as well as the relative requirements in light of different species of trees. In the case of forest weeds, which in forestry serve as an indication of the amount of shade which the trees exert, and with that their capacity of impeding evaporation, some require full sunlight for their development, others are averse to a high degree of light. To this must be due the change in the plants of a district when its forests are removed. Then the amount of light or shade needed is modified by site. Where the sunlight is strong, in higher altitudes, drier climates, or where the growing season is longer, or there are more sunny days, some species will endure more shade. The flora of high altitudes in general requires light. Trees nearly always develop best in the full enjoyment of light, but their capacity of developing under shade varies greatly. The yew will thrive in the densest shade, while a few years overtopping kills the larch; the beech will grow with considerable energy under partial shade, where the oak would only just keep alive, and the birch would die. When planted in moist places, all species are less sensitive to the withdrawal of light. In the open, maples, elms, sycamores, and others, grow well and make good shade-trees; in a dense forest they thin out and have but scanty foliage. Conifers, such as spruces and firs, which preserve the foliage of several years, have perhaps the greatest capacity of growing under shade, and preserving their foliage in spite of the withdrawal of light.

PROFESSOR ARTHUR T. HADLEY, of Yale, an authority on railroads and railway management, says that the railroads of the world are valued at twenty-five to thirty thousand millions of dollars. This probably represents one-tenth of the total wealth of civilized nations, and one-fourth, if not a third, of their invested capital. It is doubtful whether the aggregate plant used in all manufacturing industries can equal it in value. The capital engaged in banking is but a trifle beside it. The world's whole stock of money of every kind—gold, silver and paper—would purchase only a third of its railroads. Yet these facts by no means measure the whole importance of the railroad in the modern industrial system. The business methods of to-day are, in one sense, the direct result of improved transportation. The railroad enables the large establishment to reach the markets of the world with its products; it enables the large city to receive its food-supplies, if necessary, from a distance of thousands of miles. And while the railroad thus favors the concentration of capital, it is in itself an extreme type of this concentration. Almost every distinctive feature of modern business, whether good or bad, finds in railroad history at once its chief cause and its fullest development.

EDUCATIONAL periodicals are quoting the evidence, printed fully in the last report of the Memphis School Board, as to the disastrous effects of bad illumination and ventilation in school-rooms upon the eye-sight and general health of pupils. The report says: "The Market Street building has been recently constructed, and is well arranged, both as to illumination and ventilation; whereas the antiquated structure on Linden Street is sadly deficient in both these particulars. Now, compare the percentage of near-sighted children in corresponding classes (fourth, fifth and sixth) in the two buildings, and you will find that while the Market Street school has 2.8 per cent., the Linden Street school has 5 per cent. These figures commend the new building as strongly as they condemn the old, and no stronger plea can be advanced for new buildings, so constructed as to furnish proper illumination and a plentiful supply of fresh air, than is furnished by these figures, which show that nearly double the number of the pupils with impaired sight come from a badly constructed building with poor light and bad air."

THE cook-stove is set down as a "scientific shame" by a writer in the *North American Review*, who refers to the uneconomical way in which it consumes fuel. "We probably use," he declares, "every day in the year, fifty times the fuel actually needed." His chief complaint is against the waste occasioned by the cold-blast arrangement of our stoves, instead of utilizing the heat in heating fire-materials before they are ignited. He would apply the principle of the hot-air-blast furnaces, or of the regenerative lamp-burner, and insists that it would produce a great saving. Coincident with this comes word that Mr. Edward Atkinson, the student of statistics and expounder of public economy, has invented an improvement in kitchen cooking-stoves. His apparatus comprises two ovens, one heated by a column of water and one by a column of air, the heat being derived from lamps which burn ordinary kerosene-oil. The cost, with this stove, of cooking twenty pounds of bread was one cent's worth of oil; that of roasting thirty pounds of meat did not exceed two cents. Mr. Atkinson has not patented his invention.

AMONG the most recent and valuable acquisitions of the National Museum at Washington is a collection of objects made by the people of Thibet—that nation which lives secluded by the vast mountain-chains which separate it from India and China on the one side, and Russian Asia on the other, and which will permit neither exploration nor intercourse with the outer world. As has been noted in these pages from time to time, information has been derived by stealth through the observations of a few educated Hindoos, who have traveled through Thibet, disguised as merchants; but it is disconnected and unsatisfactory. Recent military movements in the Himalaya point to the forcing of the barrier before many years, however. Meanwhile, collections of objects, such as the present one, which was gathered by Mr. W. W. Rock-

hill on the Chinese borders of Thibet, are of great interest and assistance as illustrations of the arts, culture and ideas of the isolated subjects of the semi-divine Lama. The jeweler's and carver's arts are abundantly represented in silver, copper, ivory, wood and bone. Many prayer-wheels, rosaries, and other things pertaining to religious ceremony, or of the nature of charms, are present, generally prettily ornamented. Books, music and picture-rolls are numerous. The musical notes consist of curves, up or down, and broken to represent pauses, quavers, etc.; and among the pictures are scenes of life in their cities, of great ethnological value. This is the first collection brought to this country from that region.

THE American Oriental Society proved, by its late very prosperous meeting in Philadelphia, that American scholarship is advancing in a very certain way. Though the Sanskrit and Aryan languages and history had fair representation, this meeting showed a marked development of interest in Assyrian matters. "The older members of the Oriental Society," remarks Dr. Ward, in the *Independent*, "remember that this new interest in the Assyrian and other Semitic languages is not ten years old—scarcely five years old—and that it is the product of the discovery of a language which holds, in some degree, the same relation to the Semitic languages which Sanskrit holds to the Aryan. In a farther degree it is due to the wonderful contents of the unearthed literature of this Assyrian language, and its most important bearing on the history and the religion of the Hebrews." There is scarcely a university or leading theological seminary which does not now offer to teach Assyrian alongside of the usual Hebrew course.

"NOTES AND QUERIES" advises owners of old leather-bound books to dress them with vaseline, to make the leather supple and save cracking. Nothing restores and preserves tree-calf, morocco and other leather bindings of a fine sort so effectually.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

ONE of the questions in written examination at a school recently was: "What two important occupations have the people on the sea-coast?" Here is the answer: "They go fishing for cod and mackerel, and are salted and sent to all parts of the world."

ARCHBISHOP POTTER TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL—"Your Grace, I don't know what to do with my son; will your Grace give him a cornetcy in the army?" "No, I can't do that. I'll tell your Grace what to do with him; serve him as we do bad tavern wine—make a bishop of him."

GETTING IT DONE.—Mrs. Donovan—"Good-mornin' to yez, Misher Murphy; sure, 'tis an early birrud yez are this blessed mornin'." Mr. Murphy—"Thru for yez, Missis Donovan; but 'tis a trifle more than a day's job Oi have here, so Oi sez to meself Oi'll jist shtart in an hour before Oi commence, an' wurruk an hour or so after Oi lave off, wid, maybe, the laste bit in the wurrud while Oi'm restin' at noon, an' so Oi'll have it done betwix daylight an' darruk."

VERMICELLI SOUP.—Manager (to supernumerary)—"I am going to give you a small part in the new play; do you wish your real name on the bill, or will you use an assumed name?" Supernumerary—"I will use an assumed name." Manager—"Very good; what shall it be?" Supernumerary—"Signor Vermicelli." Manager—"That's a high-sounding name; why do you use Vermicelli? Got it out of a cookery-book, did you?" Supernumerary—"Yes; and I use it because I'm a supe., you know."

NOT IN THE BOOK.—On a recent Sunday, in one of our churches, stood a couple apparently singing from the bottom of their souls, out of the hymn-book. Being religiously disposed, and not having a hymn-book, the narrator, who sat immediately behind them, attempted to read from the same book. In doing so, at the end of the verse he heard the gentleman whispering, "Oh, say Yes." The next verse began, and the twain sang away as devotionally as if they were thinking about nothing but the hymn. When the verse was ended, the fair one replied: "Go—ask pa; all's right, so far as I'm concerned."

WHERE CIVILIZATION ENDED.—Colonel A. L. Conger, who has recently returned to America from Europe, tells a story of his experiences at Rome in seeking for information as to the relative condition of the people in Italy and America. He found a hack-driver who had spent a number of years in the United States, could talk English, and was an intelligent man. In the course of the conversation the Italian said: "Sir, the civilization of the world began in Italy." "Pray, where did it end?" asked the colonel, when the man replied, with thoughtful soberness, "I think it ended in America."

"DISHING" A LEGAL ANTAGONIST.—When Chief-justice Peters of Maine was at the Bar, he at one time tried a case with a lawyer who ranks among the ablest, but at the same time among the most loquacious, attorneys in the State. Associated with the latter was a junior counsel, who delivered the opening speech. Peters was aware that the loquacious gentleman aforesaid had prepared an elaborate argument, with which he intended to close the case, he having the "last fire"; so, when the time came for Peters to make his closing argument, he said, "Your Honor, I suppose the opposing counsel in his closing argument will be required to confine himself to points which I may treat in my closing?" "Certainly," replied the Court. "Then, your Honor," said Lawyer Peters, "I will submit my case without argument;" and he won it.

THE well-known Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, in the course of conversation at a dinner-party, mentioned that on one occasion, years since, while trout-fishing, he lost his watch and chain, which he supposed had been pulled from his pocket by the bough of a tree. Some time afterward, when staying in the same neighborhood, he took a stroll by the side of the river, and came to the secluded spot where he supposed he had lost his valuables, and there, to his surprise and delight, he found them under a bush. The anecdote, vouched for by the word of a bishop, astonished the company; but this was changed to amusement by his son's inquiring whether the watch, when it was found, was going. "No," replied the bishop; "the wonder was that it was not gone."

WHOSE?

To a pair of slippers taken from a mummy.

TINY slippers of gold and green,
Tied with a moldering golden cord!
What pretty feet they must have been
When Cæsar Augustus was Egypt's lord!
Somebody graceful and fair you were!
Not many girls could dance in these!
Whom did shoe-maker make you, dear,
Such a nice pair of Egyptian threes!

Where were you measured? In Sals, or On,
Memphis, or Thebes, or Pelusium—
Fitting them featly your brown toes upon,
Lacing them delfty with finger and thumb
I seem to see you—so long ago!
Twenty centuries—less or more!
And here are the sandals; yet none of us know
What name, or fortune, or face, you bore.

Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,
With eyes and hair of the Ptolemy black,
Who still of this "find" in the Fayoum would speak,
And to scarabs and Pharaohs would carry us back?
A scent of lotus around her hung;
She had such a far-away, wistful air,
As of somebody born when the earth was young,
And wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair.

Perchance you were married. These might have been
Part of your *trousseau*—the wedding-shoes;
And you laid them aside with the lote-leaves green,
And painted clay-gods which a bride did use;
And maybe, to-day, by Nile's bright waters
Damsels of Egypt in gowns of blue—
Great-great-great-very-great-granddaughters—
Owe their shapely insteps to you!

But vainly I knock at the bars of the past,
Little green slippers with golden strings!
For all that you can tell is that leather will last
When love and delights and beautiful things
Have vanished, forgotten! Nay! not quite that
I catch some light of the grace you wore
When you finished with Life's daily pit-a-pat,
And left your shoes at Time's bedroom-door!

—Edward Arnold.

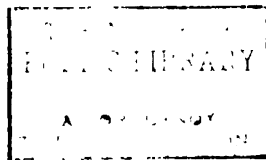
PAPUAN HUMOR.—During a cruise of a certain gun-boat on the northern coast of New Guinea (relates the author of "The Cruise of the *Marchesa* to Kamtchatka and New Guinea"), a village was touched at which, up to that time, had never been visited by Europeans. The captain, anxious to impress the untutored savage, arrayed himself in full uniform, and landed in company with the surgeon, who was similarly attired. The natives crowded to meet them in hundreds, and appeared tolerably trustworthy, but before long intimated that they were to pay a visit to the chief's house. This the captain resisted, fearing treachery; but in spite of his endeavors they were carried off, and his guard prevented from following. The hours passed away without a sign of the officers, and the boat's crew waiting for them began to fear the worst. Suddenly a crowd was seen approaching. It parted, and disclosed the gallant captain to his anxious and astonished sailors, bereft of his uniform, and dressed in alternate stripes of red and white paint.

THE LIBRARY.

BEGINNING with the April number of the *POPULAR MONTHLY*, a new department will be added, under the above heading, to be devoted to the new, notable and interesting productions of the book world. Every new volume will be registered upon the list of "Books Received"; brief reviews will be given wherever justified by the importance or interest of the book; and it is proposed from time to time to treat in the form of illustrated articles such publications as may, by qualities of special attractiveness, seem best adapted to that purpose. Our readers will thus be enabled to keep a general outlook over the field of book publication, to taste the quality of its freshest offerings, and, in short, to consult monthly a concise guide to selection for "The Library."



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OUR FIRST PRESIDENT'S INAUGURATION.

BY AUSBURN TOWNER.

thing, at least, we might envy rather the generations than those of the period indefinitely remote as "those good old times," and that is, the accounts of great events.

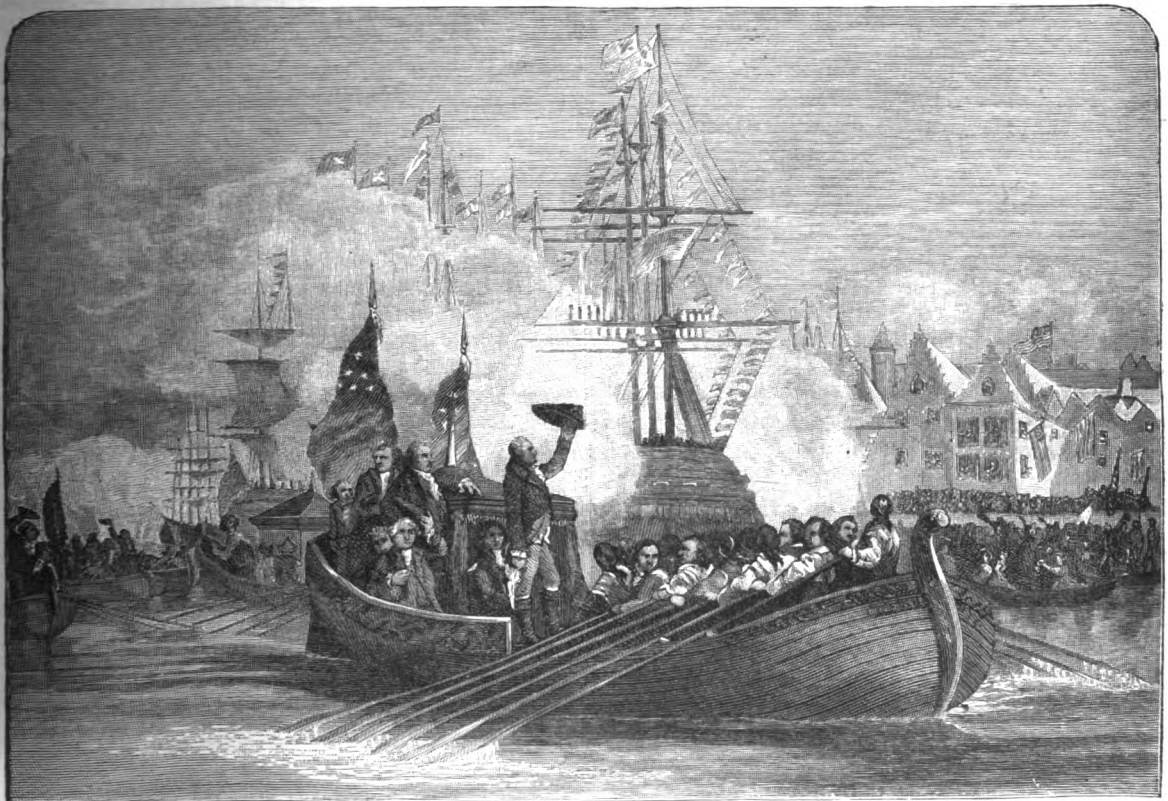
And years from now, when, for one reason or another, it may be necessary to recall acts or words connected with the lives of Lincoln or Grant or Sheridan, the old newspapers of the date will give up all the information needed, and, if anything, rather too much than too little. It is the reverse as regards events of one hundred years ago.

The newspapers of that date are meagre and bald in their accounts of what was done or said; only references are made to the greatest personages on the scene, and the minor details that go to make up the complete picture, without which the lights and shadows, the per-

spective, as it were—all those little touches as regards this man or that event, which every one is taught, these days, to read eagerly—are wanting.

These are sometimes supplied to one who searches for them, however, in curious ways. Out of packages of old letters from "a gentleman of this city to his nephew in the country," or from "a gentlewoman here to her sister abroad," have often come descriptions of scenes, persons and events that form the only accurate record of them. These persons were the amateur originals of the modern newspaper reporter, the only difficulty being, that often the imagination of the writer got away ahead of his judgment or the fact.

Another source is from the diaries of men who were themselves intimately associated with those times and the events or incidents that they faithfully, day after



ARRIVAL OF WASHINGTON'S BARGE OFF THE BATTERY, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 23D, 1789. (FROM AN OLD PRINT).

day, set down and described in their books. These are always valuable when they come to light; for the writer, in most cases, becomes a journalist simply for his own satisfaction, and is very apt to write the truth, and to set down what lies at "the bottom of his heart."

We are indebted to George Washington for a multitude of blessings, and one of them comes from his methodical habit of keeping a full record of incidents and events in which he was an actor, and often the chief actor. As his life was also what might be termed the life of his country, to no more accurate source could we go for information concerning those times. In his diaries are found, and from his letters have come, most of the information—certainly a verification of it—of the history of our country during the fight for independence, and until its substantial foundation under the Constitution.

It is curious to note that thus George Washington, unconsciously adding to his other numerous accomplishments, has acted in the capacity of reporter for posterity—historian, you might call it, the only difference between the two being in the period their work covers, for their methods and results are the same, one involving but twenty-four hours, and the other indefinite periods from a generation to an epoch or an era.

Another source of information might be termed hearsay, or relations of an event made by a person present thereat, or by a descendant of such person. In the latter case they are not always trustworthy, unless as corroborating or being corroborated, as narratives passing from mouth to mouth rather have details added than any taken away.

I shall never forget, as I never could hear it often enough when I was a lad, the account of the manner in which Washington was met at Trenton, N. J., when on his way to New York to be inaugurated, told to me by a little girl whose grandmother was one of the maidens who sang before him at the bridge and scattered flowers in his path. She had a medium-sized, cheap engraving of the incident, similar ones in that day being favorite decorations for country taverns, barber-shops and other places of public resort—such pictures as have been supplanted, these days, by startling views of the battle of Gettysburg, or of the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*.

Notwithstanding the picture, the story seemed to me, until afterward corroborated, but a figment of the imagination of the little girl's grandmother, and belonging to the same class and the same period of time of the maiden who, being kind to a fairy, was given the privilege of dropping pearls and diamonds from her mouth when she spoke; and the other maiden who, being unkind to the fairy, dropped only vipers and toads whenever she opened her lips! I think I was the more confirmed in my disbelief by the appearance of the big sunflower on the top of the Trenton arch, a floral effort of nature that I thought was not at all in harmony with my notion of the taste or character of Washington.

From sources like these we are obliged to obtain our information concerning the events of a hundred years ago, so far as the minor details are concerned. Of course, State Papers, and what are known as "Pub. Docs.," will tell us what was said or done by the conspicuous ones on great official occasions, but these make no mention of how the people were dressed, and what they did or how they acted; where they went; what they said and what they thought about what was going on; and these things are what most interest the most people.

Comparisons are not odious, but, on the contrary, determine value. Which, for example, is the most eagerly

and generally read—the *Congressional Record*, which contains the official acts and utterances of temporarily conspicuous men, or a bright, sprightly newspaper that tells all about these same men in their unofficial life, and gives account of the every-day doings, dress, behavior and words of their families—their wives and daughters, their brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts?

Few people there are—indeed, the children also may be included in the statement—who cannot give off-hand an account of Washington's first inauguration, one hundred years ago this month, so far as the outside, official ceremonial is concerned; but there are numerous interesting minor details but little known and infrequently referred to.

The event will always possess a paramount interest in the minds of the people of the world. It was the first of the kind that the annals of humanity can show; and being first, it was original and unique. There were no precedents to guide in any one observance, proceeding or utterance—everything, so far as the Government was concerned, was first, and for the first time, applying not only to the resident himself, but to every one and to every action, even the most minute. What was done was to be a model and an example, it is to be hoped, for all time to come.

We have no myths or legends or traditions, like other nations, upon which are founded the usages now prevalent. These were all established and set down for certain one hundred years ago, and from them there has never been any important deviation. What our forefathers then did, we do.

Our nation was first in another way. It can be said of it, as it can be said of no other nation known to history, that it never had a nebulous or tentative period. It was solid from the start. The doctrine of "evolution," or a "gradual development with favorable environment," can get no illustration from it. It was revolution, not evolution, that made it. It was not—and then, immediately, it was. The active approach to entire and complete national existence was comprised in only thirteen years—just as many years as there were sovereignties partaking in the movement—from 1776 to 1789. It was all one short, continuous story. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are parts of one consistent whole, founded upon one and the same theory of government, then new, not as a theory, for it had been working itself into the minds of men for many ages, and had been especially expounded in the writings of the philosopher Locke, but had never before been adopted by a great nation in practice.

The age in its tastes, applications and investigations was "classical," as it is called, to a degree that we can hardly understand or appreciate, having now a classical era of our own. The tendency of the human mind to personify everything, and to find for every event, suggestion, principle or person, a parallel likeness, comparison or contrast, had to go a long way back to be gratified, but found in the annals of the ancient world an abundance of material not precisely similar, yet near enough in likeness to answer every purpose. It is somewhat curious to note how these notions permeated everywhere, and how inadequate they seem to us now. To our minds, it adds nothing to the dignity or grandeur of the character of Washington, who stands out in history a figure by himself, to term him the "Cincinnatus of the modern world"; but it was esteemed, when he lived, to designate him thus, as the most extravagant praise that could be bestowed upon him.

Many a man was crushed, made famous, or labeled

for a life-time, by some happy conceit from Horace or Ovid, and writers and speakers won a reputation for elegance of diction or sentiment by an apt quotation from Terence or Juvenal. Lovers addressed themselves by names owned by those who had lived among the sheep-pastures of Illyria or in the neighborhood of Mount Ida, as Phyllis or Chloe, Daphne or Amaryllis; and correspondents of the "public prints" hid their personality behind the names of those who had at one time, long ago, walked about the streets of Rome or Athens—the greatest of known anonymous writers entirely eclipsing himself under the name of Junius. Every soldier was compared to Themistocles or Epaminondas; every poet, to Sophocles or Virgil; every statesman, to Solon or Lycurgus; every orator, to Demosthenes or Cicero; every historian, to Herodotus, Livy or Sallust; and in Parliament Washington was likened to the great conspirator of ancient time, Catiline.

So, no happier sentiment, it was thought, could describe the coming into life of our great nation than to say: "It sprang into existence like Minerva, full-grown, full-panoplied, complete." And it was so.

The stately, somewhat grandiloquent phraseology of the day could have no further or better illustration than is afforded by some paragraphs printed in a New York newspaper on the day before the first inauguration. They were headed, "Of To-morrow," and proceed:

"We have heard much of the Birth-day of Columbia. Her natal hour is dated on the 19th of April, 1775.

"TO-MORROW is the day of her espousals, when in the presence of the King of Kings the solemn compact will be ratified between her and the darling object of her choice.

"May she date from that moment the brightest scenes of Freedom and Happiness under the wise and glorious administration of the President of her affections!"

These paragraphs are a little dampened by the concluding one, following immediately, which, as to those preceding, is in the nature of an anti-climax, reading:

"In the evening, the Fireworks prepared under the direction of the ingenious Col. Bauman, will irradiate the Hemisphere, which in conjunction with well-fancied illuminations in various parts of the city will conclude the scene with a splendid exhibition."

I have said that the active approach toward the formation of our Government occupied thirteen years; but when the event came, like all great ones, however we may be prepared for them, it seemed to come suddenly—to drop, as it were, all at once, out from the heavens.

We know how delusive and impracticable were the Articles of Confederation; how the mere chance gathering of commissioners from one or two of the States at Annapolis, in 1785, led to the convention where was framed the Constitution. We know the bitter opposition to this charter of our liberties, and, as well, the devoted friends that labored, and successfully, for its adoption; but in the light of the beneficent results it has brought in its train, we forget all except that we have the precious document intact and in full force.

The feeling for and against it was intense. We have nothing now by which accurately to measure either the one or the other sentiment. In a New York newspaper, whose leanings may easily be guessed, published in April, 1789, there is a description in detail of the eleven States that had already adopted the Constitution. Right following, under the title of *Foreign States*, is a description of Rhode Island and North Carolina! They were not foreign States long.

The Congress, feeble gathering as it was, had held its sessions in New York city from 1785, and this metropolis

had every reason to expect that it would be the Capital City of the nation. New England was willing it should be, but Pennsylvania wanted it established on the banks of the Delaware, at or near Germantown, and other States were eager for a location still farther south. Philadelphia complained that New York was a "sink of political vice," and the extreme South cried out against Philadelphia and its environs, because the Quakers there were continually full of schemes for the emancipation of the slaves. The question of location was a capital question indeed.

One of the Senators who wanted the permanent location fixed near Philadelphia wrote to a friend that "not a greater consternation seized the city when the British left them! Beaux, belles, macaronis, clergy and all went to work, and such a running from house to house was scarcely ever heard of. Our New England friends gave way, and the removal is postponed for the present."

The question got entangled with every public measure proposed, and there were muttered threats of disunion even before the Union was firmly cemented, if certain plans were not adopted.

How it was finally settled, by what would, in these days, be called "a trade," by which some of the Southern members voted for one of Alexander Hamilton's pet fiscal schemes for assuming the State debts, and some of his friends voted for the proposed location on the Potomac, needs hardly to be written; but the Capital was taken away from New York, tarrying for ten years in Philadelphia until the new city could be started.

In the anticipation of being the chosen spot, however, New York felt an impulse in business of every kind, that sent her far on the road to the conspicuous position she now enjoys. With a liberality that, to this very day, distinguishes her citizens, \$32,000 were contributed to enlarge and beautify the City Hall for the occupation of the new Government.

The building stood almost precisely where now stands the United States Sub-treasury, on Wall Street, looking down Broad.

When the changes were completed, it was rechristened "Federal Hall," or, as some of the newspapers of that day called it, the "Federal State House." One of them, in describing it, says:

"This superb edifice is, upon the whole, superior to any building in America—and for its competency to the great design for which it is constructed, does honor to the Architect. The citizens of this metropolis, always distinguished for their public spirit, have, by their exertions in this instance, added greatly to the lustre of their established FEDERAL CHARACTER!"

The building was, indeed, a stately one for that period, with its severe Tuscan architecture, its massive pillars and Doric columns, and the cornice so arranged as to permit of decorations emblematic of its national character, thirteen stars with thirteen arrows and olive-branches being conspicuous in the ornamentation. The already irrepressible eagle was also there, for the same old newspaper from which I have already quoted, just a week before the inauguration, says: "The Eagle in front of the Federal State House is now displayed;" and then it complacently adds: "The general appearance of this front is truly august."

The Hall of Representatives in this building was almost octangular, and sixty-one by fifty-eight feet in size, with an arched ceiling forty-six feet high in the centre. There were two galleries, and a separate chair and desk for each member.

The Senate Chamber was thirty by forty feet in extent, and with an arched ceiling twenty feet high in the centre.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

This ceiling was painted a light blue, with a sun and thirteen stars in the centre. The decorations, the rich canopy over the President's platform, the curtains, and chairs of the Senators were all in a rich crimson damask. This hall opened upon the balcony overlooking Wall Street, where the President took his oath of office.

Also with the expectation that New York was to be the Capital City of the nation, the foundations of one of the finest residences in the country were laid near Bowling Green, where the Bowling Green Block now stands. It was intended for the use of President Washington, and that of all the future heads of the nation. It was not finished, however, when the seat of Government was removed to Philadelphia, and was subsequently occupied by the earliest Governor of the State.

New York city made other preparations for the coming of the first President.

On the day before his arrival, the newspaper I have referred to has the following :

"In a late Boston paper is the following paragraph, viz.: 'An elegant Barge is now building in New York to waft the great WASHINGTON across the Hudson, to be rowed by ten Sea Captains, and one to act as cockswain.' The above Barge is now completed—it was launched yesterday—and it is a most masterly construction in that line. It is between forty and fifty feet long, and moulded upon the finest model."

Congress did not meet until more than a month after the time appointed to count the votes that had been cast for the first President and Vice-president of the United States. The means of communication were not as numerous nor as expeditious as they are these days, and the members didn't seem to be in a hurry at the best. The 4th of March was the appointed day, but when the hour had arrived, only eight out of the twenty-six Senators were present; and of the House, only fourteen members. It was not until April 6th that the business was accomplished, and that John Langdon, of New Hampshire, the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, officially declared the result.

Of course, no one was mentioned for the first office except Washington; but for the second in importance,

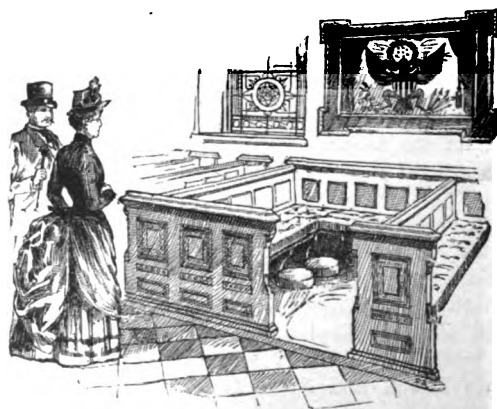
John Adams had no less than ten competitors. None of them was dangerous, but they all counted. Some of the names read strangely, and suggest the transitory nature of political fame. Who, in this generation, ever heard of an American politician by the name of John Milton? Yet John Milton was a man of sufficient prominence in the United States, in 1789, to receive two electoral votes for the Vice-presidency. One by the name of Edward Telfair received a vote. Who was Telfair? Beyond the fact that he had been a Member of Congress from Georgia, we know nothing now. These two are so completely forgotten that their names are not even mentioned by the most diligent compiler of biographical dictionaries.

Among the other candidates nearly forgotten were Benjamin Lincoln, R. H. Harrison, J. Rutledge, S. Huntington and J. Armstrong. John Jay and John Hancock were also candidates, or received votes for the office.

Sylvanus Bourne—and it is the one only time that his name is mentioned anywhere—was selected to notify Mr. Adams officially of his election; and Charles Thomson, Esq., was chosen to perform a similar duty with regard to General Washington. These two messengers set forth to perform their duties on April 7th, and both went on horseback.

Some interest centres about this Charles Thomson aside from the fact that he was the first who ever announced officially to the President of the United States his election to that office. He was an Irish lad, whose father died during the voyage to this country in 1739. He was a school-teacher, a very close personal friend of Benjamin Franklin, and afterward a merchant. He had a great passion for the Greek language, and having picked up at a book-stall, in a curious manner, a copy of the Septuagint, made the first translation of it into the English language. He was just returned from his wedding-journey in 1774, and while getting out of his carriage, a messenger informed him that the President of Congress wanted to see him. He went immediately in response, and was thereupon elected the Secretary of that body, and served as such continuously fifteen years. Mrs. Thomson was not greatly pleased. For the first session of that Congress he received no pay at all except a silver tea-urn. Mrs. Thomson was permitted to select some object as a sort of remuneration for the services of her husband, and wisely chose as large a one as she could. The urn is still in the possession of her descendants in Philadelphia.

Mr. Adams, on receiving the notification of his elec-



tion, started from the family-seat at Braintree, about fourteen miles from Boston, on his way to New York, on the morning of April 12th. A troop of horse escorted him, and on their arrival at the fortification-gates, the bells of the city were rung, the citizens shouted, and cannon were fired. He went to the residence of the Governor of the State, where a collation was served.

A Federal salute of thirteen guns was given him, and a detachment of horse, whose uniform had an "elegant effect," being of blue faced with white, and whose "horses were mostly of one color and all very handsome," attended him to Charlestown. Here there was another Federal salute, as well as one at Cambridge when he arrived there.

In this manner, a troop escorting him until met and relieved by one from the adjoining county or town, Mr.

went immediately to the residence of the Hon. John Jay, where he was met by a committee from both Houses of Congress, especially appointed to congratulate him on his election. It had not yet been determined how to address officially the distinguished men so recently elevated to high positions, and in all contemporary accounts Mr. Adams is styled "His Excellency," which, in these days, sounds rather peculiar.

One of the most entertaining debates ever held in the Halls of Congress occurred soon after this, and had reference to this subject. The opinions were very various as to the manner in which the President should be addressed, and there were numerous suggestions, backed up by cogent reasons for their adoption.

Some wanted "Excellency"; others, "His Highness," or "His Highness the President of the United States



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE ASSANPINK BRIDGE, TRENTON. (FROM AN OLD PRINT).

Adams proceeded leisurely toward New York. "Not," as the private letter of a gentleman of Boston to a friend in New York, from which the account is taken, says—"not amid the servile attentions of slaves and subjects, but attended by the voluntary honors of his fellow-countrymen."

On the 20th Mr. Adams arrived in New York, accompanied by a cavalcade described as "numerous and truly respectable." The Light Horse of Westchester County, commanded by Major Pintard, met him at the Connecticut line, and at Kingsbridge his escort was further enlarged by General Malcolm, with the officers of his brigade and the City Troop of Horse. There were, besides, officers of distinction, Members of Congress, and large numbers of citizens in carriages and on horseback. As they passed the fort a Federal salute was fired. He

and Protector of their Liberties"; some, "His Serene Highness," or "High Mightiness," and there was much to be said for each and all of them.

The tone of some of the arguments or speeches was very amusing, and perhaps that was the best way to have treated the subject. A Senator from Pennsylvania in his remarks, especially devoted to the title "His Highness," thought that, of course, it must refer to, or denote, an excess of stature which he who bore it must possess over other men, and he concluded that, here in America, it would be most probable that the honor "would be found to belong to some huge Patagonian"! And further than that, it would decidedly be best and most accurately applied to the Man in the Moon!

But it was finally settled to be simply "Mr. President," which is a better title than them all. It settled

the matter, too, for all the offices, a similar distinction running—and still running—through all of the departments, the simple prefix—it is hardly a title—being attached to the office, as Mr. Chief-justice, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Commissioner or Mr. Comptroller. It sounds odd to ears unaccustomed to it, but use makes it a very everyday affair.

Besides this and important matters relating to importations, finance, immigration and the judiciary, there were multitudes of minor things that had to be settled. In what manner, for instance, the two Houses of Congress should communicate with each other; whether or not they should, as a body, attend church services immediately after the inauguration; what should be the method of procedure when the President took the oath of office; who should administer that oath, or how the Vice-president should be sworn in.

All of these questions, and a multitude of others, were new, and must be settled, for precedents must be made, and nothing be left to chance or the "spur of the moment."

Some of the situations growing out of the discussions were amusing. One arose when the topic was, where the Vice-president should be when the President came in to take the oath of office. The big crimson chair under the crimson canopy was not large enough for both, and Mr. Adams was greatly puzzled. He said, at one session: "Gentlemen, I feel great difficulty how to act. I am Vice-president. In this, I am nothing, but I may be everything. But I am President, also, of the Senate. When the President comes into the Senate, what shall I be? I wish gentlemen to think what I shall be."

The dignified Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut, afterward Chief-justice, diligently studied the Constitution, and gravely announced there was nothing in it to help the Vice-president out of his dilemma. It is almost comical to see how these distinguished gatherings were puzzled over such little things.

One discussion immediately after the inaugural ceremonies shows how sensitive was the feeling about small matters that, after all, might mean much. When the Inaugural Address of Washington was taken up in the Senate, the presiding officer referred to it, officially, as "his most gracious speech."

The expression attracted instant attention and much unfavorable comment, as savoring too much of royalty. It was discussed at some length, somewhat warmly, by two or three of the Senators, and the expression was, at length, by resolution, ordered stricken from the record.

During some of these debates, a number of ladies visited the gallery of the Hall of Representatives. It was the first time such visitors had been present, and the event is alluded to in the newspaper I have already quoted in the following quaint manner:

"One day last week, a *Bevy of Ladies* appeared in the gallery of the Hon. House of Representatives. A most laudable curiosity is a sufficient reason for the novelty of the circumstance."

On the next day after his arrival in New York, Mr. Adams was conducted to the Senate Chamber by the committee appointed for that purpose—the Hon. Caleb Strong, of Massachusetts, and the Hon. Ralph Izard, of South Carolina—where he quietly took the oath of office and made a brief address. On the same day the Mayor and Aldermen of the city called upon him, and presented him with an address, in which they promised to "contribute whatever might be in their power to render his residence agreeable, his person respected and his office dignified."

As a product of the times, I cannot resist the temptation to reproduce from a newspaper of the date some verses, signed C—, which were addressed to the new Vice-president. They show somewhat the style of typography prevalent and the sentiment permitted, but I think they would hardly be tolerated for the twenty-third Vice-president. These are they:

"WHEN Heaven resolv'd COLUMBIA should be free,
And INDEPENDENCE spake the great decree,
Lo, ADAMS rose! a giant in debate,
And turned that vote which fix'd our empire's fate.

"In Europe next, the MINISTER behold,
Who TREATIES formed—and melted hearts of gold:
Maintain'd the honour of our rising name,
And as a NATION, gave us RANK and FAME!

"When ally'd Armies triumphed in the field,
And full plum'd Victory made Great Britain yield,
When WASHINGTON commanded 'wars to cease,'
HE crowned our triumphs by a glorious Peace.

"For THESE his country pours its honours down,
And ranks him next—her first, her darling Son.
Long may they reign in sentiments ally'd,
COLUMBIA'S SAFEGUARD, GLORY, BOAST and PRIDE!"

Mr. Adams chose as his residence the famous Richmond Hill house, situated on what is now Varick, near Charlton Street, "about a mile and a half from the City of New York," and noted as being at one time, during the Revolution, one of the head-quarters of General Washington. Mrs. Adams, in her descriptions of the "rural delights" of this place, is very enthusiastic—quite in contrast with her accounts of the new White House, in Washington, to which she subsequently removed.

New York city was now ready for the incident that overshadowed all others of the time, as it should—the arrival of General Washington. It took the messenger of Congress, Charles Thomson, Esq., just one week to reach Mount Vernon, and he delivered his official notification to the President-elect on April 14th. The second day after that, Washington began a journey, every step of which is memorable, and one that cannot too often be rehearsed, or its details gone over. From the moment when he left the gates of Mount Vernon until, seven days afterward, he was met at Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, by the deputation from Congress, it was one continuous triumphal march, with which history has nothing to offer in comparison.

One who is at all acquainted with Mount Vernon and its surroundings will not wonder that, apart from the other reasons that Washington sets forth for being disinclined to assume the cares of state and the responsibilities of conducting the affairs of a new national experiment, he should dislike to leave such a spot. Of course, its associations now make the place very dear to every American heart, but aside from these, its natural situation and surroundings make it a most attractive home for one who, like Washington, possessed abundant means to keep it up and in order for his own retirement and the entertainment of friends.

If we could only put ourselves in the places of those who were living at that time, we could the more appreciate the feelings that were paramount then. By the vivid and absorbing events of more recent occurrence, the men and the deeds of the Revolution, and of the times of the formation of the Government, have somehow been relegated to the era approaching ancient history. The Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday are dimmed by Decoration Day and the anniversary of

the battle of Gettysburg. Wayne and Putnam, Greene and Marion, with the chief of them all, are rapidly degenerating into a species of myths—not quite so distinct, perhaps, as Romulus and Remus, or King Arthur of Britain, although somewhat akin.

We look at the conventional portrait, bust or statue of Washington, with the straight, precise line of the mouth marked by the thin lips, the unmistakable nose, the eyes with the almost drooping upper eyelids and the expression of calm, self-sustained dignity, the hair projecting in rolls from over the ears, with just a glimpse of the queue over the high collar behind, the strange, quaint garb which does not belong to this age or generation, and we forget that he was a man like in his nature to all the rest of mankind, and involuntarily give him attributes which he, if he knew of it, would be the first of all to disclaim.

It was as a man, not as the "Father of his Country," nor the "Modern Cincinnatus," nor the "Most Illustrious President of the United States," that he made this memorable journey from Mount Vernon to New York; and the manner in which he was met and entertained on the way, and the return he made for the attentions, showed this.

Years ago, an aged man related to me how he as a lad, and boy-like, had followed the cavalcade that escorted Washington from Chester into Philadelphia. He had imbibed the spirit of the day, and it seemed never to have left him. Let veterans "shoulder their crutches and show how fields were won"—such a relation concerning peace has infinitely more charms.

Washington set out from his home on April the 16th, accompanied by Charles Thomson, Esq., and Colonel David Humphreys, his aid. This Colonel Humphreys, one of the handsomest men of his times, a favorite of Washington's, a poet, soldier, scholar and diplomatist, deserves an affectionate remembrance among the men and events of the times. He was a Connecticut man, went early into the Army of the Revolution, and speedily became a colonel and one of Washington's aids. He went with Jefferson to France as Secretary of Legation, and was afterward United States Minister to Portugal and Spain. He aided Joel Barlow and other poets in the construction of the forgotten epic, "The Anarchoid," and wrote a poem on the "Happiness of America" and "An Address to the Armies of the United States." So far as his duties with the President are concerned, Colonel Humphrey deserves to be styled the prototype of the modern "private secretary" of the Chief Executive of this Union.

There were first for General Washington the affectionate leave-takings and the farewell dinner with his neighbors and personal friends in Alexandria, Va.; then the reception and entertainment in Baltimore; then, on the 18th, the meeting, at the State line between Delaware and Pennsylvania, with "His Excellency Thomas Mifflin, Esq., President of the latter-named State, and the Hon. Richard Peters, Speaker of the Pennsylvania Legislature, accompanied by the old City Troop of Horse," a military organization that is continued to this day, and that holds this event among its traditions as one of the most memorable of the many noted events connected with its existence.

Washington was not exactly pleased with all this military and warlike display; but, as a "gentleman of Philadelphia writing to his nephew in the country," who, of course, was "anxious to hear all about the procession," observes: "He finally mounted an elegant horse provided for him and rode on."

On the road between Chester and Philadelphia, the cavalcade was joined by numerous other military detachments. "Thence," proceeds the letter, "to Mr. Grey's bridge on the Schuylkill," where "such a scene presented itself, that even the pencil of a Raphael could not delineate!"

This structure was covered with laurel, evergreens, flags and flowers to such an extent, "that the very timbers were hidden from view," and as the eye caught the display, it "filled the spectator's soul with admiration and delight!"

There was a curious piece of machinery somewhere among the profuse arches, that was worked by a boy who was clothed in laurel and evergreens, "so that he could not be distinguished from the other decoration," and who, as "our beloved Washington passed underneath, let drop above the Hero's head, unperceived by him, a civic crown of laurel!"

Still more military joined the procession; and, continues the letter: "Having conducted the man of our hearts to the City Tavern, he was introduced to a very grand and plentiful banquet, prepared by the citizens. A number of patriotic toasts were drunk, addresses from many public and corporate bodies were presented, and in the evening there was a most magnificent display of fireworks."

The next morning was rainy, but the General set out for Trenton at ten o'clock. The City Troop came out to escort him, but Washington declined the honor, for he could not, he said, think of traveling in a carriage, under cover, while they were exposed to the rain on horseback.

The letter-writer on this moralizes in the following strain:

"How different is power when derived from its only just source, viz., the PEOPLE, from that which is derived from conquest or hereditary succession! The first magistrates of the nations of Europe assume the titles of gods, and treat their subjects like an inferior race of animals. Our beloved magistrate delights to show, upon all occasions, that he is a man—and instead of assuming the pomp of master, acts as if he considered himself the FATHER—the FRIEND—the SERVANT of the PEOPLE!"

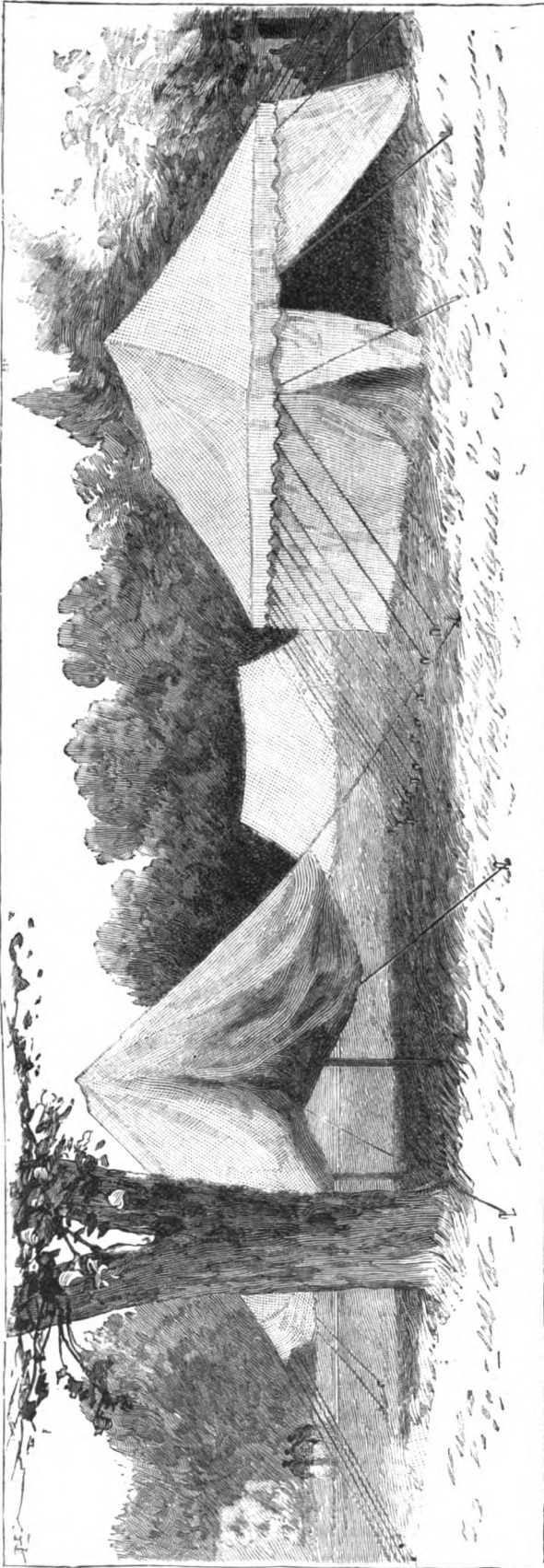
Two days afterward, a troop of horse from Trenton lined the banks of the Delaware, to meet the President-elect. As soon as he set foot on the Jersey shore, he was greeted with wild huzzas and the "thundering salutes of the artillery."

The famous arch to which allusion has been made was at the bridge at the south end of the town. It was twenty feet wide and twenty feet high, and was supported by thirteen pillars of evergreens. The arch was of laurel, flowers and evergreens. Its front bore the legend, "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters."

In the centre of the arch, above the inscription, was a dome, or cupola, of flowers and evergreens, encircling the dates of the two memorable actions at Trenton during the Revolution—the capture of the Hessians, and the repulse of the whole British army in its attempt to cross the bridge.

On the summit of the dome, or cupola, was displayed a large sunflower, which, directed toward the sun, was designed to express the sentiment, or motto, "To you alone," emblematical of the unparalleled unanimity of sentiment in the millions composing the population of the United States.

A numerous train of ladies, leading their daughters, met Washington at the bridge, and a "sonata" was sung by a number of young misses, dressed in white and



THE HEAD-QUARTERS AND COURIERS' TENTS OF GENERAL WASHINGTON, NOW AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

crowned with wreaths and chaplets of flowers. This was what they sang, while Washington stopped and listened :

"Welcome, Mighty Chief! once more,
Welcome to this grateful shore;
Now, no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow.

"Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arms did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers.
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers."

Each singer was provided with a basket of flowers, and as she came to the last line, which the exigencies of the music required to be repeated, she suited the action to the word and scattered flowers before Washington.

It must all have been a very pretty spectacle, and was an incident that, even more than the battles fought there, carried the name of Trenton around the world.

But on Thursday, April 23d, when Washington arrived at Elizabethtown Point—now Elizabeth—in New Jersey, there was a scene in the harbor such as hardly has been witnessed there since, and which certainly has never been surpassed in interest and beauty, even in all the glitter and display that marked some of the mediæval ceremonials in Venice. All of it, too, in opposition to the modest wishes of Washington, who had signified, in a letter to Governor Clinton, that nothing could be so congenial to his feelings as a quiet entry, devoid of ceremony.

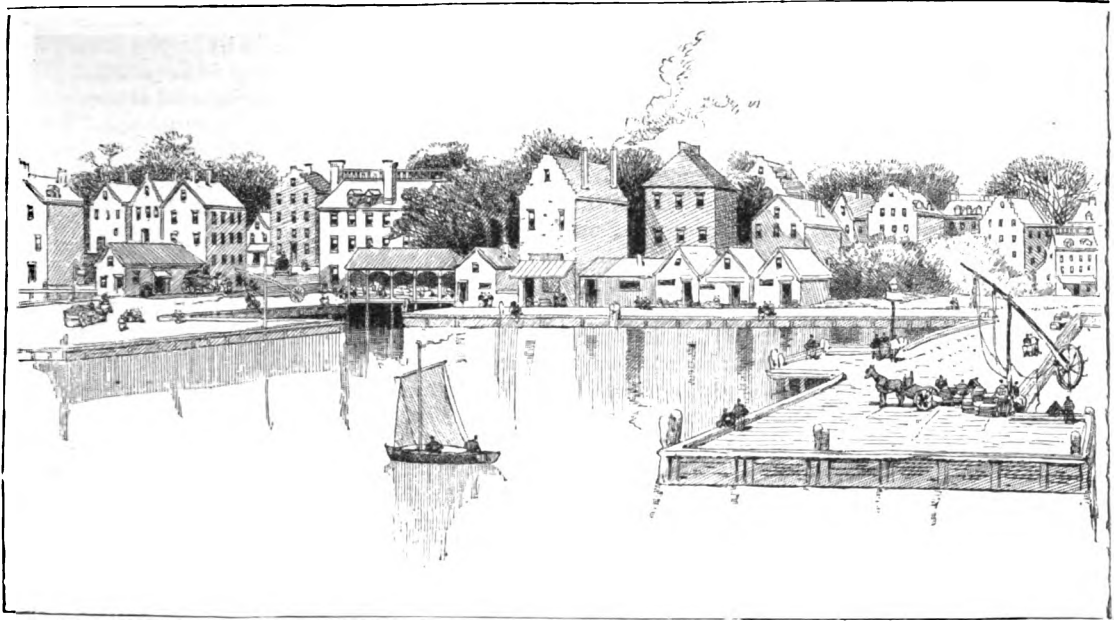
At the Point, the "President General of the United States," as one account denominated him, was met by a committee, or deputation, of the Houses of Congress, composed of two Senators and five Representatives, headed by the Hon. Elias Boudinot, of New Jersey, as chairman.

With them, also, were Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, John Jay, the Secretary of State; General Henry Knox, Secretary of War; the Commissioners of the Treasury, Samuel Osgood, Arthur Lee and Walter Livingston; the Mayor and Recorder of New York, and some other inferior dignitaries. These all, with General Washington, embarked in the barge already described, manned by thirteen pilots in white uniforms, commanded by Commodore Nicholson, and with John Randall acting as cockswain.

"Innumerable multitudes thronged the shores, the wharves and the shipping, watching the elegant little vessel as it shot out from the narrow strait between New Jersey and Staten Island, and steered for the city."

Scores of boats, gay with flags and streamers, dropped into its wake and followed. "A sloop that ran out of Elizabethtown, to join in the gala from that place, was filled with a collection of the fair daughters of Columbia, who enlivened the scene by singing a variety of expressive and animated airs."

All the vessels in the bay were decorated with every scrap of bunting they could muster. Other small craft had upon them groups of ladies and gentlemen who sang odes of welcome. The ships at anchor in the harbor fired salutes as the barge passed. One Spanish man-of-war, the *Galveston*, preserved an ominous silence until the barge was just abreast of her, when suddenly every yard was manned, the whole vessel seemed to burst forth into flags, streamers and signals of all colors, and her



MURRAY'S WHARF (FOOT OF WALL STREET, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK CITY), IN 1789.

battery thundered a salute of thirteen guns. It was one of the most startling effects of the day.

In this wise, the floating procession, looked down upon by a cloudless sky, reached Murray's Wharf, now the foot of Wall Street, where a crimson carpet had been laid from the water up the ferry-stairs to the carriage that awaited the general. The rails of the stair-way were also hung with crimson.

Here Governor Clinton met Washington, and welcomed and congratulated him. As he landed, all the bells in the city rang a welcoming peal, all the cannon saluted him, and all the throats of the immense multitude in attendance seemed to be opened. It was, perhaps, one of the first displays, the like of which, repeated since, has given to the imperial city the palm over all others in such matters, so that praise accorded to them can go no higher

than to say: "It was a royal, orthodox New York greeting."

An officer announced to Washington that he was in command of a guard chosen to escort him. Washington's reply was, that he should proceed according to the directions he might have received in the present arrangements; but as for himself, all the guard he wanted was the affection of his fellow-citizens. He declined, also, to ride, saying that he preferred to walk; and so he did, arm-in-arm with Governor Clinton.

So great was the throng, that way for them was with difficulty made by the officers. They went up Wall to Pearl Street, with a constantly increasing attendance following, and thence to the corner of Cherry Street and Franklin Square, where was situated the house that had been selected for the President.



THE EAST RIVER FRONT OF NEW YORK CITY TO-DAY.

The spot and its surroundings have undergone a truly wonderful transformation since. Then its aspect was almost rural. The house, one of the most commodious in the city, was built by Walter Franklin, one of the wealthiest of the early merchants of New York, from whom the square there gets its name. His widow, in 1733, married Samuel Osgood, who was the Postmaster-general of the new Government, and who removed from the house to his country-seat, farther up the island, that Washington might occupy it. It was put in order and furnished at the expense of the Government.

It is curious to note, however, that it proved inconvenient on account of its "great distance out of town," and Washington lived there only until the following February. The Postmaster-general was also anxious to return.

In the month named, Washington removed to the McComb mansion in Broadway, a little below Trinity Church, and certainly near enough to the Halls of Congress.

The President-elect, on his arrival at his residence, was waited upon by the foreign ministers and numerous persons of distinction and prominence, and received their congratulations. He dined with Governor Clinton, at the Gubernatorial mansion in Pearl Street, and in the evening witnessed some of the illuminations in his honor.

The event made an impression that has not been entirely obliterated to this day. "This great occasion arrested the Publick attention," wrote one who saw it all, "beyond all powers of description; the hand of industry was suspended, and the various pleasures of the capital were concentrated to a single enjoyment. All ranks and professions expressed their feelings in loud acclamations, and with rapture hailed the arrival of the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."

"The scene was sublimely great," writes another. "Many persons who were in the crowd were heard to say that they should now die contented—nothing being wanted to complete their happiness previous to this auspicious period but the sight of the Saviour of his Country. Some persons advanced in years, who hardly expected to see the illustrious President of the States till they should meet him in heaven, could hardly restrain their impatience at being in a measure deprived of the high gratification, by the eagerness of the multitude of children and young people, who probably might long enjoy the blessing."

No one supposes for a moment, however, that it was all such an entire "love-feast" as would be indicated by the above "extracts of the period." There are always two sides to every question. Politics were as bitter, and the public mind then was as sensitive and feverish, as it is now. Washington was as mercilessly scored by his political enemies as the most conspicuous politician or statesman of the present day is maligned by his political foes. Successful men care little for these flings of their opponents. It is the unsuccessful ones that feel their sting keenly.

The opponents of Washington were known as Anti-Federalists, and the radical ones of that party were jealous of all the display and hero-worship, and viewed the pageantry with suspicion, believing that they saw in it a foreshadowing of monarchical ceremonies. Looking back at this distance upon them, they seem like the death's-heads at the banquet, or like ravens among white doves on a joyous occasion, hoarsely croaking their displeasure and destroying the harmony. One reference is enough, as illustrating their methods, which were, after all, not much different from those of our own times.

On the day after Washington's arrival, there was issued a caricature—we call them "cartoons," nowadays—rude in design and execution, in which the President was seen mounted upon a donkey and in the arms of Billy, his colored body-servant. Colonel David Humphreys, his aid, led the animal, and chanted hosannas and birthday odes. The picture was full of unseemly and profane expressions and illusions, the devil being prominent, from whose mouth issued the couplet:

"The glorious time has come at last
When David shall conduct an ass."

None of these efforts were particularly witty or bright, but simply mean and malicious, and all have passed into deserved oblivion.

The utmost rancor was displayed when, the following month, Mrs. Washington came from Mount Vernon to join her husband in New York. Her journey was almost a repetition of his. Cavalcades met her on her approach to the various cities through which she passed, and escorted her thither and onward. There were fireworks, Federal salutes, banquets, flowers, evergreens and addresses at every stage, and the same barge with the same oarsmen in the same uniform rowed her from Elizabethtown to New York that transported her renowned husband thither, and amidst a similar reception on the bay of flags, music, banners, salutes and huzzas.

These, with Mrs. Washington's subsequent receptions, or levees, arranged on the plan of the English and French royal "drawing-rooms," were almost too much for the opponents of the new Government. They called her an "aristocrat," and caustically criticised her as "queenly" and her receptions as "court-like," and prophesied, from them, the death of the liberties of the people!

These opponents had much to contend with in these respects. There was that elegance of all the appointments that surrounded Washington; there were the dignity and formality of the President and his wife, that rebuked all attempts at familiarity; there was the equipage of the President, legends of which have hardly yet grown dim in New York—the six prancing horses with their painted hoofs, the cream-colored state-coach ornamented with cupids supporting festoons and borderings of flowers around the panels; there was the pew of the President in St. Paul's, richly decorated in crimson, with a canopy overhanging it; and there was Colonel David Humphreys guarding the door of the President's rooms, to prevent the people from getting in to see their chief servant!

We know now how puerile and trivial was all this outcry about these things and a multitude of others of a similar nature. What "style" and "pomp" may have surrounded Washington was not because he was President of the United States, but because he was George Washington, one of the wealthiest gentlemen of his generation, and constantly accustomed to the same at his own private residence. Besides, he paid for it all out of his own pocket.

He himself, too, has made an allusion to these misapprehensions and exaggerations, which is a touching reply to them all, although addressed to but one.

A sturdy Virginian colonel had made the remark that at some of these levees held by the President there was more pomp than at St. James, and that Washington's bows were more distant and stiff.

"That I have not been able," wrote Washington, "to make bows to the taste of the poor colonel (who, by the by, I believe never saw one of them) is to be regretted. Would it not have been better to throw the veil of char-

ity over them, ascribing their stiffness to the effects of age, or to the unskillfulness of my teacher, rather than to pride and the dignity of office, which, God knows, has no charms for me?"

A week elapsed, during which most of the little details I have already referred to were discussed and settled, before the inauguration took place. It was the most imposing and important ceremonial that had yet been observed on the Western Continent, and the day appointed for it—Thursday, April 30th—was bright and cloudless. There were so many persons in the city, that it seemed hardly possible to find enough square feet on the island for them to stand upon. A national salute ushered in the morning. Business of every kind was entirely suspended. At nine o'clock all the bells in the steeples rang out their loudest peals, and invited the people to gather in solemn religious services to invoke the Divine blessing on the new nation and its chosen President. At noon the procession to escort General Washington from his residence to Federal Hall was formed in Cherry Street. Colonel Morgan Lewis acted as Marshal. The joint Committee of Congress having charge of the matter were Senators Ralph Izard, of South Carolina; Tristram Dalton, of Massachusetts; and Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia; and Members Egbert Benson, of New York; Charles Carroll, of Maryland, and Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts.

The procession was made up of various regiments, the Sheriff of the County of New York, the Joint Committee of Congress, with whom the President-elect rode; his aids, Colonel Humphreys and Private Secretary Lear, in one of the general's own carriages; the heads of the Departments, carriages of the foreign ministers, and a long train of distinguished citizens. It marched through Pearl and Broad Streets to Federal Hall. The troops there formed in line upon each side of the way, and between these lines, Washington, accompanied by his illustrious attendants, walked into the building and ascended to the Senate Chamber. Congress was assembled to meet Washington. Vice-president Adams met him at the door, led him to the chair of State, and introduced him formally to the august body in whose presence he stood.

After a moment or two, the Vice-president announced that the Senate and House were ready to attend while the oath, required by the Constitution of the United States, was administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York.

Washington gravely replied, "I am ready to proceed," and led by the Vice-president and accompanied by the Senators, the Chancellor in his robes, and other gentlemen of distinction, he passed out upon the balcony that overlooked a great throng filling Wall and Broad Streets, assembled to witness the memorable event.

A striking figure the President-elect must have presented to the thousands of eyes that gazed admiringly and lovingly upon him, his six feet three inches of stature towering high above all those by whom he was surrounded. He was dressed "in a suit of deep-brown of American manufacture, with metal buttons having an eagle in relief stamped upon them, white stockings, low shoes with heavy silver buckles, his hair powdered and gathered behind in a bag, and he wore a sword."

The cloth of the suit was called homespun, but it was of so fine a fabric that it was universally mistaken for foreign manufactured superfine goods. Vice-president Adams was similarly clad, and it is worthy of remark that an observing chronicler of the times, in speaking of Mrs. Washington's journey from Mount Vernon and

of the garments that she wore, observes that "she was clothed tidily in American textile manufactures."

There was a large Bible laid ready on a table on the balcony, resting on a crimson cushion. This was taken up and held open between Washington and the Chancellor by the Secretary of the Senate, Samuel Alyné Otis. There is a tradition that, as the leaves spread open, the most conspicuous verse observable on the pages was that in the thirty-fourth chapter of Isaiah: "Come near, ye nations, to hear; and hearken, ye people; let the earth hear, and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it."

Secretary Otis was of the family of James Otis, the Revolutionary patriot. He was a statesman of the old school, and had been prominent in the political councils of his State. His son, Harrison Gray Otis, in the early half of this century earned a still wider prominence as a statesman, in national affairs.

Washington laid his right hand on the opened book, and the Chancellor slowly, distinctly, and in a clear voice, while the immense multitude of people were hushed in most reverent silence, repeated the oath. At its conclusion Washington said, "I swear," and added, with a deep fervor noticeable to all, "so help me God." He then stooped over and kissed the sacred volume.

"It is done," said Chancellor Livingston, and turning to the throng in the streets, with a wave of his hand, he uttered the quaint cry, that lacks something of the force of its French original: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

The response from the people seemed all the more tumultuous from contrast with the absolute silence that had attended upon the administration of the oath. The national ensign was immediately run up from the cupola of the Federal Hall, shouts and acclamations "rent the air" in increasing and ever-increasing volume, and met a ready response throughout the city by other shouts, the pealing of the church-bells, and the artillery on the land and water.

By the simple yet august ceremonial, the life-current of the nation leaped into perpetual flow, and the existence of the Government was secured. It had only waited for the touch of Washington. So when, years afterward, General Grant, at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, laid his hand upon a small lever, the gigantic engine moved for the first time, and its throbs were felt throughout the vast expanse of the exhibition, even to its uttermost limits.

All the glorious company on the balcony retired to the Senate Chamber, where Washington read his Inaugural Address—brief, but full of wise suggestions for the good of the country. A Senator, who listened to the words, wrote his wife in this strain: "This great man was agitated and embarrassed more than ever he was by the leveled cannon or pointed musket. He trembled, and several times could scarce make out to read; though it must be supposed he had often read it before."

Most of the observances of that day and that time, as I have said, formed precedents for the ceremonial of to-day. But there are two of them that did not operate in this manner. One was the sentiment expressed in the next to the concluding paragraph of the Inaugural Address, thus expressed:

"When I was first honored with a call into the service of my country, then on the eve of an arduous struggle for its liberties, the light in which I contemplated my duty required that I should renounce every pecuniary compensation. From this resolution I have in no instance departed; and being still under the impressions

which produced it, I must decline, as inapplicable to myself, any share in the personal emoluments which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the Executive Department, and must accordingly pray that the pecuniary estimates for the station in which I am placed may, during my continuance in it, be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require."

The other observance that has failed to create a precedent was the going of the President and the two Houses of Congress, with all their officers, after the reading of the Inaugural Address, to church. They all, with Washington at their head, walked over to St. Paul's, where Bishop Provost, who had been elected the Chaplain of the Senate, read prayers "suitable for the occasion."

In the evening there was the great display of fireworks and illuminations that had been announced beforehand. The "ingenious Col. Bauman" did his work well, and all the pieces were indeed "well-fancied." At the foot of Broadway, about where now Battery Park is situated, was a notable transparency. "It was advantageously situated and finely lighted." It represented the virtues of Fortitude, Justice and Wisdom, symbolized in the figures, respectively, of the President, the Senate and the House.

The Spanish and French Ministers were particularly profuse and generous in their displays, vying with each other in representations of the Graces, emblems, flowers, shrubbery, and moving pictures arranged in the large windows of their residences. The "Father of his Country" appeared in all shapes, sizes and positions, and the veracious chronicler concludes: "The evening was fine, the company innumerable, every one enjoyed the scene, and no accident casts the smallest cloud over the retrospect."

A precedent that we follow now with the utmost enthusiasm was the "Inaugural Ball." It was not given, however, until just a week after the inauguration. There

were present three hundred persons, numbering among them all that was elegant in the society of New York, even to the wife of Bishop Provost. Mrs. Washington had not arrived, but the President danced all the same, leading out, in the two cotillions in which he appeared, Mrs. Peter Van Burgh Livingston and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, ladies who, by the act, were made immortal. He also figured in one minuet, whose stately measures must have been well suited to his impressive dignity and courtliness, his partner being the pretty Mrs. James Homer Maxwell, who was a bride, and who had been

Miss Van Zandt, with whom Washington had heretofore danced, at her home in Morristown, N. J.

Numerous other balls followed, the one at the French Minister's eclipsing them all in elegance, according to contemporary accounts; Washington being present at each event.

New York enjoyed the distinction of being the National Capital and residence of President Washington for only a little more than a year. On August 30th, 1790, he bade his final farewell to the city amid much the same pageantry as when he arrived; but it was as touching and painful as the other had been glorious and happy.

As he was about stepping from the wharf to the barge that was to convey him again across the Hudson, he turned and surveyed the great throng of saddened citizens

who had come to say farewell. He spoke a few words, expressing his appreciation of the kindness and the courtesy that had been constantly shown him by the people of New York, but seemed overcome with emotion.

"The instant he stepped into the barge, thirteen guns announced the fact from the battery. He stood upright while the boat shoved off, and waved his hat, with the single word, 'Farewell,' at which a prolonged shout arose from the multitude, which seemed to drown even the echo of the guns."



WASHINGTON IN MASONIC REGALIA—COSTUME PRESERVED IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

POE'S GOLD BUG STORY.

EDGAR ALLAN POE's unrivaled cryptographic story, entitled "The Gold Bug," was written and sold to *Graham's Magazine* about the year 1840, but withdrawn before publication, and entered in competition for a prize of \$100 offered by the *Dollar Magazine*—which it won. The source from which Poe drew his materials for this ever-fascinating story has just been revealed in a letter written from Charleston, S. C., to a journal in New York city. The scene is on Sullivan's Island, where, during his earlier years, the poet and story-writer was once stationed as a soldier, at Fort Moultrie. Doubtless he came over frequently to Charleston. It was also discovered, recently, that he paid many a visit to the old books in the office of the Probate Judge—certainly he paid one visit, and saw an old record out of which he wove the interesting story of his scarabæus, "The Gold Bug."

The correspondent of the *Times* claims to have upturned the very document which, allowing for the imagination of the poet, was the basis of Poe's story. The document is dated September 5th, 1745, and belongs to a number of unclassified records which Probate Judge Gleason was collecting to have bound in a separate volume. As will be noted, the paper, which is fairly well preserved, is nearly 145 years of age. Of the accuracy and truth of the facts, as set forth, there can be no doubt. One of the affidavits among a number, all by crews of the same pilot-boat, is as follows: "Andrew Parle, being duly sworn on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, deposes that about half-past five o'clock on the morning of the 1st of September, A.D., 1745, in about seven fathoms of water, off Sullivan's Island, he saw a schooner coming down afore the wind and make toward him until he came within pistol-shot. The schooner flew a black flag, and coming near, bade him lower his mainsail. On

that he tackt and stood away from him, upon which they fired from the schooner both musquet and round shot, with the Spanish pendant also flying, upon which this deponent made the best of his way up to town."

But there is another affidavit, which is as follows: "John Garvin, a full branch pilot, being sworn on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, deposes that very late on the night of August 31st, 1745, when coming in from sea, and when off the shore of Long Island, there being a partial fog, he suddenly, when bearing west, ran into a great number of small boats, one of which he capsized.

He immediately tackt and fetched up about a quarter of a mile to the westward, and almost in speaking distance of a brigantine. It was too late to haul off, and his course brought him close along-side, and one of his crew read the title, *Cid Campeador*. This deponent knows that the *Cid Campeador* is a Spanish brigantine, the commander of which is Julian de Vega. This deponent further avers that about fifty yards to the north-west of the brigantine lay a schooner. The wind at this time was unfavorable to entry, and he (the deponent) thought it best, in God's grace, to put back to sea, in which respect he was aided by a providential wind. The brigantine opened fire, but the shot was wide of the range on account of the fog, and the more because this deponent had put out the lights, which he had



WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT MOUNT VERNON. (FROM THE PAINTING PRESERVED THERE.)

hauled down. He further avers that he kept on his way along the coast and put into Waccamaw Bay, and began to make his way back to Charles Town, September 15th. On reaching Waccamaw Point, where the King's Road ends, and where is Grimbeck's tavern, where the mail-coach puts up and is carried across the river to make the journey good to Charleston, this deponent was informed that a Spanish brigantine was ashore on South Island. This deponent, with his own men and sundry of the good people from the tavern, sailed down to the island and found that a brigantine had been cast away, and

was on her beam-ends over against the red sand bluffs. The brigantine was boarded, and there was found thereon only four men — the commander, Julian de Vega ; Alfonso Realta, the second mate, and two sailors. The commander surrendered to us in the name of the King, and he was taken on board with us and all his men. This deponent, deposing further, saith that this Captain de Vega, on the voyage to Charlestown, related a most incredulous story. He swore that the brigantine had been loaded with silver and gold, the sum thereof in English sterling being £5,800,000. That he and the first mate, Miguel Aretino, had agreed to make good to themselves this money, and that they should bury it on Long Island. That they had boldly permitted the whole crew into the conspiracy, and on the afternoon of the 31st of August the captain and the mates and the crew went ashore in the small boats. That the mate selected a large pine-tree near the shore, which was blazed with a circle with two inner cross-marks on the side of the tree turned from the shore. That from this tree the mate took a bearing with a land-compass — north-east 28° 15'. The captain next measured a distance of about twenty chains, or nearly a quarter of a mile, the end thereof being in the marsh. The commander and the skipper had first made unto themselves an agreement that the commander should keep the memorandum of the distance secret from the mate and crew, and that the captain should keep the bearing, so that there should be no foul play or treachery. At about one o'clock on the morning of September 1st the first mate boarded the brigantine's companion schooner and conveyed eight small boats loaded with the coin to the shore, and it was buried. The captain further said that when the small boats and convoy were on the way to the shore they were run through by a schooner, as he thought (the same being my vessel), which was blown along-side, and on which he fired. But the most villainous part of the captain's tale is that it had been agreed that when the fleet of small boats should return from the shore the brigantine and the schooner were to bear away from the fleet, the same to be lost. The commander further said that, on the return, the schooner must have been frightened away by the fear of the vessel on which he had fired, and kept well away. This deponent further states that on passing into Charlestown yesterday, he saw the wreck of a schooner on the beach of Sand Island (Morris Island) and picked up one of the boats of the *Cil Campeador*, in which a share of the Spanish King's money had been carried to the Long Island. He hath no doubt and verily believes that the schooner drifted westward toward Sullivant's Island, and was cast ashore on Sand Island. The mate on board the schooner, who was lost, had with him the bearing of the gold and silver, where it was buried in the marsh, from the pine-tree ; and peradventure it would be idle to search therefor without the chart. But by God's grace this deponent desireth an order from the King's lawful officer to search therefor, and will true return make to any magistrate of the King."

Another of the papers recites the granting of the order, but no return has yet been made ; nor does it appear on the records what became of Julian de Vega and the three other wrecked Spanish marines. It is easy to understand why the schooner, which fired its last shot at the Charleston schooner on the morning of September 1st, 1745, was flying a pirate flag.

The wreck of the brigantine off South Island is a matter of undoubted history, as are the facts above given from Probate Judge Gleason's Court.

BRITISH SPARROWS.

BY LAMPMAN.

OVER the dripping roofs and sunk snow-barrows
The bells are ringing loud and strangely near,
The shout of children dins upon mine ear
Shrilly, and like a flight of silvery arrows
Showers the sweet gossip of the British sparrows,
Gathered in noisy knots of one or two,
To joke and chatter just as mortals do
Over the day's long tale of joys and sorrows :

Talk before bed-time of bold deeds together,
Of thefts and fights, of hard times and the weather,
Till sleep disarms them, to each little brain
Bringing tucked wings and many a blissful dream—
Visions of wind and sun, of field and stream,
And busy barn-yards with their scattered grain.

SOME LETTERS OF A DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

VERSAILLES, January 2, 1705.

THE following true story relates to the Duke of Luxembourg when he commanded the King's army in Flanders. He had expressly forbidden the troops to plunder the peasantry, and one day, going by chance into a garden, found a soldier there, cutting cabbages. M. de Luxembourg flew into a violent rage and thrashed the man soundly with his cane ; whereupon the culprit begged him not to strike so hard, adding that, if he did, he would repent of it shortly. This enraged the duke still more, and he went on beating him till he could no longer lift his arm, the other still replying in the same strain as before. A short time after, M. de Luxembourg was told that one of his men had distinguished himself in a recent action, and performed feats of valor worthy of a Roman hero. Curious to see the object of these reports, he sent for him, and once face to face with his commander, the soldier burst out laughing, and said : "Do you remember, Monseigneur, when you thrashed me for cutting cabbages I told you that one of these days you would repent of it ? Confess that you are sorry for it now, and that I have revenged myself as an honorable soldier ought to do !"

MARLY, June 16, 1705.

M. de Louvois was latterly a firm believer in spiritual manifestations, owing to the following circumstance : Having heard that a certain major possessed the faculty of putting himself in communication with spirits by means of a glass of water, he at first ridiculed the idea, but finally consented to witness the experiment. He was then courting Madame Dufrenoy, and that very morning, when alone in her apartments, had taken from her toilet-table an emerald bracelet, in order that he might enjoy her vexation on missing it. No one had seen him ; no one, therefore, could possibly know what he had done. Coming straight from thence to the place appointed, he directed the child who acted as medium to tell him what he was thinking about. After looking into the glass of water, the child replied that he was doubtless thinking of a very handsome lady, dressed in such and such a manner, who was searching everywhere for a valuable object she had lost. "Ask her what she is looking for ?" said M. de Louvois. "An emerald bracelet," was the answer. "Then," pursued M. de Louvois, "let the spirit inform us who took it, and what became of it ?" The child looked again and laughed. "I see the man," he said ; "he is dressed exactly as you are, and is as like you as one drop of water is like another. He is taking the bracelet from the table and putting it in his pocket."

At these words M. de Louvois turned as pale as death, and from that time believed in sorcerers and fortune-tellers to his dying day.

ST. CLOUD, October 26, 1719.

A canon of St. Cloud, a most worthy and excellent man, but extremely strict in religious matters, came to see Monsieur (the Duke of Orleans), who was very fond at times of playing the hypocrite. "Monsieur Feuillet," said the latter, addressing the canon by his name, "I am exceedingly thirsty; is it allowable on a fast day to indulge in a glass of orange-juice?" "Monsieur," replied the canon, "if you have a fancy for eating an ox, you are at liberty to do so; but behave like a good Christian, and pay your debts."

PARIS, December 3, 1719.

Strange stories are afloat respecting people who have made large fortunes with shares of Monsieur Law's bank. The other evening Madame Bégonde was at the opera with her daughter. Presently a female came into the amphitheatre, extremely ugly and common-looking, but splendidly dressed and covered with diamonds. "Surely," said Mademoiselle Bégonde to her mother, "that is our cook, Marie!" "Hush, my dear," replied Madame Bégonde; "you must be mistaken." "But, mother, only look at her," persisted the young girl; "it can be no one else." Those who were near them, hearing this dialogue, stared in their turn at the new-comer; and the words, "Marie, the cook," were circulated about until they reached the ears of the individual alluded to. Rising from her seat, she coolly addressed the audience as follows: "Yes, it is quite true; my name is Marie, and I was Madame Bégonde's cook; but now I am a rich woman, and dress as I like. I owe nobody anything; and if I choose to wear fine clothes, what harm can it do?" You may imagine that the whole house was in a roar.

PARIS, February 4, 1720.

Paris is not nearly as full as it was. Many people have left it owing to the cost of living. No payments are allowed to be made in gold, and nothing is to be seen but bank-notes and twenty-sou pieces. I have strictly forbidden any one to speak in my hearing of shares or subscriptions, as I do not wish to understand anything about them. Except my son and Madame de Châteauniers, I do not know a single thoroughly disinterested person in France; certainly not the princes and princesses of the blood royal, who actually exchange fist-cuffs with the clerks of the bank.

PARIS, March 23, 1720.

Yesterday morning a young man, of a good Flemish family, Count Horn, committed an odious crime. He had lost four thousand crowns at play, and not having the means of paying, devised a scheme for procuring the money. Taking with him three accomplices, he went to the Rue Quincampoix, and meeting there one of the bank-clerks, asked him if he had any shares to sell. "How many do you want?" inquired the clerk. He mentioned a certain number, and offered, if the clerk would accompany him to a tavern hard by, to settle with him there. Shortly after their arrival the four wretches fell upon the poor man and murdered him; and then, having secured the pocket-book containing the shares, made their escape through a back window. The Count, however, imagining that the safest way to conceal his crime was to accuse some one else, presented himself before the commissary of police of the quarter and declared that some persons unknown had tried to assassinate him. The commissary, looking at him attentively, and observing that, although covered with blood, he

exhibited no trace of a wound, began to suspect foul play, and ordered him to be arrested. At this moment arrived one of the other three, upon which Horn appealed to the commissary to hear his testimony, adding that he had been an eye-witness of the attempt. His accomplice, mistaking the sense of his words, and concluding that the Count had acknowledged his guilt, confessed everything, and both were immediately committed to prison, and are to be tried on Monday.*

COGNAC.

In Cognac everything and everybody are associated, directly or indirectly, with brandy. If you come upon a grand pile of buildings, you may be assured they are brandy warehouses; if you see an unusually fine house, it is certain to be the residence of a brandy merchant; the very atmosphere is saturated with it. Its deposits have imparted a new aspect to every bit of masonry its fumes can reach, and it is impossible to give a description of Cognac without some account of that commerce upon which its very existence depends.

Although distillation was understood by the Arabian alchemists centuries before, a French physician and alchemist, Arnauld de Villeneuve, who died in 1360, appears to have been the first who distilled the famous *aqua vite*, which the discoverer proclaimed to be a panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to. "This water of life," he wrote, "is the water of immortality, since it lengthens our days, dissipates unhealthy humors, cheers the heart and prolongs youth." Such praises were considered by no means extravagant in that age, and the extraordinary virtues of *aqua vite* were universally believed in; it was used, however, rather as a medicine or cordial than a beverage. In 1560 it was given out to the Hungarian miners as a remedy against the cold, unwholesome air of the mines, and twenty years afterward the English army in Flanders was provided with it as a corrective against the damp of the climate. That it was used in England in Shakespeare's time is proved by the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" exclaiming, "Give me some *aqua vite*!" Nantes seems to have been the earliest seat of the trade; thence it was smuggled across the Bay of Biscay to the English coast. In old plays brandy is frequently spoken of as "Nantes." As early as 1650, however, there were five or six brandy firms established in the little town on the banks of the Charente, and one of these, the house of Augier Frères, still exists. In the reign of Louis XVI. the *eau-de-vie* of Cognac was considered to be the best; but even in 1779 its merchants numbered only ten, and in 1820 they did not exceed sixteen. During the next twenty years, however, the total leaped to 104, and in 1877 it further rose to 134; since then there has been a decrease, in consequence of the repeated failures of the vintages.

Very little brandy is distilled in Cognac, the operation being chiefly conducted on the brandy farms in the district where the grape is grown. The brandy grape, which very much resembles the champagne, is a small white berry, the juice of which previous to distillation tastes like very bad, sour cider. The farmers, as a rule, keep the spirit several years before offering it for sale; it is then purchased by the Cognac merchants. When brought into the warehouses its strength is about twenty over proof; this is reduced by adding a certain proportion of distilled water.

* Four days later Count Horn and his accomplices were broken on the wheel.

Different vintages are mingled in huge vats, which sometimes stand in an upper part of the building, and are kept constantly stirred to blend the flavors, and a preparation of burnt sugar is added for coloring. It is then filtered through a peculiar kind of paper-pulp, and flows into vats on a lower level, in which it remains from five to twenty, and even thirty years, to mature. From these receptacles it is drawn off into casks, for bottling or for exportation.

The premises of some of the principal brandy merchants are of enormous extent, the largest and most elaborate being fitted with all the newest appliances, which covers several acres of ground. The operations

locusts to Egypt. It was in 1865 that the phylloxera first appeared in France, in the valley of the Rhone; by the close of 1874 it had extended throughout the south, south-east and south-west from Lyons to Bordeaux. Only eleven years ago the Cognac district had about 60,000 acres planted with vines; of these some 8,000 have been utterly destroyed, and over 20,000 seriously injured; since then three-fourths of the area have been desolated, and the remainder much affected; and the opinion of the leading merchants is, that the chances are that in another generation the true *eau-de-vie* will be a liquor *introuvable*. Some attempt is being made at replanting the vineyards, though, in most cases, the pest reappears upon the young



OUR FIRST PRESIDENT'S INAUGURATION.—SPANISH MANDOLIN PRESENTED BY WASHINGTON TO MELLIE CUSTIS; FIELD-GLASSES, TRAVELING SECRETARY, ETC.—PRESERVED IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.—SEE PAGE 385.

of the trade require large space. To give some idea of these, we may state that the blending department, once the crypt of the monastery, contains eighty vats, each of the capacity of sixty hogsheads, and in the flourishing days of the trade this house has sent out in a single year as many as 6,000,000 bottles, besides casks. If we consider that there is another firm in the town whose business is equally large, and several that very nearly approach it, to say nothing of a hundred others which have more or less extensive transactions, some conception may be formed of the importance and enormous capital embarked in this branch of commerce.

But brandy is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, thanks to a tiny insect whose ravages have been as terrible to this part of the country as was the plague of

shoots. And here and there experiments are being made with American vines, which are said to be phylloxera-proof; but the prospects of cognac can scarcely be said to be improving to any great extent.

In the meantime, the effect of this state of affairs is everywhere visible. The precincts of the ancient convent, in which a famed firm of brandy-makers have taken up their quarters for the last hundred years and more, are as quiet and drowsy as though they were still the home of the followers of St. Francis.

—LAUGHING, to teach the truth,
What hinders? As some teachers give to boys,
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.—*Horace*



LA MAROMA.

BY PAUL ROCHESTER.

TO-NIGHT at the theatre they played that tune between the acts—that quaint old Spanish *danza* melody. I had not heard it since leaving the tropics; not since that night—nearly a dozen years ago—in Central America. Vividly it brought back to me the horror of that time. I suddenly saw the face of Miguel Fortuna, pale, agonized, as he uttered that terrible cry. Shall I ever wholly forget that look, strive as I may?

It was a time of war in the country—one of the larger Central American States; slow, tedious, yet merciless war. And still I lingered there. I was young and romantic. I had been two years in the tropics, and spoke and understood Spanish as my own language. And I had taken no active part on either side, and for this reason, as well, perhaps as because of influential friends, had never been so much as threatened with banishment. Nevertheless, I had sympathies which I did not hesitate to declare, when and where ever it pleased me. Sympathies with ideas and with people. One of these people was Miguel Fortuna—a year or two my senior. Handsome, daring, enthusiastic, rebellious against the then present powers. He was of pure Spanish blood, the

"SHE HAD LEANED TOO NEAR—HER THIN WHITE DRESS HAD FANNED THE BLAZE; SUDDENLY—SHE WAS ENVELOPED IN FLAME. I HEARD A CRY OF AGONY—IT WAS MIGUEL; I SAW HIS AGONIZED FACE."

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son of a family all of whose members had lately been banished for political reasons. Miguel had come back in defiance of the decree of banishment! Had come back in disguise—back to mortal danger. Orders had been given that any one of the Fortunas daring to return should be shot instantly. And Miguel had come back—in disguise. All for love's sake—love of Raquela Flores! It was almost a hopeless love. Raquela's parents had forbidden communication of any sort between the lovers, and desired their daughter to regard another suitor. But Raquela returned the almost hopeless love of Miguel Fortuna, and remained steadfast. She was a beautiful, tall girl, with eyes of beseeching sadness; gentle, gracious, and with a delicate-featured, intellectual countenance. She, too, was purely Spanish. She was scarcely seventeen. I can see her as she looked that night in her simple, soft white dress, that afterward— But I shudder to think of that now.

I knew that Miguel Fortuna had returned, and was in the neighborhood. He had communicated with me, knowing he could rely upon my caution and my friendship. And I had gone to meet him, and to assist at his meeting with his beloved Raquela.

Besides their home at the capital, Raquela's parents had also a small *finca* (or farm) close by a smaller town, some few leagues distant. The family were staying at this time at the *finca*. Miguel was to come to this town in the guise of a traveling mountebank, in clown's dress, with face smeared with paint and powder. He had joined a *maromero*, whom he assisted in athletic feats—being himself an athlete in some considerable degree.

During the afternoon I had chance to speak with Miguel—briefly, and in such a manner that none should remark. I had strolled down to the *plaza*, where the parallel bars and various trapeze accessories had been set up—the *maroma* being an out-of-door performance—and he was there, assisting the *maromero*, and running great risk, being but slightly disguised. I dared not shake his hand or seem to recognize him. We exchanged only a few words, and made gestures as if speaking of the trapeze-bars, and the probability of rain that evening. He was pale and downcast. Suddenly he looked up at the high, swinging ropes.

"If anything should happen," he said, "take care of—her!"

"Yes," I murmured, and turned hastily away, for I saw some one coming. I wanted to say more to him, but thought it only prudent to wait till evening. So I turned over toward the white church that stood facing the square, and entered to pass out by another door.

At dusk the *ocote* fires were kindled on the *plaza*; four great heaps had been piled for illumination. And the people began to gather about and take up good positions, seating themselves upon their blankets or shawls, or even on the grass. As the light quickened and grew more intense, the scene was weirdly picturesque. The town lay in one of those level valleys found high in the mountain region; about it, on all sides, rose hills that grew purple with the darkness. The moon had not yet risen. The people from all around—chiefly poor Indians—crowded into the *plaza*, an eager, laughing throng—cigarette-smoking, men and women alike—ragged, and—yes, dirty, particularly the small boys, but always well-behaved. With only pleasant words and harmless jests; many a "Dispense me, señor," and "Adiós, mi alma!" The women bare-shouldered, with shining necklaces of beads and neatly plaited hair; the men with loosely hanging blouses and battered old straw hats. Nearly all barefooted, some jingling the coins which they meant to

contribute when the collection was taken up. And the lights flared wildly higher and higher, until a splendid glow appeared.

Then came the musicians, with violin and clarinet and guitar, and took the place on the inner edge of the circle of humanity which had been gradually closing about the spot, even up to the very uprights of the trapeze. And sometimes a thoughtless *muchacho* pushed himself too close to the *ocote* fires, which now gave out such splendid light, and sometimes a brand fell out of the fire and blazed dangerously near the thin, ragged cotton blouses or skirts.

And then the music began. And when I heard this, I turned toward the church, for I was still outside the crowd, and watched for Raquela, who had promised to meet me there—alone.

In another moment I saw her slight figure. Her parents were on the other side of the *plaza*, she told me. But she did not think they would come to seek her there. She trembled slightly.

"I saw him—to-day," she said; "only saw him, could not speak." Then she trembled again.

"Come," I said; "come directly into the crowd where it is thickest. You will be safest there from observation. And there will be more chance for you—to speak."

We hurried along and thrust ourselves into that mass of humanity. Raquela sat down upon the grass. I spread her shawl for her. A fat old Indian woman upon one side, a dirty young *mozo* upon the other, both smoking cigarettes. We were just back of one of the fires, where the light might fall upon her face whenever she chose to move a little past the *mozo* on her right. This, in order that Miguel might see her looking up at him. We were, besides, not far from the little space kept clear for the passage of the *maromero* and his assistant, as they should run to and from one of the many little houses facing the *plaza*, where they were staying.

Suddenly the music quickened. Amid the clapping of hands and joyous laughter, two figures suddenly glided into the ring—the *maromero* and his assistant. Both gayly dressed in white tights and colored tunics—both with painted cheeks and lips and foreheads.

How distinctly it comes back to me after years! Why did Miguel Fortuna come back to tempt death? Why needed he run a mortal risk? Ah! you wonder, for you do not know how different all is in those southern countries, where there can be no elopements, no disobedience of the parental will—save to go to dishonor. There, marriage means two ceremonies, the civil and the religious, each of which must be carefully considered. And so Raquela was helpless. She could not fly to another country—could not join her lover. And he—he could not live away from her, it seemed.

The lights flared, and the music tinkled and balanced on the cool night-air. And the *maromero* performed his daring tricks and feats; and Miguel Fortuna ascended and again slid down the ropes, and climbed to the highest horizontal bar, and sat daringly aloft, gay and reckless apparently, with his clown-smeared face. And between each daring feat the two would descend to sing some merry song, and to dance gayly about upon the greensward of the *plaza*; and at each jest the crowd would find new impetus to laughter, and would clap their hands loudly, with eager cries of "*Que se repita!*" and "*Música!*" As if there were no such thing as war or banishment or death, but only the same old pleasant life of a country of eternal Summer!

Raquela sat stone-still each time, to see her lover dancing there in his rude disguise. It was a strange sight—a

night to make her tremble—but she sat stone-still. She did not move again until the singing and the dancing had ceased for a third time. Then, as Miguel went up the ropes once more with the other, she suddenly moved forward, breathing hard. She crowded past the young *mozo* at her right, who moved back a little, with the instinctive gallantry of his race, and ceded his place to her. She was very close to the blaze of *ocote*. But neither she nor I could think of that just then. Our eyes were fixed upon Miguel Fortuna. I had seen something—perhaps she, too, had divined it—which filled me with terror. Miguel was revolving upon that high bar at reckless speed. He had doubtless seen some one in the crowd who, he believed, had recognized him. And he was striving to combat recognition. Perhaps it was a soldier. There were soldiers about; the *comandante* himself was there. Miguel, realizing some new risk, was attempting feats more daring than those of the *maromero* himself. And Raquela was suffering—an agony of terror. Once she fell back a little, and her hand that touched my own was icy cold. Still Miguel kept on at his perilous mid-air play. And as he swung at that height, and as Raquela breathed painfully, the musicians played that quaint old Spanish *danza*—the tune I heard to-night.

Such tragedies happen all in a twinkling. They happen, and—after a second of paralyzed senses—it is too late. No earthly power can avail. In my terror for Miguel I looked only at him. I had stepped back a little from Raquela, fearing we two, so terrified, might, side by side, attract observation. I did not see her leaning forward, close, by far too close, to the fire. I saw Miguel in danger of mortal injury, with only his nervous clasp now upon a frail rope, now upon the bar—but I did not see Raquela! I did not see her until—it was too late. She had leaned too near—her thin white dress had fanned the blaze; suddenly—she was enveloped in flame.

I heard a cry of agony—it was Miguel; I saw his agonized face. He tried to loose his foot from a rope, to slide to the earth, and in his desperation something broke or slipped, and he fell headlong to the ground. It happened all in a second, ere I could push through the others and wrap the blanket I had caught up about the flame-enveloped form of Raquela Flores.

* * * * *

When they took him up, he was quite dead. But Raquela lingered, unconscious, throughout the night. At dawn she whispered faintly his name, "Miguel!" and a moment later, "We die—together!" And with a sigh, her gentle spirit went to join that of her lover.

GUIMARD'S WIT.

MADELINE GUIMARD, the chief *ballerina* at the Paris Opéra, where Sophie Arnould held the position of principal singer, was as thin as Sarah Bernhardt in the present day is said to be; and many of the *bons mots* originally made at her expense have been done over by modern wits for the benefit of Sarah. Sophie Arnould called Guimard "Le squelette des Grâces"; and one evening, when, in a *pas de trois*, she was playing the part of a Nymph between two Fauns, Sophie said that the two male dancers, Vestris and Dorbeval, contending for the possession of so meagre a prize, reminded her of two dogs fighting for a bone.

One day, when Bernard, Rameau's librettist-in-ordinary,

was at a house uttering apparently meaningless words, Sophie asked him what he was saying.

"I was talking to myself," he answered.

"Take care," she replied; "you are conversing with a flatterer."

Being told that a Capuchin had been eaten by wolves, she exclaimed: "Poor beasts, what a dreadful thing hunger must be!"

A FORTNIGHT IN SEVILLE.

By M. C. I.

OUR train reached Seville half an hour before it was due. This unprecedented event was the signal for general hilarity. Tourists' faces beamed at the thought of a half-hour gained. A firm determination to be pleased with everything was written on their countenances, and found expression in generous fees to bustling porters.

We dispensed with guides, hitherto a necessary evil, for we had found friends in Seville who were only too enchanted to have something to do. Guide-books were thrown aside as too prosy, except one or two filled with legends of odd corners in Seville, and in which accuracy was sacrificed to romance. All obligatory sight-seeing we accomplished in a most unconventional *dolce-far-niente* manner.

"Quien no ha visto Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla,"

is a Spanish saying to which the vastness of the cathedral probably gave rise. It is said that, when the monks thought of building a cathedral, the chapter passed a resolution to erect a church so magnificent that posterity would think them crazy—"Faisons une église si magnifique que la postérité nous croira fous." Each canon gave a portion of his revenue toward the church, now one of the famous cathedrals of the world. The pillars are massive, but they rise to such a prodigious height that they seem like delicate columns.

In a small chapel is the famous "St. Anthony" of Murillo, who has made his kneeling saint the impersonation of prayer. One night the figure of St. Anthony was cut out of the frame, and though the theft was noticed the following day, no trace of the thieves nor their treasure could be found. The picture was not heard of until it reached New York, where it was offered for sale to Schaus. He recognized it immediately, and caused it to be returned. The figure of the saint is replaced so cleverly that the lines where it was cut are only visible in a strong light. The guide, or custodian, to whom we finally succumbed, said England had offered to cover the painting with gold pieces to the depth of the frame, if the cathedral chapter would sell it. We looked smilingly incredulous when he had finished his story. One might be pardoned for smiling, when the size of the canvas and the three-inch frame is taken into consideration.

The number of sacristans in the cathedral is marvelous. They have reduced feeling to an exact science. When we were looked out of St. Anthony's Chapel, having dropped our franc into the guide's palm, we were turned over to the sacristan of the Capilla Real. That thoroughly examined, a third guide led the way to the great sacristy, which is the treasury, and a fourth met us there to take charge of us in the various small chapels into which we might wander. We counted five regular sacristans—not to mention a troop of acolytes, who showed us the magnificent choir-stalls and superb mediæval missals in daily use (the little vandals deliberately tore a leaf to show the parchment)—and a perambulating escort of guides, who accompanied us all over the church, pointing out tomb-

stones in the pavement. We were *Inglesi*, and plainly the lawful prey of every unoccupied Spaniard. It was exasperating; we recalled Bradshaw's advice to travelers in Spain—"Keep your temper"—and tried to be amiable.

In the great sacristy hangs the famous "Descent from



MURILLO'S HOUSE.

the Cross," by Pedro de Campaña, which Murillo loved, and before which he would remain for hours. One evening, while closing the church, the sacristan found Murillo still before the painting, at which he had been gazing during the entire afternoon, and asked him why he staid there so long. The artist answered: "I am waiting for those holy men to finish their work."

The cathedral treasury is famous. It was principally enriched by the silver and gold brought home by the discoverers and explorers of the New World. At that time, it is said, the streets of Seville ran silver and gold. Two exquisite Moorish keys are shown. They are the keys of the city delivered by the Moorish governor to St. Ferdinand, when Seville surrendered to the Spanish. The saintly King sleeps beneath a silver sarcophagus in the Chapel Royal. His throne of silver, shown only on festival days, is kept behind the altar. Upon it is placed a statue of the Blessed Virgin in a costly gown.

The custom of dressing statues, prevalent in Spain and Italy, is startling to Americans. I shall never forget the expression that the face of a Protestant friend assumed in some insignificant church, when we were shown a

magnificent piece of sculpture by Montañes—"Christ Bearing the Cross." Its gown of red velvet and tinsel was a painful contrast to the weary, suffering face, with its crown of thorns. Our *cicerone*, not content with this revelation, pointed to a statue of the Virgin, saying: "When she goes out in Holy Week, she wears a gown embroidered in gold and diamonds worth 15,000 francs."

In every church there is a statue of the Virgin Mary reserved for processions during Holy Week. Seville is noted for its gorgeous ceremonies; tourists come from all parts of the world to see them. It is harvest-time for tradesmen, who, apparently, do nothing for the rest of the year.

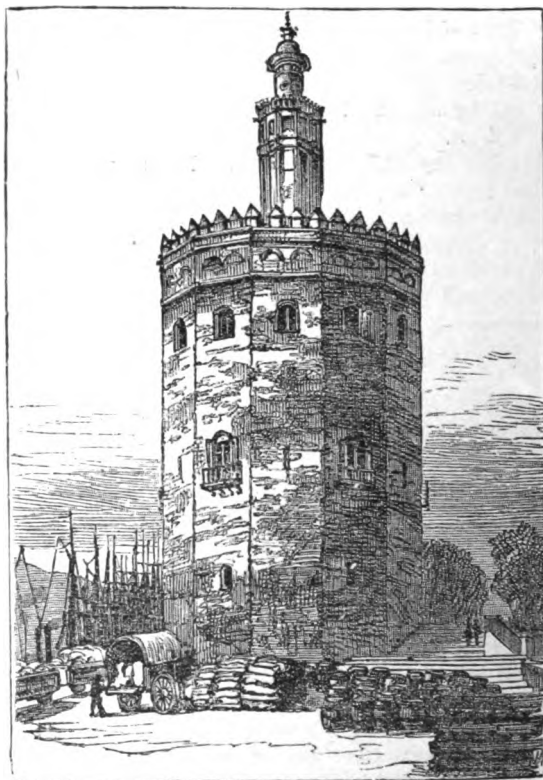
In the cathedral, under a stone carved with ships, lies Ferdinand Columbus, son of Christopher. On the tomb is written, with reference to his father:

"A Castilla y a Leon,
Nuevo mundo dio Colon."

The Spaniards must have felt reproached for their treatment of the father, for Ferdinand died wealthy, bequeathing his library to the city. In it are the original charts drawn by Columbus of the land he discovered.

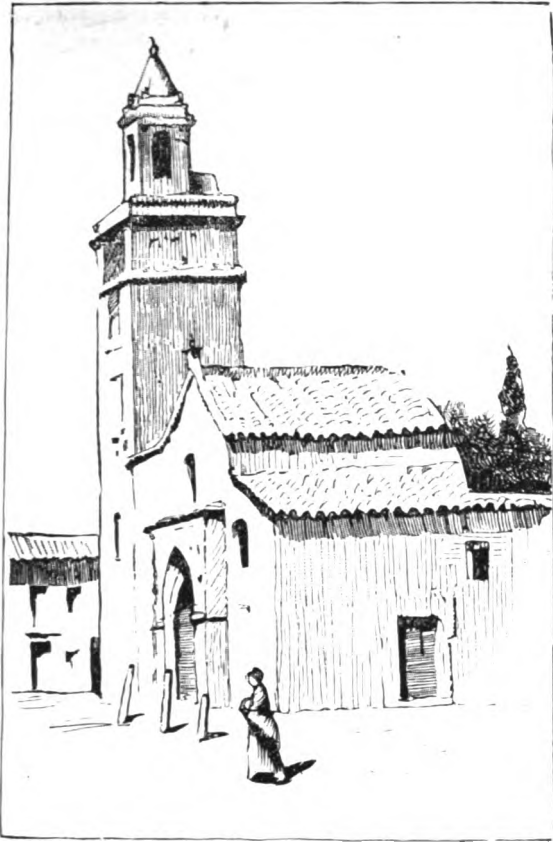
Don Pedro the Cruel, and his beautifulmorganatic wife, Maria de Padilla, are buried in the Chapel Royal. Don Pedro is one of the evil *genii* of Seville. His cruelty and jealousy are the themes of countless tales and ballads. In a narrow street—La Justicia—is an old house in which is set a bust of Don Pedro, and the story runs thus:

One night, going out to serenade some fair Castilian,



GOLDEN TOWER.

Don Pedro found a rival at the window, upon whom he promptly drew his sword, and whom he quickly dispatched. No one saw the fray but an old woman who was belated, and who recognized the King, in spite of his disguise, by a peculiar cracking of the knee-joints



SAN MARCOS.

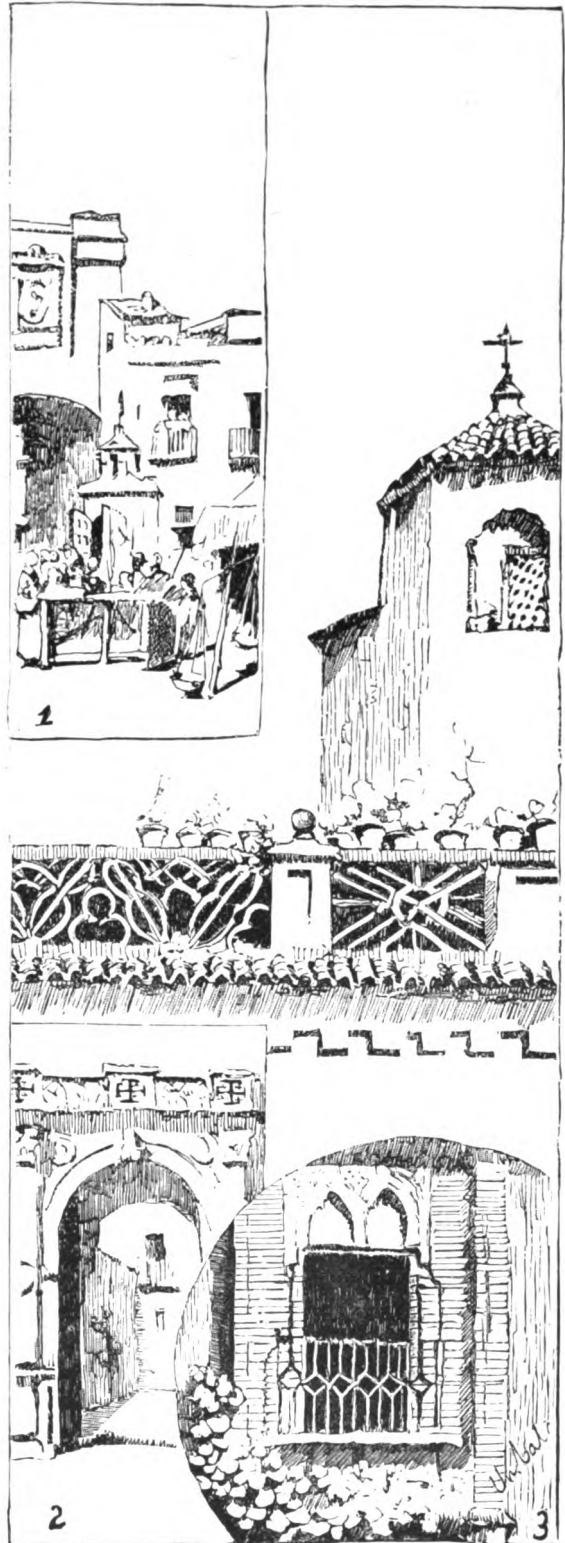
She was so frightened that she let fall her candlestick. The following day, Don Pedro sent for the Alcalde, and told him that he had heard of a duel having been fought in the streets, the night before. The King, at the same time, instructed the Alcalde to find the right culprit within three days, under penalty of his life. The trembling officer repaired to the scene of the fight, but could find no witnesses. That night, the old woman came to him and told him the secret. At the end of the third day, the Alcalde went to the King and said he had found the culprit. Don Pedro, surprised, followed with his Court to the Patio of the Alcazar, where, in imitation of the Moors, he rendered justice in the open air. There he was confronted with an effigy of himself. He grimly enjoyed the ceremony of hanging his own effigy, and the bust is placed in the old house in memory of this event. A small street, running at right angles, is called the Candilejo, in memory of the old woman's candlestick.

A second story illustrating the cruelty of Don Pedro is that of the great ruby in the British Crown. The "Red King" of Granada was brought by a Moor to Seville with other treasures. He had been promised safe-conduct by the King. The latter, when he saw the Moslem's jewels, dispensed with his promise, and had the Moor killed on account of his jewels, but principally this ruby—"large as a racket-ball." Don Pedro presented it to the Black Prince after Navarrete.

Don Pedro did not stop at the murder of the heathen. He killed his own brother in the Alcazar. Maria de Padilla, who knew of his intention, sat at a window of the palace overlooking the entrance, and tried by her tears to warn the doomed man of his fate. It is said that the King even commanded the presence of his wife in the balcony of the room where the crime was to take

place. Blood-stains are shown to this day in the floor, as they are shown at Holyrood, where Rizzio was murdered. The Alcazar is now fitted up as a residence for the ex-Queen Isabella.

A favorite with the Sevillian is Don Juan de Mañana, the Spanish Lovelace, made famous by Mozart. After a life of pleasure, he repented of his sins and founded a



1, SANTIAGO. 2, CASA PELADOS. 3, A BALCONY.

hospital—La Caridad—in the chapel of which he is interred, and in which there are some beautiful Murillos. According to the legend, the event which changed the current of the gay *caballero's* thoughts was a midnight funeral procession which he encountered on his way from some orgy. He asked the name of the deceased, and was told by one of the mourners that it was Don Juan de Mañana. Greatly amused at the idea of attending his own funeral, he followed the *cortège* and joined in the requiem ceremonies. The ghostly company then vanished, and Don Juan fell unconscious to the ground, where he was found the next morning. On recovering he founded a hospital, wherein his epitaph describes him "a great sinner."

A companion to Don Juan in his escapades is the witty, mischief-making Figaro, whose shop is still in the Plaza San Tomas. It is a commonplace shop now, no longer frequented by gay cavaliers boasting of their conquests, or plotting daring enterprises with the lively barber.

Along the banks of the Guadalquivir is the Los Delicias, a charming drive, where the beauty and fashion of Seville most do congregate. The gardens along the drive are filled with orange-trees, whose fruit does not even tempt the ubiquitous small boy. They are bitter Seville oranges, shipped to England to be used for marmalade.

The *Sevilians* are a light-hearted, pleasure-loving people. Their gaudy is infectious.

"The feast, the song, the revel here abounds."

It is not till the wee sma' hours that the streets are quiet, and we can distinguish the measured tread of the watchman and his familiar cry, "Ave Maria purissima" after which he calls the hour. Every watchman keeps the keys of the houses within his beat, and can accommodate tardy home-comers, who hail him with a peculiar whistle.

The *patios*, or courts, of the Seville houses are beautiful. The door is generally left open, and a gate, usually of exquisitely wrought iron, shuts off the house from the outer world. To the pedestrian, the *patios* are like so many charming pictures, and the owners take a special pride in the artistic arrangement of them. In the centre there is generally a fountain, with orange-trees and flowers planted around it. The three sides are formed by the house, and are strewn with rugs and divans. This is the favorite retreat of the family, who even sleep here sometimes in hot weather. Any chance passer-by can see the young people singing, dancing or playing the guitar, while the elders sit placidly watching them. De Amicis, an easily affected Italian traveler, according to his own account, ran along the streets, darting in at door-ways like a madman. We laughed, as we read, at the excitability of the foreigner, but we found ourselves doing the same thing.

We wished greatly to see a bull-fight, because of its celebrity as a Spanish pastime. In the Autumn it is rather a disreputable amusement. Famous *matadores* reserve themselves for the Spring. Bull-fights, though popular, are not fashionable. A Spanish lady of rank said she had never been present at a bull-fight, and only went inside the ring occasionally with strangers, who were always eager to see the interior of the building. On Easter Sunday the Court attend a bull-fight at Madrid, and a famous *matador* kills the bull; and the amusement is semi-fashionable during the Spring, when it is skillfully conducted. In the Fall, small bulls are unskillfully slaughtered by inexperienced men.

Near the cathedral is the famous bell-tower, the Giralda, a graceful thought of the Moor, Abdel-Gebir, the

inventor of algebra. It has been partly spoiled by the Spaniards, who have added another story for the bells. The ascent of the interior is by an inclined plane, for which we longed subsequently, when climbing the barbarous steps of the Tower of Pisa. The view from the top of the Giralda is superb; the dying rays of the sun bathed the outlying hills in a magnificent purple peculiar to Spain and Africa, and most brilliant.

The brother of our guide, for a consideration, proposed to ring the largest bell, and swing out with it. We would not consent to such a thing in cold blood, but agreed to watch him from the plaza on the 8th of December. One of our party suddenly remembered having heard of the bell-ringers of Seville, and painted so graphic a picture of the vibration of the ringer in space, that our descent was haunted by visions of men swinging to and fro at the end of long ropes, like living pendulums to the "tintinnabulations of the bells."

Brilliant illuminations on the eve of the Immaculate Conception, and graceful blue and white decorations of the streets, drew forth crowds of gay Sevilians.

On the morning of the 8th, before high mass, we repaired to the spot designated in our contract with the bell-ringer, and, with beating hearts, waited for the great feat. The bells pealed forth, and five or ten minutes elapsed before we saw our man. Our curiosity was shocked to find that he did not risk his life by swinging out wildly into space; but, having pulled the cord, he sprang to the top of the bell, clinging to the cross-pieces, two or three feet in height, which necessarily brought him out that distance beyond the Giralda. His weight caused the bell to ring.

This performance he repeated several times, until our eyes and necks ached with the effort to watch him. At length, feeling that we had been swindled, albeit secretly thankful that the reality was not as dreadful as the picture in our friend's imagination, we hung our heads and mingled with the throng already crowding the gates of the cathedral.

The wonders of the church were open to the public, and the ceremonies were very impressive. The great event of the day, however, which we had waited to see, was the famous dance to take place that evening before the blessed sacrament.

At five we returned to find the high altar a blaze of light, silver and jewels. Indeed, the entire treasury of the church was piled thereon. The altar was so terraced with this mass of precious metal as to bring the sacred host under the great crucifix, which is fastened to a transverse beam a few feet from the roof. Over the magnificently jeweled *ostensorium* of St. Ferdinand, in which the blessed sacrament was exposed, hung a large golden crown, from which small silken curtains were suspended. The rest of the cathedral was in darkness. The cardinal the canons, and a numerous retinue of priests were seated in the sanctuary. Then fresh and beautifully trained young voices rose somewhere in the gloom, and a band of ten or twelve boys, dressed as pages in blue and white, with long plumes in their three-cornered hats, came from out the dim aisle to the altar, before which they knelt, while a great silence fell upon the multitude. The boys rose and lifted their voices once more, then moved slowly and gracefully through many figures. The dance is more properly described by the French words *un pas*, a slow step. In the intervals of singing the boys beat time with castanets.

Many years ago, it appears, some bishop wished to stop it, causing thereby a revolt among the people. The case

being referred to the Holy See, the Pope caused the dance to be performed in his presence. His Holiness was much impressed, and wishing to compromise, he said the suits then worn by the boys should not be replaced, and the dance should cease when they were worn out. The canons, clinging to the letter of the law, never took any pains to replace the entire suit, but added different parts of it from time to time. However this may be, there exists nothing at the present time to interfere with a ceremony that the people love so well.

The dance lasted half an hour. When it was over, the famous organ thundered an accompaniment to the voices of the priests chanting the psalm. Gradually the music became slower and softer, the small curtains drew nearer together, controlled by some invisible agency, and as the last chord vibrated from the organ, they met before the host, and all was over.

When the music died away, our thoughts echoed the whisper of a Frenchman with us, who exclaimed, gazing in the brilliant sanctuary, "It is a glimpse of heaven!"

SPRING'S ADVENT.

By C. H. BARSTOW.

I LOOKED forth on the world to-day,
As waked the rosy morn,
And every budding leaf and blade
Proclaimed the Spring was born.
The southern wind's seductive wiles
My footsteps lured along
Far from the town's unlovely ways,
Far from its madding throng.

Oh, sweet the first glad greeting is
With nature, when the Spring
Is spreading forth her tender charms,
And flowers are blossoming!
Oh, sweet to tread the soft green earth
When fresh the breezes blow,
Untrammelled by a thought of care,
And free to come or go!

The lambs were bleating on the hills
Where farmsteads nestling lie,
Safe sheltered from the rude, fierce blasts
That storm the hill-tops high.
The swallows glanced on flashing wing;
Dear birds of promise they,
That speak the reign of Winter past,
Dawn of a brighter day.

Down from the heavens the poet-lark
His numbers madly flung
In liquid notes of purest joy,
That through the valley rung;
And leaping streams, from Winter's yoke
So glad to be set free,
Took up the jocund minstrelsy,
And bore it to the sea.

In sportive glee the children trooped
The meadow-paths along,
And caroled forth, in happy voice,
A careless snatch of song.
Ah, well they know the sunlit spot
Where first the primrose sweet
Looks out upon the wooded copse,
The waking earth to greet.

O happy children! life to you
Is full of light and flowers;
Athwart whose skies of tender blue
No threatening storm-cloud lowers.
I wonder, do ye ever think
Of children far away,
Who only see through vistas dim
God's glorious light of day!

Whose lives are spent in narrow streets,
Or alleys foul with sin;
Where squalor, poverty and death,
Alas! are rife within.
No fresh pure winds their tresses blow,
Green fields they never trod,
Or plucked the nodding flowers that grow
Fresh from the hand of God.

O little children! young, yet old
In life's excess of woe,
I dread for you the dreary ways
Your faltering feet must go.
O little eyes, that never yet
Beheld a lovely thing,
I wonder what your joy shall be
Through God's eternal Spring!

THE DUCHESS OF GALLIERA.

THE Duchess of Galliera, who died in Paris last December, was one of the most remarkable women of our time—remarkable alike for her benevolence, for her artistic taste, and for her high position in the social and political worlds. Her maiden name was Marie de Brignole-Sale. She was born in Genoa seventy-three years ago, and was the daughter of the Marquis de Brignole-Sale, who was at one time Sardinian Minister at Paris during the reign of Louis Philippe. She had a sister, who married, many years ago, the Duc Melzi, of Milan. The ladies were co-heiresses of a gentleman who was one of the most amiable and charming of men. Their mother was a Marchesa Negroni, of Genoa. The family of Brignole-Sale is one of the oldest in Genoa. At one time they lived in a curious old palace in the old part of the city, which has to this day a very singular square tower attached to it, called Degli Imbriacci, and unto it many a legend is attached. It is a relic of a much earlier period, and possibly dates from the eighth or ninth century. In

1605 the Brignole-Sale family emigrated into the Via Nuova, which was then being lined with palaces for the aristocracy from designs of the greatest architects of the period. They selected a palace which is distinguished for its vastness and singular color. It is light green, picked out with deep red—hence its name, Palazzo Rosso. The duchess, some fifteen years ago, presented the palace, and the superb collection of pictures which it contains, to the City of Genoa, as an art-gallery for the benefit of students and the public.

When quite a girl the duchess was married to Philippe Ferrari, only son of the Duke of Galliera, a wealthy but miserly banker. It should be remembered that almost all the Genoese aristocracy is engaged in trade and that the banking-houses are still in the hands of the aristocracy. The old duke, who was reputed to be it was one day missing. The city was sear low, but no trace of him could be found. The cellars of his palace—where he was

considerable sums of money concealed—were explored, and the miserly duke was found among his treasures, dead from starvation.

Sinister reports were circulated which reflected upon his son, who was accused by some of designedly shutting his father up. It was rumored that bags of gold were missing. The real version of the story, however, is that the old man had gone down to count his coin, had fallen in a fit, and had been unable either to call for help or to unfasten the heavy iron door which cut him off from the rest of his habitation. Some three years after this event, the Duke Philippe Galliera, either purposely or accidentally, shot his man-servant dead. It seems that he called him into his private room to hold conversation

multiplied a hundred-fold, and they realized one of the largest fortunes ever made. The duchess was distinguished for her brilliant conversation and social tact. Her *salon* was soon one of the foremost of the period, and was frequented by politicians, literary men, artists, and also by the leading Orleanists, to which party she has ever been devoted. The speculations of the duke brought him in contact with a number of financiers of the day, and the Gallieras possessed shares in almost every great enterprise throughout the world—notably in North and South American railroads, Italian and Spanish railroads, and the Suez Canal. As years went on, two children were born, one of whom died in early life; the other still survives.



A FORTNIGHT IN SEVILLE.—OLD MOORISH GATE-WAY.—SEE PAGE 403.

with him upon some business. Angry words ensued, and at last the fatal pistol-shot. This tragic event occurred before the Revolution of 1848, when the Genoese aristocracy were still considered to be privileged persons, and the duke was permitted to leave Genoa after a trial which many considered unsatisfactory. His account of the affair was that he killed the unfortunate man accidentally.

The old Duke of Galliera left a fortune of 10,000,000 francs in ready money and considerable landed estates. The young duchess was rich from her father. The duke and duchess now went to Paris, which was in the throes of one of its numerous revolutions. There they formed the acquaintance of M. Thiers and of most of the leading

Near the time, and whether they were advised by them or not, it is certain that all their in-

flourished. The 10,000,000 francs were soon

It was not, however, until 1871 that the Duke and Duchess of Galliera began to be talked of as great philanthropists. In that year the City of Genoa was menaced by a disaster. The people feared that their trade would be irretrievably injured, for it was proposed to remove the arsenal to Spezia, as the port of Genoa was too small to contain the ships which were flocking there from all parts of the world, and the Government was not in a position to assist the town in the enlargement and improvement of the port. The Duke of Galliera, with one stroke of the pen, removed the evil. He gave his native town the munificent sum of 25,000,000 francs, or \$5,000,000, for the much-needed works. It would be impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which he was received when, together with his consort, he came to Genoa for the first time in twenty years. The town



TRIANA, A STREET OF SEVILLE.

was illuminated, and the workmen of the port actually knelt down and implored the blessing of a man who had come to their rescue in so timely a manner; for had it not been for him, they would have been thrown out of work in the dead of Winter. But this munificence was only the forerunner of even greater deeds of a like character which were to come. Two or three years later, the duchess presented the City of Genoa with the Palazzo Rosso and its art treasures, and intimated that she intended to spend 9,000,000 francs on the building of a model hospital, dedicated to St. Andrew. This building is, perhaps, the finest hospital in the world, and contains every modern improvement. Externally it is a monumental edifice, and internally it is rendered beautiful by being entirely lined with rich marbles. The chapel is one of the handsomest churches in the city, and is open to the public.

Scarcely had this building been commenced ere the duchess, who by this time was a widow, announced her intention of erecting an orphanage for 600 children of both sexes. Then she added to her villa at Voltri a large convent for the Capuchin Friars, who had been turned out of their monastery in Genoa by the Municipal Council. A loan of 3,000,000 francs was next made to the municipality, to assist it in piercing three new streets, which are now opened, and are lined with commodious residences for working-people. Sometimes, but very rarely, the duchess passed the Winter in Genoa, and then on a Sunday evening she was wont to invite to her assemblies some of the leading artists who happened to be passing through the city. At her house were frequently Madame Ristori and Madame Virginia Marini, as well as Salvini and other celebrated artists and singers.

But Paris was the chosen home of the benevolent duchess, and as she had done so much for her native city, she was determined to leave a name to be equally revered in the French capital. Almost her last appearance in public was some few months ago, when she went to open an immense orphanage at Meudon, near Paris, and a home for poor priests, destined to afford shelter to no less than 150 venerable and aged clergymen, who, but for her generosity, under the antichristian Government which at present is supreme in France, might have perished of want. Every year the duchess gave a sum of 25,000 francs to the poor of her parish, a like sum to the poor of the parish in which her country-house is situated, and half this sum to the poor of Voltri. In all the Duchess of Galliera has given to the poor of Paris and Genoa not less than 123,000,000 francs, and it is well known that her private charity was almost as great as her public benefactions. But in this case the left hand knew not what the right hand did. Besides this, she has built a museum, which she has presented to Paris, and which she has caused to be erected in a new quarter of the city, where such an institution will be of great benefit to the inhabitants. It is destined to contain all the works of art which formerly embellished her palace in the Rue de Varennes.

Very simple in her habits, the Duchess of Galliera, when she entertained, did so in a royal manner; and it is well known that it was in consequence of the extreme splendor with which she received the Parisian fashionable world, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duchess of Braganza, daughter of the Comte de Paris, at her hôtel, that the law for the expulsion of the princes was passed.

Perhaps the most curious part of the whole of this lady's history is that which concerns her only son. Most

people would have imagined that the ordinarily benevolent use of money would have sufficed, and that the duchess would have made a point of leaving her son heir to an enormous fortune, so that he might carry on the traditions of her family in a magnificent manner—in short, found a family. But M. Philippe Ferrari—he refuses the title of duke—is no ordinary person. At a very early period of his life he became tired of fashionable society, which, indeed, had never much attraction for him. He withdrew into private life, and devoted himself to study and research. At one time he wished to found a kind of Christian Socialism, but after some experiments, which were not very happy, he gave up this scheme and announced his intention of earning his own living, as a professor in the College de France. For some years he carried this idea into practice, and it was only on being assured that he was keeping poorer men out of the place that he eventually relinquished it. He has never been blessed with much health, and being of a retiring disposition, prefers his books to the company of men or women—in fact, is a confirmed old bachelor. The duchess frequently expressed her sorrow that her son should not care for society, but she never sought to change his opinions or thwart his designs. It has been rumored that she had on more than one occasion shown her displeasure in so marked a manner as to create a breach between herself and M. Ferrari; but this is not true, and when she died it was in his arms. She passed away with the last days of the dying year. Passing up the magnificent staircase and through the grand halls of the palace in the Rue de Varennes, visitors were led into a little room, very plainly furnished, and on an ordinary iron bedstead rested in peace one of the most benevolent and remarkable women of the nineteenth century.

The duchess left her son a fortune of 10,000,000 francs, and very considerable landed estates in Austria; to the Empress Frederick, 2,000,000 francs; to Mademoiselle de Münster, daughter of the German Ambassador, 2,000,000; to the City of Paris, for the poor, 1,000,000, besides a magnificent museum, which will contain all the art treasures contained in her vast palace in the Rue de Varennes, which, when empty, she bequeaths to Austria as a residence for its embassy. At one time the Duchess of Galliera paid much attention to emigration, and defrayed, on more than one occasion, the expenses of Italian emigrants to the United States, a country for which she always evinced great admiration.

EFFECT OF ICE ON ANIMAL LIFE

FROGS can be frozen in all conditions to solid ice, so that the slightest trace of life no longer exists, so that no sign of vitality can be elicited from them by the greatest irritation, and then again come to life after having been thawed out, and appear just as before the experiment. Duméril, in 1852, performed such an experiment with entire success. Many fishes, we know, especially the pike, can be frozen through and through, or be left lying in the air, and still be revived on being moistened with water.

With warm-blooded animals only a very few experiments of this sort have been tried. Still, it is known that a few may be frozen, even to the entire cessation of the heart's action and breathing, even to the complete disappearance of nervous and muscular sensibility, and then by careful heating become, for a time at least, alive again. And the chicken in the egg, before hatching, can be so greatly reduced in temperature that the action of

the heart ceases, without suffering injury, if after a couple of days the normal heat is restored. It merely hatches so much smaller, since it cannot regain the lost time. Fresh eggs, again, which have been frozen to solid ice, have developed, after gradual thawing, with complete regularity in the process of incubation.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT, who died last December, was in many respects one of the most interesting figures of his generation. Few men of any period have been more largely endowed with the dangerous gift of versatility. His brilliant powers as a talker, his liveliness and good humor, made him a universal favorite in society. He possessed all the qualities of a first-rate diplomatist, and as a man of business he was held in respect by financiers whose judgment is not readily swayed by personal feeling. He had a passion for traveling, and when at any time he bade adieu to his friends, they could never be sure from what part of the world they would next hear from him. It could scarcely have been expected that the problems of religion would have a deep and enduring fascination for a man of this temper; yet it is certain that the profoundest impulses of his life were those of the religious enthusiast. At a time when he seemed to have before him a splendid career, he abandoned all the external advantages of his position and joined a little American community, the head of which he served with the most absolute docility. Afterward he built for himself a house on Mount Carmel, where he cheerfully undertook every kind of labor that seemed likely to be useful to his dependents and neighbors. His religious opinions were the strangest combination of mysticism and spiritualism, and seemed to him, oddly enough, not only to be compatible with the most exact conclusions of science, but to be the necessary complement of a thoroughly scientific conception of man and the world. As a writer, Mr. Oliphant did not secure for himself a place in the foremost ranks of the men of letters of his day; but all his books give evidence of unusual power. The best of them are shrewd, witty and suggestive, and no one who reads them can help regretting that he lacked the patience and self-control which were necessary to enable him to do full justice to his talents.

AMERICANS UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

"DEMOCRACY," says Mr. Bryce, in his "American Commonwealths," "has not only taught the Americans how to use liberty without abusing it, and how to secure equality; it has also taught them fraternity. That word has gone out of fashion in the Old World; and no wonder, considering what was done in its name in 1793, considering, also, that it still figures in the programme of assassins. Nevertheless there is in the United States a sort of kindness, a sense of human fellowship, a recognition of the duty of mutual help owed by man to man, stronger than anywhere in the Old World, and certainly stronger than in the upper or middle classes of England, France or Germany. The natural impulse of every citizen in America is to respect every other citizen, and to feel that citizenship constitutes a certain ground of respect. The idea of each man's equal rights is so fully realized, that the rich or powerful man feels it no indignity to take his turn among the crowd, and does not expect any deference from the poorest. An employer of labor has, I think, a keener sense of his duty to those whom he

employs than employers have in Europe. He has certainly a greater sense of responsibility for the use of his wealth. The number of gifts for benevolent and other public purposes, the number of educational, artistic, literary and scientific foundations, is larger than even in England, the wealthiest and most liberal of all European countries. Wealth is generally felt to be a trust, and exclusiveness condemned, not merely as indicative of selfishness, but as a sort of offense against the public. No one, for instance, thinks of shutting up his pleasure-grounds; he seldom even builds a wall round them, but puts up low railings or a palisade, so that the sight of his trees and shrubs is enjoyed by passers-by. That any one should be permitted, either by opinion or by law, to seal up many square miles of beautiful mountain country against tourists or artists, is to the ordinary American almost incredible. Such things are to him the marks of a land still groaning under feudal tyranny."

THE LOON, OR GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.

BY W. VAN FLEET, M.D.

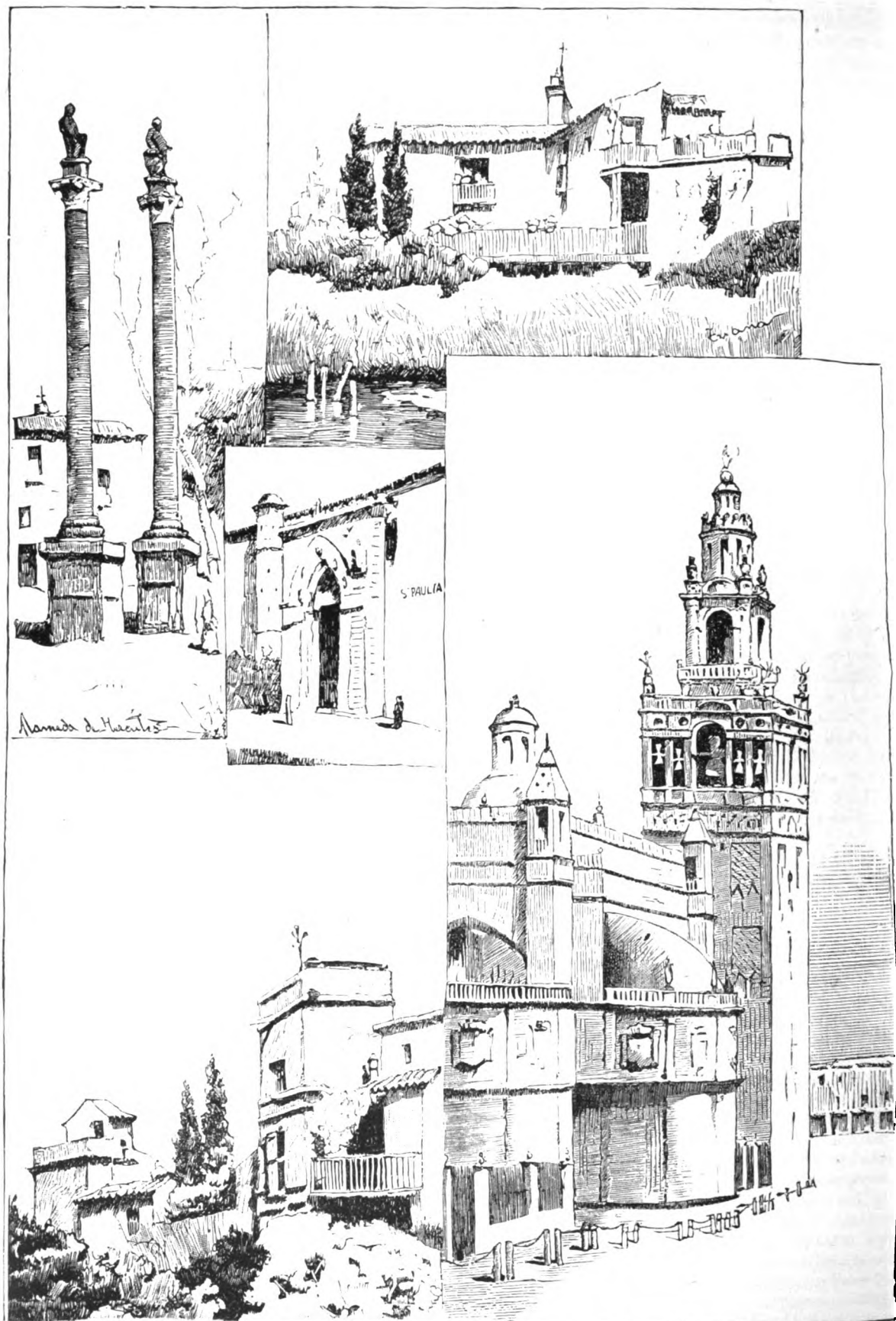
NATURE seldom endows her children with a flawless armor. The specialized development of a given animal, such as enables it to subsist and elude pursuit in some peculiar manner, is usually produced at the expense of other powers which, in fact, may fall entirely in abeyance. Among birds many striking instances can be observed. The swifts and the frigate-birds—those lords of the upper air—are helpless and unable to walk when on the ground, while the ostrich and cassowary—feet of foot than the deer—possess but rudimentary and useless wings. The kindly dove, however, fits the majority of species for existence in more than one element, and occasionally does a piece of "all-round" work, as in the phalaropes—birds that fly, swim and run with equal facility.

The subject of the present sketch, unlike its closest rivals in subaqueous agility, the auks and penguins, can fly with strength and rapidity, and, when pressed, is able to make quite an energetic scramble on *terra firma*. Were it not for his wariness, he would be a conspicuous figure on northern waters, as he is only exceeded in size by the swan and wild goose. He is a tough and sturdy customer generally; so hardy that discomfited gunners are ready to credit him with as many lives as superstition formerly assigned the cat.

The name "loon" is from an Icelandic word, meaning lame, as these birds walk in an imperfect and awkward manner. It is in general use throughout their entire range, though this particular diver is also called "imber" in Scotland, and "cape-racer" about some parts of the New England coast.

The wild and shrill cries uttered by loons before a storm, or in the night, are by many considered most uncanny. Coasting skippers, before the days of the Signal Service, were wont to foretell squally weather by the frequency of these weird calls. A well-known English writer (Mudie) rather inelegantly calls this note a "loud bawl"; but, rough and startling as it may appear when near at hand, it possesses a certain sylvan charm as heard echoing from the distant shores of some lonely, forest-girdled lake.

In Audubon's day, loons occasionally bred about the head-waters of the Susquehanna River, as a southern limit, but now their only Summer home in the Eastern United States is in the lake region of Maine, or among



The City Wall.

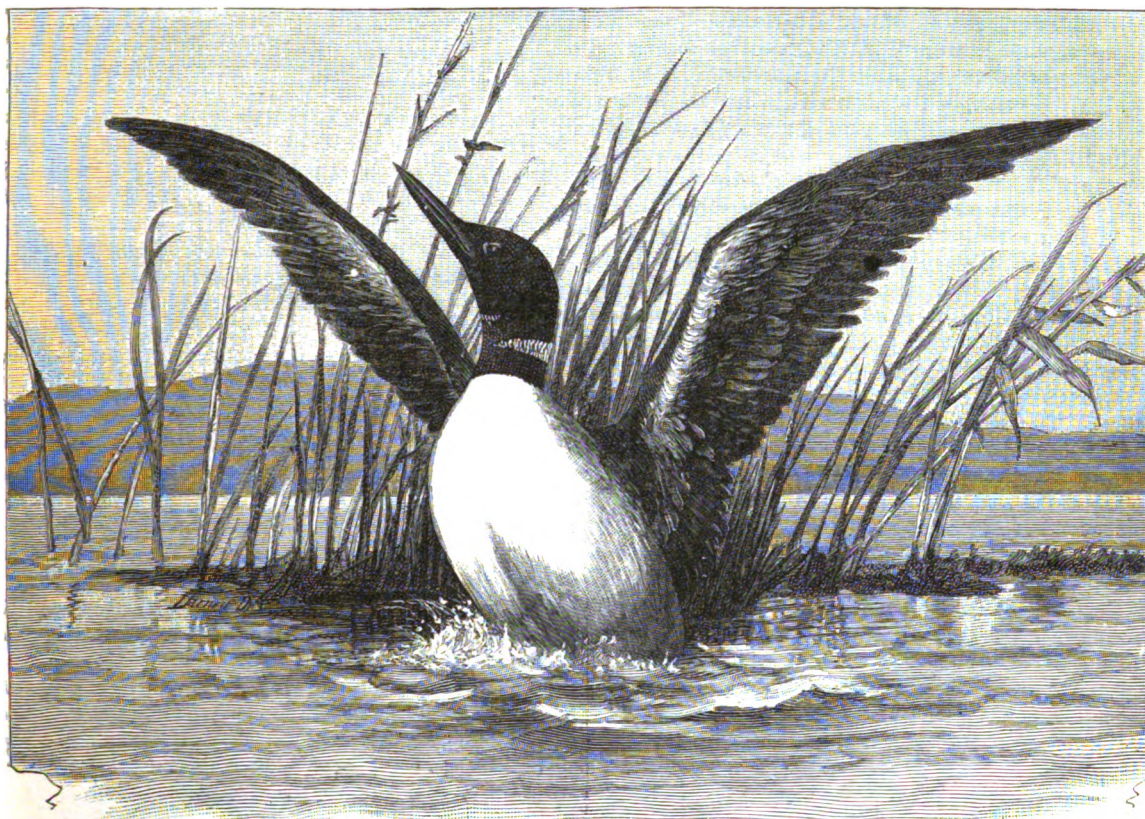
The Giralda.

A FORTNIGHT IN SEVILLE.—SEE PAGE 409.

the Adirondacks. It should be a matter of congratulation among the fishes that loons are not more abundant, as the latter are the most persistent and indefatigable of their feathered foes, the grasp of whose iron bill is certain death, and whose powers of swimming under water are so great that they are able to surprise their finny prey in the most secluded lairs. The old idea that but one pair of loons nest on the shores of a lake has been proved erroneous, as three or more of their odd constructions have been found within the space of a few hundred rods. They are rather unsociable, however, and the rule is to find a single pair and young in possession of small sheets of water. These nests are always placed on reedy flats, in such manner that they can be easily approached from the water, and are composed of the miscellaneous vegetable

adepts in hiding and vanishing from sight at the slightest indication of danger, real or imaginary. The parents use the greatest circumspection in approaching the nest while brooding, and slip silently away in the event of intrusion. Both sexes probably assist in incubation, though this point has not been satisfactorily settled, owing to their great similarity of appearance.

Loons are supposed, and without apparent reason, to live to an extraordinary age. Giraud, in his "Birds of Long Island," tells of one killed, about 1840, on the eastern end of Long Island, that had an Indian "pile," or arrow-head, in the back of the neck, between the bone and skin. The wound was completely healed, and had the appearance of having been made a long time. Some supposed it had been received before the settlement of



THE LOON, OR GREAT NORTHERN DIVER, RISING FROM THE WATER.

debris found in such localities—grass, sodden reeds and moss. It is often of considerable bulk, the base at times being immersed in water, and is usually a foot or more high and as much in diameter. Occasionally a deserted musk-rat "nest," or Winter house, is utilized as affording all desirable conditions. The eggs are great oological rarities. They are large—three inches in length—and are richly tinted with greenish ochre and dark umber, the latter being disposed in odd and tasteful markings. The young seldom exceed three in number, and are at first covered with a stiff black down, through which the coarser feathers begin to protrude in a few weeks. They are, in the manner of all young water-fowl, fat and somewhat clumsy, but begin to shift for themselves in a month or so. At first the fish, leeches, and other aquatic *excozera* captured by the parents, are disgorged into the mouths of the waiting youngsters, who soon become

the country. The narrator, and others, thought it had been recently received in the West, which hypothesis, I doubt not, most of us will agree is the correct one. The loons are not without utility to man, though their flesh is rank and disagreeable. The Siberians tan the skins for garments. They are described as "very warm, not imbibing the least moisture, and more durable than one would imagine." At the present day the skins of grebes, and other small water-fowl, are often made into muffs and cloak-linings, loons' being too large for the purpose.

Several species of divers, the great northern, or loon, being the chief, are distributed over the Northern Hemisphere. They are all much alike in habits. The young do not attain perfect plumage until the second or third year. All are very reluctant to take to wing when pursued, but trust to their unequalled powers of diving. They can remain under water an incredible length of

time, and when danger is apprehended, they merely thrust the bill above the surface in order to refill the lungs with air.

Our artist has drawn somewhat on his imagination, when he shows a loon in the act of rising in alarm from the water at the report of a sportsman's gun, but he has depicted the form and markings of the subject in a most accurate and truthful manner. Throughout the older settled countries divers are becoming too scarce and shy for close observation, but on the Pacific Coast one species (the black-throated diver) is still abundant and unsuspicious of the proximity of man. Dr. Coues, who had good opportunity for watching them, says they are very energetic and playful, as well as expert fishers. When diving they "apparently sink bodily, with a curious motion, difficult to describe, and urge themselves forward with powerful strokes of their webbed feet and half-opened wings. Bubbles of air are carried down with them, so that they seem spangled with glittering jewels, borrowed for the time from their native element, and lightly parted with as they leave it, when they arrange their feathers with a slight shiver, shaking off the last sparkling drop."

The nuptial, or perfect, plumage of the loon is wonderfully rich and pleasing, though the colors are but black glossed with lustrous greenish reflections and the purest of white. The eyes are brilliant red, and the feet and bill black. The Fall plumage, which is similar to the immature stage, is inconspicuous in white and dull slate. The red-throated diver, a common and smaller species, is further adorned with a triangular patch of rich chestnut-red upon the throat, when in full breeding plumage. The white and black markings, however, are not as neatly distributed as in the loon. In some foreign works upon ornithology an account is given of a red-throated diver that shows the amenities of aquatic life are not always in favor of the bird. It runs as follows: In April, 1839, some Scotch fishermen observed an object floating, which they imagined was a keg of spirits, but which proved to be a large fish, of the kind known as fishing-frog, or angler. On hauling it in with a boat-hook, the fishermen discovered that the hungry animal had nearly choked itself by swallowing, tail foremost, an adult red-throated diver. The head of the bird protruded from the throat to the mouth of the captor, and, strange to say, it had not only survived its imprisonment, but was unhurt. It was extricated and presented to the Zoological Gardens at London, where it lived six months.

THE HEIGHT OF WAVES.

SOME curious exaggerations have prevailed concerning this subject, and many have been the controversies relating to it. A captain in the mercantile marine, writing to the *Liverpool Mercury*, describes his investigations, which appear to have been carefully conducted by viewing, while rounding Cape Horn, the waves that came up astern from the mainmast in a line of sight to the horizon, and marking on the mast the height of coincidence. On measuring the distance from these marks to the mean draught, he found them to be as follows: 64, 61, 58 and 65 feet in height, and that the length of the waves varied from 750 to 800 feet.

Ansted says: "The highest and largest waves do not often exceed 40 feet from the crest to the deepest part of the trough," and adds: "When these great waves approach the shore or shoal water, and reach the bottom of the sea, they increase in height, reaching sometimes to

upward of 150 feet; but they diminish in breadth or amplitude, and become pointed."

The difficulty of determining the height of waves from a ship is very considerable, owing to the instability of the platform on which the observer stands, while the measurement from the shore is easy enough.

BALZAC AND ROTHSCHILD.

APPROPOS of the proposed Balzac monument, this story about the great writer is told in Paris: The late Baron James Rothschild was always on excellent terms with Balzac, who dedicated more than one novel to him. Once, when he was obliged to make a trip to Germany, and when, as often happened with him, he was in money difficulties, Balzac went to the baron, who, with his usual benevolence, advanced him the sum of 3,000 francs, giving him also a letter of recommendation to his nephew, at Vienna. The letter was unsealed, according to custom. Balzac read it, found it cold, poor and unworthy of him, and never took it to the nephew. Returning to Paris, he went to see Baron Rothschild. "Well," said the latter, "have you seen my nephew?" Balzac proudly said that he had kept the letter. "I am sorry for you," said the baron; "have you got it with you?" "Yes, *parbleu*—here it is." "Observe this little hieroglyphic below the signature; it would have opened a credit of 25,000 francs for you at the Vienna firm." Balzac bit his nails and said nothing more.

GREAT LAKE BASINS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THE following are the conclusions of a paper under the above title, which appeared during January in the *Canadian Record of Science*, and the object of which is to suggest what has been the origin of the present contours of the Great Lakes:

That glaciers, while contributing some results, had not much effect in eroding the lake-basins proper, or in shaping the present general outlines.

That the superficial deposits are the accumulations of denudation during immense periods of time since the carboniferous and earlier eras, and are not to be specially credited to the operation of glaciers.

That Lake Superior is the most ancient of the lakes, dating its origin back to Cambrian, Keweenaw and Huronian times; that it is, in part at least, a synclinal trough; that volcanic action has had most to do with its origin and the shaping of its coasts; that its early outlet was through the depression in Whitefish Bay; and that its waters joined the great preglacial river system at or near the Straits of Mackinac.

That Lakes Michigan, Huron and Ontario were originally the bed of a preglacial river, which first crossed the Ontario peninsula along the Niagara escarpment, and afterward was diverted to a course by way of Long Point, Lake Erie and the Dundas Valley; that their basins were largely defined by the elevation of the Niagara and Hudson River escarpments, and in more recent times by warping of the strata and deposit of superficial sands and clays, which blocked the old river-channels and resulted in the lake-basins retaining their water on the final elevation of the land to its present general levels.

That the preglacial river system expanded into lakes of some size in each of the present basins of Lakes Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario.

That Lakes Erie and St. Clair are the most recent of

the lakes, and have at one time been more closely united ; and that the formation of this united lake was due to the blocking of the old outlets, both by superficial deposits and warping of the strata, and to the water being thus retained in the basin on the final elevation of the land to the levels of to-day.

That great fractures at or near the outcrops of the strata, occasioned by the directions of the forces which elevated the strata, originated, in many instances, the deep bays and inlets which indent the Niagara and Hudson River escarpments, and rocky coast-lines of Lakes Michigan and Huron ; these effects being afterward supplemented by the action of waves, currents, atmospheric causes, and probably local glaciers.

That since the elevation of the land to the levels of to-day, the action of waves and currents on the clay cliffs and sand deposits has in many places greatly rounded off the general outlines of the coast, and the material from this and other sources has been spread over the lakes, or has served to create new features in the coast-line elsewhere.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST WOMEN.

FORTUNATELY (says a writer in the *Pall Mall Budget*), in attempting to select the twelve greatest women of the world, no comparison with the opposite sex is necessary. A really great woman must not only have largely benefited the life or influenced the thought of her own country, but she must have left some permanent memorial or trace of her work for the cool judgment of posterity. Thus, no actress, however great, even a Mrs. Siddons or a Rachel, could be included among the greatest women, as her art dies with her. From that point of view I venture to draw up the following list as fairly representative of feminine greatness in all ages :

WOMEN OF ACTION.

Semiramis,
Queen Esther,
Maria Theresa,
Catharine II. of Russia,
Isabella of Castile,
Joan of Arc.

WOMEN OF THOUGHT.

Sappho,
Madame Roland,
Madame de Staël,
George Sand,
George Eliot,
Margaret Fuller.

WHAT FAME IS SOMETIMES.

A WRITER on the *Boston Transcript* says : "A gentleman the other day came into a barber-shop just as Dr. Holmes was going out, and occupied the chair that the autocrat had vacated.

"Do you know who that was that just went out ?" said the barber.

"The visitor was curious to see what account of Dr. Holmes the barber would give, and shook his head.

"Why," said the barber, "that's old Dr. Holmes."

"And who is Dr. Holmes ?"

"Oh, he's been a doctor here a great many years. I believe he ain't practicing any more, but he's thought a great deal of !"

GEOGRAPHICAL TERMS.

A VERY useful comparative dictionary of geographical terms in various languages can easily be formed. *Abad*, for example, is Persian for "town," and it appears in hundreds of such names as Allahabad (= "town of Allah"), Ahmedabad (= "town of Ahmed"), Moorshedabad (= "town of Moorshed"). *Aber* is Celtic for "mouth

of a river," and is to be found in Aberdwr, Aberdeen, Aberystwith, etc. *Polis* is Greek for city, and is often abbreviated *ple* ; we have it in Indianapolis, Annapolis, Constantinople, Adrianople, etc. (= "the city of Indiana, the city of Anne, of Constantine, of Adrian"). *Chow* or *Fu* is Chinese for "town," and corresponds with the Servian *Grad*, the Arabic *Medina*, the Magyar *Varos*, the Sanscrit *Patam*, the Spanish *Cuidad*, and the Hindoo *Poor*. The words enter into the composition of the well-known names Hang-chow, Fu-chow, Belgrade, Medinat-aboo, Temesvar(os), Seringapatam, Cuidad-Rodrigo and Cawn-poor. Village is represented in Irish by *Bally*, and in Spanish by *Puebla*. The signification of such words as these might, with advantage, be taught in every school, and a vocabulary of them ought to be appended to every text-book of geography.

MALIBRAN'S MOUTH.—"We had great fun, the other day," writes Moscheles, "when Malibran and De Bériot joined our early dinner. The conversation turned upon Gnecco's comic duet, which Malibran sang so charmingly with Lablache. Man and wife ridicule and abuse one another, caricaturing alternately each other's defects. When she came to the passage, 'La tua bocca è fatta apposta pel servizio della posta,' 'Just like my mouth,' said Malibran, 'as broad as you please, and I'll just put this orange in to prove it.' One must have known De Bériot to appreciate his amazement and agony at seeing his wife open her mouth wide, and discover two beautiful rows of teeth, behind which the orange disappeared. Then she roared with laughter at her successful performance."

COLOR OF THE KATYDID.—There has recently come into the possession of the writer (L. N. Johnson) a specimen of the katydid showing a remarkable variation in color. The whole body is of a beautiful and delicate rose-pink. The specimen, when captured, did not seem to be abnormal in any other respect. It has been identified by a member of the entomological division of the Agricultural Department as *Phylloptera oblongifolia*. It seems to be a rare variation, though from the same gentleman we learn that at least one similar case has been recorded. A specimen, exactly like this one in color, is mentioned by Riley, in his "Sixth Report on the Insects of Missouri," as having been sent to him many years ago.

M. HALLEZ has published, in the first number of the *Revue Biologique du Nord de la France*, an interesting paper on the natural scavengers of various beaches of Northern France. At Boulogne, the species *Nassa*, which is very abundant, performs the useful office of destroying all dead animal relics. At Portel, *Nassa* is scarce, but *Eurydice pulchra* is very abundant, and takes the business in hand. At Cape Alprech, there are neither *Eurydice* nor *Nassa*, but *Ligia oceanica* fulfills their duties. At Equihen, these duties are undertaken by numerous *Orchestia*. It is worth noting that these four points are quite close to each other.

HISTORIC JOKES.—Napier's famous dispatch from India announced his victory in a word, "Peccavi"—which is, by interpretation, "I have Sinned." Very much of the same kind was General de Bourmont's message to the French War Minister in 1830, when the Dey of Algiers escaped him after being taken : "Perdidi" Diem—"I have lost a Day." It is said that Drake, when the ships of the Armada turned their sails, sent to Elizabeth the word "Cantharides"—that is, "The Spanish fly." This last is probably a fable.

APRIL.

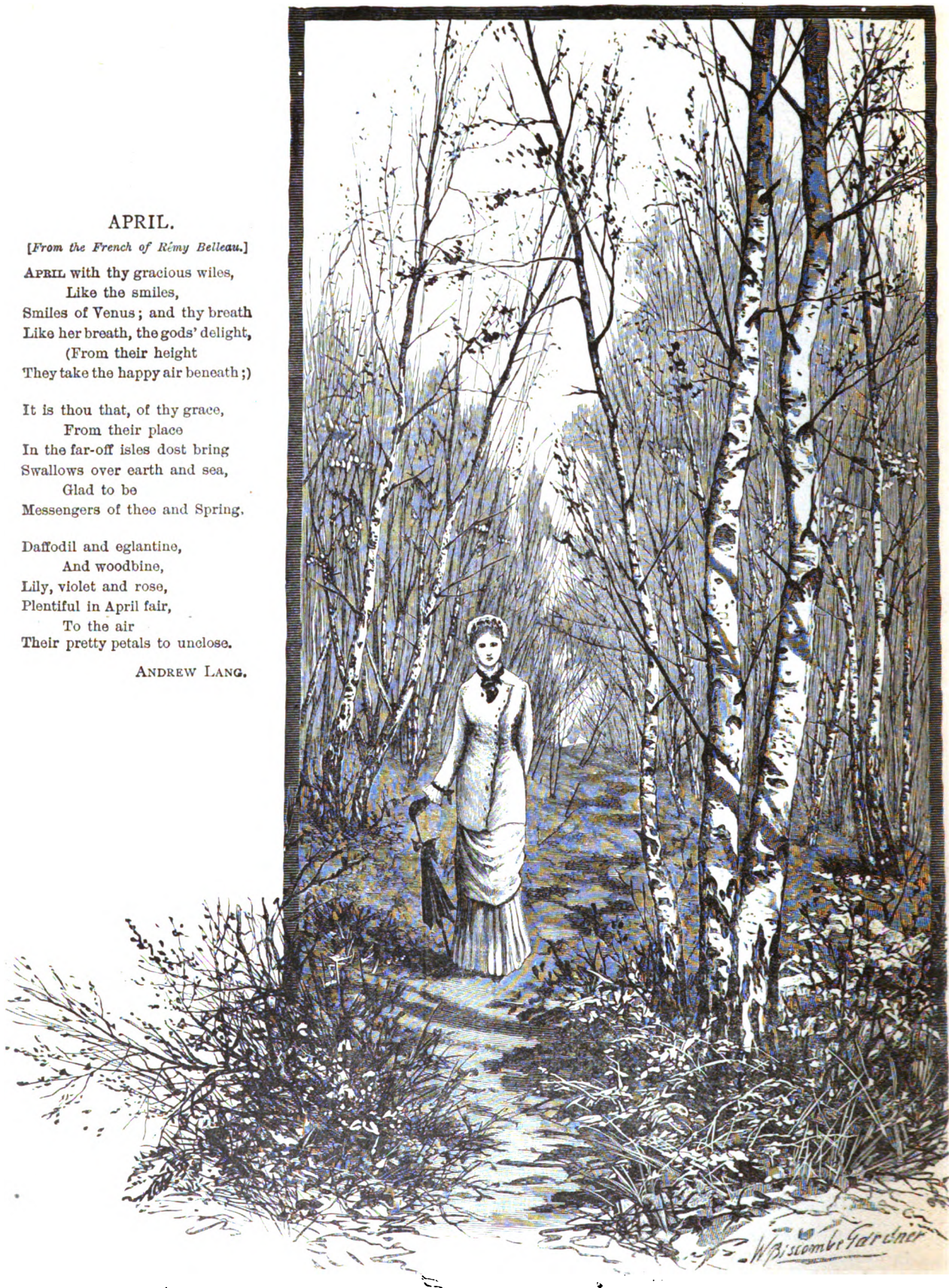
[From the French of Remy Belleau.]

APRIL with thy gracious wiles,
Like the smiles,
Smiles of Venus; and thy breath
Like her breath, the gods' delight,
(From their height
They take the happy air beneath;)

It is thou that, of thy grace,
From their place
In the far-off isles dost bring
Swallows over earth and sea,
Glad to be
Messengers of thee and Spring.

Daffodil and eglantine,
And woodbine,
Lily, violet and rose,
Plentiful in April fair,
To the air
Their pretty petals to unclose.

ANDREW LANG.





By Alice Ilgenfritz.

RUSH BROWN left the train at Bowman Hollow, a queer, straggling little village, that had but recently been invaded by the railroad. The shrilling of the engine had not yet become as a matter of course, but still summoned men and boys to the station and women to the door-steps; the former to inspect the curious machinery, the latter to watch wistfully the plummy wreaths of white smoke that followed the graceful curve of the track, as the train swept up to the depot and away again.

The air was delicious.

Brown filled his ample lungs, and looked about with his alert Northern intellection, so much at variance with the drowsy atmosphere of Bowman Hollow.

An enterprising mulatto boy, skillfully engineering an old wheelbarrow through the crowd, offered



"PRESENTLY, ALL UNCONSCIOUSLY, A RUDE, FLAT-BOTTOMED BOAT ROUNDED THE CURVE, ROWED BY A YOUNG GIRL."
... "IN THE MORNING THE BODY WAS FOUND."

to take charge of his trunk and escort him to the low-roofed, wide-spreading hotel, that flaunted its shabby sign on the principal street-corner.

"Zeke's got a job at last!" laughed one of the bystanders, as they moved briskly off. "I tole 'im mebbly ef he come hyur reg'ler, every time the whistle blowed, he might meet 'ith a chance t' urn a quarter; an' he's done it."

"Wal, I've al'ays hearn," responded a comrade, with a philosophy which seems latent in quiet places, "that if ye wait long enough yer opportunity'll come."

Brown's business called him up into what was known as the Thick Woods settlement. He immediately bargained for a horse, transferred a few daily necessities from his trunk to a small valise, and, mounted, awaited his landlord's directions.

"Ye can't hardly miss the way. Jes' stick to the ole road that runs alongside o' Crows' Creek. They keep together like a pair o' twins; never out o' sight o' one another fur more'n a minute. The road forks about four mile up the creek. One track goes straight on, an' t'other takes ye to the ford. Jerry Chapman, he lives on t'other side, ef it's there yer boun' fur."

"Which it is," said the young man, jocosely; and with a nod and "Many thanks," he trotted off.

For a time his route lay along a pleasant green lane, separated from the corn-fields on either hand by a decaying and picturesque "snake" fence. The fence was overrun with dense tangles of bush and brier, and evidently abounded in squirrels' nests.

The terminus of the lane brought him to the Thick Woods, into which he plunged with amazement and delight. When the yellow foliage closed round him, it seemed as if he were riding into fairy-land.

A soft haze veiled the sun, but the light was marvelous, shimmering down, softened, refined, through a golden transparency of woven leaves. The creek was bordered with superb oaks and maples, and great bouquets of scarlet sumac, which duplicated their Autumn glories in the water, and economically dropped their gay leaves, one by one.

At a bend of the road and the creek—for the landlord had spoken literally—the young man drew rein and sat motionless in his saddle, experiencing a curiously ecstatic, thrilling sense of isolation. It seemed to him that for the first time in his life he was brought face to face with himself in a new, peculiar intimacy. And he had a feeling that it never could have happened—this revelation of himself to himself—except here, in these vast, silent spaces which opened into each other interminably.

But his exalted self-consciousness was too exquisite to last. He was too human long to bear the strain of the impressive solitude.

He began to question his whereabouts.

The old road had an abandoned air. Its sandy gutters were filled with leaves. Here and there were bare spaces, hard and smooth and white, as if washed and beaten by many a rain. The small animals which scampered over them left no tracks. Now that he looked and listened, the place was full of life, on a very small but exceedingly active and interesting scale.

Squirrels were busy shelling acorns, and crowding them into their queer little leather bags; birds were twittering in the bushes, and a succession of sibilant sounds attested the multitudinous presence of insects. Ripe nuts rattled down through the branches, and the water gurgled softly, and the quaint drama of the woods moved on, amidst the incomparable scenery, in the splendidly luminous atmosphere.

The horse suddenly pricked up his ears, and immediately Brown detected the rhythmic plash of oars. Another moment and a voice arose, thrillingly clear and penetrating, filling the vast yellow cathedral with its peculiar, sweet vibrations. It startled all other sounds into silence:

"As I walked through my father's hall,
Fine flowers of Annie O,
I spied three babes a-playing ball,
Green leaves so bonny O.

"One was Pete and another Paul,
Fine flowers of Annie O,
And the other had no name at all,
Green leaves so bonny O.

"O babes! O babes! if you were mine,
Fine flowers of Annie O,
I'd dress you all in silks so fine,
Green leaves so bonny O."

If pathos was intended, as in most old ballads, it was omitted in the rendition. The song was as joyous and spontaneous as the song of a bird.

The oar-strokes sounded nearer. Brown's position commanded a view of the creek from bank to bank, through a rift in the foliage. He leaned forward and fixed his eyes intently on the bend.

The very leaves rustled expectantly and were silent. There was a spell of intense waiting, as if everything in nature hung on the next moment.

Presently, all unconsciously, a rude flat-bottomed boat rounded the curve, rowed by a young girl.

The boat was magnificently carpeted with leaves, and the girl's dark head was jauntily crowned with a wreath of red berries. Her great brown eyes were as soft as a dove's, and her complexion was marvelously transparent in the mellow light.

As the little vessel shot out into the current, she dropped the oars and folded her hands negligently in her lap.

After drifting a little way, she leaned over the side of the boat and innocently admired the effect of her gay decoration. Then her quiet gaze wandered idly away from her own reflection, until it rested suddenly, and with startled amazement, on that of the horseman sitting immovable on the bank, like an inverted equestrian statue.

She threw back her head, and gazed at him as if he had been a ghost. But the faint smile of amusement that lighted his face reassured her. There are no traditions of smiling spectres.

She blushed crimson, and, with a swift movement, swept the crown of berries off her head into the bottom of the boat.

"Ah, what made you do that?" he cried, involuntarily; so quickly does nature repudiate society's conventionalities.

But he instantly bethought himself, and banishing the smile, inquired, respectfully, lifting his hat to her:

"Will you kindly tell me whether I am anywhere in the vicinity of one Jeremiah Chapman's? I have lost my bearings, and am as much at sea, so to speak, as the Babes in the Woods. I was just wondering, as I came along, whether it might not have been somewhere hereabouts that those helpless innocents were abandoned by their wicked uncle. Do you know if such is the case?"

The smile had crept back into his pleasant blue eyes again, from which, indeed, it was seldom long absent, and as she looked up a responsive smile showed that she understood and enjoyed the banter.

"Chapman's is on this side o' the creek," she answered, nodding her head toward the opposite bank.

It was a sheer, high wall.

"You've taken the old road that nobody travels now-days," she added.

"And what am I to do?"

He abandoned himself amiably to her guidance.

"There's a ford a little ways below here," she explained. "Mebby you didn't notice when you passed it. If you've a mind to turn back, I'll show you the place. I'm going there myself, anyways."

He faced about, and kept slow place with her down the stream.

She handled the oars with great skill, keeping her profile resolutely toward him. There was a fine color in her cheeks, extending even to the delicate ear, round which some dark tendrils of hair curled exquisitely.

Brown speculated about her age, and concluded she might be fourteen.

They came presently to a break in the high bank, showing a broad field of dilapidated corn-stalks.

Here she stopped rowing.

"This is the ford," she said; "and yonder's Chapman's."

She pointed to a house, just beyond the field, in a small clearing.

A dusky red vine spread itself over the broad front porch, and a row of tin pans, turned upside-down, on the low, flat roof of the lean-up, made a splendid focus for the slanting sunbeams.

Brown urged his horse across the stream, and dismounting, went forward to secure the boat in what appeared to be its accustomed anchorage.

"You must live near here," he said, taking the chain from her hand and pulling the boat in.

"Yea. I'm Caroline Chapman," she answered.

"Oh, you are I?" He turned toward her in pleased surprise. As he did so, he added three or four years to his original estimate of her age. "Well, then, let me tell you who I am. My name is Rush Brown, at your service. My father has purchased some timber-land of your father—I suppose?"

"Yes; Jerry Chapman's my father," she assented. "I know all about the timber. You've come to get it out, I 'low."

"Exactly so. Were you looking for me?"

"Why, yes; some of these days. The letter didn't say just when. I reckon Aunt Jane'll wish it had."

"Why so?"

"Oh, she al'ays likes to fix up somethin' extra fur comp'ny."

"Oh, but I'm not company; I shall just be one of the family, you know," he answered, gayly. "I shall be with you some time. I'm awfully glad you are one of the family."

He stepped down into the boat.

"I'm going to get your leaves for you," he explained.

"Oh, no," she remonstrated; "there's leaves everywhere."

"Well, the wreath, at all events."

He held it out to her, but she drew back, blushing.

"Then I'll keep it as a sort of memento," he said, smiling.

He hung it on his arm, and went to bring back the horse, which had strayed away a little, and was nibbling the succulent grass in the fence-corners.

The Chapman household was convened in the front porch, from which little wreaths of tobacco-smoke emanated. All except Aunt Jane, who was scurrying around

in the kitchen, her little, sour old face screwed up into an expression of extraordinary energy and concentration of purpose.

There was company to supper. Com Crawford, a neighbor, had been over all the afternoon helping the boys husk corn. Out of pure good-will, apparently, since he expected no other compensation than one of Aunt Jane's substantial repasts.

Perhaps this was enough. Aunt Jane was a famous cook, and Com was her prime favorite among the young men.

"The pore boy I" she would say; "he don't git a good square meal onct a month, I 'low, 'thout it's at some o' the neighbors. Fur uv all the weemen I know—an' I don't intend to say nuthin' ag'in her—Betsy Crawford's the mos' shif'less about cookin'."

* * * * *

There was a mild commotion in the porch when the little procession was descried approaching the tumble-down bars separating the field from the door-yard. Soon one of the boys commenced:

"It's Ca'line 'ith a stranger a-leadin' a horse."

Jeremiah slowly drew up his long legs, clothed in scant butter-nut trousers, and went out to lower the bars still farther.

The boys, three in number, their shorter legs similarly increased, followed at his heels.

Com Crawford reluctantly brought up the rear; not from any welcoming intentions, but as an act of the baldest courtesy one could show a stranger. He glanced uneasily at Ca'line, who passed him with a bare nod and hurried into the kitchen.

"Who is it, Ca'line?" demanded Aunt Jane, with wide-awake curiosity.

Ca'line explained, keeping her face averted, for it was warm with blushes, and Aunt Jane was keen-eyed and a great scorner of emotional experiences.

Meanwhile, the boys led the horse off to the stable, and Jeremiah brought the visitor up into the porch. He inadvertently introduced him to Mrs. Chapman, calling her "Becky." She had removed her wooden pipe from her lips, and surreptitiously slipped it under her apron, some inexplicable intuition warning her that to keep on smoking in the presence of this fine young stranger would be unseemly.

Supper was soon served in the ample kitchen, after which they all emerged upon the porch again.

Jeremiah assumed the burden of the conversation, addressing himself exclusively to Brown. His wife, sitting by, now and then supplied a date or a name which had escaped his memory. Except in the matter of dates and names, Becky Chapman never out any figure in conversation. Jeremiah's oft-reiterated compliment, that she was "better'n an almanick," was sufficient praise for one of her modest temperament.

Ca'line's place was on the edge of the porch, just where the young moon could touch up her exquisite complexion. She was in the direct line of Brown's vision, and was well aware that his eyes never left her face, though she did not once look up to meet his glance.

One person, at least, was cognizant of this acute consciousness—Com Crawford, with his chair tilted back in the shadow of the leafy vine, looking on intently from under his black, lowering brows.

He was on that familiar footing which made it a matter of no concern to his host how the time passed with him; and it was not from any wounded feeling on this score



THE LESSON.—FROM THE PAINTING BY TOULEMOUCHE.

that he finally got up abruptly, and said, "Good-even-in," in a general way, and struck out across the field.

"A neighbor?" asked Brown, who had been unable to place him.

"Yes," said Jeremiah. "Been over hyer a-helpin' the boys husk."

After a few pulls at his old corn-cob, he went on:

"Com's a mighty handy kind uv a feller. And obligin'. About the firs' snow 'at comes, I 'low he'll be over hyer a-fixin' up the boys' traps to ketch rabbits, an' makin' steers' yokes fur 'em, an' sich."

"You bet he will!" chimed the boys, jubilantly, in chorus.

"Is he married?" asked Brown, with an involuntary mental reference to Ca'line, which she seemed to divine and to resent.

"No," said Jeremiah; "his sister keeps house fur'im—Betsey Crawford. She's a cunny o' Jane's there."

"Huh!" replied Aunt Jane, resenting the gratuitous allusion.

"Com kin do a'most anythin'," went on Jeremiah. "He made a boat fur Ca'line, down on the creek yander, that she 'bout lives in. He'll git a-holt uv a little hardwood knot, that has a good many kinks and gnirls in it, an' whittle

out a pipe fur the weemen there, that's ez purty ez a meresham. Where's that 'ere las' un he gev you, Becky?"

Aunt Jane gave another indignant "Huh!" and even the mild Becky resented the *exposé*. She sat stiff and unresponsive. Jeremiah continued to look at her, expectantly.

Brown, divining the situation, immediately turned to Mrs. Chapman, and begged the privilege of trying one of the hand-made pipe shimsself.

She reluctantly drew from her pocket a tiny wooden bowl, with a short honeysuckle stem, and handed it over to him, laughing and blushing like a girl.

"I expect your weemen folks don't never smoke," she said.

"The fact is," he said, filling his pipe from Jeremiah's leather pouch, "I haven't any women folks. Providence denied me a sister, and my mother died when I was a mere lad. Now, suppose you get another pipe for yourself," he added, coaxingly, "and let me fill it for you."

Becky was easily cajoled; without much demur, she went into the kitchen and conjured up another small, wooden affair, and they all three puffed away comfortably together.

Aunt Jane looked on with contemptuous skepticism, a sentiment which she justified next morning by an examination of Brown's pipe:

"Looky hyer! Becky, the tobaccy ain't any more'n jist scorched on top. There's no sincerity in that 'ere young man; he was jist a-makin' a fool o' ye. He didn't like our hom'ade tobaccy, I reckon."

"Well, I don't keer," said Becky. "I got my smoke, anyways, an' that's more 'en you did, Jane."

* * * * *

Two superb weeks followed—one golden day after another.

At first, Brown had difficulty in getting workmen, which was surprising; the country was full of strapping young fellows with plenty of leisure on their hands. But they generally made answer that they were not "hankerin' arter a job 'o that kind."

Finally, with Com's help—who knew everybody—the requisite number were secured. Com himself made one of a pair at a cross-cut saw.

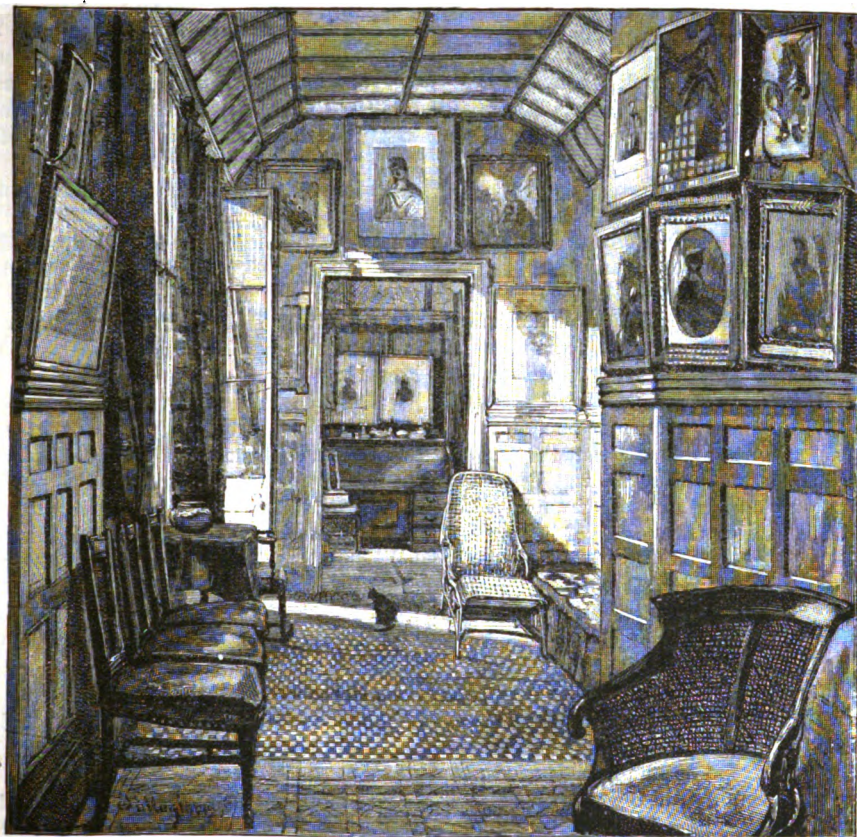
Jeremiah, who had long

ago voted himself too old to work—he was a little past forty—shouldered an ax and went about, in a leisurely way, helping Brown to select and mark the trees.

The boys hitched up and drove them to the woods every day, and put in the time gathering nuts. Sometimes they persuaded Ca'line to go with them, and on these occasions Brown left the men and wandered off with her, leaving Jeremiah to smoke his pipe in the shade. He carried her basket, which, somehow, they never filled, to the great astonishment of the boys.

Com looked on sullenly, the line between his black brows growing deeper every day. Ca'line's happy eyes paid no heed to him, and Brown never gave him even a thought.

It had lately been Com's custom of a Sunday afternoon to dress himself in his best butter-nut suit, with a bright neck-tie, and boots carefully greased, and come over to Chapman's, happily enshrouded in the delusion that he was "courtin' Ca'line." But his courting, thus far, had



MRS. CRAIK'S STUDY, IN "THE CORNER HOUSE," SHORTLANDS.—SEE PAGE 423.

progressed little beyond a bashful "Howdy," which was always responded to by Ca'line quite as briefly.

* * * * *

On the second Sunday of Brown's stay, he invited Ca'line to take a stroll up over the hills, back of the house, from which he conjectured there must be a fine view.

They left Com sitting in the porch. He very soon took his leave, despite Aunt Jane's insistent invitation to "stay to supper," and muttered to himself, as he strode away: "I'll never go a-near her ag'in. It h'ain't no use."

When the Chapman household looked out of the window next morning, the golden haze was gone; or, as Jeremiah picturesquely expressed it at the breakfast-table: "The yaller days are over, I 'low."

A dismal, gray rain had set in, which gradually increased in volume and continued steadily for days. The leaves speedily turned to a dull, sodden brown, and fell in showers whenever a gust of the rain-laden wind tossed the branches.

Everybody was obliged to remain in-doors, and the sitting-room was soon a fog of tobacco-smoke. Jeremiah seldom let up on his pipe, and occasionally a neighbor dropped in and joined him.

At intervals the boys, with the old house-dog Bruno at their heels, went out to feed and water the stook, and came noisily in again, with muddy boots, and unsavory barn-smells exhaling from their damp garments.

Bruno was not particular about whose knees he set his dirty paws on, or against whose legs he rubbed his wet sides. Brown, as often as any one, came in for a share of his unwelcome caresses. He would have been miserable except for one happy diversion—an occasional game of checkers with Ca'line, in a snug corner of the kitchen. This was by far the cheerfullest place about the house. Particularly when Aunt Jane's tea-kettle was bubbling over a crackling fire, and delicious steam from the hot oven freely advertised the spicy enticements of her pumpkin-pies.

Aunt Jane herself, despite her severity of manner and expression, was a most wholesome figure in her clean gingham apron, and with her hair twisted up in a hard little knot behind, as if the only thing to be done with hair was to get it as much out of the way as possible. She never let herself down, no matter how depressing the weather. Nothing, in her eyes, could excuse the neglect of the smallest duty, so far as she herself was concerned. Happily, she did not often try to extend this rigid discipline much beyond herself. In her tireless energy and thrift, she was a sort of saving grace in the family—which, on the whole, was a rather shiftless lot, if one might accept the nearly unanimous testimony of the neighbors.

One day, just after dinner, a team dashed into the yard, and Jeremiah exclaimed, "Laws a-massy! if there ain't Com!"

He shuffled out into the porch.

"Howdy, Com! Anybody dead?" he asked.

"Naw," said Com. "I jis' turned in hyer to see ef ye wanted anythin' from town?"

"Jeams's River! ye h'ain't goin' to drive them ponies into town sech a day ez this!"

"Yes, I be. This ain't nawthin'," answered Com, deprecatingly, taking off his hat and emptying the water from its broad brim.

Brown suddenly stepped out.

"I've a mind to go with you, Com," he proposed—"if you've no objection?"

The idea was exhilarating, after being shut up in the house so long.

"All right," assented Com, sullenly; but Brown had never seen him in a gracious mood.

He borrowed Jeremiah's time-honored great-coat; and, laughing at the spectacle of himself, went out quickly and sprang into the buggy.

Com cracked the whip viciously over the ponies' ears, and they dashed off through the mud and slush.

Brown looked back with a gay smile and wave of his hand at Ca'line, who stood in the door-way.

* * * * *

"There, thank goodness! we're rid of him fur a little spell, anyways, I 'low," said Aunt Jane, inhospitably. "Now, Ca'line, you take that 'ere ole checker-board an' stow it away som'ers, er I'll split it up fur kindlin'. The idee o' you settin' 'round, from mornin' till night, playin' checkers 'ith a young feller 'at ye h'ain't knowed a month! I'd be ashamed!"

They had intended to play again, as soon as the dishes were washed. Brown himself had gone out to the crib and shelled a handful of corn, and said, laughingly, as he tossed the damp curls from his forehead, "I'm going to try my luck with the red grains this time, Miss Caroline, and you may have the white."

There they lay in a little heap on the window-sill, where he had put them.

Ca'line watched her opportunity, and when Aunt Jane's back was turned, she swept them into her pocket. Then, as she raised her eyes and looked out, she caught a vanishing glimpse of the buggy and its occupants at the edge of the woods, and turned hastily away, saying to herself:

"It's bad luck to watch anybody out o' sight."

She went into Brown's room. It was her business to keep that sanctuary in order. Something of his bright presence seemed to linger in it, and it saddened her. The Autumn wreath she had so foolishly adorned herself with on that memorable day hung on a wooden peg behind the bed. She could not look at it yet without blushing. The stump of a cigar, still warm and moist from his lips, lay smoking on the stone hearth, and his few belongings were scattered around carelessly, after the easy fashion of young men.

* * * * *

It was not expected that they would be back before night-fall; they had to go a roundabout way to avoid the sloughs.

The family went to bed at the usual early hour. But Ca'line could not sleep. She lay in her little room up over the porch and listened. When at last her strained ear caught the sound of wheels, she sprang out of bed, shoved the window up softly and knelt down beside it. Her heart beat fast, and her lips were parted in an unconscious, glad smile.

She only just wanted to hear his merry voice bidding Com "Good-night," and know that he was safe home again.

But when the wheels stopped, just below her window, there was dead silence. Then Com's voice called, guardedly, "Jerry!" And then again, "Jerry!" and she heard her father fumbling with the door-latch.

"Is that you, Com?" he asked. The night was as black as pitch to his unaccustomed eyes. "What's the matter?"

Com's answer was low, but Ca'line's whole being was concentrated upon it.

"Yes, it's me. I've had an accident; and I reckon Brown's drowned."

"Lord a-mighty!" said Jeremiah's awe-struck voice. "How did it happen?"

"Why, I thought I'd come home by the ford——" began Com, but Jeremiah interrupted him.

"Thunder an' lightnin'! Ye don't mean it, Com! Didn't ye know no better, arter all this rain?"

"I s'pose I'd ert to, but I didn't think it 'u'd be so bad," said Com, extenuatingly. "It had stopped rainin', an' I didn't think the water could be so durned high. But the ponies hadn't got more'n half way across the creek when they went under. Ye couldn't see nuthin' but the tips o' their years. Brown he climbed out onto the tongue to loosen the check-reins, an' when he turned round to come back he lost his footin' somehow, and went down. The ponies was flounderin', so I thought mebbey one o' them might 'a' kicked 'im on the head. He never made no sound, an' I didn't see nuthin' more uv 'im."

In the morning the body was found, and brought up to the house. There was a dark bruise on the temple, which seemed to justify Com's theory about the kicking. One of the men, commenting on it, remarked, "It don't look like no kick. Them ponies was shod. He must a-struck ag'in' sumpin' blunt-like. Ye see the skin h'ain't broke."

Com was loitering about outside. He was suddenly confronted with Ca'line's white face.

"Com Crawford! you did it!" she cried, with eyes that pierced him through and through. "You killed him! You knocked him off the tongue and drove over him! *I know it!*"

"That ain't so," he answered, doggedly. And then, with cruel cunning: "An' ef it was, it couldn't be proved ag'in' me."

Aunt Jane took it on herself to search Brown's valise for his home address. She came across a girl's photograph, and a little bundle of perfumed letters held together by a rubber band.

On the margin of the picture was penciled the name "Nellie."

"His sweetheart, I shouldn't wonder," she thought. The idea incited her to further investigations. Slipping off the rubber band, she opened the letters, one after another. They all began, "My dearest Rush!" and ended, "Your own Nellie."

"I knowed it," she ejaculated; "I knowed he didn't keer nuthin' about Ca'line, an' it's jist ez well, ez fur ez she's concerned, that he's dead. But it's a pity fo' the pore young feller, cut off 'ithout a minute's warnin'. Truly, our days is ez the grass; the Bible says so, an' it's so."

She drew a long sigh and bound the letters together again.

"Ca'line nur nobody else don't need to know nuthin' about these hyer traps," she said; "fur there won't be no further call to ransack his sachel."

She put the things back into it, and locked it with the little key that dangled from the handle.

SPARTANS AND THEIR MUSIC.

THE favorite problem of thinkers and teachers, since thought began, has been to find some engine of education which should reach the character as effectually as the ordinary means of training touch the understanding; and in the opinion of many, not men alone, but nations, music was such an engine. "It is music," said the Spartans, "which distinguishes the brave man from the coward." "A man's music is the source of his courage." It was their music which enabled Leonidas

and his 300 to conquer at Thermopylæ. It was music which taught the Spartan youth how to die in the wrestling-ring or on the field of battle. These claims are audacious surely. Yet, when we consider how the rhythmical tread of the brave man differs from the agitated shambling of the coward, how music is the art of human joy, and how joy and repose of mind are the main elements of manly fortitude, we shall at any rate admit that there is a strong affinity somewhere; our only difficulty will be to acknowledge that music, deliberately applied, could ever be the direct cause of these reputed results. To achieve the end desired, Spartan boys passed their youth in learning tunes, hymns and songs; this was their sole mental culture. They were taught to dance and to keep step to the measure of the songs as they sung them. And grown to manhood, perfect warriors, they marched into battle with smiling faces, crowned with flowers, calm, joyful and serene; and intoning their songs, they moved steadily thus into the thickest of the fight, undisturbed and irresistible. The band that leads our armies to the field of battle nowadays is a scant survival of Spartan practice; yet even in this music by proxy there are many elements of incitement to courage.

DINAH MULOCH (MRS. CRAIK),

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

BY ELIZABETH A. SHARP.

"And when I lie in the green kirk-yard,
With the mold upon my breast,
Say not that she did well—or ill;
Only, 'She did her best.'"

THIS verse, written by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," reads now like an appeal to us to judge her work by the integrity of her purpose, rather than to weigh her writings in the balance with those of her contemporary novelists, in order to ascertain their relative value. These four words, "She did her best," are the key-note of the whole tenor of the public and private life of Mrs. Craik. She did not work in order to court fame, but to do what she could to put straight the crooked places she saw in so many people's lives. Her desire was to win her way into the affections and lives of her readers, rather than to take a foremost place in the annals of literature. She gained her wish. Her books have had, and still have, a very large circulation, not only wherever the English language is spoken, but also in France and Germany, Greece, Russia and Italy, into whose several languages they were translated. An Italian friend of Mrs. Craik recently told me that in the Government schools in Italy, of which she is one of the inspectors, Mrs. Craik's books are in constant demand, and are greatly appreciated as prizes. In Italy there is, as my informant remarked, a dearth of books suitable to the wants of young girls, and the works of Mrs. Craik, more than those of any other writer, supply this important need.

To those who had not the pleasure and honor of Mrs. Craik's acquaintance, a slight description of her as the woman may be of interest, before brief consideration of her as an author. The personal record must needs be meagre, for Mrs. Craik always expressed herself as very averse from the publication of the private details of the life of any well-known person—man or woman. "Say of me only that I am sixty years old, and have been writing novels for forty," she wrote two years ago to an inquisitive correspondent. A few particulars, however,

can be given to enable some of her innumerable readers better to realize what manner of woman was she whose fortunate lot it was to solace and brighten the lives of so many of her fellow-beings.

Dinah Maria Muloch was born at Stoke-upon-Trent in 1826, and was of partial Irish descent. Her brother, D. Muloch, Esq., is still remembered in New York as one of the leaders of the old Bar. She was twenty-three when she published her first novel. Previously, one or two magazine articles and stories had appeared; among others, "Hyas, the Athenian," and "Avillion," which were brought out in book form in 1833, under the title of "Avillion, and other Tales." It is the opinion of one of our leading critics that these two tales attain a higher level of poetic insight and imaginative conception than any of her later prose writings. During the composition

with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. Her Majesty thanked her, in the name of her subjects, for the incalculable pleasure and benefit her writings had been to them. Since 1869, Mr. and Mrs. Craik resided at The Corner House, Shortlands, Kent. This much-loved home was designed for the authoress by Mr. William Morris, and built practically from the proceeds of "John Halifax, Gentleman." There she died, on the 12th of October, 1887, in her sixty-first year. In accordance with her frequently expressed wish, she was laid to rest in the not far-distant burial-ground of Keston Parish Church. Her death was due to failure of the action of the heart; a death she had always foreseen for herself, and one which she has allotted to special personages in her novels—Catherine Ogilvie, John Halifax, and the Mrs. Trevena of her latest novel, "King



THE "CORNER HOUSE," SHORTLANDS.

of her best-known books she resided at Camden Town. A portion of the novel was written at Tewkesbury, in the old gabled inn overlooking the burial-ground that surrounds the ancient abbey; and the room that Miss Muloch occupied is still pointed out with pride to casual visitors.

In 1865, Miss Muloch married Mr. George Lillie Craik, one of the partners of the publishing firm of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and son of George Lillie Craik, the historian and critic. She realized fully on this occasion how genuine and wide-spread were the respect and appreciation of her readers, from the numerous presents and congratulatory letters she received from unknown donors. One anonymous present in particular delighted her—a gold pen-holder, whereon was engraved the inscription, "John Halifax." In 1864 a Civil List pension of £60 a year was granted to her, in consideration of her services to literature. One of the most gratifying circumstances in her career as an author was her interview

Arthur." The latter was published in 1886, and there is a curious similarity between her own death and that of Mrs. Trevena—a coincidence which suggests that she may have had a definite foreboding of what was to happen. Mrs. Trevena succumbs to a subtle form of heart-complaint shortly before her adopted son's marriage, and Mrs. Craik's death took place four weeks from the date fixed for the marriage of her adopted daughter. Her last words were, "Oh, if I could live four weeks longer! But no matter, no matter."

These last words were in accordance with the spirit of her life and of her teachings, which, essentially Christian and optimistic, may be summed up in her own conviction and often-repeated assertion, that "We most of us have, more or less, to accept the will of Heaven, instead of our own will, and to go on our way resignedly—nay, cheerfully—knowing that, whether we see it or not, all is well." In accordance with this belief she conscientiously arranged the conduct of her life.

The routine of her days was regulated with the utmost circumspection. Method, order, punctuality, she held to be the only means toward a true economy of time; and against dilatoriness, procrastination and "the deleterious habit of weakly hesitation from helpless indecision" she preached a constant crusade. "The gift of being able to know exactly what one wants, and the strength to use all lawful methods to get it, is one of the greatest blessings that can fall to the lot of a human being." She arranged her day in set portions, so that domestic matters, literary work and social duties were carefully attended to in proportion to what she considered their importance.

In addition to The Corner House, Mrs. Craik had a pleasant residence at Dover, in the permanent charge of a housekeeper. When not using it herself, she lent it to friends, to enable them, when seeking rest from arduous duties and renewal of health in the fresh sea air, to enjoy the additional luxury of home comforts. She was never tired of doing kind actions. Heart and hand were ever open to all in need, whether rich or poor, whom she considered to be deserving of help or advice; but in all cases where she believed no good would result from assistance she refused to give it. Possibly she may have been mis-

taken (there is none infallible in this respect) in determining that certain evils could not be cured, but she wisely recognized the extent of her capabilities of curing and helping others, and wherever her sympathies were enlisted, assistance was insured.

Mrs. Craik's tastes were many-sided. She may, perhaps, be described as a woman of wide, rather than of deep, culture. She had a genuine love of art, and had herself a certain faculty of portraiture. Her familiar face will be missed at the fashionable Spring "private views," especially at Burlington House and at the Grosvenor Gallery. Dr. Westland Marston, one of her oldest friends, has in his possession (I may mention here) a very good portrait of one of his daughters, drawn by Mrs. Craik. She was much interested in the develop-

ment of the drama, and counted among her friends Mr. Irving, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Mary Anderson, and other well-known actors and actresses. But among the fine arts her predilection was for music. She took special interest in the success of Mr. Campbell's efforts with his pupils at the Blind Normal School at Norwood, instituted mainly through the exertions of the blind headmaster himself. I am told, also, that in her youth she was no mean performer on the piano (that long-suffering instrument, whose tortures under the hand of weary, reluctant pupils are so pithily described in one of her essays); also, that she sang with taste and even true dramatic expression,

and I well remember hearing her sing "Rothsay Bay" with tender sweetness and pathos. The Irish melodies were among her favorite songs, and one in particular, beginning, with the words, "Drink, drink to her who long has waked the poet's sigh."

In appearance Mrs. Craik was of medium height, with soft gray hair, benign gray eyes, a small mouth, with a kindly, placid expression. By nature she was active and cheerful, not lacking in humor, courteous and kindly to all; an interesting conversationalist, possessing the somewhat rarely accompanying quality of being a good listener; a woman instinctively to be trusted; to the end young



THE LATE MRS. CRAIK.

at heart and the confidante of young people. To her fictitious "Miss Tommy" she has unconsciously given many of the qualities which were markedly her own; so that in reading the description of Miss Tomasina Trotter we find a faithful picture of at least one side of the author's nature. All classes of society were of interest to her; and, in a limited sense, she was democratic in feeling. She welcomed every earnest endeavor wherever she encountered it, and at all times preached the honorableness of all true work. She did what lay in her power to break down ordinary class prejudices, though, at the same time, she had no desire to upset the existing order of things. She always expressed herself strongly against women "trenching on men's careers," with the one exception of the profession of medicine. But she set her

face steadily against the party of progress who advocated "Women's Rights," expressing a strong antipathy to women speaking from platforms in order to advocate their own views; for she considered the position too public for the sex whose natural sphere she believed to be within the limits of the home. In this she was curiously out of touch with the great majority of her present audience, and perhaps it is to this more than to any other cause that is due the relaxation of her influence upon all thoughtful readers of her own sex. Girls, however, should be taught, she wisely wrote, to fit other states than that of matrimony; they should learn to rely on themselves, and be trained to be thorough business women, for, adds the essayist, "the only women's right which it is advisable to impress on our girls is the right of independence." It is obvious that the teacher did not wholly realize that the doctrine of independence fully accepted must, in many cases, lead the pupil to adopt a course of thought or action much opposed to the teacher's principles. Set a stone rolling and it would be rash to predict the exact spot upon which it shall ultimately rest.

Mrs. Craik's writings are the expression of her life's experience—a life ordered in all simplicity and sincerity, gentle and patient. The same spirit pervades her books. She did not, as she has written of certain authors, present the cream of herself to her public, and reserve only the skim-milk for her private life. Her numerous friends can testify how rich and unstinted was the cream of her private life.

"The Ogilvies," Miss Muloch's first novel, was published in 1849, in which year also appeared "Shirley," by Charlotte Brontë; and "Household Education," by Harriet Martineau. It may be of interest to note that Eleanor Ogilvie and her lover Philip were modeled upon Dr. Westland Marston, the well-known dramatist, and his wife. It may here be added that Dr. Marston's son, the late Philip Bourke Marston, "the blind poet," was Mrs. Craik's godson, and that it was for him she wrote the well-known lovely lyric, "Philip, my King." The former instance was one of the few in which her fictitious personages were modeled from life. Seven years elapsed after the appearance of "The Ogilvies" before her reputation was immutably established by the appearance of "John Halifax, Gentleman." This book was published in 1857, a year memorable to women for the appearance of "The Professor," by Charlotte Brontë; "Amos Barton," by George Eliot; and "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. Gaskell; and "Aurora Leigh," by Mrs. Barrett Browning, having appeared the previous year. "John Halifax, Gentleman," still continues to be the most read of all the author's novels. It was not, however, her favorite novel; she ranked "A Life for a Life" as her finest achievement in fiction. Yet, above any of her work in prose she valued what she had accomplished in verse. Her poetry, as I have heard her say, gave her a truer and more permanent pleasure than anything else she wrote or had written. Not improbably most of her readers would disagree with this opinion, yet perhaps as long as any of her novels will such lyrics as "Rothessay Bay" endure. One great charm of all that has proceeded from this writer's pen is the purity of her language and the simple grace of her style. She never used a long word if a short one would express her meaning, nor a foreign phrase if she could find its equivalent in English. She follows in the wake of Maria Edgeworth and of Jane Austen in the delineation of realistic scenes of domestic comedy and tragedy. Jane Austen was more objective in the treatment of all her characters, and did not point a moral in her tales. Mrs.

Craik's method is also realistic, but tinged with sentimentality, and fettered by her perpetual desire to inculcate some direct teaching. The time had not yet come—when she began to write—for wide-spread inquiry as to the real scope and value of all the so-called duties of women, or as to the injustice and import of the restricted spheres of action commonly allotted to them.

It may be interesting to relate some of Mrs. Craik's opinions concerning the construction of the novel. She complained bitterly of the mania which prevails of indiscriminate novel-writing. "From the law of cookery up—or down—to the law of divorce, anybody who thinks he has anything to say, says it in three volumes, mashed up, like hard potatoes, in the milk and butter of fiction." She was of opinion that "we should never write at all unless we have something to say." The following extract, taken from her collection of essays, entitled "Plain Speaking," gives her own method in detail: "What other novelists do, I know not, but this has been my way—*ab ovo*. For, I contend, all stories that are meant to live must contain the germ of life, the egg, the vital principle. A novel 'with a purpose' may be intolerable, but a novel without a purpose is more intolerable still; as feeble and flaccid as a man without a backbone. Therefore, the first thing is to fix on a central idea, like the spine of a human being or the trunk of a tree. Yet, as nature never leaves either bare, but clothes them with muscle and flesh, branches and foliage, so this leading idea of his book will be by the true author so successfully disguised as not to obtrude itself objectionably; indeed, the ordinary reader ought not even to suspect its existence. Yet from it, this one principal idea, proceed all after-growths; the kind of plot which shall best develop it, the characters which must work it out, the incidents which will express these characters, even to the conversations which evolve and describe these incidents, all are sequences, following one another in natural order; even as from the seed-germ result successively the trunk, limbs, branches, twigs and leafage of a tree."

"This, if I have put my meaning clearly, shows that a conscientiously written novel is by no means a piece of impulsive, accidental scribbling, but a deliberate work of art; that, though in one sense it is also a work of nature, since every part ought to result from and be kept subservient to the whole, still, in another sense it is the last thing that ought to be allowed to say of itself, like Topey, 'S'pects I growed.' In an author's personages are strongly and clearly defined to his own mind, he knows that in whatever situations he places them they must think, act and speak in a certain way. Events develop character—but character also molds action and events. Viewed thus, a really good novel in one sense writes itself."

It is a pathetic coincidence that among the latest articles upon which Mrs. Craik was engaged was one entitled "Nearing the End," in which she gave her views on the subject of old age, and the way in which she considered the gradual departure of youth and strength and the inevitable approach of death should be regarded. She also wrote two articles for *The Woman's World*—one on the tendency of the modern stage, and another, unfortunately unfinished, entitled "Between School-days and Marriage."

THE HOME OF A ROYAL SHIPWRIGHT.

THE little Dutch town of Zaandam is situated on the Y, about eight miles from Amsterdam, whence it is within easy reach by train and steamer. It is well worth a visit from the tourist, as it contains the identical hut—in a

fairly good state of preservation—which Peter the Great inhabited during a portion of the seven or eight months which he spent in the town, in 1697, when obtaining a practical insight into the art of ship-building. Zaandam is a typical Dutch village, with its quaint buildings, its wide, straight streets, lined with dwarf trees and intersected with canals, while some three hundred windmills are busily at work in all directions. The chief attraction, however, is the wooden hut which once formed the dwelling of the great Czar. This stands in a group of other timber houses, several of which, from their dates, are evidently contemporaneous with the historic structure. Czar Peter's dwelling is some thirty feet long by fifteen broad, and is divided into two compartments. One of our illustrations shows two cottages. The smaller is the Czar's dwelling; the larger, now demolished, being another building altogether. The little outhouse leaning against a wall by the door has been removed; but, otherwise, the building has survived the ravages of time. One of the compartments, which is without a fire-place, was evidently used as a workshop, and is simply a room with two windows of talc in panes of some three inches square. Several paintings are in the room—portraits of several Czars, including those of Czar Peter himself and his secretary. These last have been placed there comparatively recently. The second compartment, which was evidently the living-room, contains several rude oak chairs, a table and a loft-ladder. The cupboard-like aperture formed the Czar's sleeping-quarters, barely a few feet square. There are several interesting tablets affixed to the walls—one, the largest, over the table, having been placed there by the King of the Netherlands, in commemoration of his visit; and another by the late Czar, bearing the inscription: "Nothing too little for the great." There is a cozy fire-place with a carved-oak shelf, the mantels being lined with the celebrated tiles such as have been manufactured by the Zaandamites for the last four centuries. In 1832 the hut was discovered to be a foot under water; so the authorities took it in hand, drained and cleaned it, and erected over the precious structure a light brick building, to preserve it from any further decay. The ship-yard—scarcely a stone's-throw from the cottage—bears little, if any, likeness to its appearance two centuries since, as the people of Zaandam have almost entirely lost the reputation which they then possessed as shipwrights, and scarcely a relic remains, beyond the Czar's hut, to remind the visitor of Zaandam's past greatness.

THE JUGGLER AMONG THE BRIGANDS. A RUSSIAN OFFICER'S STORY.

By DAVID KER.

THE boldest thing I ever saw done (said my Russian friend, Captain K—, as we sat over our coffee in the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, at Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus), was done by a man whom I first met in this very room, two years ago. It's been a good joke with us ever since, but I don't think there's a man of the whole staff that would have cared to try it on himself—I know I should not, for one!

I was coming in here one morning to have my coffee and look through the papers, when one of the waiters met me at the door with a very important face, and told me that a great foreign juggler had just arrived and was staying in the house.

"And he's been doing such tricks, your honor," said the fellow, with a look of awe, "as no good Christian could ever do. I'm sure! If he hadn't paid his bill a

week in advance, I'd have taken him for the Evil One himself! This morning, at breakfast, he pulled off a fine ring he wore and dropped it into his coffee, and then told me to take the coffee away and bring him a fresh roll instead. And when the roll came, he made me cut it open, and out tumbled the ring, as true as I stand here! I never got such a fright in my life; but when I went and told the master, and advised him to send the fellow away at once, he only laughed, and said I'd see queerer things than that before all was over."

Just then there came a noise of shouting and stamping from the coffee-room, as if a dozen men were all fighting at once. We both ran in together, and this is what we saw:

Near the door was an *izvoshtchik* (hackman) stamping and storming like a madman. Two or three waiters were standing a little way off, looking frightened out of their wits. Behind them stood the landlord himself, a great, fat, red-faced fellow, who seemed half scared and half amused. The central point of all this uproar appeared to be a quiet little man with a round, chubby face, who was sipping his coffee at the nearest table, as coolly as if the whole thing had been got up for his express amusement.

I stepped forward into the circle, and asked what was the matter; but, just at first, it was no easy thing to find out. The hackman kept on yelling like a scalded cat, and the waiters all spoke at once, and the landlord shouted and the little man laughed, till I really thought I should be deafened outright. But at last, when they'd fairly hallooed themselves out of breath, I managed to get at the rights of the story.

It seemed that this little man, who was no other than the "juggler" in person (or, as he styled himself, "Herr Heinrich Wunder, Professor of Legerdemain"), had hired the hackman to drive him round the town, and the man had charged him five rubles (three dollars and seventy-five cents American), which was just double the proper fare. However, the professor said nothing, but at once handed him a five-ruble bank-note. The fellow had scarcely got to the door, when back he came like lightning, crying out that the note had disappeared, and that he wasn't going to be cheated in that way. Herr Wunder gave him another, and this time he got fairly outside the door with it; but the next moment he burst in once more, in a great rage, yelling that the money was gone again, and that he'd have the professor arrested as a sorcerer.

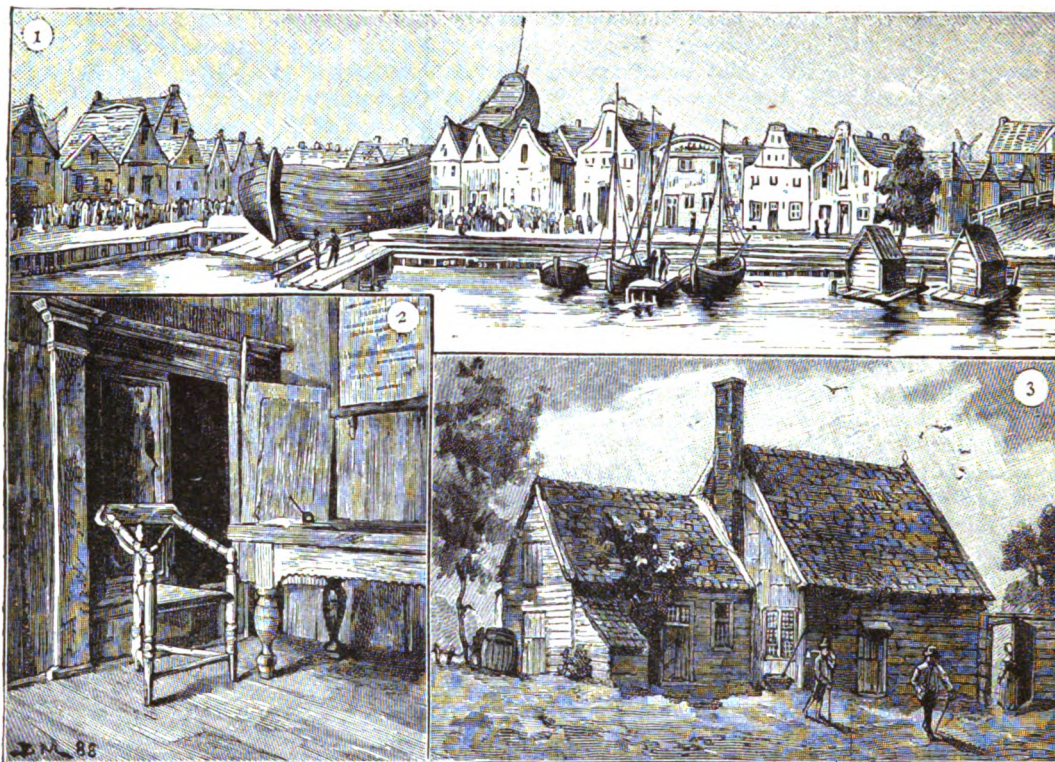
The waiters confirmed the story, while the professor himself went on sipping his coffee as quietly as if he had no concern with the matter at all.

"Now, my man," said he, when they'd all done talking, "just listen to me. Here's the landlord of this hotel, a respectable man; and here's this gentleman, a Russian officer, who knows better than to believe any nonsense about money disappearing by magic. Now, they are both witnesses that I've given you this five-ruble note in their presence, and that if you choose to go and lose it again, it's no business of mine."

Out rushed the hackman the moment he got the note, bolted down into the hotel-kitchen, and sold the bank-note to one of the cooks for a ruble in silver; and the best of the joke was that the cook at first refused to take it, thinking that it must be a counterfeit because he offered it so cheap. The old landlord laughed fit to kill himself, and so did I; while the little professor said, with a fat chuckle:

"I don't think that lad will try to cheat me again."

All this time I had been wondering why the professor



1. A Launch in 1697. 2. Cupboard-bed, Used by Peter the Great. 3. Peter the Great's House.

THE HOME OF A ROYAL SHIPWRIGHT.—SCENES AT ZAANDAM, HOLLAND, WHERE PETER THE GREAT OF RUSSIA LEARNED SHIP-BUILDING, IN 1697.—SEE PAGE 426.

had not advertised himself in our local papers before he arrived, like everybody else; but I soon saw that what he had done already was both the best and the cheapest advertisement that he could possibly have had. The hackman told his story everywhere, and the waiter told his; and both the tales got into the newspapers (not without plenty of embellishments, you may be sure), and by the end of the week nothing was talked of but the foreign conjurer and his wonderful feats. Herr Wunder's first performance was crowded to the very doors, and so was his second; and then our general, Prince Mirski, got him to give a special one for the officers and ladies of the garrison. Then the Grand Duke Michael came back from Vladikavkaz, and he made him give another, and paid him well; so that, altogether, the worthy professor made a pretty good thing of it.

Well, one night two or three of us had asked him here to supper (for he was a pleasant little fellow, and told capital stories), and

among the party was our junior ensign, a young fellow with more money than brains, who couldn't see a fly settle on a window without making a bet out of it. His

right name was Anton Solovieff but this fancy of his for betting upon everything had got him the nickname of "Pari" (Wager), and none of us ever called him anything else.

When supper was about half through, the professor told us that he was thinking of making a tour to Erivan, and some of our posts along the Persian border, and asked what sort of traveling he should find there.

"Well," said I, "you're all right so long as you keep on this side of the border; but I wouldn't advise you to cross it, for you'll find some pretty awkward bits *there*."

"Such, for instance, as the village of Kara-Dooz" (Black-Eyes), said Lieutenant Kavelin; and everybody laughed.

"And what kind of place may *that* be, pray?" asked the professor, quite innocently.



BRICK HOUSE BUILT TO PROTECT THE ORIGINAL STRUCTURE.

"It's a Persian village, about forty miles beyond the frontier," answered I, "said to be the worst place for robbers in the whole district. Indeed, the villagers themselves are quite proud of their reputation in that line, which is so notorious, that, when a man is seen going

back without being robbed, unless he takes a pretty strong escort with him."

"Done," said the professor; "it's a bet."

At that we all stared, as well we might; for, really, to hear this quiet, smooth-faced little fellow, who looked as



THE JUGGLER AMONG THE BRIGANDS.—"BEHOLD! IN THIS FLASK I HOLD THE CHOLERA-SPIRIT IMPRISONED, AND THE MOMENT THAT CORK IS DRAWN, YE DIE, EVERY MAN OF YOU!" IN AN INSTANT THE WHOLE GANG WERE GROVELING IN THE DUST AT HIS FEET, HOWLING AND ROARING FOR MERCY."—SEE PAGE 427.

about with an 'out-at-elbows' kind of air, people always say: 'He has been at the village of Kara-Dooz!'

"I've heard it said, however," put in Kavelin, "that one or two men *have* run the gantlet, unhurt; but I can't vouch for it myself."

"I should think not!" cried Solovieff. "I'll bet five hundred rubles that no man living will go there and

if one could blow him away with a sneeze, talk of venturing single-handed among the fiercest cut-throats on the whole Persian frontier was enough to make any man open his eyes a bit.

"I see you think I'm joking, gentlemen," said the professor, quietly; "but I mean what I say. Here's my money, and I dare say Captain K—, as the senior

officer present, will be good enough to hold the stakes for us."

He pulled out five hundred-ruble notes as he spoke, and slid them across the table to me.

"Come, come, Herr Wunder," cried I, pushing them back again, "you're far too sensible a man to go and get yourself killed, just because our friend 'Pari,' here, chooses to talk a little nonsense. Just put this money in your pocket again, and let us say no more about it. Remember, the Persians have got jugglers of their own, so you won't be able to frighten *them* with these feats of yours."

"Yes, that's true enough," said Kavelin; "and besides, these fellows know that the cholera's abroad in Southern Russia, and that'll make 'em all the more dangerous!"

"The cholera!" echoed the professor. "What on earth has *that* got to do with it?"

"Why, the common people in Persia have a superstition, from the advance of the cholera being so slow and regular, that there's always some one man who carries the plague-spirit along with him, and destroys all round him, while remaining unhurt himself. Many's the foreigner they've killed, upon suspicion of his being the 'bringer of the pest'; and that's just what they'll do with *you*, if you go."

But the professor was not to be moved.

"All this may be very true, gentlemen, and I owe you many thanks for your good advice; but I'm not fond of drawing back from anything that I've once undertaken. I believe this thing can be done, and, at all events, I mean to try it."

So then, finding that there was no turning him, we all set about doing our best to help him along. Kavelin lent him a fine horse, which, as he said, rather pointedly, "might be trusted with a man's life in case of need;" and I got Prince Mirski to give him a special recommendation to the frontier commandants; and the others hunted him up a courier, in the shape of a Greek fellow named Bulgari, whom our general had employed a good deal as a spy among the border tribes, and who seemed just born for that kind of work. He was as great a rascal as ever breathed; but in point of sharpness, he could have overmatched any robber from Tiflis to Teheran.

When the time came for them to start, there was quite a commotion in the regiment, for we were all very fond of the little professor. Poor Solovieff (who had been getting black looks from everybody, as the prime cause of the mischief) was quite chop-fallen, and actually offered to forfeit the money, if Herr Wunder would only change his mind. But Wunder wouldn't hear of it; so away they went.

Well, they got to Erivan all right (as we heard afterward), and had quite a flourishing time among the frontier garrisons; for the professor's tricks were quite a new thing down there, and took wonderfully. But all this while he never forgot Kara-Dooz; and one fine May morning, he found himself fairly across the border on his way to it.

Bulgari was so much like a robber himself, that going among these rascals must have seemed to him just like getting home again. But even *he* confessed to having felt rather queer when one of the soldiers at the frontier post looked at them and drew his hand across his throat, and the others nodded. But it was too late to back out *then*.

That night they camped in a ruined old caravansary, the very look of which showed how little that road had

been traveled of late; and the next morning they reached the famous village, which seemed well worthy of its reputation. Just at that point the road went down into a deep, narrow, gloomy gorge, shut in by huge black rocks, among which the houses of the village peered out here and there, being half hidden by great clumps of thicket, as if *they* were lying in ambush as well as their masters.

The sight of a traveler coming along so boldly brought the Persians out at once, in considerable astonishment; but they were still more surprised when the professor coolly turned into the bridle-path that led up the hillside, and riding straight in among them, called out, as if the whole place belonged to him:

"Where is your chief? Let him come before me, that I may see him!"

The whole band looked quite dumfounded, as well they might. Some began to laugh, while others laid their hands on their daggers; and the only thing that saved him was their thinking that he must be mad, for they never touch a madman. But before any one could say a word, out came the worthy chief himself—a villainous old gray-beard, with one eye, and with a face so scarred that it looked just like a railway-map.

"Are you the chief of these sons of Shaitan (Satan)?" asked Herr Wunder, sternly.

"I am," answered the brigand, looking quite as much puzzled as his men.

"You are the villains, then," exclaimed the professor, "who murder all helpless travelers, and trust in your strength and weapons to bear you harmless. But what are *your* weapons to mine? You slay your enemies with powder and bullet; I slay mine with the breath of my mouth. See here!"

He unslung his air-gun, aimed at a vulture on the nearest rock, and brought it down.

When they saw the bird fall dead without either smoke, flash or report, the rascals shook in their shoes. They could handle an ordinary gun with any man; but *this* was something new.

"Do ye still doubt my power?" said Wunder. "Well, then, let one of you load this pistol, and fire straight at me; then shall ye know of what avail are weapons against *me*!"

The old chief accepted the challenge, and having loaded the pistol, aimed right at Wunder's head, evidently expecting him to flinch.

"Fire!" cried the professor, without the least hesitation; but the pistol only snapped, without going off. The chief tried another cap, and then a third; but, do what he might, the thing wouldn't fire, till at last he fairly threw it down and slunk back among his men. The fact was that the pistol had a secret spring, which threw back the charge into the stock just as the trigger was pulled—the same trick with which Robert Houdin scared the Arabs in Algeria.

Then Wunder stepped forward, and *unslinging the counteracting spring*, fired the pistol with perfect ease. The rascals turned fairly blue with terror, and a muttering ran through the crowd, in which Herr Wunder's quick ear caught the word "pest."

"You have guessed it!" shouted he, facing round upon them, as if he could blow them all away with a breath. "I am the bringer of the pest, which Heaven sends upon you for your misdeeds. Behold! in this flask I hold the cholera-spirit imprisoned, and the moment that cork is drawn, ye die, every man of you!"

In an instant the whole gang were groveling in the dust at his feet, howling and roaring for mercy, and

making such faces that the professor himself could scarcely help laughing at them. They would forswear brigandage forever; they would restore all their booty; they would do anything he liked, if he would only have pity on them, and not open that dreadful flask. It must have been a rich scene, those great hulking ruffians down on their knees in the dirt, and that little bit of a fellow standing over them as majestically as Julius Cæsar; I only wish I'd been there to see it.

"So be it," said he, at last, putting the flask back in in his pocket. "For this once I spare you, but beware how you offend again!"

The next day Professor Wunder rode back across the frontier, escorted part of the way by a round dozen of the brigands, and with his saddle-bags crammed with valuables of every kind. The story reached Tiflis before him, and when he arrived, we *fêted* him as if he had been the Viceroy himself—which, I'm sure, was no more than he deserved.

APRIL BLOSSOMS.

I'll gather the blooms of April,
With tints of blue and red;
I'll weave them into a beautiful crown
And bind them around my head.

Here's the violet, blue and tender,
And one that is purely white;
And here is a cowslip hiding,
With dashes of crimson light.

While watching the lovely blossoms
That cover each wood and hill,
I dream of a day, now vanished,
That wakens a tender thrill.

In the glow and beauty of April
I carelessly sealed my fate;
I barred my heart to the voice of love,
And wakened, to weep, too late.

Perhaps, ere these bright blooms vanish,
My lover will seek my face.
If he should, I know on my blushing cheek
My love he will surely trace.

MOUNTAIN TOM—A WICKLOW CHARACTER.

BY NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

MOUNTAIN TOM was a barefooted man, wearing a policeman's coat, flowered - chintz trousers (very patched and scanty), a soldier's hat, and nothing else that I am aware of. In his hand he carried an old banjo, and around his neck were slung two bones, which, when he sang, he occasionally rattled together, as a kind of change from the monotony of the accompaniment which his somewhat damaged instrument was capable of supplying. His songs were varied and slightly inelegant, and his mode of delivering them was certainly unique. "Nellie Gray," in particular, he sang with great gusto, always taking up the refrain with tremendous energy, and hopping round in a circle upon one leg, clapping the bones in time to the music. When he had quite exhausted his repertory of songs, he proposed to dance for us, and said he had his "boord" outside, quite "convaynient"; and as we preferred to witness his terpsichorean feats from the window, rather than endure the pleasure of his company any longer in the room, we threw open the wide lattice, and, despite the cool air that came stealing in upon us, stood

crowded together, convulsed with hearty laughter at the extraordinary contortions and really clever "footing," of this wild son of the soil.

No sooner had he left than the landlord popped in to tell us something of his previous history. The man had, it appeared, been for years an itinerant vender of country produce of sundry kinds, varied occasionally by the sale of fish, when that article chanced to be obtainable. His trade, however, unfortunately led him into certain speculations which eventually brought him to grief, although not actually within the grip of the law. For example, on one occasion he drove his donkey-cart, well laden with hares, rabbits, butter and eggs, to the door of a customer who had frequently afforded him substantial patronage, and declaring that he had wonderful bargains in comestibles which he was almost giving away, offered, in a fit of apparently reckless generosity, to supply two fine hares and a pound of fresh-cream-butter for one shilling. The butter, which seemed excellent, was produced, and transferred from its bed of glossy cabbage-leaves to the china plate supplied by the purchaser; the shilling was then paid, and the owner of the butter stood waiting for the game which had been promised to supplement it; but Mountain Tom jumped rapidly upon the side of his cart, and began to drive away down the avenue.

"Hi! look out! What are you doing? Where are you going?" shouted the customer. "I say! halloo! stop! You haven't left me those hares."

"Arrah! sure, cut the butter, and you'll find lots o' them!" roared Mountain Tom, with his head over his shoulder; and disappeared the next moment down the roadway, while the sound of his delighted cackinnations came back upon the breeze to the ears of the man he had done.

On another occasion Honest Tom (?) had salmon to sell, and succeeded in trading off a small but perfectly fresh fish upon a new customer. As the salmon was sold by the pound, it was surely to Tom's benefit that it should weigh somewhat heavily for its size, and so it certainly did; but when it came to be prepared for table, the cook discovered that a large stone was lying imbedded in the stomach of the fish. A fortnight later Tom called again, and was met at the door by the clinched fist and wrathful countenance of the previously taken-in purchaser of the salmon.

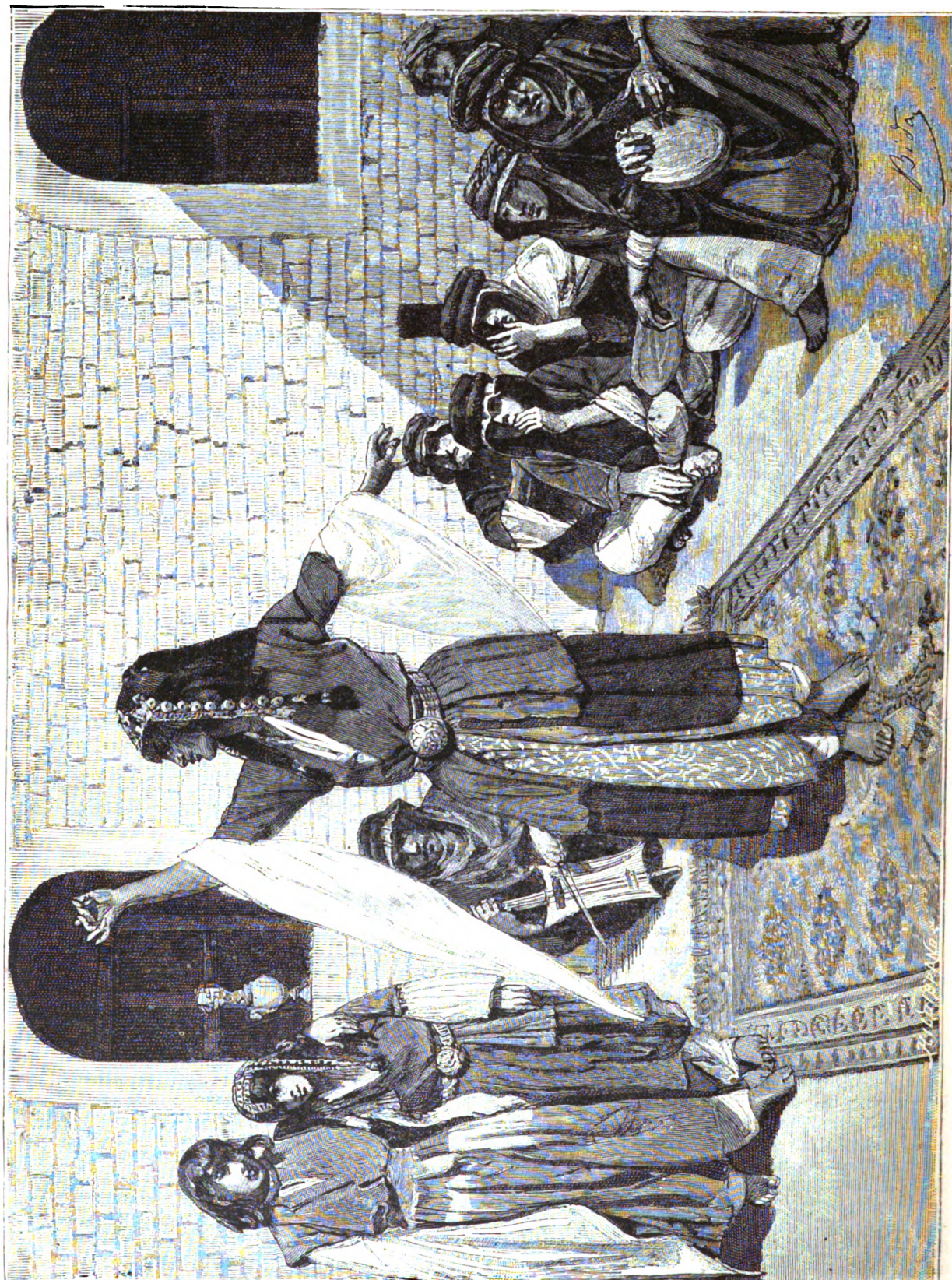
"You villain! you rascal!" were the epithets hurled at him. "How dare you come here again? You know quite well what you did to me when you sold me that fish I bought from you."

"Musha, what's that?" said Tom, innocently. "What did I do to your Honor? Wasn't the fish splendid, and as fresh as paint?"

"Yes, it was fresh enough," said the aggrieved customer. "I don't want to deny the truth of that; but who put the big stone in it, I should like to know? Would any honest man play off such a trick? Go along out of this, or I'll have you taken up by the police."

"Aisy now, yer Honor," said Tom, deferentially, "before y' have me tuk. Sure, I thought as how yer Honor was a knowledgeable gintleman, and as how y'd know that thim salmon's as knowledgeable as Christians. If they sees a storm comin' up over the water, they just *takes in ballast*; that's what they does."

This highly original explanation of what was in reality a very shady act induced the hearer of it to laugh so immoderately that Tom immediately saw his point was gained, and drove away, exceedingly delighted with his own cleverness.



A WANDERING PERSIAN BAYADERE AMONG THE LORIS.



PASSION IN THE LLANO.

BY ANNIE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

OUTSIDE, hoot-owls answered each other in darkness. Within, a lamp burned dim, and a woman, locked in slumber, lay dreaming of her youth.

Picture after picture of that lost past shadowed itself forth in the sleeping brain—rushed by with the lightning-like rapidity wherewith, it is said, the baseless fabric of our visions is fashioned.

There was a cricket chirping by the hearth while the soul of the sleeping woman still walked among the shades. Ah, but was it something more strangely bitter in fancy than ever cruellest material waking that now broke over her abstracted spirit? A tragic frown gathered on the hushed brow; the softly breathing lips shut with a snap. Throwing out

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"THE QUIET GERMAN HAD SLIPPED ON THE SWIFTEST HORSE, AND WITH A LARGE COIL OF ROPE READY IN HIS HAND, SHOT OUT LIKE A SURE, TRUE BULLET AFTER THE WILD HORSE AND HIS RIDER."

her arm, as if to ward off something loathsome, the dreamer sprang up awake.

"I smell them! I smell them plainly—the tuberosé-borders!" she cried, aloud, then fell to sobbing.

She might have been some mournful actress in flowing white, which black hair rippled over, whispering out her tragic part to an empty house—no audience but the strident cricket.

"The roof was warped and crumbling, and the fig-trees straggled rank. In my parlor, where I used to play my music, she sat—treacherous friend!—behind my roses, with him—false, perjured one!—master of the old home, the roof-tree that was mine! Oh, God! what a cruel dream! I thought I had forgotten! Oh! oh!"

This heart-breaking cry brought another auditor to life.

Blankets of an adjacent couch began to heave tumultuously, and out of them came tumbling a squat-figured, brown-faced woman, crying, in excited Spanish:

"What have you, madama? Is it cramps of the colic, or robbers?—eh?—how?—what?"

"Oh, nothing, Maria," said the white woman, pettishly. "It was only a dream scared me." And her passion all gone, she stood there dully on a rug, chattering with cold.

But Maria, the ebullient, was feeling her mistress's hands; Maria, the solicitous, in fat dishabille, was running around, lighting a fire and mixing brandy toddy. *Aguardiente* was Maria's panacea for every ill incident to humanity. If you had asked her what was good physic for a broken heart, she would undoubtedly have pronounced, "*Aguardiente*."

Soon there was an aroma of boiling coffee in the house, and the two women were dressed, sitting in the fire-light, waiting for daybreak. How luxuriously Maria, the maid, sipped her *café*, interlarding her enjoyment of it with graceful puffs from a cigarette! The white-faced mistress gulped down her favorite beverage hurriedly, with a scowl, then went and opened a shutter (whereon the Mexican woman shrugged and shivered), to let in some sharp fresh air on the flavors struggling together in the room, and looked out at the cold dawn making the spectral streaks through the night and the frost lying glimmering under.

In a little while a rosy glow struck across the east. It was not the sun.

Presently slipped above the dim horizon, away beyond the stretch of ghostly plain, a great star with many scintillating points.

The mistress called her woman to come look at the wonder.

Madre de Dios! was it the world come to end? Maria wanted to know, whilst she made the sign of the cross. *That!* the very star which rose over the infant Saviour's cradle, of a verity! Maria fell on her knees devoutly, as did the oxen and asses of old in their stalls before the holy manger.

CHAPTER II.

MADAMA sat among her stuffed beasts and barbaric rugs. There was a panther—trophy of her own rifle—pouched most life-like in a corner of the room; there were spotted wild cats and foxes perched on various shelves; stuffed *lobos* and rattlesnakes struggled together in hideous realism beside the *adobe* hearth. Resting against one wall was an iron chest.

As for this mysterious chest, her dusky *vaqueros* and *pastores* scarcely ever dared to let their modest eyes rest upon it when they came, hat in hand, before madama's desk, deferentially awaiting her orders.

They every man of them believed that chest to be filled to the brim with gold and silver; they every man of them *knew* two shining-barreled pistols were always embracing madama's slender waist. Furthermore, unwholesome curiosity was restrained by a certain dare-devil courage that was ever ready to leap out menacingly from the haunts of madama's lovely eyes.

So the men were never overinquisitive as to the contents of the strong-box.

Throned in a chair, lined in its high back and cushioned by the long, curling fleece of the snowy Angora, the mistress sat like a resolute Niobe, whose will was to attend to her household ways in spite of bereavements. She scarcely looked up from her book of accounts when Maria came in to say there was some one without who desired audience.

"An American? *Quién sabe?*" said Maria, with an upward spread of her hands; "most possibly an ugly *Aleman* of the bear manners and habitude. Wherefore, if it be so, thou shouldst what they call 'fire him,' madama—believe me. Look! as saints hear me speak, of all men the *Aleman* is biggest devil. So! Pardon!"

Seeing her mistress was not heeding her in the slightest, Maria went to fetch the petitioner—soon returned—withdraw; leaving standing before her mistress's desk a quiet, indistinctive, sun-browned man.

This was madama's opinion when she first rested her eyes on the man. On looking again: plain, but not indistinctive. His direct glance met hers gravely, and impressed her at once with a sense of something uncommon in the way of courage and endurance latent in this long figure, lounging so stolidly patient before her.

"Rheinhardt, you say, is your name," she was saying, later. "Yes? I have heard of you—Martinez's foreman for three years. Why did you leave there at all?" she asked, with a keen look at him.

This man of the name of Rheinhardt had the slight sweet drawl that often marks the English-speaking German. What he now drawled appeared to be satisfactory, for madama answered:

"Well, it is as you have heard. I wish some one here"—looking at him critically all the while—"some capable man to take charge, as I intend to be gone some time. But, you are German, Mr. Rheinhardt?"

The fact of his being so she knew would make him unpopular from the very first with her Mexicans.

"I am German already," came the answer, promptly. She laughed a little.

"That 'already' is your patent of nationality."

He was not quick to follow her English, but he was able to see she was amused at his expense, and he did not like it. But now another man seemed to claim attention, and Rheinhardt was dismissed.

"You will remain till after dinner, Mr. Rheinhardt. Have your horse put out; we will talk again in an hour; then I will give you an answer."

The eyes of two men met at the door in a mutually antagonistic glance—a haughty, suspicious Mexican; the cool, imperturbable German. Then the two men passed each other.

"Good-morning, Vicente," said Vicente's mistress, absently, as he approached her desk. It was madama's horse-breaker who now craved a hearing.

CHAPTER III.

THE flat went forth—the black horse was to be ridden. Mistress, maids and men gathered on the sere sward outside the picketed yard to view the conquest of the

famous *caballo prieto*, that had again and again broken the *riatas*, leaped the corral and torn away, defying pursuers and scorning ever to be the servant of man.

But the bold and free was snared at last, and in fetters. The netted noose was fixed firmly about the black horse's head and jaws; there was a lithe hand on the tether slipping down the "blind" over the rebel's eyes—a hand whose will, if the black horse had but known it, there was no use more opposing.

He might squeal like a wild hog, bellow like a bull, and come at Vicente with thundering hoofs that struck fire from the flinty earth. Sweat poured from his flanks in streams, but the saddle was on, and the agile conqueror about to mount. But madama called out:

"Vicente, I am afraid for you! That brute is *bravo*—*bravo*! I fear he will kill you, and I can ill afford to lose so good a man. Loose the vicious *diablo*, and let him go back to *chaparral* and prairie."

Vicente was engaged with the thunder-breathing bronco; but if it had been the trump of Gabriel's horn sounding in opposition to his mistress's tones, he would have heard every note of her voice alone, pealing clarion-like.

When that woman spoke to him curtly, chidingly, or not at all, he went his ways, blessedly content to be serving her.

But oh, when she spoke with pleasure or care for him in her voice, then he was madly ready to jump into a *plaza* of ferocious bulls, and play *matador* to the death for her amusement. Now, in sound of her kind voice, in sight of the new boss—the cold German, whom he hated—Vicente, with a light laugh at fear, and a face transfigured in its dark, noble lineaments, sprang on the maddest bronco that ever spurned a bit, and rode like a fiend for her admiring plaudits. Yell after yell rose from the assembled *vaqueros* at the feats of this fearless expert on the bucking, furious mustang.

Finding he could not unseat the rider by springing bodily from the ground and dashing down again, nor by running leaps, nor by rising on hind feet perpendicularly to the sky, then back in a foaming mass to earth, the horse stopped still, as if thinking.

In that moment Vicente turned on the spectators a handsome face, dark eyes glowing in triumph; then the horse sprang forward, man and beast bolted like an arrow straight across the great *llano*.

"The arroyo! the arroyo! he goes for the big bluff!" cried madama. "Your horses!—Chico—Manuel—Gonzales! One doubloon—*cuatro*! *cinco*! for the man who saves Vicente!" and she stamped her foot and scattered the *vaqueros*.

But while all the Mexicans were hurrying, scurrying, cursing, and untangling misplaced *riatas*, the quiet German had slipped on the swiftest horse, and with a large coil of rope ready in his hand, shot out like a sure, true bullet after the wild horse and his rider.

CHAPTER IV.

Spring came, passed; yet madama had not gone on her talked-of travels. It was said in the kitchen and corrals, among her dusky women and men, that the mistress was growing interested in the study of German character. Who knows?

Madama slept through the long hot days, or lay on her couch reading novels.

It was at the close of one Summer's eve she threw off laziness and began to dress herself. Her heart rose in pleasure whilst she indued a gauzy, tinted muslin which

had come from a *modiste* in the far-off world of sound and fashion.

Then she smiled scornfully at herself.

"The phlegmatic German! I believe he doesn't know whether I am arrayed in this, or short linsey and *sabots*. I like that sturdy plainness, or blindness, of him. If he never pays me compliments, he will never tell me lies."

This was her sophistical thought.

In reality, woman-like, she was annoyed at his obtuseness to her charms of dress.

After awhile, she and Rheinhart sat under the light of stars and swinging lanterns, with chocolate and cards on the table between them. Then came the skilled ones of the house to make gay the barbaric hours with music—the cook with a harp, two *pastores* strumming guitars.

"But where is Vicente?" madama asked; "he plays best."

Oh, what a Vicente, madama! He have all the time now the *triste*—the grief. He is no good *compadre* any more, they said. For why? *Quién sabe*? For the why that Señor Rheinhart did not leave him go over the big bluff?—maybe so.

And Vicente was nowhere to be seen among the dancers, who had gathered to the music like moths about candle-light—but Maria was. She bounded in the arms of a beaky-faced *vaquero*, who made himself a nuisance with howling out, continually: "Give us *una valsita*—just another little one!"

"I hear," said madama, in a pause of the music, "that there is a great beauty down at Mancha's—Andrea's daughter. They say a rich Irishman, who has his sheep-camp down there, is just wild about her. Is she so pretty? so fascinating?—but you have not seen her?"

Seen her, indeed! A strange expression passed over Rheinhart's guarded face. His gray eye struck out a steel-like flash.

Didn't he see her, the little siren, every time he went to the post-office in the Mexican settlement? And didn't he ride those fifteen miles eagerly one night of every week, only to have the happiness of hopping about on the grass lightly to the *trois temps* of tinkling guitars, Andrea's lovely daughter resting maddeningly in his arms, and Rory O'Finn and the moon looking on in envy? What was the blatant Irishman's infatuation to *his*, when once his slow blood was aroused? This was the cool, practical Teuton who had already, weeks ago, asked the rich woman seated opposite him to be his wife!

He looked across at the proud, frank face of his *vis-à-vis*, now gravely sad, then brightly sarcastic. Why could not he feel for her the wild ardor with which the fawn-eyed *Mexicana* had inspired him? He could not make it out.

With the speculative skepticism of his race, he concluded: "It will pass—it will pass, for the reason it is pure madness! It done with, then I'll make this woman happy. Now I am only what the Mexicans call *boracho*, *muy mucho*."

She, too, was looking at him curiously, and wondering: "What is the attraction he has for me? I believe he is dull. I think he never read a book in his life. It is better so. Have I not said that when I loved again it would be an honest man—a son of the soil? No more book-learned, blue-blooded *roué* for me!—a chatterer of soft nothings! That other could whisper love and lies in four or five languages, and had the poets at his tongue's end. For that reason, hereafter I shun the college-bred man. Ah, but this one is the soul of honor!"

Yet she could not help wishing, with a pang, that Rheinhart were a little more romantic.



CHAPTER V.

"MARIA, where did Mr. Rheinhardt go?" asked madama, one day, ashamed, yet irresistibly impelled to the question.

Maria didn't know, but most possibly to the gaming-tables of Mancha's store. The *Aleman*, no doubt, was a desperate gambler, and sat all night of each Sabbath staking his last *medio* at *faro* or draw-poker.

Madama did not believe this.

"He is so very reticent. He never speaks of his out-goings or in-comings, which is well. I hate a gabbling, bragging man! And yet he need not be so awfully reserved with me. Well, therein I am not faulty. I err on the other side, I fear. I am making my old mistake of wearing my heart on my sleeve. *Bueno!* if I admire and respect this man, why should I not show it? Ah, the old, old strife between me and the world's vain usages! As for me," cried out this imperious woman, "I'll cut the Gordian knot of every question—do as I please!"

Then she fell to pondering of how, after all these embittered years of isolation, she had relapsed once more into romance, and of the strange man, who was deep and quiet, faithful and scrupulous in service, and had, by his native ability alone, stirred her weary apathy to liveliest interest.

It was night.

In the small hours madama heard a thud of horses' hoofs, which she thought was Rheinhardt returning. On a nearer approach, the trampling seemed to be of many horses. Looking from her window, she saw ranged in the yard, between hers and the servants' quarters, a long



ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—"NOT, SIR—UTTER NOT!"



GOING ON THE STAGE.—THE YOUNGEST OF THE NEW SCHOOL (STELLA PAULIN, IN CHARACTER).—SEE PAGE 441.

line of steeds, from which strange *caballeros* were dismounting.

It was Maria's nightly presentiment come to fulfillment—the robbers were upon them!

A voice called out, insolently, in Spanish: "Madama, we have come to see what you have in the big chest! Open the door lest we shoot you!"

For answer, she went boldly to her grated window, and gave out a whistle of danger, loud and clear, to her sleeping *vaqueros*.

The robbers laughed at her. And did she not know there were great cock-fights in the settlement to-day, and her men lay drunk as beasts, stretched out under Mancha's tables?

"Vicente, too?" she asked, incredulous.

That created a sensation among them, and she gathered that Vicente had not been seen at Mancha's.

"Best open the door, madama. Vicente, even if he be here, is but one. We are more than twelve. Vicente is not a giant."

"But Rheinhardt—where is Rheinhardt?"

Then they laughed at her again.

"Let us have at the strong-box!" And they came nearer.

"Look out! Pancho Gonzales, I hear your voice, and I know that you have turned traitor! For shame! since I've fed you and clothed you for years, and medicined you in sickness! Do not show me your false face, or I'll surely shoot you through the casement!"

All the blood in madama's veins was boiling at this proof of treachery in her house.

Pancho and his accomplices held their consultation beyond the range of madama's grating.

Whilst they were whispering, gesturing impassionedly, and devising, a shot burst among them like a bomb, and a man, who had slipped out of shadow on to one of the tethered horses, was riding the robbers down, firing right

and left, wherever they massed themselves in frightened bunches.

Some of the struggling, panic-stricken freebooters struck across the plain on foot, running; while others, wounded, got away in the darkness on their horses. Pancho, the betrayer, lay dead in his tracks.

When the firing ceased, madama opened her door to go and quiet the shrieking women in the kitchen. There was a figure sitting there on the ground before her threshold, with pistols drawn, ready for the return of the *ladrones*. It was Vicente.

He had fainted from a wound, fallen from the attacker's horse, then crawled to his mistress's door and sat there, bleeding to death, and watching over her safety.

Then there was tumult.

Maria had her ears boxed because she saw fit to have hysterics instead of fetching silk for the sewing of an artery. The mistress herself probed for the bullet, and took the stitches in the injured arm of faithful Vicente.

And where was Rheinhart?

Why, he came in, after all the excitement, a gory spectacle himself.

"My poor Mr. Rheinhart, have they half murdered you, too?"

"No, no." Rheinhart said it was nothing—only a slight cut from a knife. With a basin and some water he soon removed the traces of the hand-to-hand conflict in which he and the mad Irishman had engaged.

"You say you have not met the *ladrones*," said madama, in surprise; "then what does this mean?"

The German took a firm hold on the floor, which he felt might sway from under his feet, since this ordeal was so trying; but he fixed his steadfast eyes on hers, and made a clean breast of it—not omitting an item of his bewitchment, in all its insane phases, from the first setting of eyes on the Mexican girl, up to the fight with his rival, when both found she had fooled them for another man.

It was a brave thing—for him to go through that foolish history, with this woman's terrible eyes upon him. But he did it.

"And now," said he, "since I am rational, and sane, and sober again, I've returned for forgiveness. I've come back to you."

"But I don't want you!" cried she, furious and scornful. "I would not have you—not for worlds! You are free from all claims of mine forever—free as air!"

"But, listen!"—Rheinhart began to think he loved her very much, since he was about to lose her—"listen; you are a wise woman; you ought to know men——"

"I do know them—I know them now. As for gradations among them, there are none. All are built after one pattern—and a little lower than the angels. I should say so!" And she broke into a wild laugh. "Bah! what coarse, crumbling clay you are! In the hopes of finding principle or refinement among your kind, I would as lief wed the butcher as the merchant prince; the blackest *vaguer* on my ranch as you, the stern, the punctilious book-keeper, the honorable *corporal*! And I can tell you I would rather ten thousand times take this brave Vicente for my master than you. Even if I had to woo Vicente myself, and to say, 'Here, take me for your wife' (and he would have the biggest fool on earth); 'let me be your squaw, and I'll cook your corn and beans.'"

In her excitement, she was standing beside the chair where the young Mexican sat, weak through loss of blood, acting to the life this ironical proposal.

Vicente turned on his mistress one paling, fainting

look, in which was mingled all the desperate pride and passion of his race, added to years of fidelity and hopeless adoration of this woman, and started proudly to his feet.

"You make a fool of me, my mistress? Mother of God! I have not deserved it. Look! your mockery kills me!"

He snatched a stiletto from his sash, and would have stabbed himself before her eyes, but his mistress lifted a potent hand, let it fall expressively, and Vicente dropped the dagger to the ground.

Then she gazed at the young Mexican with a stark and startled look. Why, here was the absolute devotion she had all her years been craving! Here was the frenzy that drove Romeo to prison and sent the dark Moor to death on his dagger. Should she let the wonder pass from her life, like the glamour from a juggler's magic?

She made up her mind quickly.

Conventionality, with its bonds, was to this creature a poor frailty of civilization, which she scouted as a savage would scorn frizzes and bustles. Everything she did, she played it with a high hand; and not according to worldly precedent, but by the tameless heart of her bosom.

She made up her mind quickly, and at once called Vicente grandly to her side.

"See, Mr. Rheinhart," she said, while her forehead flattened in resolution, her darkling brows arching eloquently, "here is my choice. Why, this is the only man I've ever seen. This prince of nature, this *man*, is for me—together we will shake the dust of civilization from our feet. What to us is the world, with its forms and lies? Vicente, we will make for the snow-clad slopes of your native *Mejico*. We will sit in the shade of orange and olive, in some tropical fastness, and breathe the free air, and forget that ever we looked on a faithless white-face. *Buenos días!* Mr. Rheinhart; God be with you!"

"O" AND "MAC."—"A false impression prevails that in Ireland the 'O' is more respectable than the 'Mac,' whereas no such distinction really exists, inasmuch as every family, whether of Firbolgic, Milesian or Danish origin, is entitled to bear either prefix. 'O,' prefixed to an Irish name, literally means *grandson*; but in a more enlarged sense, any male descendant, like the Latin *nepos*. 'Mac' signifies *son*, or male descendant. The former word is translated *nepos* by all the writers of Irish history in the Latin language, and the latter, *filius*. The only difference, therefore, between the surnames with 'O' and those with 'Mac' is that those who assumed the latter adopted the father's name, or *patronymic*, while those who took the former chose the designation of the grandfather, the *papponymic*."

It is interesting to know that the Duke of Wellington brushed his own clothes, and wished that he could black his own boots, because he hated men-servants; and it is also interesting to be reminded that it was not Talleyrand who said: "La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour l'aider à cacher sa pensée," but the Count Montrond, who surely must have been the original of Wilkie Collins's Fosco. This gentleman, by the way, was once accused of cheating at cards, and made, perhaps, the most admirable repartee on record: "C'est possible; mais je n'aime pas qu'on me le dise." Afterward he killed his accuser in a duel, and thereby made for himself such a reputation that Talleyrand said of him, "Il vit sur son mort!"

OUR CHILDREN.

By A. G. B.

I LOOKED at the happy children
 Who gathered around the hearth;
 So blithe they were, no children
 Could happier be on earth;
 With their merry plays, and their winsome ways,
 And the sound of their silvery mirth!

Then I thought of those other children,
 So wizened, and hard, and bold,
 Who huddle in slum and cellar,
 And shiver with want and cold;
 Not fresh as the dew, or the morning's hue,
 But haggard, and lean, and old.

But yet may they still—those children—
 Be taught to forget their pain;
 And gathered in arms that love them,
 Their laughter may come again;
 And the stare of woe and the craft may go,
 And the spirit be washed of stain.

But it is not in cold book-learning
 Those children's hearts to move;
 And the stony eye of the serpent
 Is death to the stricken dove;
 'Tis an angel alone can touch them—
 And that angel's name is Love.

For whatever the world may fancy,
 And whatever the wise men say
 Of our nineteenth-century progress—
 Of a new and a better way;
 Still it takes a soul to make a soul
 Now, as in the olden day.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE oldest in date of my spiritualistic experiences goes back about five-and-thirty years. It took place at the house of a relative of mine, and the "medium" was a pleasant, intelligent and well-mannered woman, a native of the United States, whom I will call Mrs. X. The chief performance was the usual pencil and alphabet business, and operations began with me as scientific witness and doubter-general. The ease and rapidity with which that quiet transatlantic lady fooled me was, as she herself might have said, a caution. The name of the dead friend of whom I was thinking was spelled out in no time, and I was left morally agape; while Mrs. X. followed up her victory, and made one after another of the company a still easier prey. However, as soon as I could pull myself together, I watched the proceedings somewhat narrowly. I noted that the medium's success was by no means uniform; and in the case of one of my friends, who enjoyed a well-deserved reputation for outward impassibility, she failed altogether. So when Mrs. X. had made the round of the table I asked for another trial, and this time the failure was total and complete. The only difference in the conditions, however, was that on the second occasion I had my nerves and muscles under strict control, and took care that my pencil should pass along the letters of the alphabet as impartially as the hand of a watch over the figures on the dial. I have no doubt that on the first trial I had, quite unwittingly, rested longer on the letters which interested me, from part of the name which I had in my mind. Whatever the nature of the distinction, and however slight it may have been, it was quite enough for the keen eyes of Mrs. X., sharpened as they were by incessant training.

But the interpretation of the signs unconsciously given by the investigator is only one-half of the medium's

work. The other is to notify that interpretation by the "raps." Mrs. X.'s "spirits" did their work admirably. The raps were loud and abundant, and the company declared that they came from all parts of the room; indeed, there were some who maintained their persistence in the house for days afterward. At any rate, the suggestion that the particularly quiet woman who sat easily talking at the head of the table could be all the while making these wonderful noises seemed, at first sight, outrageous. Drive it away as I would, however, the suspicion—the offspring, no doubt, of a basely materialistic philosophy—kept coming back, took shape as a theory, and finally, by dint of patience and perseverance, embodied itself into practice.

From that time forth the writer became the master of two spirits quite as efficient as those of Mrs. X., and, I verily believe, of the same nature. My "delicate Ariels" reside in the second toe of each foot. The method of evocation is simplicity itself. I have merely to bend the toe, and then suddenly straighten it; the result is a sharp rap on the sole of my shoe, which by practice may be repeated very rapidly, and rendered *forte* or *piano* at pleasure. To produce the best effect it is advisable to have thin socks and a roomy, hard-soled boot; moreover, it is well to pick out a thin place in the carpet, so as to profit by the resonance of the floor. The upper leather of the boot should be kid, rather than patent, as a bright surface may betray a slight movement. By skillful modification of the force of the blows and conversational misdirection of people's attention (by the methods familiar to conjurers and ventriloquists) the ordinary intelligent and well-educated member of society—who is about as competent to deal with these matters as a London street-boy with a dairy-farm—may be made to believe anything as to the direction of the sounds. So long as no one is allowed to touch the foot of the operator detection is impossible. When I was in good practice I could stand talking on a well-lighted floor, while the by-standers, who knew that I caused the raps, could not divine how they were produced. And, at one time, I got so much in the habit of rapping that I used to catch myself doing it involuntarily, as a man in a brown study may rap with his fingers.

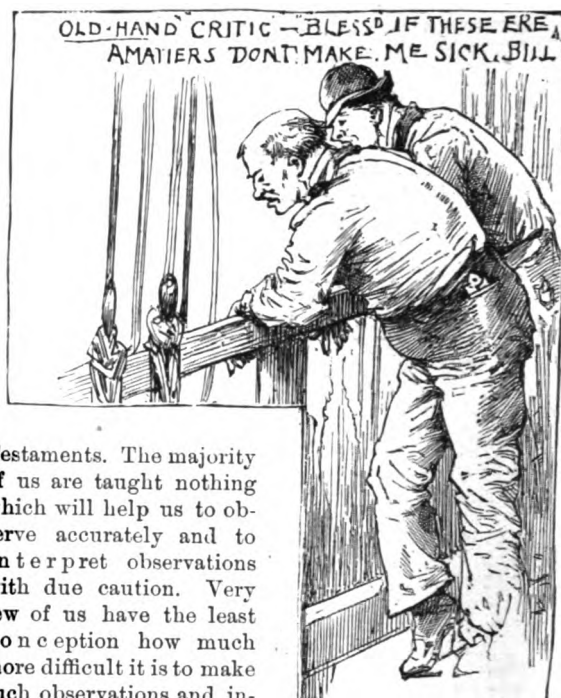
But my particular black art is by no means the only effectual method of raising spirits. Some years after Mrs. X.'s performance, I happened to dine at the Castle in Dublin. After dinner, Lord Carlisle, who held the Vice-regal office at that time, turned the conversation on spiritualism; and I showed off the prowess of my familiars. But a young aide-de-camp who was present completely outshone me. His "raps," as he stood on the hearth-rug, were like the cracks of a small whip. He told me they were produced by "slipping a tendon" behind the outer ankle; but, as I could not examine the operation closely, I confess I was not much wiser for the explanation. The important point is that his method would have been still more difficult of detection—especially in a feminine medium—than mine.

I learned something else which interested me, that evening. One of the guests confided to me that, some time before, he had met Mrs. X. at a country-house. In the course of a *séance*, my informant was told that the spirit of his deceased sister Mary desired to communicate with him, and, with gravity befitting the circumstances, he took his share in the interesting, and indeed touching, conversation which followed. At the end of the *séance*, the company broke up into groups. Mrs. X. and my friend happened to stroll away from the rest, toward a bay window, whereupon this brief but pregnant

dialogue took place: *She*—"Did you ever have a sister Mary?" *He*—"No." *She*—"I thought not."

Any one could discern, on very short acquaintance, that my friend was a kind-hearted, chivalrous gentleman; but it is not everybody who would have perceived so shrewdly that Irish wit had, for once, been too much for Yankee cuteness, and that the only chance for the culprit was to throw herself on the mercy of the court. Fraud is often genius out of place, and I confess that I have never been able to get over a certain sneaking admiration for Mrs. X. But as to the other two media whom I have tried, and found wanting, they were merely male and female specimens of the Sludge family—wholly contemptible, clumsy creatures, with no faculty save boundless impudence. . . . When I am told that certain of my contemporaries, justly esteemed in science or in literature, believe in spiritualism, I can but reflect that certain other persons of that day, most unquestionably not in any respect less worthy of consideration, believed in witchcraft and demoniacal possession. Kepler had faith in astrology; Descartes made a pilgrimage to Loreto; all the learning and acuteness of Henry More did not prevent him from enthusiastically backing another very acute and accomplished person, Glanvil, in his battle for the truth of the silly story about the "Dæmon of Tedworth"—as silly a story as any to be found in the records of "spiritualism." If I decline not only to believe in astrology on the authority of Kepler; in the genuineness of the Palestinian house which flew to Loreto on that of Descartes; in the Dæmon of Tedworth on that of Glanvil and More; but even to allow that the favorable opinion of these eminent men makes out a *prima facie* case for these beliefs—it does not seem to me that I am wanting in due respect to Messrs. A, B and C, who are surely not the superiors of Kepler, Descartes and More, if, for the same reasons, I attach no greater weight on their authority, in *pari materia*.

No one deserves much blame for being deceived in these matters. We are all intellectually handicapped in youth by the incessant repetition of the stories about possession and witchcraft in both the Old and New



Testaments. The majority of us are taught nothing which will help us to observe accurately and to interpret observations with due caution. Very few of us have the least conception how much more difficult it is to make such observations and interpretations in a room full of people, stirred by the expectation of the marvelous, than in the seclusion of a laboratory or the solitude of a tropical forest. And one who has not tried it cannot imagine the strain of the mind involved in sitting for an hour or two in a dark room, on the watch for the dodges of a wary "medium." A man may be an excellent naturalist or chemist, and yet make a very poor detective. But, in these investigations, the qualities of the detective are more useful than those of the philosopher.

NICOLAUS DE BETHLEN, who visited England during the Winter of 1663-64, relates the following in his "Autobiography": "Being unaware of the fact that it was customary in England to kiss the corner of the mouth of ladies, by way of salutation, instead of shaking hands, as we do in Hungary, my younger brother and I behaved very rudely on one occasion. We were invited to dinner to the house of a gentleman of high rank, and found his wife and three daughters, one of them married, standing in array ready to receive us. We kissed the girls, but not the married ladies, and therefore greatly offended the latter; but Duval (a French Protestant clergyman) apologized for our blunder, and explained to us that when saluting we must always kiss the senior lady first, and leave the girls and children to the last." Thereafter, he adds, he and his traveling-companions complied scrupulously with the rules of etiquette.





GOING ON THE STAGE.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

The greatest pleasure a human being can receive is the pleasure of giving pleasure.

After having satisfied the wants of life, what pleasure can the rich derive from their wealth but that of bestowing it on those they love, or in works of charity, or on entertainments, by which they share their goods with others?

What is the object of the ambitious statesman when he grasps at power and at office? Is it not to enjoy the pleasure of distributing patronage? What other advantage can he derive personally from the position, to arrive at which he frequently sacrifices health and fortune? What pleasure do those who love receive, if they are sensible that their love is not reciprocated—if they feel their love confers no pleasure? Of what is jealousy composed? Is it not the acute agony experienced by those who suspect that another person is conferring the pleasure they aspire to bestow?

This eminently and peculiarly human passion enables the poet—whether he be painter, actor or writer, for they are all poets—to endure the hardships of the artist's ca-

reer. For what is fame but the consensus of his fellow-men—their acknowledgments of the pleasure they have received from his works?

The author receives this assurance indirectly—he is not present when his readers receive and express the pleasure he gives. The painter is in the same condition. But the dramatist and the actor are present when the public enjoy their works. They witness the pleasure; they hear its expression. It is this supreme satisfaction that induces the poets and the writers of fiction to desire beyond all other achievements to succeed in producing a great play; and this same desire arouses in so many others the passion we recognize as “stage-struck.”

In what respect is this aspiration ridiculous, and why should such a condition of mind be so regarded? We may presume that Betterton, Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Edmund Kean, Rachel and Talma were stage-struck when they adopted the career which added their names to the roll of fame. We do not speak of a young clergyman as “pulpit-struck,” nor of a young author as “pen-struck.” Why do we not ridicule the student of painting? And why is a devotion of the mind to the greatest of all the arts stigmatized as a folly, and its adoption a degradation? In the clergyman, in the young author, in the painter, we call “a vocation” what in the actor or the young dramatist we call a disgrace.

When I was barely eighteen years of age, I left the profession to which my parents had devoted my life, because I felt an overwhelming passion for the stage. My elder brothers were clerks in banks in Dublin, but, like most needy Irish families, they had more pride than they knew what to do with, and so I was cast adrift, as a black sheep. Within a few months I had written “London Assurance,” which proved that I was hopeless and incorrigible. Oh, the folly of it all!

The prejudice which has condemned the stage has tended to create in our profession the errors with which it has been charged. Social extrusion has encouraged bohemianism. The dramatic art has been homeless. Its members have presented no incorporation. It has been a vagabond. Painting and sculpture have their schools and galleries, where these arts may be studied, where their principles are taught by the greatest living artists. The dramatic art, which, beyond all question, is the highest of all, because it unites all that is in painting and sculpture with all that is in poetry, together with something of its own that excels all the others—this art, I say, has neither system nor discipline; its principles lie scattered over the stage. Some years ago they were preserved in a careless way, but still they had a lodging in the “stock” theatres, where companies of actors, like the ancient bards, transmitted from generation to generation the songs they remembered. But even that slender and unreliable conduit has practically ceased to exist.

And so it came to pass that, conversing on these subjects with Mr. A. M. Palmer, last Summer, it occurred to us to found a school which might serve as a *conservatoire*, where the valuable traditions of our art might be recorded and preserved, where its principles should be explained and imparted. How far this enterprise has succeeded will be evident in due time, but so far as it has gone the results have far exceeded our anticipations. The school grew in a few months beyond my power to control. I could find no colleague to assist in this work. It became necessary to check the influx of students, and to reduce an overgrowth. Many had obtained admission who exhibited no progress—some from carelessness, others who used the school as a stepping-stone to hustle themselves into the profession, others who expected to bloom into stars at once and were impatient of their novitiate, and so became dissatisfied. This dead wood was cut away.

But the most valuable ministry of the school is, in my

opinion, the faculty it exercises in teaching many applicants that they have mistaken their vocation. This assurance is impressed upon them after a satisfactory trial. The trial takes place in class, where they find themselves measured with students of superior merit—when they invariably discover their own inefficiency before the master confirms it. The number of those who secretly nurse the belief in their own histrionic powers is scarcely to be believed. They fall ready victims to flatterers or to schemers. To put an end to this infatuation, and to restore the patient to domestic life, is a task in the performance of which we “must be cruel only to be kind.”

I shall endeavor to describe the process and the practice followed by those who present themselves for election as students. The department of instruction is open on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at the secretary's office, in the Madison Square Theatre, from eleven to one, when that official receives applicants. Cards are issued which entitle them to preliminary examination, a day and hour is appointed for their attendance, and they are invited to select some character in drama—Shakespearean preferred—wherein they can exhibit their powers to the best advantage. As the school is founded to teach *acting*, they are not permitted to select pieces of poetry to exhibit their powers of declamation. The majority of aspirants select characters unfitted to their abilities. The master then selects a scene, in which he trusts to see them to better advantage. A second trial is appointed, in which, if they fail, they are rejected. If they succeed, he indorses the applicant's card with the word “Accepted,” with which they again present themselves before the secretary, who issues a certificate entitling them to attend the school for one term, consisting of from twelve to fifteen weeks. If during that term they show deficiency, they are notified that they will be dismissed if their progress continues unsatisfactory. This describes the “special class,” where students pay a fee of two dollars per lesson, payable monthly—to the end that, if dissatisfied, they may at any time retire from the school.

Beyond this class is Mr. A. M. Palmer's school, which is composed of the most proficient students. These receive instruction free, and are preferred to engagements. Many of them are earning salaries in New York companies while they are pursuing their academic studies. Many, also, refuse to enter the profession until they receive encouragement from me to do so.

Let us suppose the school formed, and composed of fifty students. At the stage-door of the theatre hang four small boards called the “cast-boards,” one of which is quoted as an example:

MONDAY, DEC. 5TH,
At 2:30,

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act IV.—Scene 1st.

<i>Shylock</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Emmons.
<i>Antonio</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Taylor.
<i>Bassanio</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Preston.
<i>Duke</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Dempsey.
<i>Gratiano</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Livingstone.
<i>Nerissa</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss Benfey.
<i>Portia</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss Palma Morris.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

The scenes between Sir Charles and Lady Racker.

<i>Sir Charles</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bruce.
<i>Lady Racker</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss Craddeek.

“SCENE WITHOUT WORDS.”

<i>The Lady</i>	-	-	-	-	{ Miss Lester, Miss Rockman, Miss Baron.
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This “call” is put up a week or ten days in advance

of its date ; the students thus notified are called upon to be prepared in their parts by the day appointed.

The school assembles in the orchestra-stalls of the theatre, the scene on the stage having been previously arranged for the occasion. The lesson is opened frequently by a short lecture of ten or fifteen minutes by the master, who describes and illustrates the art of gesture, posture, movement, or the use of the voice, and invites the students to ask any questions on such matters, if they have not formed a clear impression of how such principles may be applied. Then follows this scene :

[*SECRETARY, rising and coming forward, reads the cast of the "Merchant of Venice." As the names of the students are called, each rises and says, "Here." They pass from the stalls directly to the stage, leaving the rest of the students as spectators. THE MASTER places the actors in the group forming the Court. And the scene proceeds, when presently—*]

THE MASTER. Stay ! Antonio, you should not mark the end of each line so as to cut the poetry into strips. The verse will take care of itself—you spout it in jets ! Do not check it off in that manner ; let it flow, as the sense requires. Thus *Shylock* must give the lines :

"If every ducat in six thousand ducats were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them—I would have my bond."

This is a single sentence, and should be delivered as such. Deal with the verse as though it were your natural vernacular.

[*And so until Portia enters. The lady, after greeting the Court, advances toward Shylock, and addresses her speeches at him.*]

THE MASTER. Excuse me, Miss Morris, but you forget you are a lawyer in august presence of the Ducal Court. Your notice of the Jew should be condescending and contemptuous, but your attention mainly directed to the Bench, and to your documents ; also to the books of the law which lie before you, and which you must consult and refer to—for the instructions you have received from *Bellario* may be supposed very properly to be in writing, and you cannot well have the whole matter at the tip of your tongue.

Miss M. But, sir, I have always seen it played as I am doing it.

THE MASTER. Possibly ! Then it was thoughtlessly played. Let us endeavor to perceive what Shakespeare meant, and hold the mirror up to Nature, as he bade us do. Go on, Miss Morris, and do not preach the appeal to Mercy, but approach it tenderly, and not either as a command or a reproach to the Jew. The last lines are addressed to the Court. And mark, also, the less direct attention *Portia* gives to *Shylock* throughout the scene, the more electric becomes the effect when she opens her masked battery, reading calmly the bond :

"Tarry a little—there is something else :
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh."

Then fixing him with stern, deliberate eyes, she adds, after a pause :

"Then take thy bond—take thou thy pound of flesh."

The dignity of the lawyer should be sustained by the demeanor of *Portia*. Do you perceive this ?

Miss M. I think so. I will try.

[*She does so, and in so effectual a manner as to draw a round of applause from her fellow-students in front.*]

THE MASTER. Very good indeed, Miss Morris ; you can retire. Miss Rockman will please come on the stage and finish the scene, taking the part of *Portia*. Mr. Buckland will replace Mr. Taylor in *Antonio*, and Mr. Gordon will play the remainder of *Shylock* in this scene.

[*When this is concluded, the SECRETARY rises and calls Murphy's comedy, "Three Weeks after Marriage," when MISS ROCKMAN rises and explains that she has not perfected the study of Lady Racket, and begs to try the scenes at a future session of the school.*]

THE MASTER. Very good ; you are excused. Are you up in the garden scene of "*Romeo and Juliet*" ?

Miss R. Yes, sir.

THE MASTER [to SECRETARY]. Call that scene. [*Turning to the school.*] Who can play *Romeo* to her *Juliet* ?

[*No reply comes to this question ; but MR. VANDERFELT, the tragedian, who happens to be present, rises and says, very kindly :*]

MR. VAN. If I can be of any assistance, it will please me to play the scene with the lady.

[*The offer is received with enthusiasm.*]

THE MASTER. We are much indebted to Mr. Vanderfelt. The presence and countenance of distinguished actors is very grateful to us all—and doubly so when they assist in our work. Mr. Secretary, please to call Miss Cora Deane. Is she present ?

Miss DEANE. Yes, sir.

THE MASTER. After the garden scene, we will take you as *Juliet* in the potion scene.

Miss DEANE. I am afraid, sir, I don't—

[*Her objection is suppressed by a burst of applause from her fellow-students, who think her performance of this scene is not to be excelled by any living artist.*]

And so the session proceeds amidst rapt attention. For no sensation drama was ever listened to more eagerly than by these students, who receive from me, patiently and gently, the severest reproofs and corrections ; while their conduct to each other shows that emulation can exist without jealousy. The most severe punishment that can be administered to an artist is ridicule. After explaining a fault of gesture or an affectation of speech, if the student proves blind to the error, we have recourse to the torture of mimicry. This proceeding is doubly effective. A student witnessing this style of correction rarely falls into a similar fault, and the patient, after the first painful experience, is grateful for the loss of what we call "a bad tooth." Awkwardness on the stage is frequently caused by nervousness, and is not inherent. The master of the art can easily recognize this trifling matter, and when the student asks, "What shall I do with my hands ?" I reply, "Leave them at the end of your arms."

The first lesson a young actor should learn is how to walk on the stage as if he had business there, to attend—not intrusively—to what is said and done, and to walk off again modestly, and not betraying any sense, though he should feel it, that he is an object of public attention. If he succeeds in thus being a good listener, he will have achieved more in his profession than many to whom he is condemned to listen. A drama may be composed without words. To play such a work requires more talent than falls to one actor or actress in a thousand. For example : A young widow, almost perished with hunger and cold, awaiting death in her garret ; three young children look helplessly toward her for food. She prepares a few bits of charcoal to light the fire, and by its help to die



"WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY HANDS, MR. BOUGICAULT?"
 "LET THEM HANG AT THE ENDS OF YOUR ARMS, MY DEAR."

with them. A neighbor gives her a small loaf of bread. The struggle arises whether to satisfy her own ravening hunger or to feed her starving babes. The mother gives it, piece by piece, denying her own agonizing craving, and ends by giving it all to her children, as she falls dead. Here is a tragic scene without words. It is part of our practice in the school to give out scenes without words, but in the comic vein. It is a test of supreme difficulty. Gesture and facial expression are the only language permitted.

Let it be conceded as a fact, that no poet from *Æschylus* to *Shakespeare* has succeeded in impressing by language on his readers the depth of emotion produced on the spectator by the actor or the actress by representation of a passion. *Shakespeare* observes:

—"I have heard
 That guilty creatures sitting at a play
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been so struck to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaimed their malefactions."

This effect was thus attributed by him to the visible action. He does not pretend that such a story, told, narrated, by the fireside, has ever produced a similar result. He knew better. It is not to be produced by reading a play, which thus becomes a narrative in effect. It is by the magic of the action. More important is it, then, to study the art of *acting*, as distinct from what is termed elocution, with which some actors are overloaded.

An elderly lady of fifty odd Winters, conveying a pretty girl of seventeen Springs, finds her way to my study. Her object is to introduce her daughter, who has developed a genius for the stage.

"Where has the young lady appeared?"

"She has never appeared."

"Then, where has this genius been discovered?"

"On the family hearth-rug. All who have heard her recite have been electrified by her amazing powers. There can be no doubt that she is destined to outshine any of the popular stars. She will occupy the entire empyrean."

During this description of her merits, the young lady is looking round the cornice of the room, as if she were not concerned in the business.

"Elmira, my dear, you had better remove your hat. She will recite a piece in which——"

"I beg your pardon, madam, if I interrupt you, but I cannot see what result can be arrived at by such an exhibition. However remarkable it may be, it will afford me no idea as to her histrionic gifts. Reciting is not acting. As a rule, those who recite best are unable to act. The better they do the one, the worse they succeed in the other. Your public readers make but poor actors. It is a different faculty."

"But will you listen——"

"If you insist——"

"Then we understand, sir, that if she fail to impress you in a recitation, you may entertain hopes she may make an actress?"

"She may get there, in spite of that excellence—and if we succeed in overcoming it."

"Elmira, my dear, put on your hat."

The indignation of their silence was oppressive as that mother and daughter withdrew.

Next comes a young colored gentleman of the deepest dye. He astounds me by requesting to be allowed to join the school. He appeared both intelligent and gentlemanly. I shrewdly suspected Mr. William J. Florence, or some hoaxer of that ilk, was behind the gentleman from Africa. So I pulled a grave face, and suggested *Othello* or *Zanga*.

He thought something lighter would be more suitable to his years. He preferred *Claude Melnotte*. Corbett, my secretary, with a gravity of which he alone is capable, gently reminded me that both "end men" in that entertainment were already engaged.

I related this incident to Palmer, assuring him the man could not see the monstrous absurdity of a black *Claude*.

"The gentleman was color-blind," replied the manager; "but," he added, wheeling round on his revolving-chair, "here's a Mrs. French writes to me, saying you



refused her application to enter the school, denying her a trial."

"Why, the woman is sixty, and she wanted to be tried in *Juliet*!"

"Why did you not offer her the *Nurse*?"

"I did think of putting a limit of age—'No lady need apply for admission who is over forty.'"

"Did you ever know a lady who was over forty? If they own to more than that figure, they will have sense enough not to apply at all. You see that stack of plays? If you will read them—"

"Thank you, very much—no!"

"You would find the most silly rubbish. I will match you one of those plays against any of your applicants, for a hundred dollars, half the stake to go to the Asylum for Idiots. Well, I have sat here, like Matthew, at this receipt of custom for nearly twenty years. During that time I must have read between 5,000 and 6,000 plays, and out of that heap I have not discovered one worthy of attention."

"Ay! but the stage has its fascinating episodes, and barren as American dramatic literature may be, you would not desert the field."

Descending from our offices, I met one of our leading actors. As we walked together up Broadway, he suddenly turned upon me the question: "Why do you descend from your literary and artistic position, acquired during half a century of success, to waste your time on a crowd of callow novices?"

"We were callow novices once. Can you not understand a love of art that survives all personal ambition?—the desire to carry its truths into a few minds, to save some principles from being entirely lost? They are the collection of a life-time devoted to one object, during which I have laid up a fortune of experience which must die with me, if I fail to give it presently to some one. To whom can I bequeath it? Not to the buffoons, the incompetents and the charlatans by whom our temples are occupied and our gods debauched. If I descend, as you say I do, from my place and rank to give it to babes, it is because I find only amongst them the pure love of art for art's sake. Let us build up from the bottom."

Driving nails into the sky is rather a random business.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!

TWO LITTLE DIGGERS.

BY G. EARN MURRAY.

SOON after the discovery of gold in Australia, my father, who had lately sold out of the army, was appointed to a commissionership on the gold-fields. Taking his family with him, he arrived in Victoria when the gold-fever was approaching its height. I can well remember our arrival at the Bull and Mouth, which was then the principal, if not the only, hotel in Melbourne.

What is now a fine city, rivaling in beauty and splendor many an old European one, forty years ago was simply a double line of wooden huts roofed with bark, tents, and a galvanized-iron store or so. The hotel was a wooden structure, bark-roofed, with a few additions running parallel, which answered for bedrooms. It was here that we staid on our first arrival; and, as far as I can recollect, we did not experience much discomfort, after having undergone a voyage in a sailing-ship which lasted over four months. When a habitation had been erected in the centre of the districts in which my father's duties lay, we removed up-country some hundred miles, into the "Bush," where what was called a small station had been established for our reception. The journey was accomplished by coach to within twenty miles, and thence by car, the baggage, furniture, etc., following by bullock-drays. The principal part of our new home was a wooden structure, bark-roofed, with a veranda all round, in which were the dining and sitting rooms and also our parents' bedrooms. The kitchen, etc., formed a second similar sort of structure, and a number of tents, pitched in close proximity, served as a sleeping-room for my brothers, myself and the men servants of the station. A little farther off a number of huts were erected



"OTHELLO? NO, SAR. CLAUDE MELNOTTE!"

as stabling for the horses, etc. The situation of the establishment was a fine one—on the banks of what was at times a considerable stream, and which generally had a fair flow of water except after very long drought. The country in front was open, being an extensive plain, through which the river found its way, with many fine trees here and there in the foreground, and a distant view of considerable hills. At the back, at little distance, the country began to get very rough—hills covered with scrub and wood, getting thicker and thicker and more impassable the farther you went in, and comprising what is described in the country as the "Bush." Still

it was an enchanting country, taking it altogether, and particularly so for children. There was so much to interest and amuse, without much possibility of danger or mischief. As we boys grew older we began to wander farther from home, and eventually came upon a small colony of diggers. We were, of course, much interested in their work, and were soon friends with them. We had scarcely seen a human being in the course of a year, other than our own small circle; and the sight of young children was pleasing enough to these rough diggers, who had probably seen neither woman nor child for years. They were good-hearted sort of fellows beneath their rough exterior. We explored their mines, and soon learned to take part in what was being done.

Before we had settled at Loddon, there had been a suspicion that gold was to be found in the "gully," or valley, in which our station was situated, and several mines had been sunk by "prospectors" and abandoned, nothing having apparently been found. My elder brother and myself, when we had seen how to set to work, descended some of these old mines, and pushed the work further, with the result of finding gold in small quantities.

We tried most of them, but did not find sufficient to encourage us to go on working at either; still enough to set us up in tools. We then began sinking new mines in several directions round the old holes, with the hope of striking a vein. The work was not very difficult, and required few tools. The holes we made were about six feet long and three feet wide. Having marked out a "claim" of fifty feet square by placing pegs in the four corners, we began the hole in the centre, and set to work in real digger fashion—one digging, the other resting. Even the surface required to be picked, the ground was so hard and dry. But the chance of finding gold is a great stimulus to exertion even in children. I know that it was to me, young as I was. I worked away there, turn and turn about with my brother, until we had got down five or six feet. Then we had to erect a windlass for hauling purposes. We had found a wooden one left by the other miners, which we soon turned to satisfactory account, and proceeded to work away as before, the one resting on top, pulling up the *débris*—"mullock" we call it—in buckets, one up, one down, and so on until we had sunk in a few days some forty to fifty feet. So far there was no need for timbering, the ground being sufficiently hard and firm to render it unnecessary. At last we came to what is called the "bottom"—that is, to where a kind of pipe-clay begins. It is on this pipe-clay that the gold is found. About an inch of the top gravel and an inch of the clay, called "wash-dirt," is collected and deposited in a separate heap, for future treatment. If the gold is plentiful, it can be easily seen shining as you turn this wash-dirt over with the shovel; but to get it all out, the stuff had to be carried or wheeled down to the river-side and thrown into a tub, where the clay is all washed and puddled out. During this process another opportunity of looking for gold occurs, as you gently lift up one side of the tub, to let the water run off, with an up-and-down movement, causing little waves, which expose the bright metal shining among the gravel at the bottom. If there are any large pieces, you pick them out at once. When all the clay is washed out, the next process begins. One shovels the contents of the tub into a kind of cradle, on the top of which machine is a sieve, which detains all the large stones and lumps; while his mate rocks the cradle with one hand, pouring water with the other plentifully over the stuff as it is put on. The stones being thus dealt with and looked over for "nug-

gets," the last process is to collect the contents of several slides and ledges in the interior of the cradle, over which all the small gravel and water have passed, and in which all the gold has been arrested. This is all put into a tin dish, carefully shaken with water to send the gold to the bottom, and then the gravel is washed away and the gold shaken down time after time, until nothing remains but the pure gold at the bottom, in a rim made to arrest it. By this time you can form an accurate idea of your find.

The gold we found was in pieces of all shapes and sizes. Some of it as fine as a pin's point—mere specks—ranging up to bits of one, two and three pennyweights, on to larger pieces of one and two ounces on rare occasions. Most of it was smooth and free from any foreign substance. Blanche Barkly and Welcome Nuggets, the two largest found in the colony, are very rare; but their is always the possibility of finding a rival to either.

If the bottom is satisfactory in its yield, the hole is sunk another three feet, and horizontal excavations are made first at either end, leaving the wash-dirt at the top, which is picked down afterward and treated as before, and so on as long as the mine pays. Timber props and small trucks on wheels are used, if the mine continues to pay, when necessary in the "drives."

In mining there exists always the element of chance, which is so attractive and exciting to most of the human race; and in the kind of gold-mining in which we were engaged there is probably the most excitement of all. As we descended down, down, how naturally we speculated on what would be the reward of our labors when we got to the bottom, and how the excitement and energy increased when we first struck the pick in the soft pipe-clay.

We had already sunk seven or eight mines with varying success. In some we had found gold in quantities sufficient to pay regular miners; others were so-called "duffers," and worthless. We had realized enough to set ourselves up in regular miner costume—a wide-awake hat, red shirt or "jumper," and corduroy trousers—and had supplied ourselves with abundant tools and implements, even to a forge to sharpen our picks out on—more, indeed, than we required. Still we worked away. There was always the chance of finding a large nugget or a rich vein, and the hope of making a "pile," the great ambition of all diggers. We had tried all the likely places in the neighborhood of the old prospecting claims without a big find, but there still remained a sort of large island, formed by a bend in the river. As this island was generally under water in flood-time, we had avoided the risk of losing our tools, and had not sunk there, and it had probably been neglected by the prospectors also on this account; but as it lay in a very probable direction for the principal deposit to lie hidden, judging from our former experiments, we resolved to sink a shaft, especially, too, as we did not expect to have to sink more than twenty-five or thirty feet. We were soon putting our resolve into execution, and had got down some twenty-five feet when I took my turn below. I had not been down more than half an hour, when I struck the welcome pipe-clay a foot or so deeper. I soon cleared up and sent up all but the wash-dirt, into which the first blow of my pick brought up a large piece of gold of the size of my thumb. I was soon convinced that we had struck gold in large deposits, and conveyed the welcome news to my mate. We had the wash-dirt up in great haste; and after picking out several of the largest bits we could see, we soon washed out upward of a pound-weight of beautiful pure gold, worth \$19.38 an ounce.

This was indeed a find for two youngsters under eleven years of age. We were so excited over it that rest was out of the question, and we even slipped out of our tents at night to work down the mine. We worked very hard for some days, and nights too, and had collected six or seven pound-weight of gold, when we agreed that it was time to dispose of it. As our father was setting off on an official journey to the nearest town, we thought it a good opportunity for one of us to go with him, to sell the gold at the bank there, and my brother accordingly went on this important mission. I was much too restless and excited to remain idle in the meantime, so I went down the mine to work by myself. It was toward the end of Summer, and although the weather was hot and sultry, there had been no rain, and I had no thought of danger. I was too excited to think of anything but the gold. I could get on very well by myself, as we had made considerable drives, and I could heap up the *débris* for hauling up when my brother returned. I was therefore fully occupied underground, picking out here and there small nuggets of gold, and the time passed very quickly. I had reason to move to the bottom of the shaft, and noticed that it was raining; but I did not attach much importance to the fact, and went on with my occupation until I thought it about time to look for my brother. I had collected some nice nuggets to show him, and I wanted to know the result of his journey. I had begun clambering up the shaft, holding on by the rope made fast to the windlass-support, and putting a foot in a notch first on one side of the mine and then on the other, when a strange, moaning noise fell upon my ears, which I knew to indicate that the river was in flood. This was decidedly unpleasant intelligence, as my home lay on the opposite side of the river to our mine, and I had no means of crossing in flood-time; still, I was not very anxious, for I could easily shift for myself even if I could not get home. On emerging from the pit I began to get thoroughly frightened, for I saw that I was completely surrounded by a raging torrent, which was rapidly rising, and in which trees and logs and all sorts of things were being carried away at a tremendous rate. I stood on the bank of gravel piled around the mine, and surveyed my position, but could see no hope of escape. I knew that after rain on the mountains these floods came down very rapidly; and there had evidently been very heavy rain, and the water would soon be far over where I was standing, although the refuse from the mine had made a considerable bank around me. There was no prospect of help from home, as there was no means of getting to me, even if they had known my situation, for we had no boats of any kind. All this time the water was still rising, and roaring in a most horrifying manner as it swept past me, every now and then showing fresh powers of destruction, in the shape of huge trees torn by force from their roots by the mad water. I was hardly ten years of age at this period, so I may be excused for being thoroughly frightened; and, indeed, I shall never forget my terror. I was still hoping against hope for some means of release, when, at the back of the mound of gravel and close to the mine, I noticed the large tub which we used for gold-washing purposes. I had rolled it up the day before from the river, to tighten up the hoops in my spell of leisure, and to be near my brother in the mine at the same time, in case he called me from below. There were also two high stilts, which I used for crossing the river on ordinary occasions. The water was by this time up to the mine; so, without a moment's further delay, I got into the tub, armed with one of the stilts. I was soon swept away, and at the outset had a close shave of being

turned over, from attempting to stand up. I had to sit down in the bottom, with my head and shoulders above, and my stilt grasped with both hands. As soon as I was in the main current, I went off at tremendous and most alarming speed, at one moment whirling round and round, and at the next banged against a tree or other object, and almost shaken to pieces; but still I kept afloat. My stilt served at times to ward off approaching objects, and I thought that I might use it to push off to shore with, when I could find anything to shove against, in calmer water. My terror had a good deal subsided by this time, for I knew that it was a question of avoiding an upset; but I was wildly excited, for, dangerous as my position was, my headlong career down-stream was not entirely without its fascination, if I could only keep afloat. This was my danger; for although I could paddle about fairly well in smooth water, I was far from swimmer enough to battle with this rapid stream, even for a few minutes. The worst, however, was now over, as the water had spread over an immense plain, and I had drifted out of the main stream; but I was far from safe yet, as night was almost at hand, and I had been swept many miles from home, and I might easily drift again into the main current. Still, I was able to try my stilt as a paddle. It was not successful as a means of progression, used in this way, as it sent me spinning round and round, and did not move me in the direction I desired to go. I had the comfort, however, to notice that I had crossed over to the right side of the river, on which my home lay. I next tried to take soundings with the stilt, and was overjoyed to find that I could touch the ground, and, after numerous whirls and turns, I at length reached the shore, and rolled my tub out of harm's way. I was not a moment too soon on land, for darkness set in, with the usual celerity of the country, directly afterward, and I had to abandon all hope of getting home for the night. I had, therefore, at once to set about making a resting-place. Moving on to some higher ground, far enough away from the water, I soon built a shelter in the form of the "mia-mia" used by the aborigines, and as I was unwilling to easily part with my tub, which had been of so great service to me, I rolled it up and placed it on the top, upside-down, by way of finish to my roof, in case of more rain, in exactly the reverse manner to which Diogenes utilized a similar vessel. I had some matches with me, for use in the mine, with which I was luckily able to get a light, so that I soon kindled a fire opposite my hut; but I had to go supperless to bed. I was so completely tired out with my day's work and subsequent adventure, that I soon fell into a deep sleep, in my little den, on a bed of wattle and bracken opposite my fire. I was awake by daylight, and lost little time in making my way home, to relieve the minds of my anxious friends, and to relate my wonderful adventures. I also had the pleasure of exhibiting to my brother, after all, the nuggets I had found, the procuring of which had been so nearly fatal to me. I had carefully preserved them, and not thrown them out as ballast, like the unfortunate man in his voyage across Africa in a balloon.

Thus ended my gold-digging experience. The mine was under water for months afterward, and in the meantime my father was taken dangerously ill, and had to be removed to Melbourne, where he died shortly afterward. I was sent to England to be civilized and educated, and therefore I have not had a chance of seeking for the remainder of the gold which I knew was left in the mine; but I shall have much pleasure in affording full information as to locality, etc., to any of my readers, in reward for taking up so much of their time.

THE POET GRAY.

GRAY'S was, in many ways, a melancholy life (writes Arthur Benson, his latest critic). His vitality was low, and such happiness as he enjoyed was of a languid kind. Physically and emotionally he was unfit to cope with realities, and this, though he never felt the touch of some

doubt the first of living English poets; and he took no kind of pleasure in it. He was horrified to find himself a celebrity; he refused to be poet laureate; he refused honorary degrees; when at Cambridge, the young scholars are said to have left their dinners to see him as he passed in the street; it was a sincere pain to him. William Cowper counterbalanced his fits of unutterable



STOKE POGES CHURCH AND CHURCH-YARD, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, ENGLAND—THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THOMAS GRAY, AUTHOR OF THE "ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD."

of the most crushing evils that humanity sustains. He was never poor, he was never despised, he had many devoted friends; but, on the other hand, he had a wretched and diseased constitution, he suffered from all sorts of prostrating complaints, imaginary insolences, violent antipathies, want of sympathy. Fame such as is rarely accorded to man came to him; he was accepted as without

melancholy by his hours of tranquil serenity over tea-cups, muffins and warm coal-fires, with the curtains drawn close. Johnson enlivened his boding depression by tyrannizing over an adoring circle. But Gray's only compensations were his friends. Any one who knows Gray's letters to and about his young friend Bonstetten knows how close and warm it is possible for friendship to be.



AN ARTIFICIAL FATE.

BY

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," ETC., ETC.

PART I.—A MURDER MYSTERY.

CHAPTER IV.

A DEAD MAN'S ORDERS.

THEY carried Edwin Elveys home in the early morning. They laid him in his great parlor—the parlor where his daughter had given her troth-plight only the evening before—and in which Ralph Grantley had scorned and defied him. There was no need to darken this room for the reception of the man who had been the light of this house; some careful servant had closely curtained and shuttered it, after young Grantley had gone for his eventful walk and Etta had retired to her own room; and no tardy hands had yet found time to let in the light of morning, before they

"HER HEAD SETTLED DOWN UPON HIS SHOULDER AGAIN, SLOWLY AND HEAVILY, AND SHE RODE IN UTTER SILENCE FOR MANY, MANY MILES ONCE MORE."

came slowly down the path, along the lane, through the meadows, across the bridge over the river, and on up the dusty street—bringing the master home.

The frightened servants could do little, at first, and only ran hither and thither, wringing their hands and weeping. There was no doubt that Edwin Elveys had been a much-loved man among those with whom he had come in daily contact, and that he would be genuinely mourned.

Kind neighbors took immediate control, directing the servants in the doing of those things which were necessary. The proper authorities took the preliminary steps looking to the holding of an inquest, which was to be delayed, indeed, only until Etta should return. Mr. Grantley, by general consent, was intrusted with the task of finding the daughter of the dead man, telling her of her terrible bereavement, and seeing to getting her home as speedily as possible.

The carrying out of Mr. Ralph Grantley's self-invited task took much time, cost much money, and demanded of him a most remarkable amount of adroitness and ingenuity. He was determined to tell Etta himself, and face to face with her, if possible, the loss which had befallen her. This made it an absolute necessity to find her speedily, and to send to operators, conductors, ticket-agents, hotel-men, and others, warning telegrams, forbidding them to tell her anything, or to allow others to do so.

He located her, at last, late in the afternoon, at a little out-of-the-way place, where there was a lake, some woods, and a small and inconvenient hotel or two, all to serve as an excuse for any one who might choose to go there for a few days or weeks in the summer-time, under the delusion that they would be happier and more comfortable there than they could be at home.

"Come to your father at once. I meet at junction," was the telegram he sent; and then he took the first train to go to her. She had changed cars a half-dozen times, or so, in order to reach the place to which she had gone, and he was not at all sure how far he could go before he must stop and wait for the train on which she would come. And no matter. He knew he would have plenty of time in which to study time-tables while on the road. And he told himself, over and over again, that the longer it took to settle all the questions, the better—that the more his mind could be diverted from the terrible errand on which he was going, the better he could do that errand when he met the orphaned girl.

"Coming. Telegraph particulars. Is papa sick or hurt?" was the answer the conductor brought him, before he had gone many miles. The first word was all he needed; it was a great satisfaction to him to get it. I suppose he convinced himself that it was best to let the rest of the message remain unnoticed. At any rate, he did not answer it.

It was already night, and the moonlight was flooding the valleys and glorifying the hills, when Ralph's train stopped at the last station he dared reach in his journey. His train should, according to the time-card, pass the train which was bringing Etta at a little place where there was nothing more than a water-tank, a switch and a side-track; neither train would come to a stop for more than thirty seconds there, if both happened to be on time. Indeed, if the train bringing Etta was not late, he had less than ten minutes to wait before he would see her.

Grantley walked nervously up and down the platform while he waited. It was cooler there than in the close and ill-ventilated waiting-room, and besides, that room

contained two or three persons who were waiting for the train, and he wished to be alone.

There was something inexpressibly sad in the moonlight; it reminded him of the moonlighted room where he had stood with Etta only a few hours—less than twenty-four of them—ago. Only twenty-four hours? It seemed like years—like ages!

"What would *two years* have been?" he muttered; "or, possibly, three?"

And ten minutes to wait! Ten minutes! It seemed to put the meeting with his sweetheart far off into the unknown and unimagined future. He felt as though the length of time made the prospect of ever meeting her at all quite vague and uncertain. He caught himself planning what he would do between now and then, scheming how he might most easily and pleasantly kill the time, and leisurely putting off for future consideration certain intrusive questions as to what he should say and do when he came to meet her. I do not doubt that some of my readers have found their own minds playing such tricks with their ideas of time, in some of the great crises of life.

"I am sorry—sorry—sorry——" said the young man, moodily, to himself, walking in the shadows, and breaking off—from spoken words to silent thought—just there.

But, a half-minute later, in the moonlight, he muttered: "It—it is better for me! Two—years! Or—three!"

And there was a sudden, far-away rumble, a sharp whistle, the heavy thunder of rolling wheels, the hiss of the air from the brakes, and the last car flashed by him—to stop a score of feet beyond where he stood—showing him, closely pressed against the window-pane, the pale and tear-stained face of the girl that he loved more than anything else in the world.

He was in the car and by her side in less time than most men would have found necessary. But the train was already rushing forward again, at a great speed, seeming to devour both space and the night. He reached her side. He looked at her—down into her face. She looked at him—up into his eyes. And he knew, all at once, the futility of all his plans for making her pain easy to bear; he knew, as he had not dimly guessed, the magnitude of the task he had undertaken. He could no more face this woman, her eyes full of trust, though eloquent with a speechless dread—face her and lie to her—or even equivocate and delay—than he could have stopped the hurrying earth in its orbit. He could no more keep the truth out of his face, out of his moist eyes, off his quivering lips, away from his pale cheeks and brow—than he could have turned the whirling world back one revolution, turned Time back one day, and given his promised bride her living and loving father back again!

He knew, too, so suddenly that it was a revelation to him, how much this girl had loved her father—how much he had been to her, and she to him. He saw how far the love he had won, the hot-house flower of passion which had blossomed in her heart for him at his commands, fell short of the strong affection for her father, which had grown consciously in every fibre of her being her whole life long. One—his—was like a rare flower which makes life sweet because of its beauty and fragrance, but which a cold breath may blast or a rude wind break. The other love—her father's—was sure and strong and deep-rooted as is the evergreen which grows on the precipice, braves the tempest, defies the avalanche, and holds the lightning as only a rather rough and boisterous friend.

He knew, instinctively, what this girl had lost. If he

could have known it sooner, if he could have understood it only one short day ago, I think he would have stepped out from his hiding-place in the lonely valley, have taken Edwin Elveys frankly by the hand, have asked his pardon for some hasty words he had said—and have seen him safely home to his own door! The most pathetic truth in life is the fact that regret cannot reach helpfully into the past—the fact that God never allows even the veriest bungler in the game of destiny to take back a move, and try twice!

"Is my father sick?" asked Etta Elveys. That was her question—a natural one, perhaps; certainly a faltering and hesitating one. She had looked into his eyes; he had looked into hers; and so she knew her father was not sick, and he knew she knew it.

"No," said Grantley, and his voice choked and he could say no more.

"Hurt?"

He only shook his head.

"Not—not dead?"

That was the question; a question with an undertone of mad appeal in it—as though her stricken heart challenged this man who had said he loved her to prove the truth of his assertion, now, by saying "No!"

That was the question, and yet it was not a question. Nor was it, in spite of what I have written, in any true sense either a challenge or an appeal. She knew that her father was dead, and her knowledge showed in her eyes and sounded in her voice; she was no surer—hope was no less—when he had said, brokenly and slowly, "Yes, Etta, he is dead."

She made him no answer to that, not then; she only looked up into his face for one swift, sweet, mad moment. Then she looked down. He put his arm about her. Her head settled upon his shoulder. And they rode so, for miles, with the moonlight falling coldly upon the Summer landscape, through which the train seemed to fly—and almost rivaling the bright car-lights within. Ah, life! life!—and death! In a world where the one is as true as the other, and where the latter is inevitable, how much difference twenty-four hours may make in the color and texture of moonlight—even to lovers whose lives have not strayed beyond the reach of one another's arms!

They rode thus until it was time to change cars. Once settled in the other train, she seemed to arouse from the agonized apathy in which she had been for so long. She began to talk—to question—to put her lover on the rack!

"What ailed papa?" she asked; "and when did he—he—when did the end come?"

"He was found dead this morning."

"Found dead this morning? And I hurrying away from home as fast as steam could carry me! Oh, papa, papa, little you thought, when you gave me permission, yesterday afternoon, to go away for as long a time as I pleased, how soon and how sad my home-coming would be! Home-coming? Home? Home without papa? He found dead, and I away? But—but—it might have been that I should have found him myself, if I had been at home. I think *that* would have killed me!"

"He wasn't found at home, Etta; he was found out on the prairie, beyond the river, and——"

"What do the doctors say caused it? I didn't think him the sort of man to die of heart-disease, or——"

"His death was not the result of disease, darling; he was killed."

"Killed? My papa killed? How did it happen? Is there any reasonable explanation for the accident?—any valid excuse for it?"

"It—it wasn't accident, Etta; it was—was——"

She looked at him in big-eyed amazement for a moment or two.

"Murder?" she whispered, harshly; "surely it could not have been murder?"

"It was murder; there is no question of that," he said, gravely.

Her head settled down upon his shoulder again, slowly and heavily, and she rode in utter silence for many, many miles once more. It was not until long afterward that he learned that she was senseless during all that long time; he will probably never know how near he came to having a dead woman to carry home, that night, to her dead father.

She regained consciousness, at last, and her lover did not know that she had lost it.

"Murdered! murdered! murdered!" she repeated again and again, with a weary and pathetic reiteration of this incredulous protest; "murdered!—and he hadn't an enemy in the world, *so far as I know!*"

When she had grown calmer, Grantley told her the story of Stephen Ward's discovery, of the finding of her father—just as the boy had said, of the carrying him home, and of all that had been done looking toward the inquest and the funeral. He described minutely the appearance of the dead man, and the locality where he was found. But he said nothing regarding his own night-walk. The time will come when he will surely regret that. He has not lived long enough to fully appreciate the wisdom of that legal formula which binds a man to add to the sum of "*the truth*" and "nothing but the truth" that further valuable quantity—"the whole truth."

The lovers arrived home in due season. The hour was late, very late, of course. They took Etta to the dead man's side, and did not attempt to hinder her wild expressions of grief. Worn out by sorrow and excitement, she found the blessing of a few hours of sleep before the morning came.

The inquest was held in the early morning. It developed little or nothing that was new. Ralph Grantley told substantially the same story he had told Etta, and, so far as his narrative of what had taken place between the last time he had seen Edwin Elveys alive, in his own house, and the time he went over, with many others, to find him dead on the lonely prairie, he told nothing more.

Etta Elveys was questioned but little. She had spent most of the evening prior to her father's death in the parlor at her home. Mr. Grantley was with her. She was engaged to marry Mr. Grantley. Her father approved of the engagement. She had seen nothing in his actions to indicate either worry or fear. He had been in the room with Mr. Grantley and herself the evening before he was killed, but only for a few minutes. He had had several gentlemen friends with him. They had occupied the room across the hall from the one in which she had received the call of Mr. Grantley. She believed Mr. Grantley went before her father's guests did. She had gone to her room almost immediately, and had not seen her father alive since she saw him in the presence of Mr. Grantley. No; she was *not* much acquainted with her father's business affairs; but he had not had an enemy in the world—*so far as she knew!*

That was what she told. It was about all she told. It was all she was asked, and about all she could reasonably be expected to tell. The one unfortunate fact in the case was that it fell very, very short of what she might have told!

The three gentlemen who had played whist with Mr.

Elveys were questioned closely and sharply. But they could let in no light on the subject. Mr. Elveys had seemed in his usual spirits. One or two remarks had been made, on their way home, regarding his kindly good-nature. They had made a long evening of it at the whist-table; they went there early; they came away late; and Mr. Elveys was absent from the room for only a very few minutes.

The servants were not all examined. Those who testified were unable to give the authorities any assistance whatever.

So the coroner's verdict repeated, once more, the old-time, weary formula which has confessed human ignorance and crucified human hopes so many times in the past, and will so many times in the future: Hon. Edwin Elveys came to his death by a pistol-shot fired by some person to the jury unknown!

Mr. Elveys was buried at the expiration of three days. With Etta left utterly alone in the world, save for her lover, the most prominent men in Riverdell—the men whose opinions were original, and who also swayed and molded the opinions of others—Mr. Black, the banker—Dr. Gray, the physician—and Rev. White, the clergyman—insisted that Ralph Grantley should go with Etta through the ordeal of the funeral exercises, and that the rest of the Grantley family should attend as mourners. It may be that this was unprecedented. No matter. It seemed singularly appropriate. And Riverdell people were in the habit of doing much as they pleased—that is, much as Mr. Black, Dr. Gray and Rev. William White pleased—and so this was done as they wished. Had Etta Elveys been the wedded wife of Ralph Grantley, he and his family would have had the seats, and taken the parts, in the same ceremonies of Edwin Elveys's burial, which they did take.

A week before, there would have been a fourth man for Black, Gray and Rev. White to consult with. But now—they could only do as they believed he might have wished it done.

Some days passed after the funeral. Etta insisted on remaining in her old home, in spite of its loneliness. The servants were brave, sensible, loyal, and not unwilling to stay there in her service. And, turn by turn, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Gray and Mrs. White remained with her at night.

During the day-times, the banker, the doctor, the clergyman and the young lover, sometimes accompanied by the young lady herself, and occasionally by John Grantley, Ralph's father, looked over the papers in Edwin Elveys's house and office. They were looking for the will they felt sure so good a lawyer as Mr. Elveys would have left. But they found nothing of the sort. Is it true that the very men who so frequently urge upon others the proper legal steps necessary for the disposition of property after death are themselves likely to be careless and forgetful?

They found some indications, among his papers, of a mystery in the life of the dead man—though all they found left everything vague and intangible. They found half-completed records of business transactions which had been closed long ago, and memoranda of investments the profits of which he had long since spent, or the losses of which had been paid in years past and forgotten. Some of the searchers began to think that Hon. Edwin Elveys might have been careless, so far as his own personal business was concerned, and to wonder, as they opened each new drawer, or explored each new pigeon-hole, what they would find next. But, after all, is there one of them all who is not like him? Where will you

find the man who would not finish some documents, rearrange and classify others, *and burn many more*—if he knew he would be killed within twenty-four hours?

No will was found. The only thing that seemed of importance was a letter addressed to Etta. And she had opened it in silence—and had kept silence afterward. "It throws no light on his death," was all she had said regarding it. Poor girl! She might well have said that it threw no light on *anything*!

Only the doctor and the clergyman, besides herself, had been present when it was found. That had been the very day after the funeral. Laid in plain sight, in a small open compartment of the dead man's desk, a large envelope, plainly addressed to Etta Elveys, could not, in the very nature of things, remain long undiscovered. It was strange, if anything at all in the whole matter must be called that, that it was not found sooner than it was.

It was the clergyman who found it. He handed it directly to Etta. She opened it at once. It was certainly short; and she had said, regarding it, only what I have written above.

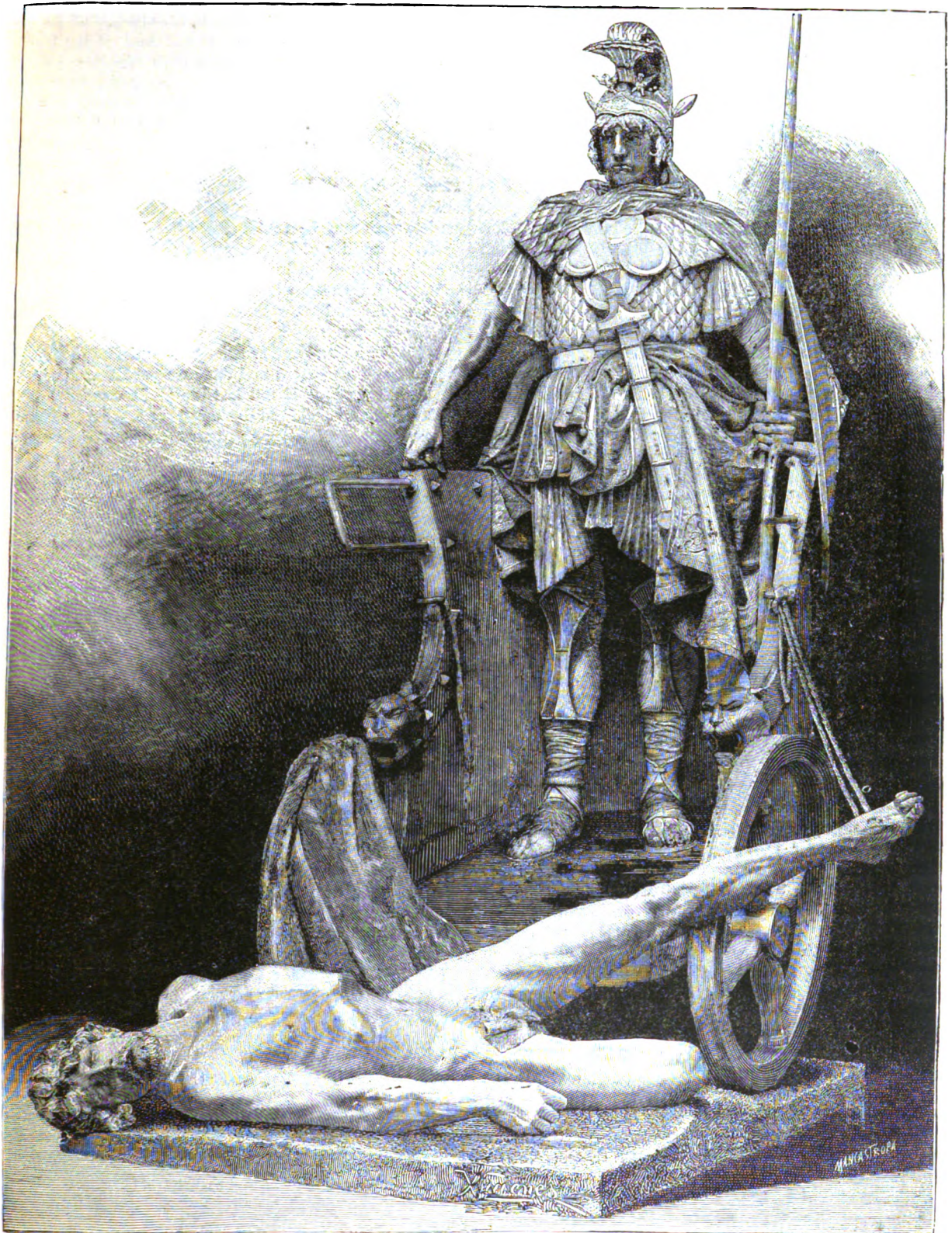
The search for a will having been found unavailing, the three men who ruled Riverdell had proposed that John Grantley be appointed administrator of the Elveys estate, and the necessary preliminary steps had been taken. Etta would have preferred having Ralph himself appointed, and did not hesitate to express herself to that effect; and I think Ralph was inclined to agree with her, and to be disappointed at the choice made by Black and Gray and White. He undoubtedly shrank from some of the responsibilities of the position, however, and recognized his youth and lack of experience; perhaps, too, he had an idea that it might be as well, all things considered, to cordially support the triumvirate of Riverdell—instead of suffering the humiliation of being beaten by them. In the end, and in fact, he knew that he would be the one to assist Etta in the work which must be done. So he tried to be content, said he was, and almost believed he told the truth.

And the three men who had managed the matter, much as they found means for managing most matters in Riverdell, quite misunderstood the thoughts of Ralph Grantley, regarded him as a very fine and thoroughly sensible young man, and considered Etta Elveys much more fortunate than so foolish and headstrong a girl deserved to be.

Dr. Gray, having carefully considered the matter, believed that Ralph Grantley should know of the letter Etta had had—unless he already did—and believed it his duty to tell him.

"It might have been something written long before—some note telling her he should be absent from dinner, or something of that sort. It may be the necessity for sending it to her by a servant was obviated by her return from a ride, a drive, or from making calls. It may be he slipped it into his desk, and forgot all about it."

That was the answer young Grantley made when he had listened to the doctor's story. He tried to appear at ease. He hoped he did. He almost made himself believe he did. Since he had heard nothing from Etta regarding the note, and since some days had already elapsed since it was found, he tried to assure himself that it could have been nothing of importance. But, try as hard as he would, he could not convince himself that it was old, trivial, meaningless. The doctor had planted in his heart the seeds of jealousy—jealousy of the power of a dead man. Nor was that all—nor the worst. The doctor's words could not fail to compel him to think of



HECTOR TIED TO THE CHARIOT OF ACHILLES.—FROM THE GROUP BY ETTORE XIMENES.

the scene in the parlor of Edwin Elveys's house, the evening of the night in which Edwin Elveys died; they could do no less than bring vividly before him his own fateful walk into the country on that self-same night. If he had anything to tell—anything he is ever willing to say to Etta regarding that walk of his—anything that he is willing she should ever know—why did he not tell her when her head was on his shoulder, and his arm about her waist, the night he met her and brought her home? If there is anything to be told, by either one of them—or by any one else—regarding what passed between the father and the lover, why was it not better to have told it at the inquest? Is there any future possible for them, in which, under God's providence, it will be less hard to speak than it would have been then?

"Your theory might be right," replied Dr. Gray, "but for one thing. Indeed, it was the first thought which occurred to me."

"And what is the one thing which makes it impossible?"

"This: I made up my mind that there must be some way in which to determine whether the letter was written shortly before the death of Edwin Elveys, or recently. And I examined the room with that thought in mind. And I found, in his waste-basket, on top of all the rest of its contents, a sheet of paper on which was written, in Mr. Elveys's handwriting, the words: 'My Dear Etta.' A drop of ink had fallen upon the paper, and formed a blot which spoiled it. So Mr. Elveys had evidently thrown it away."

"But what of that? That proves nothing. I am almost certain that Mr. Elveys recently wrote his letters at his office in the village. He might have written the letter to his daughter several days ago, and the spoiled sheet still be the topmost thing in his waste-basket."

"Yes. But I am not done. *Just before it was a newspaper, not twelve hours old at the time he died!*"

That seemed to settle the matter. Neither one of the two men had anything more to say. But it left Ralph filled with a feverish and maddening desire to know the contents of the letter.

The authorities had done everything which seemed possible. The scene of the murder had been thoroughly examined. Large rewards had been offered. It was suspected that one or two detectives, stimulated by the hope of earning some of the rewards, had been among the strangers who had visited Riverdell, and who had looked over the scene of the tragedy and listened to what the citizens had to say. If common suspicion was correct, if Riverdell had actually been honored by the presence of some of that class of men who make the detection of crime a profession, they had found the problem too difficult for solution. They had departed and had made no sign.

Etta Elveys was the first to suggest that a regular detective, the best man that money could hire in any one of the great cities, should be employed to look into the case. She regretted her father's death, and mourned him sincerely, but a peculiarly vigorous resentment regarding the way in which he had died appeared to be the most characteristic feeling she possessed. She was not contented to let the work the authorities had done be final. She was not willing to allow the murder of her father to become one of those unsolvable mysteries of which there are, alas! so many in the world. She had a vindictive wish, quite apart from and superior to her sense of justice, to hunt down the guilty one—and have life for life.

Ralph strongly combated her suggestion.

"It is no case for a detective," he said, firmly. "What

can any man do more than has been done? No detective is gifted with the powers of omniscience."

Nevertheless, had he not been too proud, I think he would have asked Etta how she would like to have a detective learn of the conversation between her father and himself in that late hour when the shadow of death was already closing down about him. And, if she had then asked how any detective could have the power to learn such a thing, I fear he would have said that which would have indicated that his remark about "*omniscience*" was inconsistent bravado. But he said nothing of this sort to her; he said nothing of seeing her father pass by his hiding-place so short a time before his death. He only strongly combated her desire for a detective's aid.

Did I say he was too proud to speak? Perhaps I was wrong. It may be that his conviction of the stern and honest humility of Etta Elveys was the strongest reason for his silence; he knew that she, warned of the danger of speaking, would scorn silence—and, taking the chance of being misunderstood, and the risk of worse, would tell all she knew.

White and Gray and Black—yes, and Ralph Grantley's father, too—supported and encouraged Etta in her wishes. So the discussion did not last long. It was soon decided that a detective should be employed. And when they asked Ralph to be the one to go to New York and hire one, he consented to do so.

It was the evening before the day when Ralph was to start for New York City. He was to go on the early morning train—the same train as that on which, only a few days before, Etta Elveys had unknowingly gone away from her loved dead. The two lovers had been driving together for an hour or two, the carriage and horses being the property of Etta.

The night was starlit and pleasant. The moon, about at its full when Mr. Elveys died, cannot gladden this evening for them.

At the middle of the bridge, with the swiftly flowing water beneath them, Ralph suddenly asked Etta to stop. They were headed in the direction of the village, and he had forgotten, so he said, some business which must be attended to, on the farther side of the river, before he left for New York.

"I shall not see you again before I go," he said, as he bent over and kissed her; "so it will be *good-by* as well as *good-night*."

He got out of the carriage. He stood leaning on the wheel, looking at her.

"I heard that there was a letter found, Etta," he said, with assumed carelessness; "did your father leave any message for you?"

She took a large envelope from her pocket. She took two things from it; one a smaller envelope, which he could see was sealed—the other, a folded sheet of paper. She handed him the latter, keeping the former in her hand.

He opened the letter, and read it.

"MY DEAR ETTA: I have a presentiment of evil. It may mean nothing—or much. You remember what I asked of you to-night; nay, what I commanded! Etta Elveys, I command you again! Go—in secrecy and silence—and keep secrecy and silence for *three years*! Sometime, you will know why."

"I shall burn this, in the morning—if my presentiment means nothing!"

"It is a dead man's command to you—if my presentiment means much!"

"Inclosed is the address of the place to which you are to go."

"Your loving father, EDWIN ELVEYS."

Ralph Grantley folded the paper. He handed it up to

Etta. And—as she took it—he caught the smaller envelope, the sealed envelope, from her hand. He tore it, and the paper it contained, into a hundred fragments. He turned to the railing of the bridge, leaned over, and scattered them down into the rushing waters and the night.

Then he turned, mockingly, to confront her white-faced anger. She raised her whip, threateningly, as though to strike the man she loved—the man who had just so desperately proved how much her presence, the sight of her face and the sound of her voice meant to him.

She thought better of her passionate intention, and the tears sprang into her eyes. The whip fell upon the horses instead of upon Ralph Grantley, and the carriage moved swiftly away toward her home.

He stood, for a minute or two, looking after her.

Then he turned and walked slowly away—away over the route he had gone on the night when Edwin Elveys died! And——

He never saw a person by the name of Elveys again in all his life!

CHAPTER V.

HORACE GLEASON, DETECTIVE.

On arriving in New York, young Mr. Grantley went at once to the place of business of what he had been told was the best detective agency in the world.

One of the proprietors was in, and at leisure. So, in less than a half-hour, Ralph had stated exactly what he wanted.

"Our best man, for an almost hopeless case, without regard to cost?" asked the gentleman, with a smile.

"That is just it," replied Grantley.

"I think we have just the man you need, if he will go."

"If he will go? I supposed your men always went where they were sent."

"They do, usually. But this is a different sort of man. He has earned much money by undertaking the blindest and most desperate sort of cases. He has increased his wealth by the most judicious of investments. He doesn't need to work any longer, and——"

"I'm afraid he won't do, then. I think I should prefer a man who had to work—a man to whom success would mean something."

"You need have no fear regarding this man. Success means as much to him, when it does please him to work, as it does to any man in the service. And I often think he works from the love of the work—or to keep from thinking of something else. He never failed to clear up any mystery he ever undertook. He'll listen to you, talk with you, and then——"

"Well?"

"If he undertakes the case, he will find the truth."

"And you think you can send him?"

"I told you that there is no *sending* in the matter at all. We keep his name on our rolls, and pay him a pretty stiff salary for the privilege, in order to keep any other agency from getting him. No, we cannot send him. But you can speak with him, and——"

"At once?"

"He is not in at present. He has not come to the city to-day."

"Will you tell me where I can find him at once? I am in a hurry to have this business settled."

The gentleman shook his head.

"You can see him, on business, only here," he said, tersely.

"And when?"

The gentleman shrugged his shoulders.

"How can I tell? I do not know. He may be here this afternoon. He may remain at home for a week. You can call two or three times every day, and——"

"I *won't* call two or three times every day!" exclaimed Ralph, hotly; "not for him, or for you, or for any other man. I was recommended to come here for the assistance I need; I was told that this is the best and most wisely managed detective agency in New York; but, if that is true, I am sure I pity the rest. I don't pretend to know anything about detectives, or their ways and manners, but I do know that no business under the sun can be done in this way. I won't submit to it; no sane man would. If his highness is not in the city this morning, please let me see the man you regard as second, or third, or fourth, in the rank of excellence."

"All our best men, except Gleason, are busy on other assignments," said the manager, gravely, "and it would not make any difference if they were not. The case is a bad one—a most decidedly bad one."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean just what I say. Let me explain. The average man or woman greatly overrates the detective's powers. They have none of them the powers of omniscience. They have logical minds, shrewdness, the power of talking in such a way as to learn much and tell little. They divest themselves of prejudice, either favorable or unfavorable, and learn to follow the appearance of guilt, conscientiously and adroitly. They acquire experience, too, and learn to judge the new by the old. That is not all, of course, by any means, but is it not enough to make my meaning plain?"

Grantley laughed.

"I don't know," he said; "but I'm afraid not. It's quite enough, however, to convince me that you disparage the profession—cry down your own goods. According to you, a detective is a very ordinary individual."

"Exactly, and the ordinary detective is. He has only a few traits which make him superior to other men in the work which he is called upon to do. He sees things *as they are*; he doesn't let his *wish* to prove an individual guilty or innocent, as the case may be, blind him to the facts; he never says that a certain supposition is impossible—merely because he cannot see any reason for its being true; he——"

"Thank you! I am greatly favored in getting as much of really valuable information from one of so wide an experience as yours has been. But what has all this to do with this case of mine?"

"This: That I see nothing hopeful on the surface. The fact that the man is dead is all I see in it at all."

"Well?"

"Well, I was an active detective once myself—before I became one of the managers of an agency employing others—an active detective, a practical detective, and a good one. Even now, when some person comes to me, as you came to-day, with a story of what has happened and a statement of what is wanted, I usually see the way toward the light immediately, and could give the men assigned to the case some very valuable hints—if they needed them. In most cases, however, they not only do not need them, but would rather resent it were I to imply the reflection upon their powers which the giving of advice would be."

"Well?"

"Well, I see nothing in this case. I am sure that not one of my men would. What clues they might find when they were once on the ground, of course I cannot say."

But I fear they would prove slight and illusive. I hope you have not the too common belief that detectives usually succeed. We are apt to hear more said of their successes than of their failures. But the truth is, they often fail; they very often fail. And I fear this case would be one of failure."

"But why?"

"I see no motive—no connection. It is the careful crime, the cunning murder, the tragedy on which the guilty one has thought and planned, which is easy to solve and unravel. The crime which follows a quarrel, the murder which grows out of a feud, the killing which has revenge or fear or hate in it, is an easy problem—a very easy problem. Murder and theft occur together—and patience will find the stolen booty, and trace it back to the man who took it from the dead. But this—this—what shall I say of it? What is there to it? If a tramp, too hopeless to care for plunder, too crazy to think of danger, had crossed this man's path, slain him on the sudden impulse of the moment, and then utterly disappeared forever, the case would be no more hopeless than it seems now. It is my business to furnish help to men who wish crime detected; I am ready and anxious to help you; but, I am an honest man, Mr. Grantley. I am an honest man, and I tell you frankly that I don't think I have a man on the force who can help you in the slightest manner."

"And—and this other man?"

"As I told you before, Horace Gleason has *never failed*. He is more than an ordinary detective. He has powers that no rules can cover. I sometimes think there is something supernatural in his insight and his conclusions. I should be greatly interested in the case which proved too much for him."

"I—I will wait until afternoon, at least," said Mr. Ralph Grantley.

It was quite late in the afternoon when Mr. Grantley returned. The manager smiled as he came in, and asked him to step into an adjoining room to be introduced to Mr. Horace Gleason, the great detective. The detective is tall and thin. A pallor, which would be marked enough under ordinary circumstances, is intensified by a heavy mustache and flowing beard of preternatural blackness. His eyes, which may be weak, are concealed behind glasses that are slightly clouded, but one gets the impression that he is looking straight through him, rather than merely at him, from behind this redoubt of vantage. He seems nervous and excitable, though rather strong and vigorous than the opposite.

Ralph Grantley, looking at him, is far from being sure he likes him. He is, however, quite sure he respects his powers and admires his strength.

"My friend, the manager of the agency, has told me something of your story," remarked the detective, pleasantly, "and I have decided to undertake the case. I would like to hear your account of the matter from your own lips, however. Will you please talk while I listen?"

Some almost imperceptible motion served as a hint to the manager to withdraw. The detective seated himself in an easy-chair, leaned his head and shoulders against the back of it, and assumed the air of a man who expected to be bored, was used to being bored, and who was quite willing to be bored—for a consideration!

Mr. Grantley told the story of the murder, the story of the inquest, and the story of the days which followed those events; and I am bound to say he spoke well and clearly and feelingly. He managed much better, on the

whole, than when it was his task to break to Etta Elveys the story of her father's death. He paused, at length.

"And is that all?" queried the detective.

"Yes, sir, I think so," replied Mr. Grantley. And, if there were any mental reservations in what he said, they were too deep down beneath the surface for the detective to have any hope of recalling them yet—or, indeed, any hint of their existence.

"Send to your hotel and pay your bill," said the detective, imperatively, "and order your luggage sent to the Union Depot. We will start this evening. I think you remarked that you are from the West, did you not?"

"Why, sir, didn't I tell you where—"

The detective laughed and shook his head.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," he quoted, gravely, while he motioned to Grantley to keep silence. "No, Mr. Grantley, you didn't tell me where you live, and please don't now. I'm ready to go anywhere with you; and, really, the place isn't of the slightest consequence—*until we get there!* You'll please procure the necessary railway-tickets for both of us; you'll attend to the securing of sleeping-car berths; you'll make the necessary arrangements for all changes of cars. I am quite content to have nothing but the case to think of while we are on the way. And, indeed, I warn you in advance that you're not to mention the matter, in any way, shape or manner, while we are on the road. In the first place, I don't care to have my fellow-passengers disturbing me with their half-whispered assertions that I am probably a detective, and their half-spoken wonder at what remarkable things I have ever done. And finally, I want to think, and to think uninterruptedly. I shall ask you any questions which I may wish you to answer, either before we begin the journey—or after it is over."

"Thank you. But I really don't see how I happened to neglect to mention the name of the State in which I live. It is—"

"Don't do it, young man, don't do it," said the detective, who appeared to be a gentleman determined to have his own way, when he had once made up his mind to anything, no matter whether that thing were important or trivial, reasonable or the opposite; "you'll be sure to name a place where they have malaria or musquitoses, and then I sha'n't be willing to go. It was kindness itself not to tell me in the first place."

"Very well, then, only—"

"And, seriously, I like the frank ingenuousness which the omission indicates. A studied story, one which you had rehearsed for the occasion, would have contained no end of dry and uninteresting statistics relating to names and dates. I think I shall find you a very pleasant young gentleman with whom to be associated."

Mr. Grantley flushed with pleasure. He was pleased and flattered. He so far forgot himself as to say so.

The detective smiled, perhaps at his enthusiasm.

"I infer," said he, "from your saying '*the village*' so often, that the unnamed residence of the murdered man is not a large place?"

"No, sir. But a more beautiful place than—"

"That will do. And as I have no other designation for the dead man than '*Etta's father*,' I assume that Miss Etta is quite near and dear to you?"

"Yes, sir. But perhaps I should have called her Miss—"

"Don't do it. Don't do it. If she's '*Etta*' to you, call her '*Etta*.' It's the straightforward, manly way. I admire and love straightforward manliness."

"Thank you."



SPRING'S THE TIME.
 "ANGEL COVERING, FRESH AND SWEET, AS A FIRST LOVE-GREEN,
 COULD AT FIRST'S FEET LAKE—NO WORD IS SPOKEN."

"I presume you are engaged to Miss Etta?"

"I am."

"You have known her some time?"

"All my life."

"The match is regarded, generally (please pardon the apparent possible doubt in the question), as a suitable one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is recent, this engagement?"

"Yes, sir."

"I presume you couldn't mention the exact date?"

Ralph hesitated. He pretended to be studying over the question. It was a weak thing to do—if not a wicked one. But what business was it for this man to be thus prying into the most sacred affairs of his life? The detective waited a little. Then he asked his next question.

"Etta's father knew and approved of your engagement, of course?"

"Certainly."

"Had Etta's father any enemies?"

"None—so far as I know."

"Had he had any trouble with any one, any disagreement, any quarrel?"

Ralph hesitated momentarily. He wished, oh, so much, that Etta or he had had the courage to tell more at the inquest than had been told. But now, since the story of that memorable evening was not told at the inquest, it must never be told. He must see Etta as soon as he reached Riverdell—see her before he even took time to remove the stains of travel, and show her how absolutely necessary it had become for them to keep the memory of that evening forever a secret between them. He must find an early opportunity for sending her a telegram; he must tell her when they would be likely to arrive, and insist that she be at home to see him; he would hurry there, and have the matter settled long before the detective could have the dust washed off from his face.

These thoughts—this decision—took only a moment. And still the man could not stoop to the telling of a falsehood. He had not yet learned that the man who has decided to be a liar must not hesitate to lie. "I know of nothing of the sort," would have been direct, brave, and probably thoroughly satisfactory to the detective. But—

"I have heard no one mention anything of the kind," was what he said.

"And when Etta's father left his house, that was the end? You know of no one who saw him alive after that?"

"Do you think I should be here after you, if I did?" demanded Grantley.

"H-m!" said the detective, under his breath; "I should hope not."

"What?" demanded Grantley, speaking very sharply.

"Nothing. I was only thinking aloud. It is a bad habit. Do you know of any one who would be benefited by the death of Etta's father?"

"Who could be? The only interested one is Etta."

"And—and you?"

Grantley laughed uneasily.

"Possibly you—" he began.

"I'm getting tired," said the detective, briskly, "and you are getting worried and annoyed. Ask me any question or questions you may have in mind, and I'll try to answer them. After that, remember what I said regarding the journey and my thoughts; you are not to say a word regarding this matter, until I ask you to. And now—have you any question to ask me?"

"I have one."

"State it."

"I will. What do you see in this case of mine?"

"Nothing certain, but some hopeful things—even on the surface. The fact that the man is dead *is far from being all!*"

* * * * *

If the detective really meant what he had said regarding his desire to study and think, he surely showed it in a strange way. He insisted that Ralph should go forward with him to the smoking-car, as soon as they were fairly started. He managed to make the acquaintance of a dozen men in a quarter of an hour, and he kept the whole car-full of people interested and amused by his quaint stories and his marvelous humor. When, at last, they returned to the sleeping-car, he went to his berth at once. Ralph Grantley had had no opportunity to disregard his commands—even if he had wished to do so.

The journey of the following day reminded Ralph of that of their first evening out. Horace Gleason was the life of the train. He joked with the conductor, fraternized with the brakeman, told stories to the passengers, talked fresh ideas in politics to the men, and paid pretty compliments to the women—young and old alike! At times Ralph laughed with him or at him; but oftener he sat, a little distance off, in shocked and sorry silence. Could it be that this man really had the powers which it had been asserted were his? Could it be true that he was on his way to seek for the one who had made Etta—his Etta—an orphan?

Study? Think? Is this your way of studying and thinking, Horace Gleason? And—if it is—who in all the world has most need to tremble at it?

* * * * *

At Chicago they had to wait some little time to make connections. Here, Ralph sent a telegram to Etta. He did not spare money in the sending of it. He knew of no way in which his thoughts could be condensed into ten words. It read as follows:

"MISS ETTA ELVEYS: Have secured the best detective in New York City. We are coming on first train. Shall arrive on the evening train on Saturday. Be at home then, without fail. I must and will see you alone before I bring the detective."

"RALPH GRANTLEY."

That message sent, Ralph felt easier than he had before since leaving New York. He looked askance at the detective, now and then, and fancied he should enjoy a mental crossing of weapons with him. He chuckled at the thought that a shrewd and experienced detective might easily be overreached by a boy with little or no knowledge of the world. He involuntarily found himself ranging himself in antagonism to the man he had gone all the way to New York to hire.

The journey west of Chicago was pleasant. Ralph was already looking forward with pleasant anticipations to his meeting with Etta. Of course she had been angry with him for destroying the address of the place at which her father had wished her to spend the next three years of her life; no doubt she was somewhat angry still; but, when she came to think the matter over, when she realized that she could never obey her father's commands, though by no fault of her own, she would surely agree that his method of settling the whole matter had been wisest and best; a trace of pallor on his face—a hint of moisture in his eyes—a touch of pathos in his voice—a trembling hand held out to take hers—and he would be safe and secure in her affections. And a warm and tender kiss would seal and confirm his claim to the heart and life and future of the sweetest little woman under the sun. Thus reasoned Ralph Grantley, thus he had his

day-dream, thus he builded his cloud-founded castles in Spain.

And then—the end came!

The conductor came slowly up the aisle of the car. He was almost opposite the seat in which Mr. Grantley and Mr. Gleason were sitting, the latter quiet and sober-looking and sedate, for a wonder—studying, now, perhaps.

Gleason suddenly put his hand nervously to one of the side-pockets of his coat. Grantley half fancied that his pallor deepened; but of that he was not quite sure; a minute later, he wished he had been.

The detective drew a package from his pocket, glanced at it, shook his head.

"How long before we reach the next station?" he asked the conductor, who had just then reached them.

"In a little over half an hour."

"We meet the east-bound train there, do we not?"

"We do."

"Thank you," said Gleason. Then he turned to Grantley. "I have a package here," he said, "which ought to be in the hands of the manager of our agency, in New York, in the very least time possible. *Will you take it to him for me?*"

"But, Mr. Gleason——"

"Not at all," interrupted the detective, answering an objection which might have been in Ralph's mind, though I very much question whether it was the one which was actually there; "you need not have the slightest feeling of hesitation in the matter—not the least feeling of delicacy. I shall feel sure, once the package is in your hands, that it will reach its intended destination—and promptly, too."

"Why not send it by express?"

Mr. Gleason shook his head.

"It is a matter which wouldn't admit of that," he said, decidedly; "no, it must be taken by messenger. And you must take it."

"But I am needed at home."

"Not at all. So far as tracing the murderer of Etta's father goes, and bringing him to justice—you have done nothing. You will do nothing. But I—I *am* needed there."

"You might return to New York yourself, with your package, and then—then——"

"No, sir; I shall not do that. Time is everything in a case like this. There has been too much delay already. If I can go on, straight to my destination, I'll do as I have agreed to do; I'll tell you the name of the guilty man, and show you my proofs—if I can. But if I have to return to New York, that is the end; I shall relinquish the case."

"But—sir——"

"Mr. Grantley, one or the other of us must take this package to New York City. You have heard what I have said. I assure you I meant every word. You know what the manager said of my qualifications, compared with those of the other men? Do you wish the services, in this case, of the best man obtainable—the services of a man who has never failed yet?"

"Yes, sir; but——"

"Then we need waste no more words. The question is this: Will you take this package to New York, and place it in the hands of the gentleman with whom you first negotiated for my services? That is the question. And I want only one word for an answer. Shall it be 'Yes'—or 'No'?"

Young Grantley sat long in silent thought. He wondered just what all this meant. Was the package really

something of great importance—something which Mr. Gleason should have delivered to the business manager of the detective agency before leaving New York? Or was it only a trick? Was the detective ready and anxious to repose a trust in him? Were his words the embodiment of the greatest compliment that could have been paid him? Or was it a test—a scheme for reaching Riverdell ahead of him—a shrewd plan for obtaining the first audience with Etta, after all?

He could see only one possible solution to the question presented him. He had hired the detective. He had telegraphed the train and the day of their arrival. It might count against him—in some way—in Etta's love and favor; for instance, if Mr. Gleason failed to arrive at Riverdell at that time. It sickened him to think that it might be that the detective suspected him of some guilty knowledge or complicity in the crime; something in the steadfast and unfaltering gaze of Gleason seemed to chill his blood and numb his nerves; he regretted again, and more than ever, that some unsaid things were *unsaid!*

The monotonous clangor of the wheels of the hurrying train seemed to madden him. The Summer scenes, swinging into view, passing close at hand, and then rushing by and out of sight behind them, mocked him with their suggestions of peace and restfulness. Think—think—think as he would, he could find only one thing to do, one plan of action—to do as Gleason wished, and take his chances. And, while he thus fought out this terrible battle with himself, the great detective watched him—and waited!

Suddenly the sharp sound of the whistle smote upon the Summer air, and seemed to startle him from his painful reverie.

"We shall be at the station soon," said the detective, coldly; "shall I return to New York, or will you go?" Grantley raised his head and faced Gleason.

"*I—I will go,*" he said, hoarsely.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE ENDS OF THE LINE.

MR. GLEASON handed a half-sheet of note-paper to Ralph Grantley. He took a tiny bottle of ink from his pocket, opened it, dipped in a pen which he had handy, and passed that to Grantley, too.

"There's no time for anything elaborate," said Gleason, "so you may as well write from my dictation. Say this:

"DEAR FATHER: This will introduce Mr. Horace Gleason, the man who is to study into the circumstances surrounding the death of Etta's father. He is worthy all confidence and aid in his undertaking. See that his work is made as easy and free from annoyance as possible. I am unavoidably detained for a little time, but shall be home soon."

"It is finished," said Grantley, at the end of a minute or so.

"Very well. Sign your name. Write the name and address of your father in the corner. Give me my railroad-ticket. There, that is all, I think; thank you. You have my package safe? You'll lose no time, of course? I think I may trust you in that. And—good-by; here we are."

The train thundered up to the station. It stopped. As though in a dream, Ralph got out of the car. It seemed unreal, this new phase in his life, and he half wondered whether he should not wake up, soon, and find himself in his berth in the palace-sleeper—the one he occupied last night—and still flying on the wings of

steam toward the West. The fields of grain, upon the gently swelling hill-sides, yonder, waved and beckoned in the hot sunshine. The drowsy hum of some shrill insect pulsed and thrilled through the noon-time of the Summer day. He—he wondered—

And he looked up, then, to see the train in motion—to see the detective nod and smile at him as he passed by the place where he stood on the broad station-platform, and to wonder whether that was quite the same smile he had for train-men and passengers during this trip—to wonder just what, and how much, that smile meant.

Ralph Grantley had just time to procure a ticket for Chicago. Then the east-bound train, which had been standing for some minutes on a side-track, pulled up to the station. He got aboard, settled himself in the first vacant seat he found, and gave himself up to thought! I believe it was quite time he did!

Had he done well, or ill?—foolishly, or wisely? He didn't know. He didn't really like to guess.

But Ralph Grantley was something of a fatalist. Without going to the extreme of accepting the doctrine of "what is to be will be," he was a philosophically inclined indorser of "what is—is." So his thoughts turned to the future—to the question, What shall I do?

Should he use the telegraph again? On the whole, No. It might only serve to complicate matters, and without doing any good. The girl who had kept silence at the inquest, when her grief was fresh and new, and when her intimate friends—and his—were asking the questions which were asked, would surely be discreet in the presence of a stranger. He would not telegraph to Etta Elveys again, for, on the one side, he felt there was danger in doing it, and, on the other, that the need of it was but slight. He would not telegraph again; he was sorry he had telegraphed at all; if he had it to do over again, he most certainly wouldn't; he should have sent no message if he could have foreseen what had happened. No; he could do no more. He must let events take their natural course—let Fate have its way. He must trust that Etta Elveys was equal to any emergency—proof against any sudden assault upon either her emotions or her intellect—and that she loved him as fully, as passionately and as all engrossingly as—as he loved her.

Tell—tell? No, she would never—never—tell!

So said he, believingly. And—

He let the rhythmic beat of the wheels soothe him to sleep, with that thought the last one with which his mind consciously dealt. And—and—

What was that, dear reader? *What if she did tell?* Why ask me?

Has not Grantley said to himself that he wishes that *some things* had been told at the inquest which were not? Has he not said that they must never be told—simply and solely because they were not then?

Don't ask *me* for any other reason.

What other reason could there be?

* * * * *

The remainder of Mr. Horace Gleason's trip was a good deal of a bore to that gentleman. Conductor and brakemen and passengers, all marveled at the change which had come to him. The genial nature seemed to have disappeared. The laughter was vanished. The smile was frozen. Apart from his companion, Grantley really gone, there was little to distinguish him from any other passenger. Perhaps he was, in a sense not before true, studying the case of the death of Etta's father.

Mr. Gleason arrived in Riverdell at the time Ralph had mentioned in the telegram. In answer to the question of

the driver of the omnibus, he said that he was going to the hotel, but that he would walk.

He did not seem in any hurry to leave the station. He lounged in and out of the waiting-room, looking at those who were there, whether as loafers, or on some business with the road, or to see friends arrive or depart. He was getting acquainted with the looks and appearance of some of the citizens of Riverdell; had he been under contract to be paid by the day, he would unhesitatingly have charged this time in his bill.

He found a small boy, a sharp-looking lad, who answered in the affirmative his question regarding the carrying of his valise to the hotel. When he handed the boy a half-dollar for the service, and in advance, that individual not unnaturally jumped to the conclusion that his patron was not acquainted with the ways of the world, and no smarter than he should be. A second glance, however, convinced the boy that his first hasty conclusion had been erroneous; the gentleman had not given him fifty cents for carrying his valise to the hotel; he wished a service of quite another sort, and the boy was both pleased and flattered at having been selected as the one to render it; the gentleman undoubtedly wished to find out something.

The boy was right. He did.

"Who is that gentleman?" asked Gleason, pointing to a prominent one in a group of four who were talking together.

"That one? That's Mr. Black. He runs the bank."

"And the one on his right?"

"That's old Gray. He runs the doctoring business."

"H-m! The physician, eh? And the one at the left—what does he run?"

The boy smiled at Gleason's pleasantry.

"He runs the church," he replied, promptly; "he's the Rev. White."

"And the other man—the one facing them?"

"That is old Grantley. He and his son keep the biggest store in town. But the boy don't do much in the store since his girl's father got killed."

Mr. Gleason took a good, long look at Mr. Grantley, running several questions over and over in his mind as he did so, and trying to sum up just what points of weakness and of strength were most markedly indexed in his face. Then he turned to the boy again.

"The four old fellows seem to have good kinds of business," he remarked, pleasantly.

"You bet they do," slangily responded the boy; "and the four of 'em together run the town. Black and Gray and White have always had a hand in it—at least ever since I can remember. And they've kind of taken in old Grantley in *his* place, since his boy's girl's father got killed."

"So some one got killed? How was that? Runaway horses, or—"

"Runaway nothing!" exclaimed the boy, emphatically, big with the importance of having something startling to tell; "the old fellow was murdered—shot dead in his tracks."

"And did they hang the man who did it?"

"No. They haven't caught any one yet."

"And I don't suppose any one has any idea who it was that killed him?"

"I guess not."

"No one saw him killed?"

"Of course not. It was away over across the river, out in the country. And they think about midnight."

"And no one was seen going in that direction, or coming from there, or—"



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—FROM THE PICTURE BY L. ALMA-TADEMA.

"Why, sir, there was no one seen who could ever have done a thing like that. Pat Peacher and I seen Ralph Grantley coming in from that direction sometime after midnight. But he was engaged to the old man's daughter."

"Well," said Gleason, wearily, "I guess that will do. If you'll bring along the valise, I'll go up to the hotel." They took the walk in silence.

Arrived at the hotel, the detective took his valise from the boy. He held out another half-dollar toward him. The boy drew back.

"If you please, sir," he said, respectfully, "you've already paid me once."

"Why, so I did," said the detective, affecting a sudden and surprised recollection; "so I did. You're an honest boy, eh? Suppose I had forgotten? Well, well, you're to take this, too. I pay for everything I have, always, and it's been worth a half-dollar to me to have a talk with a lad like you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Good-night. Oh, by the way, what did you say your name is?"

"I didn't say. It's Tommy Teller, though."

"Ah? I like the name. Good-night, Tommy."

"Good-night, sir."

I cannot say whether Mr. Horace Gleason had intended to call on Mr. John Grantley that Saturday evening or not. If he did so intend, he changed his mind.

He took a bath, changed his travel-stained clothing, had a leisurely supper, walked across the street to the book-store, purchased a paper-covered novel, and returned and seated himself in a corner of the hotel-office. To read? I don't know; in two hours he had less than ten pages done. To think? Very likely. He seemed quite well satisfied with himself and with the world.

Why didn't he call upon John Grantley?

I am not sure. Possibly because, after his talk with Tommy Teller, he felt that he had done work enough for one day.

Sunday morning was very hot. Many of the residents of Riverdell, including some who were usually quite regular church-goers, decided to remain at home. But Mr. Horace Gleason went to church. He went early. He was full of an earnest desire to see and hear one of the four gentlemen who had it said of them that they "run the town."

Mr. Horace Gleason was a distinguished-looking gentleman. Have I said that already? The man whose duty it was to open the church, see to the ventilation—so far as it could be seen to on such a hot day as that terrible July Sunday was, and seat strangers—when any honored the little Riverdell church with their presence, was a gentleman of fine powers of discrimination. He exercised them, that morning, by escorting the detective far forward, and seating him in as good a place as there was in the building.

Mr. Gleason was early that morning, as I have said. He was very early. He sat and watched the people come into church. He enjoyed studying human nature. And here, since he was to be a resident of Riverdell for an indefinite length of time, it was important that he should study steadily and well. Here, where some one was, in all human probability, guilty of the crime of murder, and where one toward whom strong circumstantial evidence might be found to point might still be innocent, while any one—no matter how high, how pure, how immaculate, so his experience had taught him—might be guilty, it was doubly important that his study be faithfully and unshrinkingly done. And in the few hours between this

morning and the time when all Riverdell would know him to be a detective, charged with the duty of determining who killed Etta's father, he felt that he could do his best work in the study of the individual human character to be found in Riverdell.

He saw Tommy Teller come in, hot and uncomfortable in the clothing which one-seventh of his days had never made him familiar with—and never would. He saw, in the eyes of the boy, an appealing longing for the river and the fields and the green trees, and a furtive glance at the mother who neither understood her boy nor appreciated his longings. The detective understood; he sympathized with him, and pitied him. Another boy, about the size and age of Tommy, came in and took a seat beside that individual. Mr. Gleason saw the eyes of Tommy wander restlessly around the room, find the face of his last evening's friend, and rest contentedly there; all the longing and dislike were gone; Tommy Teller was reconciled to church, that hot July morning, because Horace Gleason was there. The man saw the lad stoop over and nudge his companion; he saw the eyes of the two turned furtively his way; he saw the youthful lips form the enthusiastic words: "That's the man, Pat Peacher."

Gleason looked at the second boy, at the first, and back to the second again. Children of poor parents, undoubtedly, and, perhaps, the less said about the honesty the better. Young, inexperienced, liable to be prejudiced, likely to be mistaken in many, many things. And yet—yet—(There was a sad smile on Horace Gleason's face as he thought it.)

And yet, he had known one or two cases in which just such thoughtless lads as these had closed the last avenue of escape against desperate crime, and, by their simple and honest words, had sent men to the gallows!

Mr. Gleason's attention was caught and held by the face of a boy—or young man—who entered the church just after he had indulged in the train of reflections which Tommy Teller and Pat Peacher had started. It fascinated him. He found it impossible, for a long time, to take his gaze away from it.

Such utter loathing of his surroundings, such utter lack of faith in anything, such utter hopelessness and despair, such a contempt of self and hatred of those more fortunate than he, not even the great detective, Horace Gleason, with his long and unbroken record of success, had ever seen in any human face in all his life. He doubted if the like had ever been seen before, or ever would be again. He could have imagined that pathetic scowl, that piteous leer, as belonging to some lost one in the deepest pit of hell! But on a human face, a young face, a face turned upward still toward life's middle heights, he would have said yesterday that it was not possible. He— But another event turned his eyes aside.

Some one entered, just then, the pew in which he sat. He looked up at her. Young, to judge by her figure. Graceful, beyond any doubt. And dressed from head to foot in the plainest and soberest black. That was the woman who came in to sit by him.

She turned toward him. She raised one hand to her face. She raised the heavy folds of her crape veil. And then—a half-dozen men sprang forward to assist the stranger, who was "suddenly overcome by the heat." (That was what the Riverdell *Intelligencer* called it; ought not the *Intelligencer* to be correct?)

Horace Gleason did not faint. He kept his senses through it all. And he had the sense to so act that the Riverdell *Intelligencer*—or its editor—got the one for its editorial then and there.

He insisted on going in again, in a few moments. He listened to a most excellent sermon by Rev. White—a sermon which drew largely for its interest on the “recent mysterious event which has saddened us all.” And he held, and not more unsteadily than was quite natural in a man who had just suffered the ordeal through which he had passed, one side of the hymn-book of the lady who sat in the pew with him, and sang with her when the congregation sang. And once—when she was not looking—he glanced into the book he held, and saw written in it the name of “Etta Elveys.”

Mr. Gleason did not attend church in the afternoon. He slipped away alone, instead, and found his way to the cemetery. It was not difficult to find the newest mound there—the one on which the grass had thus far found only a precarious foothold, the one on which the flowers seemed as yet unwilling to bloom. He found that, readily, a black bar of dull earth among the green billows which covered those who had been longer dead, a grave without stone or monument yet erected to tell the name and the virtues of the one who rested from his labors in the narrow room below, the grave which he knew held the dead body of the murdered man whose death it was his purpose to see avenged.

He found the grave of Edwin Elveys—Hon. Edwin Elveys—the grave of the man without an enemy, so far as—as—was generally known!

But he passed that by.

He knelt down by the grave beside it, grass-grown and sunken, and covered with a tangle of clinging vines. He read, on the time-stained stone at its head, a stone which had been chipped by the ruthless fingers of Time, and which leaned dangerously, as though near its fall, the words:

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
ELAINE,
BELOVED WIFE OF EDWIN ELVEYS.”

He read no more, for the tears blinded him. But he leaned over the lowly mound, and talked brokenly to himself:

“I loved her so. I loved her so. God help me; God help us all. How many loved her? How many would have counted it a pleasure to have died for her, if dying could have given her one moment’s happiness?”

“I—I thought at first, this morning, that it was she who was coming in to sit by me in the church. And little wonder. Her daughter is marvelously like her, though Etta lacks something of the beauty her mother had. I thought I saw her mother’s ghost!”

“There’s a curious fate in all this, a strangely curious fate. I hated Edwin Elveys when he married the woman I loved. I never hesitated to say to myself that I hated him for years after that; indeed, for many years I did not dare to trust myself to think that I did not—and to act as though I did not. I am sure I hated him when I heard that Elaine was dead. I believe I hated him when I heard he had been killed. And I fear I hate him now.

“And, after all, it is my hired-duty, paid with his money, to find the man who killed him—and bring him to justice!

“I shouldn’t have come if I had known; I wouldn’t have moved hand or foot in his behalf. And, were it simply in his behalf, were it for the punishment of his murderer only, I wouldn’t take a step nor lift a hand to help.

“But, the girl looks like the mother. She has nothing

of the hated Elveys look in her face. She is a true Vernon, with the Vernon beauty and the Vernon charm. I would have done anything for her mother—anything! And will not what I do for Etta Elveys, here in this world, count for me with Elaine Vernon—in the unseen world in which she lives to-day?

“I shall stay. I shall work. I am sure of that. And still, any man might have killed Etta’s father—and I have done nothing to prove or punish. But—if—if—

“And it is too horrible to believe! too horrible to be true!

“Ah, me! Time will tell! I sent him away; that meant much. I have talked with Tommy Teller; that meant more. But even then, after all that, if any one had spoken the name of Edwin Elveys, in my hearing, as that of the murdered man, I should not have remained!

“But now—now—I have seen Etta. I have seen again, on this earth—youthful, pure, true—the same sweet face that I loved long, long ago. And so—I shall stay; I will. And, if Ralph Grantley has dared to kill a man, and still claim the love of that man’s daughter, I will hunt him to the end his crime deserves. I will hunt him—hunt him—and see, too, that he lives long enough to understand all he has lost, and that he suffers all the remorse of which his nature is capable for what he has done.”

(To be continued.)

THE VIOLET BANK.

ONCE more, dear friend, the violet bank we seek,
And tread with joy our old familiar ways;
Gone is fell Winter, gray, and stern, and bleak;
And laughing Spring fills every heart with praise.
Once more we hail bright morns and lengthening days,
And all the dear delights that Winter stole;
Glad of the sunlight, with its tender rays,
Charmed with the loveliness which decks the whole;
Grateful for Love, which undeserved is ours—
Love constant as this light which comes, new-born,
And speaks to us of Him who makes the flowers
Come gently forth to bless “the smiling morn.”
With all this beauty, we may be forgiven
If we forget that earth is not our heaven.

FRENCH WOMEN.

“FOREIGNERS who reproach us with the frailty of our women,” writes Jules Simon, “are guilty of slander, pure and simple. What they term the frailty of our women is nothing but the amiability of our gay women. It seems that we do possess this superiority over the rest of the world, that we have women with greater aptitude for giving pleasure. No other capital furnishes so many opportunities for ruining one’s health and draining one’s purse. At least, this is the popular report; I have no means of verifying it. If it is correct, I am not on this account very proud of my country. But I at least ask that no inference be drawn therefrom disparaging to the morals of the nation. The world of pleasure and the virtuous world are as far asunder with us as in all other countries. The work proper to each is excellently carried out—in the one by a number of grand excesses, in the other by a number of excellent actions. I always distrust a man who denies that women are virtuous, or who says, impudently, ‘The majority of Italian or French women are gay women.’ If he is speaking from experience, it simply proves that the man is a rake, and it scarcely proves anything else. Usually, it is merely a pleasant hypothesis

propounded in jest to display the speaker's wit, while he forgets that a nation is a family, and is obliged by duty and by interest to defend the honor of its women. Ours are worthy creatures, devoted to their duties, their family and their country, and merit the respect which we pay to them. I do not deny that we have scandals, as the rest of the world has ; but that they are rare may be inferred

they would not go ; but in the country they compel them to go to church on Sundays. If they were to let us men alone, we should have nothing but civil marriages and civil funerals ; our women insist that religion should have part in both, and we obey their wish. Often they stop blasphemy on the lips of the blasphemer. They it is who tell the children about God, and they are the first



SIESTA.— BY M. BAUMBACH.

from the commotion which they cause. France is the one country in the world where it is most difficult to conceal a false step. Now and again a sore is opened. Granted ; but I am not speaking about a few thousand madcaps—I am speaking of 18,000,000 of virtuous French women.

“Whatever faith and whatever veneration we still have in France we owe to our women. They do not ask their husbands to go to confession, because they are quite sure

to advise the dying to think of Him. France remained Christian after 1793 ; it is still Christian after 1879, thanks to its noble women. I simply put 1793 and 1879 together, without meaning to compare them. I know that the bloodshed of the one makes a difference, but there is no other. Men dare not go too far in their opposition to religion, because they may find themselves in the presence of their wives.”



"HER EYES ARE RIVETED ON THE DYING MAN'S FACE. A MOAN ESCAPES HER, AND SHE ALMOST SINKS TO THE FLOOR."

AN INCIDENT AT ST. AGNES.

BY THOMAS E. NEEL.

CLANG! clang! clang! It is the ambulance of St. Agnes. Down the street it rushes with its wounded, perhaps dying, freight. Wildly its alarm-bell rings. Teamsters lash their horses to get out of its road; carriages make way for it. Every manner of vehicle hurries aside to give it a free track.

For who knows?

A man may be bleeding to death inside. A moment of early treatment may save a life, or a moment's delay may lose it.

On, on it rushes! Now easily along the path cleared for it; now rattling over the rough pavement as it swerves around some obstacle that blocks its passage. Pedestrians stop and gaze as though they could look through its black sides, marked with great gold letters, AMBULANCE. They peer at the driver and the prim, blue-

uniformed young surgeon of the medical corps, who sits beside him; but from neither can they learn anything. The sun-burned driver, with body bent forward, eyes wide open and alert, mouth compressed, handles firmly and carefully the reins in his extended hands, as he studiously guides the galloping horses.

Erect and soldier-like is the young physician. His arms are folded on his breast, and his face is calm and expressionless. Inside, another surgeon watches over the senseless passenger. He is busy with some restoratives, but pauses, now and then, to steady with his hand the stranger, as he rolls heavily on his couch at some sudden lurch of the ambulance.

As the business part of the city is passed, the streets become less and less obstructed. The driver gives freer rein to the horses, and they gallop still more rapidly.

At last they reach the hospital. Through the grim iron gate-way they drive. Up the inclined gravel path-way, and stop at the sheltered entrance. The couch, with the still body carefully protected with sombre gray flannel, is carried within.

"Dead?" queries a young surgeon, as he nods toward the couch.

"Not yet, Jack," as indifferently responds the other, who had just come in with the ambulance; "wounded in the back by a runaway he attempted to stop. Don't think that he will live."

Then the two locked arms, and as they strolled along the gravel walk, sundry expressions that escaped them showed that all further thought of the injured man had passed from their minds.

Up a flight of stairs in the hospital carefully the muffled figure was carried. They did not take him to the wards, but gently deposited him on the neat bed in a little side room with snowy, whitewashed walls.

The face of the old surgeon, as he tenderly examines the wound, grows serious; and as he partly turns the senseless body, and no groan, not even a sigh, escapes the rigid mouth, he pauses in his work to place a hand on the stranger's heart, to see if it still beat. It did; but slowly and unevenly. Thus reassured, he went on with his examination, but as he proceeds, the lines on his face deepen, his eyes grow more anxious and his expression still more serious. Finally he pauses, and begins to rearrange the disordered clothing. Gently he adjusts the patient in an easy position, and draws the white sheet up over his breast.

"There is nothing I can do," he murmurs to himself. "He will die."

The old surgeon pushes back the white hairs that have straggled over his benevolent forehead, and gazes sadly for a moment at the senseless man. The look in his eyes deepens into a sorrowful admiration as he notes the handsome appearance of the stranger. Handsome yet, with all its cold, bluish pallor, the foreteller of coming death.

"Ah," he murmurs, "a grand figure; just what a man ought to be. Long, shapely, sinewy limbs; deep, broad chest; head massive and lion-like in its fullness of masculine strength and beauty. It seems too bad that he should be cut down in his prime. But then, God knows."

The doctor sighed, and with exquisite tenderness, which almost half a century of hospital service, in times of peace and in times of war, had not marred, he stooped to brush a thick, dark lock of hair back from the broad white forehead of the dying stranger.

"What eloquent eyes he must have!" he continued, as he looked at the closed, firm, regular eyelids, with their black fringing of eyelash and eyebrow. "Dark they must be, and fiery and passionate—the mirrors of a great, noble soul. There are lines of passion on the face, too, as there always are in men of his type—a grand, lofty type—full of loyalty and intense affection for friends, impulsive, hot-blooded, powerful in love or hate. Yes, a grand type."

Again he places his hand over the man's heart.

It still beats.

The doctor mixes a few powders, which he leaves on the table; then stepping to the door-way, he nods to a nurse who has been waiting without. She silently obeys the summons.

"The patient will die," he whispers. "We can do nothing to save him, but if he returns to consciousness, give him the opiate; it will save him pain."

The doctor passes out on his round, and the white-hooded nurse prepares to commence her watch.

She glances at the patient. The next moment her great black eyes dilate with horror, her wan cheek grows even whiter, and the blood leaves her lips until they are blue and leaden.

Her eyes are riveted on the dying man's face. A moan escapes her, and she almost sinks to the floor. But five years of hospital discipline have so drilled her nerves that she can meet even this great shock. She starts to her feet, and as she paces up and down, the ceaseless moan escapes her, "Oh, my God! what brought him here? After all these years, to meet him thus!"

Finally she sinks in the chair again from absolute weariness. The look of horror dies out of her eyes as she gazes for awhile on his face. They grow tender and soft now, and a distant look comes into them. She sits as though looking far away, and so quiet and still is she that she seems almost as lifeless as the patient.

But there is a terrible commotion striving within her. A couple of teeth have torn her compressed lip, yet she is unconscious of it. The nails of her drawn fingers have pierced her delicate palm, but she feels it not.

The stranger stirs; she bends over him. He murmurs a few words; she strives to catch them, but fails. His eyes have not opened, and he soon becomes quiet as before.

Again he speaks. His eyes slowly open this time; but he sees nothing, for they are delirious with fever. Once more he speaks, and as she stoops over him she hears. It was but a single word—a girl's name. Her name—"Emily."

But oh! the flush that comes back into those wan cheeks, the flash that sparkles from her eye, the surge of blood through whitened lips!

It makes her beautiful—ay, and happy, too, for the moment; even with him lying there on the brink of death. Ah, to see that he still thought of her, after five long, horrible years!

Over and over he muttered her name in his delirium; and she, with flushed cheek and brightened eye, and fluttering bosom and quickened heart, drinks in the sweet sounds as a fevered patient does a glass of cooling water.

Again the dreamy look returns to her eyes. But it is not of the past five years that she is thinking. Her mind has gone back beyond them. They were bitter even as gall and wormwood; while now her face, with its far-away look, is sublime in its glorious illumining of joy. The flashing dark eyes, the warm-colored, transparent cheeks, the supreme beauty and sweetness of expression—ah, they are not earthly! On that poor, weakened, long-suffering body they are ethereal, celestial, divine—the look of heaven on earth.

"Emily!"

She starts, for his tone has lost its delirious lightness; his eyes have opened; he is returning to consciousness. He recognizes her.

Ah, those dusky eyes of his! How they talk! What a world of fiery, passionate meaning surges from them!

Wounded as he is, he almost lifts himself from the mattress. She, wild with joy, throws herself in his arms. For a moment they rest without a word. But she remembers her training; he must not be excited, and so gently withdraws herself from his embrace.

She explains to him that he is badly wounded.

"Yes, yes, I remember," he whispers; "stopped a runaway. Two little children in it; saved them from being hurt."

He did not tell her that he had welcomed the chance—the possible escape from life.

"And you," he continued, "are a nurse in the hospital? For how long? Ah, the whole five years! I see, then, why I could not discover you."

She starts.

"For those words of mine were cruel, Emily, on that terrible night. It was all a mistake. No, it was worse—it was a crime! Bitterly I repented, but when too late—ay, when but a few hours had passed, I would have given my life gladly, a thousand times over, to have recalled them. They were cruel. Eagerly afterward I searched for you, but could find not a trace to your whereabouts. Why did you not come back? You knew my passionate nature; I was jealous because I loved you so much. No, no—you did right. I was a brute."

Strong as he was, he sobbed from the intensity of his emotion.

"I acted hastily, but have done much penance for it, Paul. I have suffered much," she said.

"No, no, I do not blame you; I cannot blame you. You are an angel. You did right. I am the one to beg forgiveness from you for the life that I have ruined. And my life—what has it been? For three years I searched for you—at first hopefully. I employed every agency to discover you, but without avail. Then I hunted madly—wildly; all over the country I traveled, without method and without hope. I had to keep in motion, or my thoughts would have set me crazy. Many a time at midnight have I sought a train to escape from myself—to get away from the horrible gnawing of mind and memory. Motion was my only relief.

"For three years I lived this way, and then the terrible idea I had fought so long against took possession of me. I could resist it no longer. I began to think you were dead. Driven to self-destruction, perhaps, by my treatment, or had died from the heart-wounds I had inflicted.

"I experienced all the agony, the remorse, of a murderer. Then I longed to leave the country. I could endure it no longer.

"To Europe I went. It offered more excitement, but I could not escape my thoughts. From one end of the world to the other I roamed—always on the move. Now braving the dangers and heat of India, and now the cold perils of Siberia, or the fevers of the Nile. I traveled with explorers in Africa, and fought with the English in Burmah. Ever with the hope that the fevers, the wild animals, or the bullets of the Dacoits would claim me as a victim. But it was a vain hope. Men have fallen, or have wasted away with disease, all around me, but the life that I was weary of still clung to me.

"Then the desire to see my country again took possession of me. I wanted to get home. Dead or alive, it seemed to bring me nearer to you. Over the country I sped, ever burning with the terrible feeling that I was not going fast enough; like a man in a dream, who is striving to escape from some horror, and yet feels with fearful despair that he can make no progress. I stopped not for food, and cursed every delay. People thought me wild—a madman; but I had long ceased to care for opinion.

"Then came the ocean voyage. It seemed a life-time in my horrible eagerness. All this time, too, I was filled with a gloomy horror, a terrible consciousness of something dearer to me, by far, than life itself, that I had thrust aside and could not regain. That incessant longing was ever in my mind, Emily, and not a moment of peace or rest have I had in all these five years. Day

before yesterday I reached here, but it gave me no relief until I met with the accident. Thank God for it! For the life that I have wasted has done service in its end."

His voice had grown weaker, and it was only his tremendous will-force that sustained it now at all.

"Kiss me, Emily; I am growing sleepy," he whispers, faintly.

It was death that was approaching. Her training tells her too well what it is, and she grows pale, and trembles all over.

She bends and kisses him. He turns his great dark eyes on her. They are lighted with love, and even on the eve of death burn with all their dusky and fiery intensity.

He is beginning to grow delirious again, and murmurs incoherently.

"I—I—have—found you, Emily—it—it—was a long—search, but thank—God—I—have found—you at—last."

His voice is very faint and low. He is sinking fast, and it will soon be over now; and she, in her agony, kisses him wildly, and buries her face in his bosom.

"But we—will not be parted—again—Emily. We—will—not—be—parted—again."

Oh, the mockery of his delirium, when death was so soon to part them!

But, heavens! what is that numbness that is growing in her breast?—that strange chilliness of her hands?—that dimness spreading over her eyes? My God! can she be dying, too?

Yes, yes, it must be; and yet her voice, as she leans over the dying man, seems quite strong and happy as she answers, gently:

"We'll never be parted again, Paul."

A strange look comes into his eyes. They swell and seem to burn with a great light, as though all their dusky fire of a life-time was condensed in that last moment. Then it was all over. The light is gone, and the orbs become dull and glary. He is dead.

With a wild, startling shriek that rings through the wards, Emily sinks beside him.

So light and ethereal did she seem, that they wondered, when they picked her up, that she had lived as long as she had. They did not know the simple pathos of her end; nor did they know that, of the two little golden bands which they reverently let rest on her fingers, one bore the inscription, "P. J. to E. S."; and the other, "Paul to his wife Emily."

THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN THE REVOLUTION.

HISTORIANS have given three, four and five volumes to the operations of the army in the Revolutionary War, and two or three chapters to the operations of the navy. The explanation in part is that the naval operations were conducted mostly by single armed vessels, and those chiefly privateers. The American Government had no squadrons upon the seas. There was indeed a national navy ordered to be constructed by Congress, to consist of thirteen vessels at first. By later orders a total of thirty-nine was reached. But few of these went to sea. They were mostly captured by the enemy before getting out, or burned by the Americans to prevent them from falling into the enemy's hands.

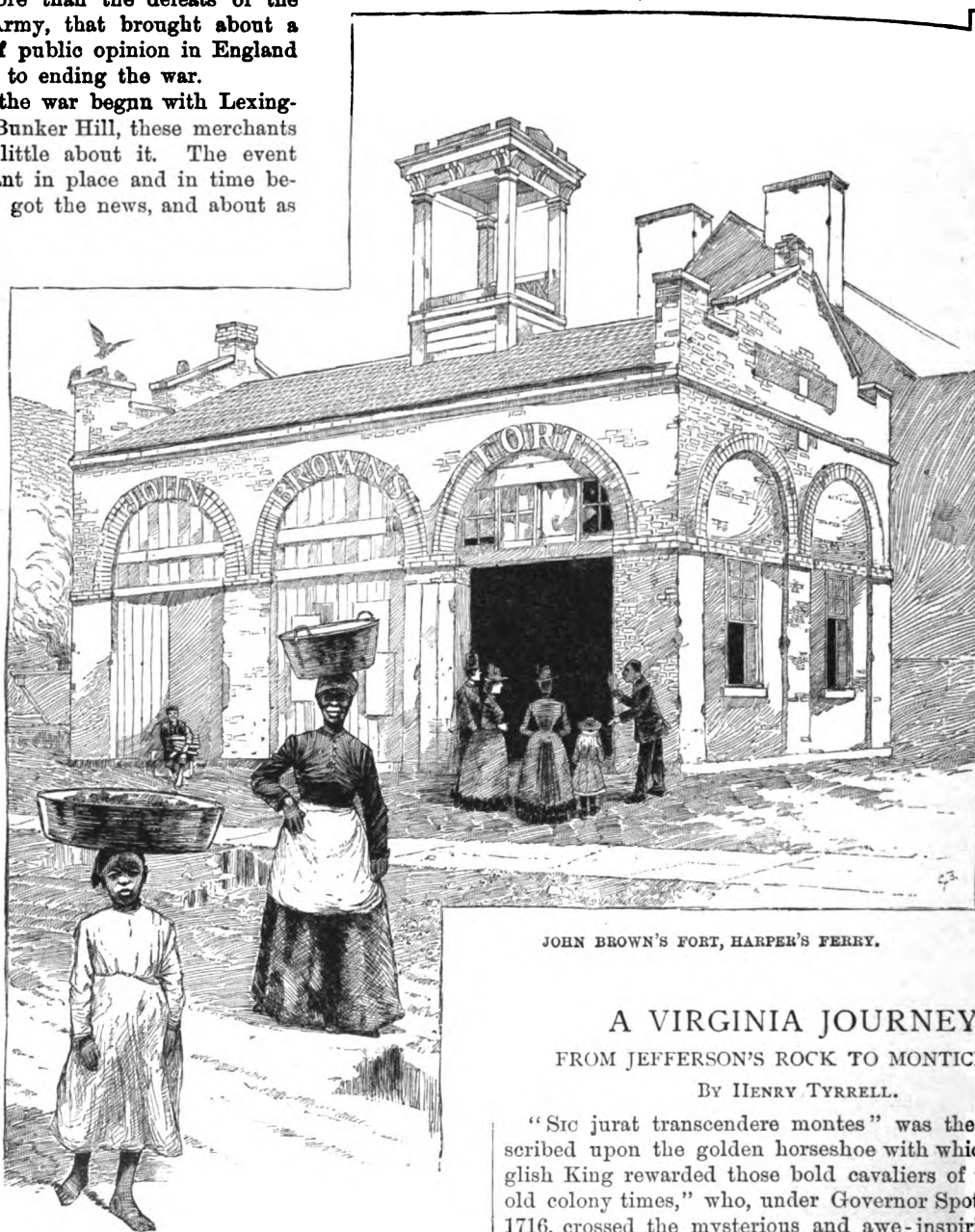
But the few which got to sea, together with the privateers, made a formidable force for such contests as they engaged in. These were mostly single encounters—one vessel with another, and usually an armed vessel with a

merchantman or carrying-vessels attached to the British Navy. The records show that the Americans had 600 or 700 vessels thus engaged in warfare throughout the seven or eight years. There were times when more than 600 were at sea at once.

The records again show that they averaged about two prizes per day, or, say, 600 in each year of the war. These prizes were carried to the ports both of this country and France. It was this constant and uncompensated loss to the British mercantile community, much more than the defeats of the British Army, that brought about a change of public opinion in England favorable to ending the war.

When the war began with Lexington and Bunker Hill, these merchants thought little about it. The event was distant in place and in time before they got the news, and about as

months, the army, augmented by militia, had on the rolls that number; but it was a shadowy army, in part an army on paper. In general the entire land force in service from Quebec to Florida was not more than 50,000 or 60,000. But there were times when more than 100,000 men were at sea on armed vessels waging war against Britain, and between 5,000 and 6,000 encounters, large and small, are on record as having taken place as a part of the naval operations.



JOHN BROWN'S FORT, HARPER'S FERRY.

A VIRGINIA JOURNEY.

FROM JEFFERSON'S ROCK TO MONTICELLO.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

much attention was given the news as Boston readers give to-day to the attack on Samoa. But when insurance on merchant vessels and cargoes rose to forty and sixty per cent., and the great trade of the port of Bristol with Africa was almost extinguished by American privateers, a feeling in favor of peace took possession of the British influential classes.

At no time during the war did Washington have under his command 100,000 effective men. In 1777, for a few

"*Sic jurat transcendere montes*" was the motto inscribed upon the golden horseshoe with which the English King rewarded those bold cavaliers of the "good old colony times," who, under Governor Spotswood, in 1716, crossed the mysterious and awe-inspiring barrier of the Blue Ridge, to gaze upon the virgin loveliness of the Shenandoah Valley. Well, and "thus he swears to cross the mountains"—the tourist from the North, as he climbs the lofty crag known as Jefferson's Rock, overlooking the Potomac River on the one hand, and the Shenandoah on the other, as they rush together after having forced a passage through the mighty hills, at that grandest of Virginia's gates—Harper's Ferry.

'Tis a mellow morning in October, and the veil of haze hanging over the Loudon and the Maryland heights, as

they face each other, looking like cousins-german of old Storm King on the Hudson, smooths and subdues their wrinkled fronts to the softness of a mirage. What a picture! what a welcome to the Mother State! Nature herself marked this scene for world-wide renown; and it has become linked by stirring associations with the memories of the greatest men, of the most momentous crises, of our nation's history. A portion of Lord Fairfax's broad domain of the Northern Neck of Virginia, it was visited and surveyed by George Washington in his youth; and in after years the mind of the great commander reverted to these mountains of his native State, as the possible final stronghold of his patriot army in case the tide of fortune should turn against him in the war for independence. John Brown saw in these everlasting hills what he conceived to be the refuge provided by the Almighty for hunted fugitive slaves. And so, on that Monday morning of October 17th, 1859, it came to pass that the superintendent of the United States Arsenal—a portion of the ruined walls of which structure may be seen still standing, alongside the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—arrived at his post to find the big gate guarded by a tall graybeard of commanding aspect, who said he had taken possession of the place in the name of God Almighty. "Your authority, then, is derived from a higher source than mine," was the official's dry response, "as I merely represent the United States Government."

The events of that day have impressed themselves for all time upon the place which was their arena—this quaint, shabby, compressed little town, in the angle of nature's frowning battlements. The first object upon which the eye of the tourist rests, as the train draws up at the station, is a little brick building of one story, its entire front taken up by three arched door-ways, over each of which is painted in staring letters one of the three words, "John Brown's Fort." It is the engine-house in which the grand old desperado, with his handful of men, stood siege until every one was killed or cut down and captured by the United States marines which Colonel Robert E. Lee brought down in a hurry from Washington. The walls of the now disused building, dented and chipped by the hundreds of bullets fired against them, and the old iron doors that were battered in with a ladder, are still eloquent of the hopeless fight which was waged within this arsenal inclosure twenty-nine years ago.

The spell of these thrilling associations led me, that same day, to the

—"last scene of all,
Which ends this strange, eventful history"

of John Brown of Osawatomie—the village of Charlestown, lying just back of the Loudon heights, upon lands formerly owned by Washington's younger brother Charles.



ON THE SHENANDOAH.

Here the trial and the execution took place, and the cupola of the Jefferson County Court-house rises conspicuously beyond the trees and corn-fields, to point out the historic shrine. Passing beneath its pillared porch, that sunny, still afternoon, to muse awhile alone in the deserted court-room, with its antique furniture—then walking out to the rolling fields on the eastern edge of the town, where Brown looked his last upon the fair Virginian landscape—the scenes of the grand tragedy crowded upon my imagination with such overwhelming force that thenceforward I could not look upon the streets, houses, trees and fields of Charlestown with every-day eyes, but saw them by that sacred glamour which, through future history, is cast over them forever by the remembrances of an event so awful, so mysterious, so sublime.

Diverted by the visit to Charlestown from the direct path up Shenandoah's glad green stream, the natural course is to continue by this railway from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, and then to Strasburg, where that other line well known to war annals, the Manassas Branch of the Virginia Midland, crosses to Riverton. This is the pathway of the first Union troops who entered the Valley of Virginia, and of course the whole country hereabout, as well as farther south, teems with exciting memories of the exploits and encounters of Sheridan, McDowell, Frémont, Shields—of Jackson, Early, Rosser, and the rest. As we lumbered along in a "mixed" train through the pleasant farm-lands of Jefferson and Frederick Counties, crossing the boundary-line that cuts off

West Virginia from the old State, a cadaverous-looking but pleasant-mannered and unaggressive colporteur—a native, with a long, thin beard—boarded the one passenger-car, and offered to the sole occupant, save



THE PIEDMONT VALLEY, VIRGINIA.

himself and the slouch-hatted conductor with trousers tucked in boots, a bulky volume, containing a "Religious History of General Lee's Army." Trade not being brisk, we fell to talking of the war reminiscences of the region through which the train was passing. I "reckoned" that the people in the Valley retained a very distinct recollection of General Sheridan's visit in the Fall of '64.

"Well, I reckon they do. But we only wish *Mister Sheridan* had 'a' come down hyah in '62, when Gen'l Jackson was in proper shape to handle him. If he had, *Mister Sheridan* would 'a' been under the ground now, sah."

"But he is under the ground. Haven't you heard of General Sheridan's recent death?" I asked.

"Is that so? Can't say as I did. Well, he was a mighty mean man, that's my opinion; and I suppose he died the same as General Grant did."

"And how did General Grant die?"

"Why, a miserable sinner."

This was said "more in sorrow than in anger," and before the honest colporteur got off the train he offered, in a disinterested, missionary spirit, to let me have the "Religious History" at a reduction of twenty-five cents below the regular price.

Winchester, with Cedar Creek only eleven and one-half—not "twenty" miles away, as the poet made it, with pardonable exaggeration, was far too interesting a place to be passed by, particularly by a Northerner to whom everything below Mason and Dixon's line was strange and storied ground. Accordingly, I stopped over for a stroll through the streets of this ancient seat of Frederick County, where Fairfax is buried, and found it to possess something of that listless, old-fashioned, "befo'-de-wah" aspect which Charlestown lacked. The narrow streets, the low but substantially built houses of brick, one or two old inns with their sign-posts, and the unusual number of negroes to be seen basking in the mellow sunshine, seemed to be the principal sights contributing to this general impression. The Logan residence, the finest of the old mansions of Winchester, which Sheridan occupied as his head-quarters in 1864, is now a young ladies' school, with bright colors and bright faces glancing from the windows, and a sound of five-finger exercises on the piano pervading the otherwise peaceful neighborhood. The mansion fronts on the broad, shaded street, running straight through the town, where Sheridan bestrode the bold, black Rienzi, that October morning, and started on his famous ride of a dozen miles due south, down the "valley pike" road to Cedar Creek. The dashing hero's own simple account of the feat which he performed on that day has just been given to the world in his "Memoirs." His picket officer at Winchester had heard the artillery-firing early in the morning, and reported to Sheridan, who supposed it was merely "Grover's division banging away at the enemy, to find out what he was up to." However, he hurried up breakfast and got ready to go to the front. "We mounted our horses," he says, "between 8:30 and 9, and as we were proceeding up the street which leads directly through Winchester from the Logan residence, where Edwards was quartered, to the valley pike, I noticed that there were many women at the windows and doors of the houses, who kept shaking their skirts at us, and who were otherwise markedly insolent in their demeanor; but supposing this conduct to be instigated by their well-known and, perhaps, natural prejudices, I ascribed to it no unusual significance. On reaching the edge of the town I halted a moment, and then heard quite distinctly the sound of artillery-firing

in an unceasing roar. Concluding from this that a battle was in progress, I now felt confident that the women along the street had received intelligence from the battlefield by the 'grape-vine telegraph,' and were in raptures over some good news, while I, as yet, was utterly ignorant of the actual situation. Moving on, I put my head down toward the pommel of my saddle and listened intently, trying to locate and interpret the sound, continuing in this position till we had crossed Mill Creek, about half a mile from Winchester. The result of my efforts in the interval was the conviction that the travel of the sound was increasing too rapidly to be accounted for by my own rate of motion, and that, therefore, my army must be falling back. At Mill Creek my escort fell in behind, and we were going ahead at a regular pace when, just as we made the crest of the rise beyond the stream, there burst upon our view the appalling spectacle of a panic-stricken army—hundreds of slightly wounded men, throngs of others unhurt, but utterly demoralized, and baggage-wagons by the score, all pressing to the rear in hopeless confusion, telling only too plainly that a disaster had occurred at the front."

Here was the real beginning of that dramatic ride; and the whole scene presented itself in fancy, as I walked out beyond the town to the point indicated, whence could be seen, far to the south, the blue hills that "rose and fell" to the gaze of the furious rider on that eventful day.

The local railroad runs parallel with the valley pike, and quite close beside it, all the way to Cedar Creek; and, with the stops at way-stations every mile or so, our train took a longer time to make the distance than Sheridan did.

Evening had fallen before we arrived in Strasburg, and the darkness was so intense that the face of the coal-black negro who met us at the station with a "lanthorn," to guide us down the unlighted street to the queer old "Chalybeate" inn, seemed positively ashen-pale by comparison. As it was necessary to depart the next morning before daybreak, according to the Draconian laws of the Manassas Branch Railway time-table, my impressions of this not unrenowned place are confined chiefly to the snug, uncarpeted little sitting-room of the "Chalybeate" hostelry, with its heir-loom furniture, and huge open fireplace with blazing logs of oak, which gave out a pleasant smoky smell, that chilly October evening. An attempt at a short stroll through the streets, after supper, led me to ford a creek unexpectedly, and to stumble over a cow that chanced to be reposing upon the sidewalk; whereupon I concluded that it was better worth while to sit by the good oak fire, with the hunters and their dogs, and hear the former discuss New York politics.

The next morning at 3:30, in company with half a dozen other pilgrims, I was dragged out of bed, *volens-volens*, to catch the train.

A group of negro youths and maidens, with an old "aunt" or two, on their way either to or from the Woodstock Fair, were waiting on the railroad-track, and their droll talk and rollicking laughter resounded upon the "nipping and eager air" of the early morning, as we approached. They were discussing plutocracy, in the most racy and original fashion.

"Yo' used to could get 'long with blood and manners, in Ole Faginny. 'Tain't so no mo'. Now you's only got to be rich."

"Rich? Sho! yo' can't carry your riches 'bout on your pusson. Yo' can't take your money with you when you's dead an' done 'ceased."

"Well, yo' can't get 'long hyah without it, dat's suah."

And so on by the hour, with enough of grotesque aphorism, native wit and repartee to sustain a "mastodon minstrel show."

The train, when caught, carried us along to the next station, where it was "held up" by road (ticket) agents, and all hands were compelled to get off, crowd around a little cubby-hole, lighted by a kerosene-lamp, and purchase tickets before proceeding further. There is a kind of romance, an element of the unexpected, a spice of hap-hazard and adventure, in traveling upon these minor and branch railroads, down in Virginia. The best of them will gravely put forth blackboard bulletins at the stations, reading somewhat as follows: "Train No. 41, 144. Due, 8:37 A.M. Should arrive, 9:01. Will probably arrive, 9:59." And perhaps it *does* arrive along toward noon—unless, as occasionally happens, it actually passes through on schedule time; and then, not having reckoned upon such a contingency, you are left stranded in the town for the day.

At Riverton, where I arrived just after daybreak that morning, I came upon one of those combined effects of perfect weather and lovely scenery which make an Autumn journey in this part of Virginia enchanting. Riverton is the point of confluence of the two branches of the Shenandoah—the North Fork tearing its way through towering cliffs of limestone from the westward, while the South Fork comes up broad and smiling from the south, reflecting the russet and ruddy foliage on its glassy surface, and giving a turn to the huge mill on its right bank, just above the railroad-bridge, before passing under the latter. A little further up-stream is a rope-ferry, replacing the old, ruined bridge whose ivy-grown piers alone remain, monuments to the devastation of war; for the town of Front Royal lies just over the hills to the eastward, and all this region rang with the victorious hoof-beats of Jackson's horsemen in 1862, and of Sheridan's two years later.

Climbing these hills by a walnut-shaded road, in the face of a majestic sunrise which cast over everything a soft halo, haze, or bright sheen of gold, I could look down into the lovely vale where Front Royal nestles; while back to the westward rose the bold head of the Massanutten range, fairly overshadowing the Alleghanies as they stretched in pale-blue serration beyond. The peculiar, isolated spine of the Massanutten extends for fifty miles down the centre of the Valley of Virginia, subdividing it into the Page Valley (east) and the Luray Valley (west), and separating the two forks of the Shenandoah until their confluence at Riverton. These simple details of the physical geography of the region were so clearly mapped out in my mind by my hill-top survey, that I was enabled to descend and win a wager with a native-born Virginian, who had pointed out the Massanutten to me as the Blue Ridge; the impartial referee, who decided the question in my favor, being the station-agent, backed up by a map of Warren County.

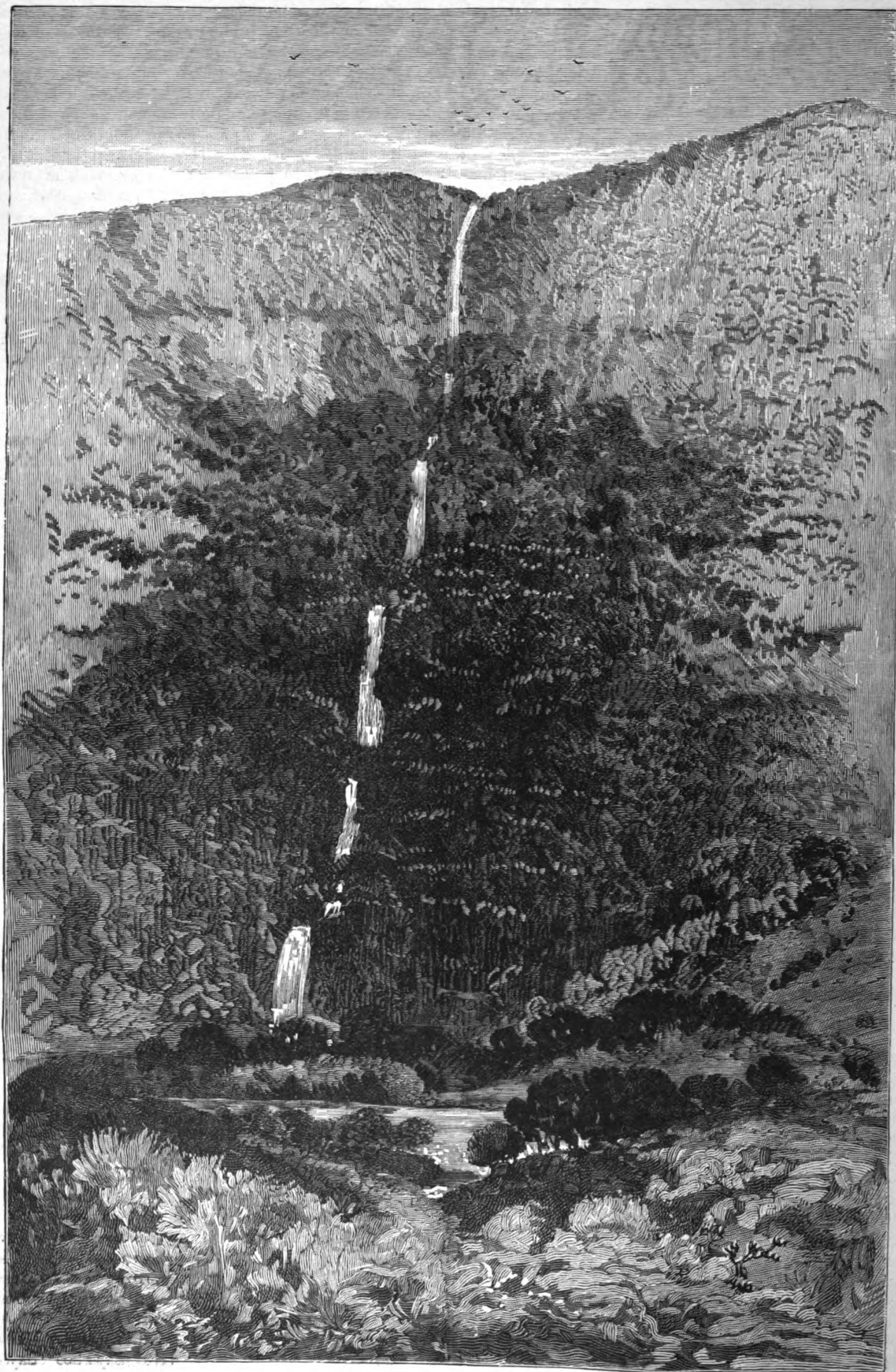
Riverton hamlet is a station upon, and a creation of, the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, which makes a plain course for the traveler straight through the valley. But probably very few strangers ever make a continuous trip of it, because, with Antietam, the Luray Caverns, Weyer's Cave, the Crabtree Falls, the Natural Bridge and Roanoke, not to mention a dozen other places of celebrity, dotting the route 240 miles from Hagerstown to Roanoke, one is almost certain to be seduced into a stop-over first or last. Seen by swift glances from a car-window, this region of corn-fields, fruit-orchards and oak and pine-forests, with yellow wheat-farms on the lighter slaty lands, here and there a stretch of blue-grass pasture,

ridge-lands with their flocks of sheep, and the low, blue mountains always bounding the horizon—this fair valley region, beneath an Autumnal sun, resembles portions of Eastern New York or Southern New England. However, the sight of log-cabins, and even pretentious new houses, all with the old-fashioned, broad-based, fire-place chimney looming up monumentally at one gable-end, soon restores to the scene its Virginian individuality. Here and there we come upon a sorghum-field by the river's bank, with women in sun-bonnets carrying armfuls of the green cane to the crusher, run by mule-power; while the men boil the sirup in portable furnaces that smoke like ocean-steamers, and the pickaninnies gambol about, besmearing themselves with stolen sweets. At little way-stations where the train stops, colored "aunties," with turbans about their heads, emerge from their cabins and bring the passengers hot coffee, broiled chickens and dainty apple-turn-overs on trays covered with snowy napkins. Barefoot boys and girls offer chincopin-nuts and persimmons for dessert, and the taste of these pungent delicacies alone is enough to make you feel sure you are upon Old Dominion soil.

Luray, with its marvelous subterranean gallery of exquisite sculptures not made by hands, is reached betimes, and of course visited—but description here is forestalled by Mr. R. S. Tarr's article in the POPULAR MONTHLY for September, 1885. On the train again, with good company met at hospitable Luray, we bowl along merrily southward, at times almost under the shadow of the wooded Blue Ridge; and crossing, near Elkton, the little side-valley of the Swift Run Gap, where Spottswood and his knights descended to the Shenandoah, one hundred and sixty-three years ago. A native of this region—a genial old ex-trooper of Jackson's cavalry—relates with unctious, for our entertainment, how a certain Confederate general came over these mountains in '64, in Sheridan's time, to play the rôle of "Saviour of the Valley," and somewhat prematurely styled his command "the Laurel Brigade." After he had been routed and chased through Mount Jackson "on the jump," as Sheridan's graphic dispatch to Grant had it, the people told the humiliated chieftain that they had a new floral name for his command—"the Running Brier!"

About Port Republic, the head of flat-boat navigation on the river, we look our last upon the fair and shaded Shenandoah, whose uppermost sources we have approached. The wooded mountains skirting the route grow wilder with every mile. The train stops here to let off a mighty huntsman—a fine, grizzled, six-foot specimen, with an antique rifle, nearly as long as himself, loaded for bear. News had spread of Bruin's presence in that neighborhood, and we felt certain that he was a "gone b'ar," as our hardy Nimrod struck out upon his trail.

From the station called Vesuvius, a pike-road strikes eastward over the Blue Ridge, penetrating dense forests and primitive settlements, and finally conducting the adventurous tourist to one of the most remarkable, and at the same time one of the least hackneyed, of Virginia's wonders of natural scenery—the Crabtree Falls. Here a fountain's overflow, on the very pinnacle of a mountain nearly as high again as Neapolitan Vesuvius, plunges almost perpendicularly down to the bottom of the Tye River valley, forming an arrowy line of cascades which gleam through the foliage all the way. Unique among water-falls the Crabtree certainly is. The volume of water is small—a mere rivulet, in fact—but the fall thereof is stupendous. It well repays the "day off" required for the journey.



CRABTREE FALLS, AUGUSTA COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

"Natural Bridge!" brings half of the passengers on the train to their feet with a jump, as the conductor sings it out. But, softly! The Bridge isn't anywhere in sight, and our eager expectations will have time to calm during the two miles' mountaineering which, we are told, is before us ere that coveted goal shall be won. A stage-coach waits at the station. Tourists swarm in, and "pile on" above, until the vehicle, ready to begin the ascent of the mountains, resembles a Noah's ark on wheels. My friends, a New Yorker and a Philadelphian—effete civilizees who would probably decline a trip to paradise itself unless they could take a car or 'bus thither—beckon me from the dizzy roof to join the jovial but tightly packed company. I reply that, as the afternoon is fair, the route wild and charming, and the Bridge only a matter of two miles or so distant, I mean to do the pedestrian act.

Off they go, while I step along leisurely behind, enjoying the panorama of the wooded hills, and inhaling the incense of the Autumn-scented mountain air, at the same time keeping up with the stage by means of the numerous "short cuts" which the footpath grants. Handicapped by stopping to buy a stick of an old man from 'Waybackville, I fall far behind after the first half-mile. Then I notice, for the first time, that a black-looking cloud over the Blue Ridge is making directly for the portion of Rock bridge County which I happen to be traversing. It overtakes me, bestows a showery benediction, and then sails on, leaving the sky serene again; but the road, alas! one limitless, unmarginated line of soft mud. The soil of this part of Virginia is variegated like one of George Inness's palettes set for a bit of sunset or Autumn foliage; and moisture "brings out" the colors startlingly. The road-side pools and rivulets were a bright saffron, while the bare breast of the land, as revealed in plowed fields and furrowed roads, was ruddy with every shade between orange and maroon. The consistency of the mud was quite sufficient to make pleasure-pedestrianism a failure, and my shoes gradually assumed the appearance and proportions of gorgeous sabots.

"Colonel, is this the road to the Natural Bridge?" I asked of a negro whom I met, after having tramped so long as to suspect that I had missed the route and gone five or six miles beyond my destination.

"Yes, sah, this is the straight road"—it was as devious as a snake-fence—"but the Bridge is mo' than a mile fudder on."

"More than a mile! and one of *these* miles! Say, how is it your miles are so infernally long in this country?"

"Well, yo' see, boss, the fac' is, round hyah they measure the miles with a coon-skin, and throw in the tail!"

The early dusk was beginning to fall as I finally hove in sight of the Forest Inn. My friends had already de-

scended into the ravine, too impatient for a sight of the Bridge to wait and enjoy their laugh at my expense. Not less eager than they, I lost no time in hastening after them, down the pathway that crosses a field and plunges suddenly into deep shadows of the wooded ravine.

Descending rapidly amongst the mighty *arbor vite* trunks, beside a clear, tumbling stream, I turned suddenly that sharp angle in the pathway where the whole stupendous beauty of the great arch bursts upon the sight.

Heavens, what a spectacle! what magnificence! what awe! In the mysterious dusk, with the first stars of evening shining in the deep-blue vault above, and the waters leaping in the rocky cañon below, that light



A GLIMPSE OF THE PEAKS OF OTTER, FROM THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

yet massive span, literally joining two mountains, hung with spectral grandeur high in mid-air. Surely the world of natural wonders can offer nothing comparable, for the spell exercised upon the imagination, to this bridge "not made with hands"—in its arched symmetry so suggestive of man's design and use, yet in its simplicity, its huge proportions, its unity with nature, bearing the visible impress of a higher than human craft.

It is all so unexpected, so infinitely beyond any possible preconception—whether aided or not by the thousand and one excellent but inadequate descriptions, from Jefferson's to Charles Dudley Warner's—that the visitor instinctively uncovers his head and advances with all the breathless excitement of an original discoverer. My

companions and myself, reunited among the boulders of Cedar Creek (the stream which flows under the Bridge on its way down to join the James River), scarcely spoke a word as we passed and repassed along that awful ravine—penetrating, despite the deepening shades of evening, as far as that strange cavern where you may listen to the invisible flow of the Lost River along its subterranean bed, from unknown source to unknown goal.

The spacious old Forest Inn, with its modern "annexes," nestles among five forest-clothed mountains, two of which are connected by the Bridge. With the spell wrought by that first evening's visit still unbroken, I awoke the next morning to behold, through the window, the tip of a tall cedar upon Mount Jefferson, opposite, catching the first roseate fire of the sunrise. Here, evidently, was one of the few places where early rising is worth while. Five minutes later I was out, and on my way over the Bridge, by the regular country post-road which crosses it with all the airs of natural proprietorship. As everybody knows, it is possible to pass over, between the cedars and rocks that border the route, without seeing anything of the ravine or the rock-arch which spans it. The width of the platform is a hundred feet, and its span about ninety feet, while its thickness must be nearly fifty. The height above the stream is 215 feet. But neither figures nor comparisons convey any impression of the immensity of this wondrous piece of limestone stratum, or the chasm over which it is so gracefully thrown.

Beyond the Bridge, footpaths lead to the smooth, rounded summit of Mars Hill, crowned with a temple-like observatory, and to the loftier height of Mount Jefferson, whence a view worth coming and climbing for, indeed! Northward, nearly a hundred miles of both the North Mountain and the Blue Ridge, with the southernmost spurs of the Massanutten between; to the south, the water-shed that divides the native tribute-streams between the Shenandoah and the James, and, twenty miles beyond, rising high above the billowy hills, the aerial pyramids of the twin Peaks of Otter, the highest in Virginia. It is in view of such a panorama as this that one realizes that "the half has not been told" regarding this Rockbridge region, of which the star attraction ever shadows all the others in the popular mind. The trees alone are worth coming to see—immemorial oaks, monumental pines and cedars, patriarchal walnuts, tulips, chestnuts, black-gums, chinquapins, persimmons, and those hoary, wrinkled *arbor vitæ* giants down in the gorge, which were ancient long ere Columbus sailed for the New World. One of these, with a trunk over seventeen feet in circumference, was felled by a fierce storm, a few years ago; but its roots cling deep in the earth, and its branches are vigorous and green—as they will be, no doubt, long after we, who now lean against its mighty bole, shall have fallen, withered, and passed wholly away from the verdurous face of earth.

I passed thither again to pay a morning visit to the Bridge. Again the sensation of surprise and exultation, to which was now added the revelation of an extraordinary beauty of coloring. The soft blue-gray of the calcareous rocks is mottled with dark patches of lichens, streaked with black and brown oozings from the soil above, and tinged in places with dull reds and ochres, indicating the presence of the ferruginous element; while a few projecting sprays of golden leaves, and here and there a trailing bit of crimson vine, contribute the dash of vivid color needed to complete the effect, like a bright scarf flung from the casement of some gray old castle-keep.

Then there are the traditional, stock points of interest, which no well-regulated visitor fails to seek out. The initials "G. W.," plainly carved on one of the rocky abutments, some forty feet above the stream, certainly stand for the name of George Washington, and may have been inscribed there by his hand, as he unquestionably explored the place in his youth. On the opposite side, where the rock is rougher, and quite different in character from the smooth limestone wall, is the scene of the famous climbing exploit of Henry Piper, the Lexington student, in 1818. Burritt's Rider-Haggardish treatment of this incident, familiar through the school-readers, makes thrilling reading, until one sees what the Bridge really is like. Then it becomes burlesque. Piper's climb was a venturesome one; but by a not unusual combination of foolhardiness and nerve it might be duplicated any day.

The loveliness and repose of the region about the Natural Bridge cast over the visitor, the instant he arrives, a seductive spell which imparts to the leave-taking, whenever it may come, a peculiarly "tearing-away" sensation; and this is by no means lessened in the case of a flying visit. The latter predicament was mine, and, naturally, I desired to make the most of those early morning hours before 8:30 A.M.—the time of the departure of the stage from the hotel to catch my train on the Richmond and Alleghany. I got back from my walk at 8:26.

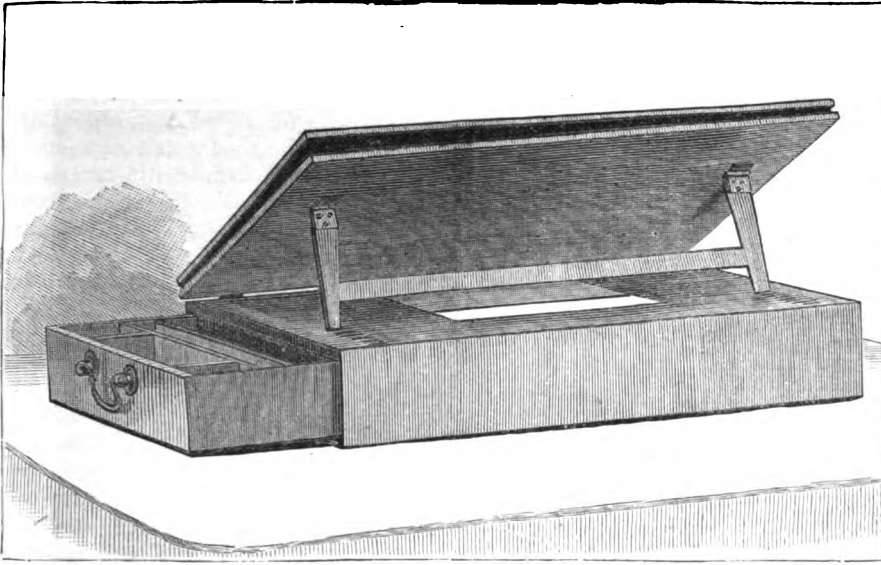
"Four minutes for breakfast, and the stage waits!" was the decree.

"I'm an American, with New York restaurant training, and I can manage the breakfast in four minutes. But I haven't packed up yet. My things are scattered—"

"Sent darry to pack your valise. You get breakfast—quick drive down the mountain—get you there in time for train, dead or alive!" ejaculated one of the philanthropists who conduct the inn.

This was irresistible, as the mountain air is an astonishing appetizer, and the coffee and corn-pones were steaming on the table. The four golden minutes were profitably spent, and I emerged upon the piazza, to receive my valise, top-coat, stick, a book or two, a bundle of photographs, a fair-sized slab of rock from the Bridge, and a few other miscellanies, from the arms of the faithful "darry," who remarked, with reassuring conviction: "Dey's everything hyah, sah!"

He wasn't far from right, as I shortly discovered; but I exultantly crossed his palm with silver, and the vision of his tombstone teeth, disclosed in an honest, unstinted smile of good-will, was my parting salute. The stage got under way with a dash that meant breaking either the record or a neck or two—for I was the sole passenger. That ride down the mountain, in the sharp morning air, behind four ambitious nags, with an old master at the ribbons, had more of exhilarating excitement in it than the first toboggan at a Montreal Winter carnival. Suffice it to say that we "got thar," at the station on the banks of the James, just in time for the train—breathless, triumphant, spangled with red mud. I had contrived to open the valise; and my suspicions, excited by its bulging and weight, were confirmed. The "darry" had made a clean sweep of my room, gathering in not only my modest belongings, but those of my friends—who had passed the previous evening there with me—together with everything movable that he could lay his hands on! The place must have been stripped almost bare, and I was lugging off half of the personal property of the Forest Inn. I contrived to send back the surplus by the driver, however, in time to clear my reputation, and duly caught my train.



JEFFERSON'S WRITING-DESK, ON WHICH HE WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

On to Clifton Forge—an out-of-the-way route by which to reach Charlottesville and Monticello, no doubt, but the most convenient one, as trains were running that Sunday. The railroad skirts the left bank of the James River nearly all the way, passing many a towering rock and deep gorge of tribute-streams, here and there the relics of an old colonial forge, and occasionally a modern blast-furnace, roaring and smoking in full operation. On both sides of the stream, and reflected on its still bosom, glowed the Autumn foliage; while in the foreground of each successive picture rose one or more gaunt sycamores, or else a black-gum tree, with every individual branch and twig, to the very topmost, fantastically draped and hung with the crimson vignettes of the Virginia creeper—like a flourished initial letter in some antique rubric. Only a few miles westward from the Natural Bridge, on this Richmond and Alleghany route, the James breaks through the mountains, forming a magnificent gorge not unlike that of the Potomac at Harper's Ferry.

At Clifton Forge, a deservedly famous rendezvous for artists and fishermen—though the latter have rendered much more justice to its attractions than the former—we strike the Chesapeake and Ohio line, and set face eastward again. Here the Jackson River comes down to join the James; and the whole region presents the appearance of having been at one time, ages ago, a vast basin for the pent-up waters of the hills, which finally broke their bounds, and plowed the mighty gorge through which they rush to-day. The route eastward from here lies through the region of the famous warm, chalybeate, alum and other springs intersecting the Shenandoah Valley Road at Waynesboro, and the Blue Ridge range a little farther to the eastward.

Emerging at Afton, high up on the ridge, the fair, fertile Piedmont

Valley unrolls before the gaze like a lovely mirage. It is a scene to admire and exult in, but not to attempt to describe from the instantaneous photograph of a passing glance. Down yonder among the eastern spurs and foot-hills nestles Charlottesville, quaint, old-fashioned and sunny, with the University of Virginia at its western extremity, and Monticello, the Little Mountain, at its eastern.

They are separated by a distance of some four or five miles—the noble institution of learning, which, in Emerson's phrase, is "the lengthened shadow of one man," and the high-built home, where that illustrious "one man" dwelt during a period

of fifty-six years, where he died, and where his tomb remains a patriotic shrine for ages to come. Between the two, amidst the fairest scenery, nestles the academic town across which Jefferson was wont to gaze so fondly, in his latter years, as he watched, day by day, the building of the university which represents the best energies of his life, and whose very architectural plans were drawn by his own hand. Often, when the work of the builders did not appear to be progressing satisfactorily, he would mount his horse and ride over in eager haste. His personality is ineffaceably impressed upon every detail of the place. Standing before Galt's admirable statue, in the University Library, one instinctively looks about him as if to see the founder in the actual flesh, as an early student has described him*: "I well

* Mr. N. Tutwiler, in an address before the Alumni, June, 1882.

*Jefferson gives this writing desk to Joseph Coolidge
just as a memorial of affection. it was made from a
drawing of his own, by Ben Randall cabinet maker of
Philadelphia with whom he first lodged on his arrival
in that city in May 1776 and is the identical one on
which he wrote the Declaration of Independence.
Politics as well as Religion has its superstitions
these gaining strength with time, may, one day, give
imaginary value to this relic, for its association with the
birth of the Great Charter of our Independence.*

Monticello. Nov. 18. 1825.



POST-ROAD OVER THE TOP OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

remember the first time I saw Mr. Jefferson. It was in 1825, in the Proctor's office. A tall, venerable gentleman, in plain but neat attire, entered the room, and, bowing to the students, took his seat quietly in one corner. I was struck by his plain appearance and simple, unassum-

ing manners. . . . We used to see him afterward, as he passed our room on the eastern range, in his almost daily visits to the university. He was now in his eighty-third year, and this ride of eight or ten miles on horseback, over a rough mountain road, shows the deep interest



GIANT ARBOR VITÆ, NATURAL BRIDGE RAVINE.

with which he watched over this child of his old age, and why he preferred the more endearing title of *father* to that of *founder*."

This mountain road, after passing through Charlottesville, is almost as wild, in its woody seclusion, to-day as it was when Jefferson fared over it. The red track, shaded by haws, walnuts, chestnuts and black-gums, winds for over a mile and a half in steady ascent to the leveled summit, 600 feet above the Rivanna River. At the point where the private road branches off from the public highway, to lead past the burying-ground and on to the, as yet, invisible mansion, it is something of a shock to find a brand-new brick barrier and toll-gate in charge of a colored porter, who sells tickets of admission. When the "improvements" at this entrance are completed, the thrifty proprietor will no doubt place over the gateway the appropriate inscription: "Leave a quarter of a dollar behind, all ye who enter here."

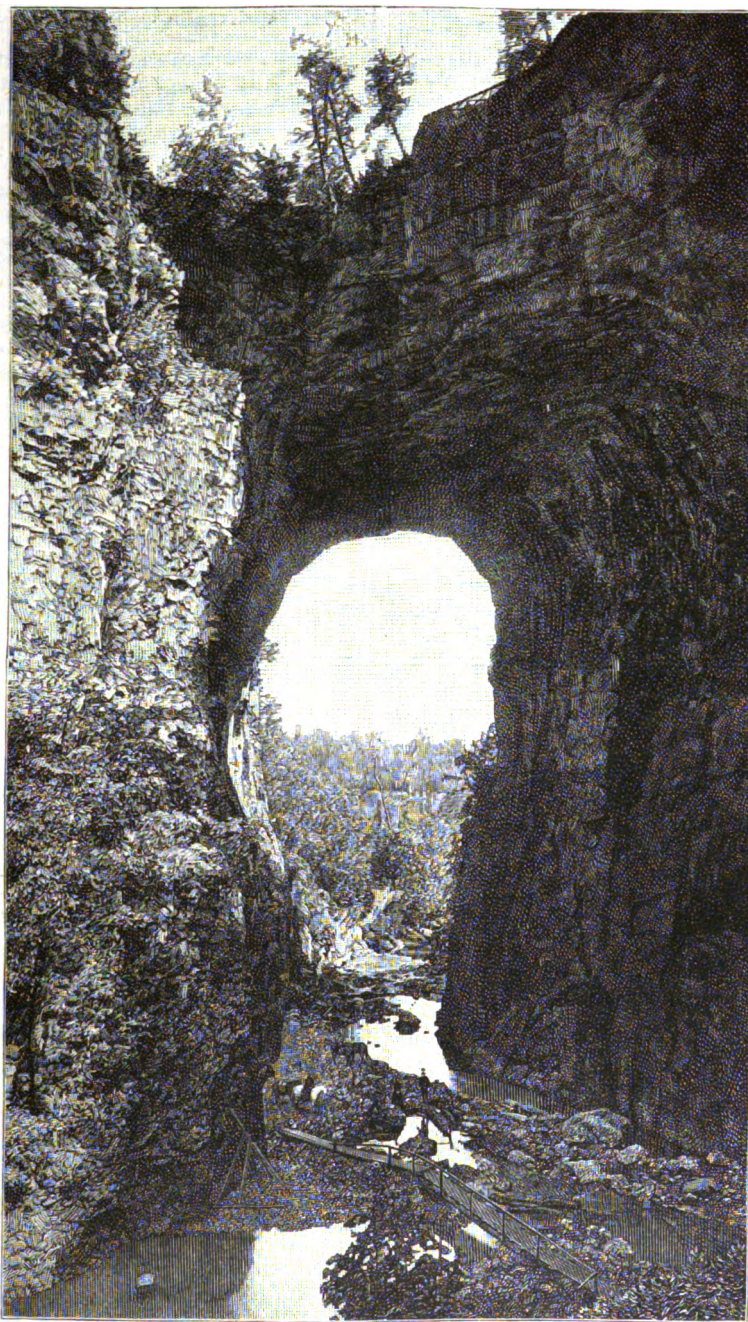
Ascending still, through the dense and bright-hued deciduous forest, we note that the roadway is bordered by a rich growth of a handsome but unfamiliar-looking shrub. This is the Scotch broom which Jefferson imported, amongst many other botanical experiments, and set out on his estate, and which to-day, as some one has whimsically observed, "keeps his memory a dark, luxuriant green." About midway between the gate and the mansion, on the right-hand side ascending, is the inclosed grave-yard where, surrounded by the tombs of five generations of his descendants, and of the Randolph family, the remains of the great statesman repose. The grave is marked by the handsome shaft of white granite erected by order of Congress in 1882, to replace the old

monument which was falling into dilapidation. The original stone has been removed to the campus of the University of the State of Missouri, at Columbia, where it has been set up for preservation as a relic. From it is copied on the new monument the inscription which Jefferson himself prepared: "Here lies buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence,

of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia. Born April 2d, 1743, O. S. Died July 4, 1826." It is a lonely, solemn and beautiful resting-place, where the wild eagles, and the storm-winds singing in the woods, are constant visitors who never disturb.

Passing a second gateway, we emerge upon the leveled plateau of some four or five acres where, in the midst of farm, gardens, out-buildings and grove, stands the historic house which innumerable pictures have made so familiar. Like the university buildings, the Monticello mansion is a materialization of Jefferson's thoughts in artistic form. It is a stately, baronial-looking structure of deep-red brick, with an octagonal dome rising from the midst of a cluster of Italian pavilions and Greek porticoes. The lawn on the north and east is shaded by some fine old lindens and "honey-shuck" locusts,

while clustered about on the south and west are the gardens which the master so carefully cultivated, and the buildings which were the living-quarters and workshops of a small army of slaves and retainers, numbering at one time as many as two hundred. The materials of the grand house itself, even to the nails, were produced, manufactured and wrought out on the estate, as were all the provisions consumed there, and all the fabrics worn.



VIEW OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE FROM BENEATH, LOOKING DOWN-STREAM.

The care-taker of the premises lives with his family to-day in the cottage which was occupied by the weavers in Jefferson's time. Some of these structures are now ivy-clad ruins. Jefferson imported a number of Italians as laborers in his experimental vineyard, and their descendants still live in the neighborhood. His European vines did not flourish here; but the development of certain native varieties, which he started, has gone on with gratifying results, and now the Monticello vintages yield some of the best wine produced in the country, this side of California.

The home of Jefferson was never occupied by his descendants, and does not now belong to them. It is vacant during the greater part of the year, and there is no admittance for visitors. The interior arrangements, as planned by Jefferson, are said to have been remarkably eccentric in many particulars; but the present owner has modernized as well as repaired the entire place.

But the glory of Monticello, aside from its associations—its commanding site and incomparable view—remain unchanged through all vicissitudes. The mighty panorama of the Blue Ridge, the nearer wooded waves of the Ragged Mountains walling in Charlottesville on the west, the silver windings of the Rivanna, and the vast, ocean-like plain of midland Virginia stretching eastward nigh a hundred miles, to and beyond Richmond—these are the same which enchanted Jefferson in his boyish dreams, and upon which the eyes of the venerable sage last rested as death "closed with a cloudless sun a long and serene day of life."

At our feet, as we stand on the east portico, looking down and across the Rivanna gliding to join the James, are the sites of Jefferson's birthplace and the Shadwell mill, both of which have disappeared from the face of the landscape. We overlook, also, the estate of "Pantops" (for to such base usage has the original title of Pan Optimus come!), once a part of his property, and the disposal of which illustrates the philosophic way in which Jefferson, in his declining days, met the obligations incurred by indorsing the notes of the family whose bankruptcy gave him his financial *coup de grâce*. His account with a certain creditor had gone for many years without attention, and finally the merchant suggested the propriety of a settlement, "before long." "Certainly," responded Mr. Jefferson; "at any time—now, if you like." He sat down, pen in hand, and without asking a question, beyond the mere ascertaining of the total amount of the debt, conveyed away this large and rich estate.

The debts which Jefferson left were paid off to the last cent. As for what Virginia, the United States of America, the whole world, owe to him—the obligation must remain uncanceled forever.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE MADMEN.—One madman once got access to his library, and signified his intention of killing him, in obedience to a divine command. The duke just looked up from his desk. "Are you in a hurry, for I have many letters to write? Could you come again in an hour?" The maniac, taken aback by the duke's coolness, retired, to be at once arrested. When the duke was warned by his solicitor that another madman intended to attempt to take his life, "Never mind," said the duke; "he won't hurt me." "Ah!" said his informant, "but he is going to speak to the Queen, as you won't see him." "Oh," rejoined the duke, "then give instant information to the Secretary of State."

THE OLD ROCKING-CHAIR.

BY JOHN GERALD BRENAN.

"My grandmother sat in the old rocking-chair
(But she was not my grandmother then),
And her pert little face was bewitchingly fair
As she laughed a defiance to men!
Her sun-bonnet flutter'd like bird on its string,
Her hair wandered free on the breeze;
And gayly, I ween, did my grandmother sing,
Underneath those old gnarl'd apple-trees.

"My grandfather rode through the white orchard-gate,
And tethered his roan to a tree;
He'd a well-powder'd wig on his silly young pate,
And high tassell'd boots to his knee!
From the pink apple-blossoms that over him hung
He brush'd off the dew with his hat;
Till he came to the place where the rocking-chair swung,
And my merry young grandmother sat.

"The kingcup and daisy bloomed round in their pride,
And bees of their sweetness did sip;
But my grandfather blush'd and my grandfather sigh'd,
As he flick'd off their heads with his whip;
My granny she hummed her a cunning old song—
'Faint heart never won ladye fair!'
So he wooed and he prayed, and before very long
There sat *two* in that old rocking-chair!"

GOETHE AS A THEATRE-MANAGER.

BY HENRY IRVING.

GOETHE at one time was director of a theatre, and his experiences in this capacity at Weimar furnish some very useful lessons, even in the present day. For Goethe endeavored to give practical life to an ideal which still haunts many earnest minds—the ideal which places the functions of the stage entirely beyond and above the taste of the public. That is impossible. The popular desire for amusement Goethe regarded as degrading. The ordinary passions of human nature he sought to elevate into a rarified region of transcendental emotion; and the actors, who naturally found some difficulty in soaring into this atmosphere, he drilled by the simple process of making them recite with their faces to the audience, without the least attempt to impersonate any character. His theory, in a word, was that the stage should be literary, and not dramatic, and that it should hold the mirror, not up to nature, but to an assemblage of noble abstractions. It is needless to say that this ideal was predoomed to failure, and my object now is, not to discuss it in any detail, but to instance it as a useful warning to those whose discontent with the variety of public taste is apt to urge them toward impossible reforms. It is no sign of retrogression that there is a great popular demand for a kind of entertainment which would have excited Goethe's disgust, and which does not appeal very strongly to your sensibilities or mine. Goethe threw up the management of the Weimar theatre because the duke was curious to see a successful melodrama, in which the chief incident was created by a poodle. The poet thought that this was a proof that the stage had gone to the dogs, and that it was high time for him to disclaim all responsibility for such a degradation. Whether this convinced Goethe that his instinct was prophetic when he introduced Mephistopheles to Faust in the form of a dog—some say a poodle—I cannot say; but his hasty conclusion that the drama had fallen to the level of "the dog of Montargis" was no better founded than the assumption you sometimes hear to-day, that the popularity of entertainments which are not of the highest

class is evidence of the incurable frivolity or coarseness or ignorance of the vast mass of play-goers. I always wonder why the argument is applied only to the stage. You never hear any pulpit orator denounce the enormous sale of fiction which appeals to the ineradicable taste for exciting narrative. Such may say that a certain class of novel is immoral, but he does not deplore the unconquerable folly or depravity which buys sensational tales by thousands, while the works of writers who address a smaller public are swamped on the book-stalls. Philosophy is always ready with an explanation of this, but she is supposed to have no business in the sphere of the foot-lights. Yet I see no reason for condemning the stage because its functions do not conform universally to the highest standard. No rational being believes that imaginative literature is hopelessly degenerate because the best novels are not as widely read as their inferiors. There is another consideration which is too often overlooked. Even amongst educated people the standard of taste in theatrical matters is extremely variable. Some are interested in Shakespeare, but only in his comedy; "Hamlet" bores them, but they are delighted by "Much Ado About Nothing." Others care little for what is called the legitimate drama, but prefer lighter forms of entertainment, which to play-goers of a serious cast are purely frivolous. Others, again, have a strong partiality for a certain kind of melodrama; they like to be harrowed by tremendous situations and amused by spectacular effects. Indeed, you may take a man of cultivated mind and discover that his taste for the theatre is extremely primitive. Even genius is sometimes erratic in its appreciation of the stage. Goethe himself had astonishing ideas about Shakespeare. If there were one thing which Shakespeare understood better than another, it was the law of dramatic effect. Yet Goethe thought it necessary to reconstruct "Romeo and Juliet," and in "Wilhelm Meister" the players find it impossible to perform "Hamlet" without making Horatio son of the King of Norway. When I refreshed my memory of this episode, it occurred to me that a manager who should ever be accused of taking liberties with "Faust" might console himself with the reflection that they were rather overshadowed by the liberties which Goethe took with Shakespeare.

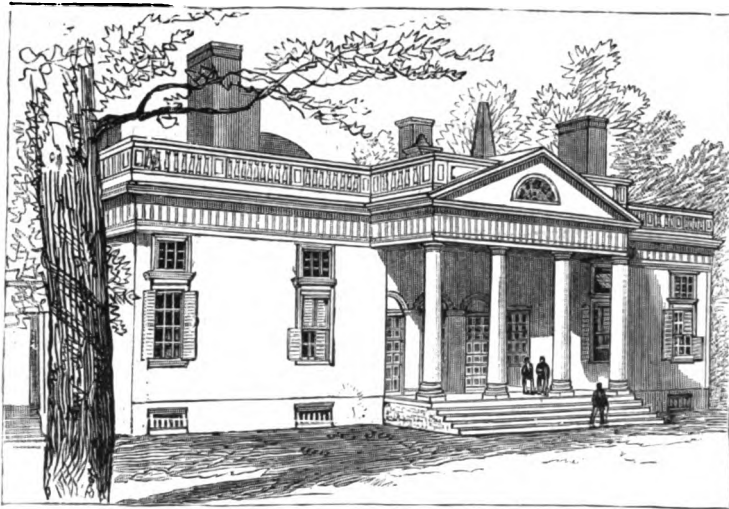
It is not just, therefore, to assume either that the public taste is degraded because it does not touch an ideal standard at every point, or that one fixed canon of taste can be applied to the drama, even in cultivated society. The theatre must always be the play-ground of a variety of sympathies and the arena of all manner of conflicting judgments. A theatrical manager has to satisfy many tastes, and much may be forgiven him if he has, like "Faust," the instinct of the one true way. And it should be remembered that a manager, by sometimes charming the public with the popular novelties of the day, may be able to command their support when he seeks it for a higher form of drama. Nature should be the manager's ideal, and art his familiar, and while inspired by the one and aided by the other of these, though his work may reflect the variable moods of his time, because it is primarily his business to amuse, the sum of his efforts will be a substantial increase of the universal stock of wholesome pleasure. For, consider that the theatre gives a rare stimulus to every sort of mind. Its pictorial effects alone make an artistic education, and afford a world of delight to a multitude whose imagination finds little food in their daily lives; it arouses dormant sympathies, and makes war on idle prejudices; it presents, with vivid force, the simplest elements of life to all, and makes real to many some of the highest poetry. It is nothing

to the purpose that some phases of the stage, which do not correspond exactly to this description, should be pointed out. Broadly speaking, what I say is true, and is an estimate of the functions of the theatre which is borne out by the best experience. You will see, therefore, how important it is that an institution which exercises such wide and varied influence should have all its agencies developed to the highest ability.

What is necessary on the stage is a harmony of all its features—a unison of all its refinement. It is not enough to give an individual performance of consummate interest, for, in a double sense, the whole is greater than the part. Let everything have its due proportion; let thoroughness and completeness be the manager's aim; let him never forget that a perfect illusion is his highest achievement—an ideal which I know to be the conscientious aim of many managers to-day. I do not presume to maintain that any method of representation, however admirable, can be fully adequate to the portrayal of Shakespeare; nor do I concern myself very much with the familiar reproach of overlaying our greatest dramatist with ornament. I have before said that the value of the aids and adjuncts of scenery and costume has ceased to be a matter of opinion; these have become necessary. They are dictated by the public taste of the day, and not by the desire for mere scenic display. To this, of course, there are limits; mere pageant, apart from the story, has no place, although there may be a succession of truthful, harmonious and beautiful pictures, which shall neither hamper the natural action nor distract the judgment from the actor's art. Shakespeare commands the homage of all the arts, and their utmost capacity, when rightly directed, can do no more than pay tribute to his splendor—the splendor of the greatest master of our mother tongue, the most completely equipped of all the literary men who ever wrote. More than this, he had the most intimate and varied knowledge of the stage, and that is why his work is the actor's greatest pride and most exacting trial. To play Shakespeare with any measure of success, it is necessary that the actor shall, above all things, be a student of character. To touch the springs of motive, to seize all the shades of expression, to feel yourself at the root and foundation of the being you are striving to represent—in a word, to impersonate the characters of Shakespeare—this is a task which demands the most exacting discipline, the widest command of the means of illustration. Of all the triumphs of the stage, there is none so exalting as that of a representation of Shakespeare, which gives to the great mass of play-goers a strong and truthful impression of his work, and a suggestion of the ideal which his exponents are honorably struggling to attain.

AN INJUDICIOUS SERMON.

THERE lived in Wrentham, Mass., years ago, a notable physician, Dr. B—— by name, who was tall and commanding in stature, with a pair of lungs that could make his speech distinctly heard a good way without any effort. He was a staunch Universalist in a "blue" orthodox parish, and rarely attended church. When he did, the whole congregation was on the *qui vive*, with its attendant rustle, as he marched down the broad aisle to the pew he always rented for his family. On a special occasion a class-mate of his, Dr. P——, a clergyman who was well known in Wrentham, having fitted for college there, at Old Day's Academy, and with whom the doctor had had many a theological spar, was to preach. It was one



A VIRGINIA JOURNEY.—MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.
SEE PAGE 468.

of those gala Sundays in the country when the meetin'-house is packed, and all were delighted to see the doctor an attentive listener in that perspiring audience; it was in mid-June. After the services the people lingered long in the vestibule and on the steps, to talk about the season's promise for crops, etc. No potato-bugs in those good old days, and no speculation about the railroad. The people, too, wanted to see the two big doctors meet and shake hands. Soon they stood face to face—D.D. and M.D.—both towering head and shoulders above the upturned faces around them. After the "How do you do, doctor?" and the other "How do you do, doctor?" and the exchange of the proper formalities, Dr. P— came to the point and said: "How did you like my sermon?"

"I was highly entertained—highly entertained," said Dr. B—. "A most elaborate discourse upon an acute subject, well written and well delivered; but very injudicious."

"Injudicious!" exclaimed the doctor of divinity. "*Injudicious?* You astonish me. Why, what do you mean, doctor?"

"Oh, only this, my dear friend," said Dr. B—: "You have come to a country village, and expounded and exposed 'The Secret Will of God' to a rather mixed audience for upwards of an hour; and there isn't an old gossip that has heard you but will blab it all over town before the week is out. And I don't think you'll be thanked for letting it out, doctor—I really don't!"

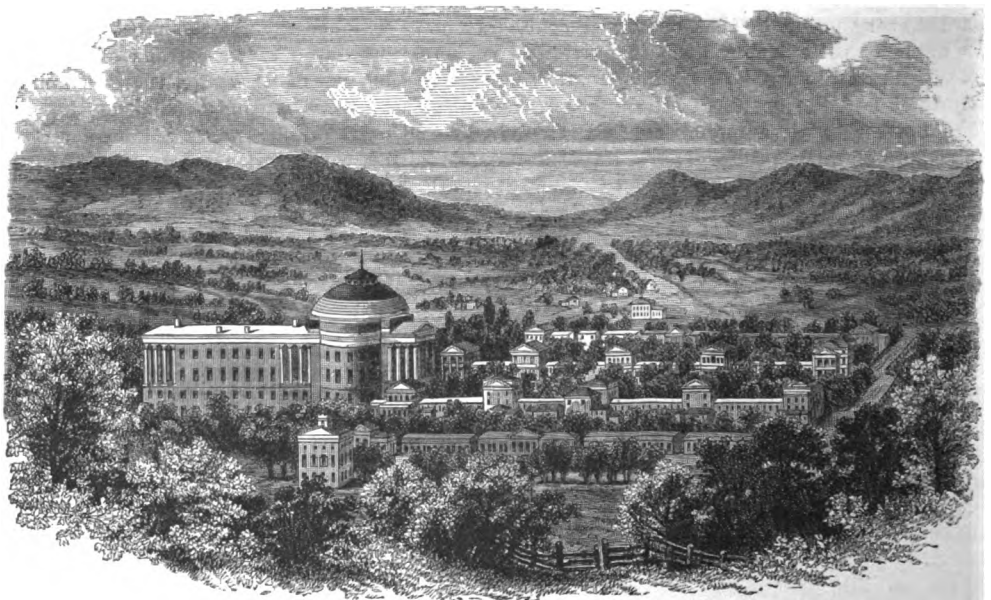
WHAT TICKLED THE TARTARS.

THE artist who accompanied Mr. George Kennan on his trip through Siberia was engaged, one blistering day, somewhere on the outskirts of Tartary, in making a sketch of a group of picturesque Tartars. Still other Tartars amicably gathered around him as he was at work, inspecting his umbrella, gazing curiously at his sketch, and walking about. As the Tartars were armed to the teeth, the artist thought it best to be amiable, and smiled a broad and propitiatory smile upon the party. Whereupon the entire party smiled broadly in return, and exhibited great interest in him. He smiled again, more broadly still. Whereupon the Tartars came around in front of him, and began to go through the most extraordinary antics, laughing still. The artist gathered, somehow, that he was expected to laugh

too, and did so gratify their evident wish. The more he laughed, the more they laughed, and several big Tartars in front of him lay down on the ground, rolling and tumbling. The artist laughed until his jaws almost cracked.

The thing at length became somewhat alarming, and, calling his factotum and interpreter, the artist bade him find out of the head man of the Tartar party what these extraordinary antics were all about. "His excellency," said the Tartar, in explanation, "smiled upon us, and showed us something which we never saw before—teeth made partly of gold. And as the men of my tribe saw his golden teeth were only to be seen when he laughed, they took all possible ways to make him laugh; and when they rolled on the ground before him, it was only the better to see into his mouth and behold the golden teeth."

PRECISION in detail, without a general guiding plan, is like a watch which should mark seconds, but not hours.



THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, AT CHARLOTTESVILLE.



"MISS WILLOUGHBY AT ONCE KNEW THAT SHE WAS IN THE PRESENCE OF THE MASTER OF THE SHOP." . . . "I CREPT UPON HIM SUDDENLY, AND DROVE MY LONG KNIFE INTO HIM."

THE WILLOUGHBY HEIR-LOOM.

BY CLINTON H. MACARTHY.

ANN STREET has always been a most narrow, dirty, unpleasant little thoroughfare, which was, within the last few years, made interesting, however (to bibliophiles especially), by the presence of a number of old book-shops, now all passed away.

While these emporiums of musty, dusty, yellow and ancient volumes were still the feature of the street, on a hot Summer day, when the down-town portion of the city, busy as it always is, had been compelled to relax part of

its activity in deference to King Sol, an uncommon apparition appeared in the narrow wagon-way.

This was a jaunty, glossy, stylish little brougham, in which sat an equally jaunty, glossy and stylish young lady, faultless in form and feature as she was in *toilette*.

The carriage stopped before a narrow little shop bearing a faded inscription above its door: "Caution Van Zuyver. Books."

It was a dark, dirty, dusty hole to be beautified by the

presence of such a bird of brilliant plumage as the girl in the brougham; yet, on seeing the name, and especially the word "Books" upon the sign, Miss Edith Willoughby daintily alighted and entered the narrow portal.

The singular name attracted her curiosity; the word following it drew her bibliophilic eye.

For this young lady had a decided *penchant* for ancient tomes, albeit the fairest and least pedantic of blue-stockings.

She could instantly recognize a genuine Elzevir on sight; could easily mark the difference between a Coverdale Bible and a Tyndale Testament, and knew well the distinctive signs of a Grolier binding.

As above stated, she entered the shop of Caution Van Zuyver.

It was not more than twenty feet in depth—a veritable box—and she found but one person within.

This was a young man as shabbily attired as his own stock, but withal not without some claim to be called handsome. He had fine, deep-blue eyes, a fair, not over-luxuriant mustache, and darker, wavy hair.

Miss Willoughby at once knew that she was in the presence of the master of the shop; indeed, she considered it unlikely that the poor little place could have supported more than one person.

"Mr. Van Zuyver?" she uttered, interrogatively.

The young man bowed.

"I am looking," she went on, "for a copy of the 'Sweete Rose for ye Nostrils or ye Electe Ones,' published in Bristol; I think in the year 1600, and I believe by one Godfrey Freeman. It is rare, and I am determined to own a copy."

"I know of it," replied Mr. Van Zuyver; "but I have not a copy in stock."

A charming little pout made Miss Willoughby's rosebud mouth more temptingly bewitching.

"Oh, dear. I suppose there isn't a copy this side of the Atlantic."

"I believe there is," returned Van Zuyver; "in fact, I am sure of it, and——"

He halted a moment.

"Money is not an object," she interposed, eagerly; "I would give *anything* for it——"

Here she suddenly recollected that this was not the most approved form of prudent buying, and ceased abruptly, although her observation of the book-seller's face had precluded any suspicion that he might cheat or take an unfair advantage of her.

"It is not," he said, hesitatingly, "altogether a question of money with me, either; the fact is, I have the book home in my own private collection—for I am something of a collector as well as a seller of books—and I don't usually like to part with anything I have once placed on my own shelves. However, as you say you are very anxious to have this book"—he gave her a shy glance that seemed to point his next words—"why, I will be very much pleased to make an exception in this case."

For the word "this," Van Zuyver's tone plainly implied, "your."

"Oh, thank you," she replied, prettily. "And you will send it to me?"

"I—yes. I will send it to you. What is your address?"

She gave him a small square of pasteboard, bearing the inscription: "Miss Edith Willoughby, 5003 Fifth Avenue."

"And when may I expect to receive it?"

"To-morrow."

"Very well." And the vision of light had fitted out of Caution Van Zuyver's little pigeon-hole into outer air.

Van Zuyver had never before felt so lonely in his shop as he felt for the rest of that day. He had always heretofore found companionship among his books. But now the face, the form, the voice of Miss Willoughby interposed themselves between him and happiness.

The utter uselessness and hopelessness of ever aspiring to occupy the place even of the most casual acquaintance of this beautiful woman, somehow, did not predispose him to the philosophy which the unattainable usually inspires.

He felt the gnawing, unhappy pain of a Tantalus.

For, if there be such a thing as "love at first sight," Caution Van Zuyver was one of its victims.

One consolation remained, like the straw to the drowning man: He would see her to-morrow. He would "send" the book by his own hands.

Possibly she might become a regular patron of the little book-store. He thought to himself that he would do his best to make her such. Then he might see her now and then, at least.

"Ah," he sighed, "were I only rich enough to move in the society she frequents!"

Empty, futile wish.

Business seemed poorer that afternoon than ever before. Two or three old fossilized bookworms rambled in aimlessly, and wandered out again without buying, and his sales were so pitifully small that he felt a curious despair as he closed the shop, which he certainly would not have experienced had he never seen Miss Willoughby.

"Clearly," he thought, quietly—"clearly, the shop will never make me the foundations of a man of society." And he smiled bitterly as he turned his steps homeward.

In the forenoon of the next day, he procured a small boy to mind his shop, and boarded an elevated train uptown, with the precious volume in his hand.

The mansion wherein Miss Willoughby had her abode was opposite the Park, and was, truly, a "palatial residence."

Van Zuyver felt mean and shabby in going up the broad stone steps leading to the paneled oak door, though despising himself the while for the feeling; and it was with some hesitancy and timidity that he asked the liveried servant if Miss Willoughby were in.

"Who shall I say?" queried the Cerberus of the door.

"Say Mr. Van Zuyver, please."

"Mr. Van Z——"

"Van Zuyver."

The servant's face wore an expression as though he had just swallowed an unpleasant morsel as he repeated the outlandish name, but he allowed Mr. Van Zuyver to step into the reception-room and wait.

In a moment he reappeared.

"Miss Willoughby would like you to step into the lib'ry, sir."

Van Zuyver rose and followed the livery up the polished, uncarpeted stairs to a room that embodied all the features of a most perfect private library.

The dark walls were supplemented with oaken wainscoting; all the furniture was in antique oak and embossed leather. No book-cases appeared. The books were arranged on oaken shelves surrounding the apartment, and surmounted by a carven cornice.

The light, which was sufficiently strong, was secured from above, the room being in a square wing of the house.

Half sitting, half reclining on the leather-cushioned lounge, book in hand, Caution beheld Miss Willoughby.

He devoured with his eyes the picturesque picture she presented in an instant, from the ruddy-brown hair, touched by a beam of light from above, to the dainty little *Suède* slipper and an inch or so of bronze stocking that crept out below the heavy silken skirt.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Van Zuyver," said the musical voice that had yesterday bewitched his ears in the little Ann Street shop; "I see you have the volume with you. I don't know how to thank you for sparing it to me from your own collection—I did so much wish to have it. Won't you be seated?"

The book-seller seated himself with the manner of a man in a trance. Indeed, he was nearly unconscious, between admiration (love, if you will,) and a kind of dumb hopelessness that he had expected to feel in her presence, and was now experiencing to the full.

He had mutely tendered the book to her, and she was running over its yellow-edged, coarse-fibred pages with graceful eagerness, quite different from the manner of all the spectacled bookworms of her visitor's experience; but yet the air of the bibliophile was there, too.

"1601," she murmured; "printed for Master Faithful Bland, Book-seller, at ye Presse of Martin Blew-right, over agaynst ye Crowne & Unicorn, Bristol."

"Is it the book you referred to?" Caution managed to stammer.

"Oh, yes, it is the same. And now, Mr. Van Zuyver, what value do you place on this?"

Caution would have been but too well pleased to present it to her as a gift, but knew he could not, and was compelled to fix a price upon it, which she immediately drew a check for, in a most business-like way.

"Thank you, Miss Willoughby. Good-day."

"Good-day, Mr. Van Zuyver."

And Van Zuyver passed out into the corridor, and into the black darkness of despairing love, simultaneously.

* * * * *

One day, about a week afterward, a district messenger-boy entered the little shop, and handed Van Zuyver a square envelope, upon which, in a female hand, appeared his name. He tore it open hastily, and mastered its contents in a second. It ran thus:

"CAUTION VAN ZUYVER, ESQ., DEAR SIR: Will you favor me with an interview at my house at your earliest convenience, as I have something of the gravest importance to communicate to you?
EDITH WILLOUGHBY."

Caution could not believe the evidence of his senses, on reading this singular epistle, but the voice of the messenger assured him of its reality.

"Any answer?" demanded young Mercury.

"I will write one at once," returned Caution; and he quickly scribbled a line, saying that he would appear at Miss Willoughby's residence that evening.

For the rest of the day he was on tenter-hooks of impatience.

He shut up shop earlier than usual, and did not go home to his supper, eating it in a down-town restaurant.

Then he wandered restlessly about until it should be time to board the up-town train.

At last he stood once more on the broad steps of the Fifth Avenue house, and again gave his name to the servant.

After a minute's waiting, that seemed an hour to him, he was once more ushered up to the library.

He found Miss Willoughby again alone in the company of her books and a tall, shaded lamp, whose light only brought out in relief the more showy bindings on the shelves, leaving the others in sober twilight.

She was quietly, simply dressed, although in perfect taste, and was looking, to Van Zuyver's eyes, more beautiful than he had yet seen her, albeit with a very serious expression upon her mobile features.

She bowed as he entered, and motioned him to a seat very near her, which he took in silence.

"Mr. Van Zuyver," Edith began, "do you know anything of your family history, who your ancestors were, and whence they came? Don't think that I ask out of curiosity; I have a very important motive in questioning you."

Caution pondered a moment or so.

"I do know," he said, "some few facts about our descent—at least, for several generations. As the name indicates, we came originally from Holland. The first of the family I know anything of was a Jacobus Van Zuyver, who settled in New York in 1710, and married a New England woman here."

"Had he any children?"

"But one, I believe—a son, born in 1728, and called, I think, after his maternal uncle, who came of Puritan stock, Caution. This son married in New York about 1748, and his only child was born in 1750, named after his father. About 1752, Caution the first (we may as well distinguish him so, for we have all been Cautions since) shipped for a voyage to some South American port, being a seaman by profession, and, as our family records go, was never again seen or heard of."

"It was he!" exclaimed Edith, excitedly.

"Eh!"

"See here, Mr. Van Zuyver," she cried, producing a casket of wood from a cabinet in the room, and opening it with trembling hands—"read this paper."

She handed him a yellow piece of parchment from the casket, which was covered with writing, evidently inscribed many, many years ago.

He unfolded it, while his companion, in breathless interest, leaned over his shoulder as he read, following the lines eagerly with her eyes. The writing was so illegible that Van Zuyver proceeded slowly, and found himself unable to decipher many of the words, his companion assisting him at such times, she being evidently familiar with it.

This was the narrative of the manuscript:

"This, wh^h I have attach^d unto my Will, I give to my sonne James, that when he hath read it all, he shall doe as his discretion shall teache him.

"In the year of our Lord 1754, I was in the Brazils, wh^h my sonne knoweth already, also the manner of my coming thereto. I was hunting therein for the diamondes and other precious things wh^h had been there lately discovered, and had come unto the mynes att the place calld Bahia, wh^h is a most riche countrye & one where gold and gemms are in greates abundance. Nevertheless, it pleas'd Providence to make my efforts fruitless & productive of little gaine, whereatt I was much discouraged. For, though I worked & labored most faythfully, yet I found but a few smalle diamondes, wh^h were of little worth.

"Now att this tyme, wh^h I was much cast down in spirit, ther came to the myne a younge man heathenishly named Caution Van Zuyver, who, as he related unto me, had deserted from his shipp at Rio in order to come to the place wher the diamondes might bee found.

"He said that his father hadd come from the Lowlands many yeares since, & hadd come unto the town of New York, & hadd there married, & that his father & mother were now dead, but himselfe hadd a wyfe & child in that place. We came, he and me, to be friendly and neighbourly together, as we could bothe speke the language of the old countrye, which none others there could.

"He was most fortunate in his digging and seeking for gemms, & every day he came unto my cabin to showe me how many diamondes he hadd gained—and always he had two or three, & sometimes more, whyle I, through my greate ill luck, could not find any.



HEREDITARY LEGISLATORS.

FRED MILLER



SAMOA, AND THE TROUBLES THERE.—A SAMOAN WARRIOR IN FIGHTING COSTUME.
SEE PAGE 488.

"So we worked nigh each other for near three months, when newes came that diamondes hadd been found in another place, a localitie about an hundred miles from that place. Van Zuyver came unto my cabin on a certain night, about that tyme, to show me his gaines for that day.

"I have found but one," he said, with some discouragement and discontent, as I thought, & he showe me the stone, wh^h was but a small one, of slight value.

"Is your goode fortune leaving you?" I asked him, and he replied:

"I have not found any but this one for a weeke."

"Let us go," said I, 'to the new mynes of Espiritu Santo, for I have no luck in this place, & the newes wh^h comes from there is most chearefull.'

"On that he pondered for a while, but after a bit he said:

"Very good, Willoughby, you & me shall travell to the new

mynes to-morrow. Get a good stock of provisions ready, for it is probable we shall get none on the roade, & to-morrow we shall go hence."

"That night, I murdered him. I went to his tent & found him sleeping, as was his way, with his belt, in which were all his gaines, about his body. I crept upon him suddenly and drove my long knife into him and killed him. Then I cut his belt and put it on my own body. Then, secretly and quietly, I took his corpse away and buried it in the thicke forest that is there.

"In the morning, when some of the miners that were there asked of me where he was gone, I answered them that he hadd gone unto the mynes of Espiritu Santo, & they belived me, and I stayed and labored at Bahia.

"From that day, I found not a single diamonde, bigg or little, though I labored many days & sought them earnestly, so that at last I said unto myself: 'There is a curse uponn me for that foul murder I have done, & I will not find any more gemms although I stay here till the Judgment Day. So I left that place, & came, after many wanderings, to New York.

"In the belt wh^h Van Zuyver wore I found enuff of Jewels to have made me richer than Solomon, the wise King of Israel, yet I feared to sell them, for I felt they were accurst. When I came to New York, I learned where the wyfe & child of Van Zuyver were, and the good voice within me whispered that I should give the gemms to these, butt I could not part with them, & so have alwayes kept them, never having them cutt or sett. But I have nevertheless, unbeknown to them, supported the widow & son of him I slew. The child, you, my sonne, well know. He is named Caution from his father's name. His mother is long dead.

"Do, my son, with these gemms, even as your soule bids you.

"Your father,

"MARTIN WILLOUGHBY."

This finished the original writing. At the foot of the page several lines were added, in different hands. The first read:

"Pay'd Caution Van Zuyver (he not



THE "SIVA" DANCE.

knowing whence it comes) a thousand dollars. I shall keep the gems.

"JAMES WILLOUGHBY."

Below, this :

"1823. Have sent part of the stones to Amsterdam for cutting. Where would be the justice of restoring them now to the present Van Zuyver ? They are as much mine as his.

"JOHN J. WILLOUGHBY."

"That last one," whispered Edith, "I am sorry to say, was added by my father."

Caution said nothing, but sat staring vacantly before him.

"So, that is what became of my ancestor," he murmured, at last.

"Yes," said Edith ; "and for his rightful property, for which he paid with his life, it is here."

She brought forth another casket and opened it.

"There is not a stone missing," she said.

Van Zuyver's eyes were dazzled. There, in that little box, were tiaras, brooches and rings set with brilliants, while below them were a number of uncut gems of all sizes.

"They are yours," whispered the girl. "They have never belonged to the Willoughbys, and the family have always seemed to feel a superstitious dread of parting with them. I can now hand them over to the keeping of their rightful owner. Take them, Mr. Van Zuyver ; they are yours."

"Twas

"Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."

Caution could not estimate the value of the heap of flashing stones, but knew that it must be great.

"Why—why—why—have you done this ?" he stammered.

Edith became somewhat indignant at this.

"Does it surprise you that I am more honest than my ancestors ? Had I discovered that parchment before I did (I found it only yesterday), you, Mr. Van Zuyver, would not now be selling books. I had no sooner read the narration than your singular name told me that you were the heir of the murdered man. And so I sent for you."

"But, after all," he said, "they *do* seem more yours than mine—you have always had them."

"Does that make them my property ? No, Mr. Van Zuyver, they are rightfully yours, and I am now only making a proper restitution."

"You are doing," he murmured, "a very noble act, Miss Willoughby, and I cannot thank you for conduct so highly inspired as yours has been. Wordy gratitude would be quite out of place. To give up a fortune because—"

"Because it was never mine ?" she cried, with assumed politeness. "Besides, do not believe that you have impoverished me, Mr. Van Zuyver, in taking the jewels. Keep them. And feel no gratitude to me."

He kissed her hand reverentially—at which she colored slightly—and then closing the casket, he departed with it, knowing that he was offering a rich prey to highway robbers and foot-pads, but feeling so dazed by this strange event that he did not realize the danger he ran.

* * * * *

Mrs. Hazleton's ball-room was one of the finest private dancing-floors in the city, and her carefully selected invitations were rarely answered with "regrets."

So her first dance of the season was well—almost too well—attended.

Among the later arrivals, Miss Willoughby appeared, chaperoned by her aunt, Mrs. Harburton.

Edith was looking delicately beautiful in maize silk surrounded by clouds of creamy tulle, and, although the famous Willoughby diamonds were absent from her hair and bosom, her toilet was perfect.

After paying her respects to her hostess, she was quickly surrounded by a crowd of men, anxious to inscribe their names in the tiny tablets hanging by their silken cords from her ivory-sticked fan. All the eligibles not otherwise most particularly engaged seemed to have pressed to her side—for the most part a handsome, aristocratic-looking group of gentlemen, such as Mrs. Hazleton was particularly fortunate in securing at her call.

"How d'ye do, Mr. St. Cloud ? Good-evening, Mr. Woodbury. Yes, you may have the fourth, Mr. Lowrey," and so on, spoke Edith, trying to mete out her attentions equally, and generously including the whole circle in her smiles, in an agreeable manner that had yet nothing of coquetry about it. But her air became marked with slight *empressement* as a new member joined the circle.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Van Zuyver. Why so late ?"

"I should have been early enough, had I known the pleasure in store for me in seeing you," he said, too low for other ears than hers.

She blushed ever so little, and as her court began to thin—only an insignificant little man, who seemed totally swallowed up in the huge white front of his shirt, and who was lying shrunk up in the back of an arm-chair, eying Miss Willoughby with an admiration too deep for speech, while an elderly gentleman, evidently unused to society, was endeavoring to make conversation with him on very frail material, being left near them—Van Zuyver took her fan and tablets from her unresisting hand, and opening the pages of the latter, poised the pencil.

"How many ?"

"The next Mr. Lowrey has," she said, gazing down upon the tablets ; "I suppose—you may have the fifth."

"It is a lanciers ; I would prefer the sixth."

"That is—"

"A waltz."

"Very well." His signature went down.

"That is not all ?" he said, pleadingly.

"How many do you want ?" she returned, smiling.

"May I not have these two—and this—and this—" indicating with the pencil.

"Really, Mr. Van Zuyver, won't you write your name across the page ?" she cried, with sarcasm, but still smiling with heightened color. "And they all waltzes, too !"

"Well, you will give me a quadrille in exchange for one of the waltzes, then," he begged, "and we can sit it out."

She pouted her lips with pretty insolence. "You are importunate, Mr. Van Zuyver. I can only let you have—Oh, here comes my partner !"—interrupting herself and snatching the fan from him, but not before his name had been placed opposite all the numbers he had indicated. She frowned and smiled coquettishly, and, as she took Mr. Lowrey's arm, murmured to Mr. Van Zuyver : "Very well, if you *will* have them," whereat he bowed gracefully.

Van Zuyver's ambition to enter the society-lists had been attained very speedily through the medium of the glittering stones for which his ancestor had died, as they proved to be in value not less than half a million of dollars.

His uncouth name had been a positive recommendation, as it proved him of Kuickerbocker parentage ; and that, in New York, where, as everybody knows, no aristocracy of blood exists, had nevertheless—backed by his new

riches—placed him on excellent terms with the *grand monde*.

Thus it was that his excruciatingly ugly name appeared on Mrs. Hazleton's exclusive list.

It is needless to say that, considering the singular circumstances of their first meetings, Miss Willoughby and he, on his entrance into the social arena, became close friends.

Nay, they were more.

Nothing of a "definite nature" had transpired between them; but Van Zuyver believed their thoughts were *en rapport*, and to-night he had determined to put his belief to the crucial test of a declaration.

They danced the waltzes he had bargained for, and then, the next number being the fated quadrille, he led her, panting and breathless, to that haven of refuge for lovers—that necessary adjunct of all ball-rooms—the conservatory.

Possibly she knew what was coming, for, as they passed the curtained portals, she was more shy and silent than was her wont. Possibly, also, she had little dread of the approaching *tête-à-tête*.

Miss Willoughby and Van Zuyver seated themselves in a retired part of the forest-like apartment, and Caution plunged in *medias res* at once.

"Edith," he said, with the most straightforward bluntness, "I asked you for this dance, and came here to sit it out, for the sole purpose of asking you to marry me, and now that we are here, I put the question without circumlocution: Will you be my wife?"

This was certainly an energetic and unembellished proposal, but the earnestness of the man's voice and the expression of his eyes, as he bent them on her down-turned face, waiting her answer, were eloquence itself.

The slow blush on her cheek and her long hesitation told him that he was successful.

He took her hand and bent forward.

"You *do* love me, Edith? You *do* believe that I love you?"

She gazed up firmly, sweetly, in his face.

"Yes," she answered, quietly, and without reserve; "and I will marry you."

He kissed the upturned lips lingeringly. The last bars of the quadrille sounded from the ball-room.

She rose slowly.

"I am engaged for this dance, Mr. Van Zuyver," she murmured.

"Mr. Van Zuyver!"

She pouted. "I don't like your first name," she said. "It may be a girlish romanticism," she went on; "but I should like to call you, in its stead, by the name of my ancestor who—who—murdered yours—Martin. So, you would seem to have forgiven his crime in the name of its victim."

"Call me so, then, love."

"And thus the Willoughby heir-loom of crime has been effaced," she whispered.

He kissed her fondly once more, and she went smiling back to the ball-room.

JEALOUSY.

A GREAT many people run down jealousy, on the score that it is an artificial feeling, as well as practically inconvenient. This is scarcely fair; for the feeling on which it merely attends, like an ill-humored courtier, is itself artificial in exactly the same sense and to the same degree. I suppose what is meant by that objection is that

jealousy has not always been a character of man, formed no part of that very modest kit of sentiments with which he is supposed to have begun the world, but waited to make its appearance in better days and among richer natures. And this is equally true of love, and friendship, and love of country, and delight in what they call the beauties of nature, and most other things worth having. Love, in particular, will not endure any historical scrutiny; to all who have fallen across it, it is one of the most incontestable facts in the world; but if you begin to ask what it was in other periods and countries—in Greece, for instance—the strangest doubts begin to spring up, and everything seems so vague and changing, that a dream is logical in comparison. Jealousy, at any rate, is one of the consequences of love; you may like it or not, at pleasure; but there it is.

It is not exactly jealousy, however, that we feel when we reflect on the past of those we love. A bundle of letters found after years of happy union creates no sense of insecurity in the present; and yet it will pain a man sharply. The two people entertain no vulgar doubt of each other; but this pre-existence of both occurs to the mind as something indelicate. To be altogether right, they should have had twin birth together, at the same moment with the feeling that unites them. Then indeed it would be simple and perfect, and without reserve or after-thought. Then they would understand each other with a fullness impossible otherwise. There would be no barrier between them of associations that cannot be imparted. They would be led into none of those comparisons that send the blood back to the heart. And they would know that there had been no time lost, and they had been together as much as was possible. For, besides terror for the separation that must follow sometime or other in the future, men feel anger, and something like remorse, when they think of that other separation which endured until they met. Some one has written that love makes people believe in immortality, because there seems not to be room enough in life for so great a tenderness, and it is inconceivable that the most masterful of our emotions should have no more than the spare moments of a few years. Indeed, it seems strange; but if we call to mind analogies, we can hardly regard it as impossible.

THE FLIGHT OF INSECTS.

SOME insects use all four wings in flight, such, for example, as the dragon-flies, bees, wasps and May-flies. Some, like the beetles, locusts and the Hemiptera, or half-winged insects, only use the hind pair of wings for flight, the first pair being greatly thickened, and forming covers called "*elytra*," beneath which the flying wings can be sheltered when not in use. In many insects, such as the common blue-bottle fly and the gnat tribe, one pair of wings appears to have vanished altogether; but in reality they are only undeveloped, and still exist in a rudimentary form. In the case of the blue-bottle they form tiny "*alulæ*," or winglets, while in the case of the gnat they are shriveled up into a pair of little slender spikes, the tips of which are knobbed. These rudimentary wings are called "*halteres*," or balancers; and small as they are, and insignificant as they appear to be, they exercise so great an influence on the flight, that, if one of them be cut off, the insect seems unable to guide its course. The *halteres* are very conspicuous in any of the insects which are familiar to us under the title of "daddy-long-legs," and their structure can easily be made out with an ordinary pocket-lens.

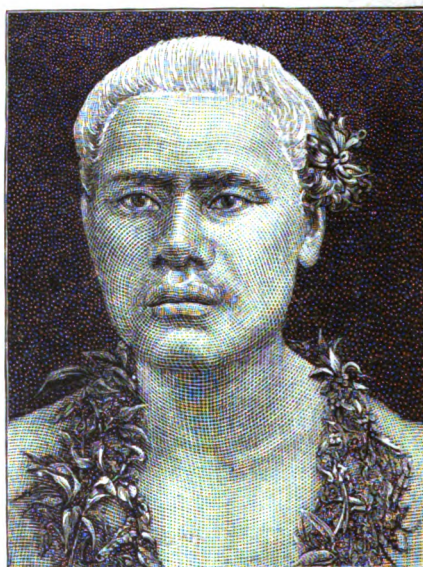


THE HARBOR OF APIA.

SAMOA, AND THE TROUBLES THERE.

BY ERNEST WILKINSON, U.S.N.

A GLANCE at a map of the Pacific Ocean will show a few black specks, about latitude 140° south, longitude 170° west; these specks being the Navigator or Samoan Islands. There are six of these islands, which, together with the numerous islets, have an aggregate surface of 2,650 square miles, or a trifle more than that of the State of Delaware. Of this small area, the mountains and the jungle occupy the greater share, leaving the sea-coast and the valleys of the little streams for the habitat of the natives. The soil is composed of disintegrated lava, and is exceedingly rich. On it grow, in great luxuriance, bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, orange, lemon, nutmeg, paper-mulberry and banana trees, with palms of many varieties; while the smaller plants—indigo, coffee, arrowroot, sugar-cane, wild ginger, the pine-apple, taro and yams—yield abundantly. All of these are useful to the native, but the bread-fruit and the taro furnish him his staple articles of diet, while the paper-mulberry contributes the *tapa* cloth for his scanty clothing, and the bamboos and rushes add the materials for the thatched hut that he calls home. The house is a frame-work of



NATIVE METHOD OF BLEACHING THE HAIR.

poles, covered with a roof of thatch made from long grasses and from the leaf of the cocoa-nut palm. The roof is impervious to rain, and nothing more is required. The sides of the house may be drawn up or let down at will, being composed of a number of curtains made of plaited grass. In fine weather these curtains, which are



TAMASESE, THE USURPING KING.

used as a stove or place to cook. In all the huts, lying round about may be seen war-clubs, spears, etc., rude nets and fishing-implements, drinking-gourds and rough

very pliable and durable, are kept raised during the day, but at night and during the rainy season they are drawn closely down, making a very snug interior. The furnishing of the house consists chiefly of mats on which to lie, little blocks of wood, with four short legs stuck in them, for pillows or rests for the head, and a hole in the earth, lined with rocks,

brownish red, by an application of lime made from coral. The women are smaller, but many of them are quite pretty, and nearly all have fine eyes. Men and women suit their raiment to the warmth of the climate, and a breech-clout of *tapa* cloth, extending from the waist to the knee, usually forms their only garment. This is sometimes supplemented by a calico shawl or shirt, but the latter is hardly yet common.

The natives have long been converts to Christianity, the first mission in those seas having been established in Samoa; and Apia has been the chief centre from which Christianity spread in the South Pacific. John Williams and many other missionaries have sailed away from Samoa to meet a martyr's death in those far southern seas.

No more chaste or honest set of people than the Samoans, as a whole, can be found. This, however, applies to the people as they appear in their native villages,



UNITED STATES COALING-STATION, PAGO-PAGO.

wooden bowls of various forms and sizes. Their war-clubs are very handsome and much ornamented. They are made from hard-wood, beautifully carved, sometimes in regular and sometimes in odd and fantastic designs, and their shapes are as numerous as their carvings.

Frequent rains abundantly water the tropical vegetation of the Samoan Islands, and the numerous little mountain streams distribute it to man and beast.

Although the islands are capable of supporting a large population and the climate is salubrious, "perverse civilization" from without, and tribal feuds from within, have rapidly decreased the population, so that the Samoans are now only 40,000, against twice that number a quarter of a century ago. The men are fine specimens physically. Their average height is about five feet ten inches, and their small hips, square shoulders and powerful biceps would do credit to a gladiator. They keep their bodies greased with cocoa-nut oil, and the skin shines like a piece of polished bronze. The hair is bleached a

and not to Apia, where, under the influence of the white man, their morals have degenerated.

On gala occasions, native dances, called *sieas*, are a great feature. In the old days they were very immoral, but they have been much toned down since the coming of the missionaries, and do not occur often. The performers in the dance, mostly young girls, seat themselves in a semicircle; they are dressed only in the *lava-lava*, and their dark bodies, smeared with cocoa-



MALIETOA, THE DEPOSED KING.

nut oil, glisten in the light of the lamps. Their hair and shoulders are decked with garlands of flowers and grasses. On the mats before them they drum with their fingers, keeping a most peculiar time. Suddenly one of the performers leaps to her feet, and to the time of the beating fingers goes through a series of fantastic steps, now receding, now advancing, and swaying and writhing as the music rises or dies away. Another one joins her, and sometimes two or three, and they continue winding in and out until, through sheer exhaustion, they retire, and others take their places. This they keep up for some time, their final efforts being almost frenzied.

All the natives, male and female, young and old, are splendid swimmers, seeming to be nearly as much at home in the water as on land. They swim out to ships from the shore, and any time they wish to leave the ship, quietly jump over the side and swim away. Equally skilled are they in handling their canoes. In fact, the islands are known as the Navigator Islands because of the proficiency of the natives in this direction. This name was given to them by the captain of a French vessel, who was struck with admiration at the skillful handling of their canoes by a party of natives far out at sea. Every wave threatened to engulf them, but they continued on in safety. Their canoes are very narrow, being made from logs, hollowed out, and are fitted with an outrigger on one side. This outrigger runs nearly the entire length of the canoe, and extends out from the side two or three feet, the outward extremity resting in the water. It serves to keep the canoe steady, and prevents it from easily upsetting. Their war-canoes are built-up boats, many logs being used in their construction, and are large enough to hold twenty-five or thirty men. Propelled by about twenty stalwart natives, singing war-songs, and keeping time by striking their paddles on the gunwales of the canoe, they present a formidable appearance.

The largest island of the Samoan group is Savaii; but its dearth of harbors, and the dense jungles in the interior, render it of comparatively little present importance. Opolu contains the Samoan metropolis and capital, Apia, a town of about a thousand inhabitants, and is the principal island of the group. The Island of Tutuila has the harbor of Pago-Pago—the best in the group—where the United States has the privilege of a coaling-station. This harbor is land-locked, and once within its sheltering arms, it is impossible to detect the entrance, high, verdure-clad hills shutting it out from view. These hills surround the harbor on all sides, and for the most part rise abruptly from the water to a height of 800 or 1,000 feet, covered from base to summit with luxuriant tropical vegetation. The islands abound in rich level lands, on which could be raised tropical productions of every kind, such as sugar-cane, rice and cotton. The climate is generally fine, though rather disagreeable during the rainy season. Tutuila has acquired melancholy historical interest from the fact that it was the scene of the murder, by the natives, of M. Le Compte de Lange and M. Laurance, together with their boat's crew, all members of La Pérouse's exploring expedition.

To the casual observer, the insignificance of these small oases in the great desert of the Pacific Ocean might seem to preclude the possibility of their ever becoming of importance for either colonization or political strategy; but it is to the very fact of their extreme isolation that their importance is due. In these days of steam navigation, an unbroken chain of coaling-stations is necessary to successfully carry on either mercantile or naval operations; and as a coaling-station, far out in the

waste of waters of the Pacific, the Samoan Islands furnish unequalled advantages. Then, too, they lie almost on the lane of commerce between California and British Columbia and the rapidly growing British colonies of Australia and New Zealand; and they would furnish a base of supplies for operations in all the South Pacific.

For the past ten years Samoa has been a Naboth's vineyard to several of the Powers. Germany, England, New Zealand and Australia have cast covetous eyes on these islands, while even the non-colonizing United States Government has realized their importance and established a coaling-station there, pledging itself, in consideration of this privilege, to use its good offices toward the settlement of any present or future difficulties with foreign Powers in which the islands may become involved.

Germany has carried matters with a higher hand than the other Powers, and has, link by link, been forging her chains upon the helpless islanders. To have a pretext for interference, Mr. Weber, manager of the German trading firm, and the German consuls, have been fomenting dissensions between the rival parties in the islands; and, in 1884, they forced an obnoxious treaty on Malietoa, by which Germany was given a virtual suzerainty over his dominions.

Malietoa and his chiefs subsequently repudiated this treaty, and petitioned the Queen of England to annex Samoa. Although the petition was refused, England and Germany formally agreed that Samoa, Tonga, and certain other island groups, should be absolutely neutral territory. At this time, the present King, Tamasese, incited by the German authorities, was leading several thousand men in a revolt against Malietoa. The latter was anxious to suppress the rebellion at the outset, but he was dissuaded from doing so by the English and American Consuls, who promised to protect him in case he maintained peace. The German squadron present openly countenanced the rebels by moving down abreast their camp and exchanging unusual civilities; the Germans had also hauled down Malietoa's flag, and hoisted their own over Mulinu, and it seemed that the King was to be crushed beneath the iron heel of Germany.

At this juncture, Mr. Greenebaum, the American Consul, at the request of the King, hoisted the American flag over the palace, and declared the islands to be under the protection of the United States. He based this action upon the fifth article of our treaty with Samoa: "If, unhappily, any differences should have arisen, or shall hereafter arise, between the Samoan Government and any other Government in amity with the United States, the Government of the latter will employ its good offices for the purpose of adjusting those differences upon a satisfactory and solid foundation." This prompt action of the American Consul put a temporary stop to German interference, but Secretary Bayard promptly disavowed our Consul's action.

"Had Mr. Bayard permitted the American flag still to fly, the conference would not have been broken up. Malietoa would not have been seized and deported, the scandals related, and injustices suffered by the subjects of the Powers would not have been heard of, and the present civil war, with its certain dangers and unpleasant results, would not have taken place."—[W. L. REES, in *Nineteenth Century*, November, 1888.]

Commissioners, appointed by England, Germany and the United States to settle the difficulty, visited Samoa in 1887, and then met in Washington; but their proceedings were not harmonious, and the conference broke up without accomplishing anything. These proceedings have never been given out, as Germany and England refused Secretary Bayard's request to have them published.

While this commission was still in session, four German war-ships entered the harbor of Apia, and demanded an indemnity and an humble apology from King Malietoa for alleged injuries to German subjects and alleged insults to the German nation. The King tried to temporize, and the German admiral declared war.

The King and his friends fled to the mountains, and the Germans brought Tamasese to Apia and declared him King.

After Malietoa had been three weeks in the mountains, his regard for the safety of his friends, rather than any lack of personal bravery—of which fault his worst enemies could never accuse him—caused him to issue the following proclamation:

"TO ALL SAMOA:

"On account of my great love to my country, and my great affection to all Samoa, this is the reason that I deliver up my body to the German Government. That Government may do as they wish to me. The reason of this is because I do not desire that again the blood of Samoa shall be split for me. But I do not know what is my offense which has caused their anger to me and my country. Tamasese, farewell! Manono and family, farewell! So, also, Bafai, Tutuila, Aana and Atua, farewell! If we do not see one another in this world, pray that we may be again together above. May you be blessed. I am, MALIETOA THE KING."

On the 17th of September, Malietoa went to the German barracks and gave himself up. On his way to the boat that was to carry him to the German flag-ship, the people followed him, weeping. It was a sad picture—a king, beloved by his people, rudely torn, through no fault of his own, from the land and the people he had known and loved so well, to be carried amid strangers to the other side of the world, probably never to see country, home or loved ones more. He was first taken to the Cameroons, off the African Coast, where he spent some time in exile, and thence he was carried to Germany. He has but lately been carried to Jalilut, one of the Marshall Islands, where he is watched by German soldiers. There seems little chance of his ever being allowed to return to Samoa.

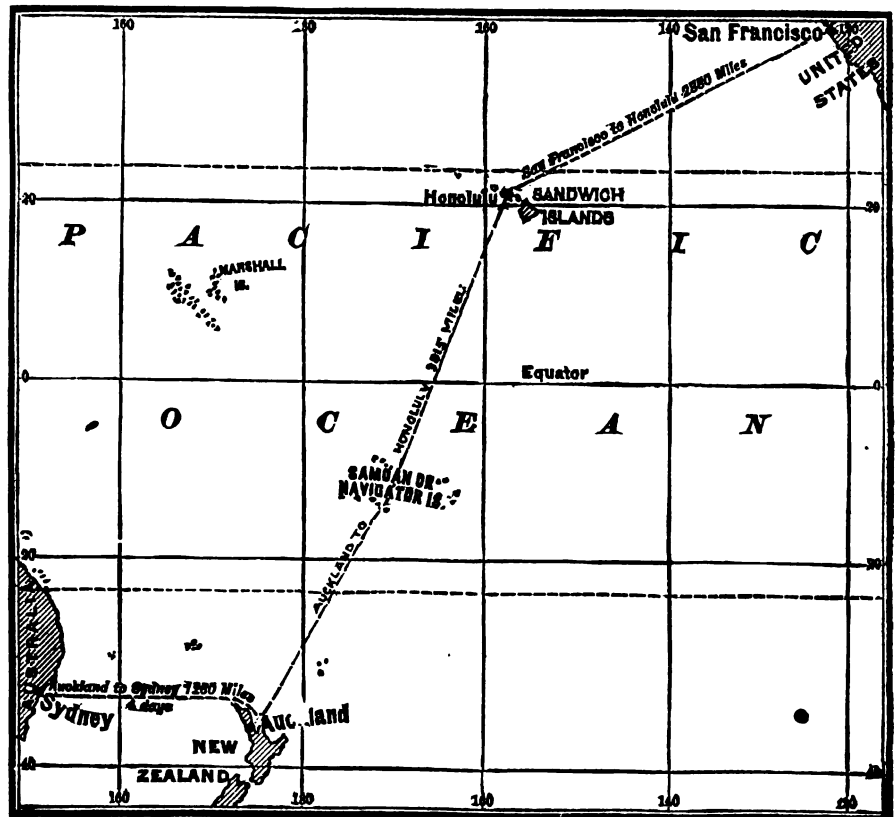
Herr Brandeis, formerly a clerk in the German Consulate, was appointed Tamasese's prime minister; and it is needless to say that, like his master, he is a mere tool of the Germans. He held a council of the chiefs, and compelled them to go through the farce of acknowledging Tamasese's election; but they have never accorded more than a reluctant obedience, and the great majority of the islanders pine for their exiled King, and have been only awaiting a time when the firm hand of Germany should be lifted for a moment, to break into open revolt. Late dispatches state that, upon Tamasese's assuming the title of "Malietoa" (the Samoan equivalent for the old Roman "Caesar"), the former King's adherents rose in revolt,

under the leadership of Mataafa, the rightful heir to the title and the kingdom.

Mataafa has been declared King by his faction, after defeating the followers of Tamasese in one battle and many small engagements. This civil war was waged in September, but not until December did either of the rival factions receive open aid from any foreign Power. But, the German and American trading companies had both, in defiance of treaty stipulations, been selling to their respective favorites arms and ammunition to continue to carry on the war—the latest sale being that of 20,000 rifle-cartridges to Mataafa's men by the American company, at the modest price of eleven cents a cartridge.

Bad feeling has been rapidly growing between the Germans and the greater part of the native and foreign population. This hatred is particularly noticeable when squads of German sailors come on shore, when noisy quarrels and fights are always in order.

On December 16th last, a "liberty party" of about 150 German men-of-war men landed in Apia, and adjourning to the various saloons, they began carousing in regular "Jacky" style. Bad blood and worse liquor soon brought on a number of rows with the inhabitants, and before long these developed into a riot, in which the Germans were against English, Americans and natives alike. Naturally, our strained relations in Samoa made them specially hostile to Americans, and in the affray several of our citizens were roughly handled, and a half-breed, who was acting as United States Marshal, was stabbed. In response to a protest from the English and American authorities, the riotous sailors were called or carried back to their ships the next morning. The press has magnified this lawless action of a mob of drunken sailors into an international episode. Mataafa's men were anxious to take a hand in the riot, but were dissuaded by United States Consul Blacklock.



MAP SHOWING THE SAMOAN ISLANDS AND THEIR RELATION TO COMMERCE.

About 2 A.M., on December 18th, a body of German sailors, with some of Tamasese's adherents, all under arms, landed about two miles from Apia, near Mataafa's camp. Accounts differ as to whether they were intended merely to guard German property or to surprise Mataafa's camp while his men were asleep. Each side also claims that the other *began* the firing, but both agree that the Germans were greeted, on landing, by a heavy fire from Mataafa's men, who were hidden behind trees and in the jungle. The Germans returned the fire of the natives, but the darkness and the bush prevented their seeing the enemy, and the fire was of little effect. The sailors were soon routed, with a loss of fifteen killed and thirty-eight wounded.

In revenge for this attack, the German vessels bombarded and then burned the village of Laulii, against the protests of the American Consul and Commander Mullan, of the United States steamer *Nipsic*. Commander Mullan sent an officer to notify the people of the village of the intended bombardment, so that they might remove the women and children. The entire population left, so that when the firing began the village was deserted.

It was here that the United States flag, that has figured in the press accounts, was accidentally scorched. It was not flying over a Consulate or any official residence, and, as now appears, it was not actually fired upon, nor torn down, nor insulted.

The Germans have not acted in good faith in their relations with Samoa, and while Bismarck was making fair promises in Berlin, his agents were carrying out high-handed measures in Samoa; but they have been careful not to *openly* affront either England or the United States the other two great Powers interested in Samoa. Germany has now, however, declared war against Mataafa and his followers, in revenge for the tragic affair of December 18th.

The diplomatic correspondence that has been going on

for months past between Mr. Bayard and Bismarck has lately become a subject of general interest; while the Secretary of the Navy, Congress and the President are all either acting, or about to act, in this matter that has just assumed such international importance.

If Germany is allowed to continue the policy of interference in Samoan affairs, a protectorate and annexation will be easy steps.

Secretary Whitney writes to the Chairman of the Naval Committee of the House: "A harbor at Samoa will be-

come of national consequence to us in the future as a naval Power, but if the islanders are to go under the dominion of Germany it would cease to be of use."

Hawaii, the Tonga Islands, and Samoa are the only independent groups of the myriad islands of Polynesia, the rest having been already seized by different European Powers. Should the United States lose her only coaling-station in all the great waste of the South Pacific, it would be a severe blow to her future hopes as a commercial and a naval Power.

Should the United States take a firm stand against German aggressions in Samoa, there seems little likelihood of any such grave result as an open rupture between the two nations; for even the iron Bismarck must see, across the path that leads from Germany to a war



A SAMOAN BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

with any great Power, the spectre of an injured and vengeful France.

Congress having voted the \$500,000 proposed by Senator Sherman for establishing an efficient coaling-station at Pago-Pago Harbor, should the necessary outlay of capital be made, and a moderate force kept there, the Germans would scarcely invite the grave responsibilities that any meddling with the autonomy of Samoa would then involve. At present we have no such claim, because we have no Government property there. While German aggressions have the manifest purpose of ultimate annexation, Germany disclaims any such intention; and it

might be easy to induce her to withdraw now, while, with the islands once annexed, it would require a terrible war to wrest them from her.

There is also a claim on the sympathetic side of our nature.



A FOREIGN RESIDENCE, APIA.

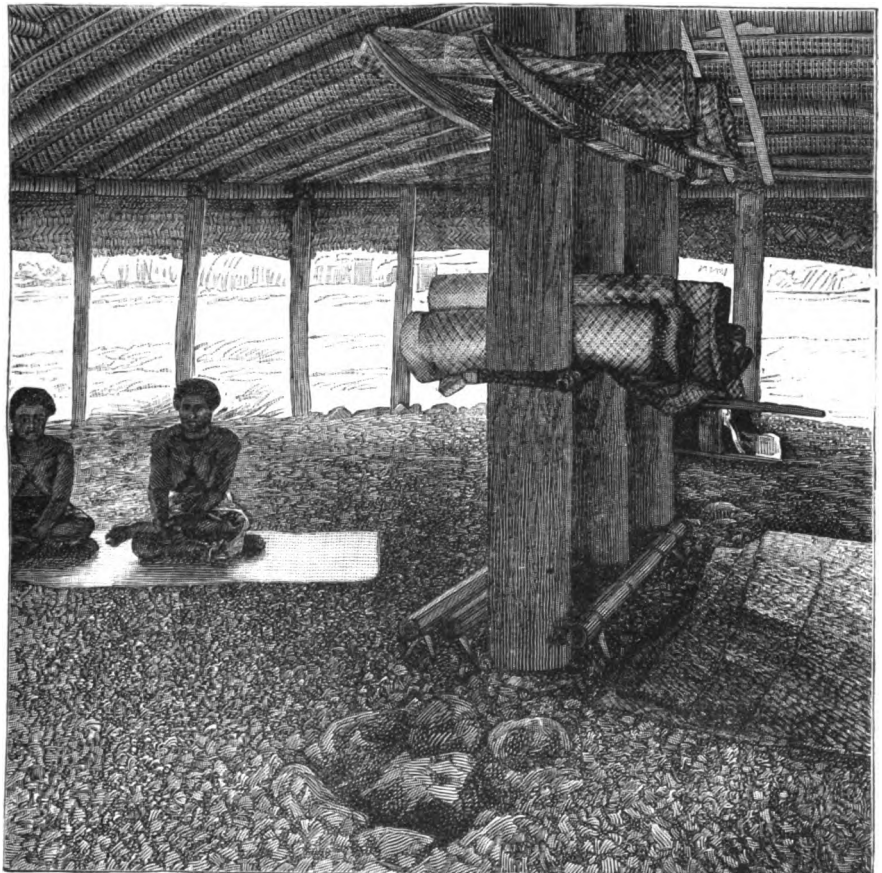
As Malietoa was about to crush the incipient rebellion of Tamasese, he was urged by the United States and English Consuls to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, and was promised the support of those two Governments to keep him in power. Trusting mainly to our Consul and to the treaty with us, he spared the rebels—and Tamasese, the rebel, now sits upon the Samoan throne. Malietoa kept his word to our Consul, and how have we made good our promise to him?

While the Samoan Napoleon treads the lonely shores of Jalilut, watched by his German jailers, we should think of our broken faith, and of that lonely old man gazing out into the mists of the Pacific Ocean, and dwelling sorrowfully on his home and his kingdom so far beyond the waves.

If you want to meditate, don't read. In a letter written by Comte is this: "Having found that among moderns reading is harmful to meditation, I have for years contracted the habit of reading only the great Western poets. I read every morning a chapter of the 'Imitation,' and every evening a canto of Dante, reserving for my leisure moments the other poets, thus reading annually all the masterpieces."



A SAMOAN BELLE.



INTERIOR OF A NATIVE HUT.

AFTER RAIN.

By S. A. A.

I.

DARK storms of rain have passed away,
Leaving the blue skies bare, and lol
Above the odorous fields of May
Red sunset-arches glow.

II.

The hawthorn-boughs are wet with drops
That flash and sparkle, each a star;
Bird-music chimes in every copse,
Re-echoed from afar.

III.

On wings with Summer fancies fraught
The blue-black swallow sweeping by,
Cuts, like an unexpected thought,
The silence of the sky.

IV.

I hear the laughter of a child
Down where the meadow-banks are all
Fretted with shifting lights and wild,
And dreamy shadows fall.

V.

I see two passing, where I stand;
I catch the sweet soft under-tone;
But they are walking hand in hand,
And I am here alone.

ON FALLING IN LOVE.

By R. L. S.

THERE is only one event in life which really astonishes a man and startles him out of his prepared opinions. Everything else befalls him very much as he expected. Event succeeds to event with an agreeable variety indeed, but with little that is either startling or intense; they form together no more than a sort of background, or running accompaniment to the man's own reflections; and he falls naturally into a cool, curious and smiling habit of mind, and builds himself up in a conception of life which expects to-morrow to be after the pattern of to-day and yesterday. He may be accustomed to the vagaries of his friends and acquaintances under the influence of love. He may sometimes look forward to it for himself with an incomprehensible expectation. But it is a subject in which neither intuition nor the behavior of others will help the philosopher to the truth. There is probably nothing rightly thought or rightly written on this matter of love that is not a piece of the person's experience. I remember an anecdote of a well-known French theorist, who was debating a point eagerly in his *salon*. It was objected against him that he had never experienced love. Whereupon he arose, left the society, and made it a point not to return to it till he considered that he had supplied the defect. "Now," he remarked, on entering, "I am in a position to continue the discussion." Perhaps he had not penetrated very deeply into the subject, after all; but the story indicates right thinking, and may serve as an *apologue* to readers of this essay.

When at last the scales fall from his eyes, it is not without something of the nature of dismay that the man finds himself in such changed conditions. He has to deal with commanding emotions instead of the easy dislikes and preferences in which he has hitherto passed his days; and he recognizes capabilities for pain and pleasure of which he had not yet suspected the existence. Falling in love is the one illogical adventure, the one thing of which we are tempted to think as supernatural,

in our trite and reasonable world. The effect is out of all proportion with the cause. Two persons, neither of them, it may be, very amiable or very beautiful, meet, speak a little, and look a little into each other's eyes. That has been done a dozen or so of times in the experience of either with no great result. But on this occasion all is different. They fall at once into that state in which another person becomes to us the very gist and centre-point of God's creation, and demolishes our laborious theories with a smile; in which our ideas are so bound up with the one master-thought, that even the trivial cares of our own person become so many acts of devotion, and the love of life itself is translated into a wish to remain in the same world with so precious and desirable a fellow-creature. And all the while their acquaintances look on in stupor, and ask each other, with almost passionate emphasis, what so-and-so can see in that woman, or such-a-one in that man? I am sure, gentlemen, I cannot tell you. For my part, I cannot think what the women mean. It might be very well, if the Apollo Belvedere should suddenly glow all over into life, and step forward from the pedestal with that god-like air of his. But of the misbegotten changelings who call themselves men, and prate intolerably over dinner-tables, I never saw one who seemed worthy to inspire love—no, nor read of any, except Leonardo da Vinci, and perhaps Goethe in his youth. About women I entertain a somewhat different opinion; but there, I have the misfortune to be a man.

There are many matters in which you may waylay Destiny, and bid him stand and deliver. Hard work, high thinking, adventurous excitement, and a great deal more that forms a part of this or the other person's spiritual bill of fare, are within the reach of almost any one who can dare a little and be patient. But it is by no means in the way of every one to fall in love. You know the difficulty Shakespeare was put into when Queen Elizabeth asked him to show Falstaff in love. I do not believe that Henry Fielding was ever in love. Scott, if it were not for a passage or two in "Rob Roy," would give me very much the same effect. These are great names and (what is more to the purpose) strong, healthy, high-strung and generous natures, of whom the reverse might have been expected. As for the innumerable army of anæmic and tailorish persons who occupy the face of this planet with so much propriety, it is palpably absurd to imagine them in any such situation as a love-affair. A wet rag goes safely by the fire; and if a man is blind, he cannot expect to be much impressed by romantic scenery. Apart from all this, many lovable people miss each other in the world, or meet under some unfavorable star. There is the nice and critical moment of declaration to be got over. From timidity or lack of opportunity a good half of possible love-cases never get so far, and at least another quarter do there cease and determine. A very adroit person, to be sure, manages to prepare the way and out with his declaration in the nick of time. And then, there is a fine, solid sort of man, who goes on from snub to snub; and if he has to declare forty times, will continue imperturbably declaring, amid the astonished consideration of men and angels, until he has a favorable answer. I dare say, if one were a woman, one would like to marry a man who was capable of doing this, but not quite one who had done so. It is just a little bit abject, and somehow just a little bit gross; and marriages in which one of the parties has been thus battered into consent can scarcely form agreeable subjects for meditation. Love should run out to meet love with open arms. Indeed, the ideal story is that of two people who go into love step for

step, with a fluttered consciousness, like a pair of children venturing together into a dark room. From the first moment when they see each other, with a pang of curiosity, through stage after stage of growing pleasure and embarrassment, they can read the expression of their own trouble in each other's eyes. There is here no declaration properly so called; the feeling is so plainly shared, that as soon as the man knows what it is in his own heart, he is sure of what it is in the woman's.

This simple accident of falling in love is as beneficial as it is astonishing. It arrests the petrifying influence of years, disproves cold-blooded and cynical conclusions, and awakens dormant sensibilities. Hitherto the man had found it a good policy to disbelieve the existence of any enjoyment which was out of his reach; and thus he turned his back upon the strong, sunny parts of nature, and accustomed himself to look exclusively on what was common and dull. He accepted a prose ideal, let himself go blind of many sympathies by disuse; and if he were young and witty, or beautiful, willfully forewent these advantages. He joined himself to the following of what, in the old mythology of love, was prettily called *nonchaloir*; and in an odd mixture of feelings—a fling of self-respect, a preference for selfish liberty, and a great dash of that fear with which good people regard serious interests—kept himself back from the straightforward course of life among certain selected activities. And now, all of a sudden, he is unhorsed, like St. Paul, from his infidel affectation. His heart, which has been ticking accurate seconds for the last year, gives a bound and begins to beat high and irregularly in his breast. It seems as if he had never heard, or felt, or seen, until that moment; and by the report of his memory, he must have lived his past life between sleep and waking, or with the preoccupied attention of a brown study. He is practically incommoded by the generosity of his feelings, smiles much when he is alone, and develops a habit of looking rather blankly upon the moon and stars. But it is not at all within the province of a prose essayist to give a picture of this hyperbolic frame of mind; and the thing has been done already, and that to admiration. In "Adelaide," in Tennyson's "Maud," and in some of Heine's songs, you get the absolute expression of this midsummer spirit. Romeo and Juliet were very much in love; although they tell me some German critics are of a different opinion—probably the same who would have us think Mercutio a dull fellow. Poor Antony was in love, and no mistake. That lay figure Marius, in "Les Misérables," is also a genuine case in his own way, and worth observation. A good many of George Sand's people are thoroughly in love; and so are a good many of George Meredith's. Altogether, there is plenty to read on the subject. If the root of the matter be in him, and if he has the requisite chords to set in vibration, a young man may occasionally enter, with the key of art, into the land of Benlah, which is upon the borders of heaven and within sight of the City of Love. There let him sit awhile to hatch delightful hopes and perilous illusions.

One thing that accompanies the passion in its first blush is certainly difficult to explain. It comes (I do not quite see how) that from having a very supreme sense of pleasure in all parts of life—in lying down to sleep, in waking, in motion, in breathing, in continuing to be—the lover begins to regard his happiness as beneficial for the rest of the world, and highly meritorious in himself. Our race has never been able contentedly to suppose that the noise of its wars, conducted by a few young gentlemen in a corner of an inconsiderable star, does not re-echo among the courts of heaven with quite a formidable

effect. In much the same taste, when people find a great to-do in their own breasts, they imagine it must have some influence in their neighborhood. The presence of the two lovers is so enchanting to each other that it seems as if it must be the best thing possible for everybody else. They are half inclined to fancy it is because of them and their love that the sky is blue and the sun shines. And certainly the weather is usually fine while people are courting. . . . In point of fact, although the happy man feels very kindly toward others of his own sex, there is apt to be something too much of the *magnifico* in his demeanor. If people grow presuming and self-important over such matters as a dukedom or the Holy See, they will scarcely support the dizziest elevation in life without some suspicion of a strut; and the dizziest elevation is to love and be loved in return. Consequently, accepted lovers are a trifle condescending in their address to other men. An overweening sense of the passion and importance of life hardly conduces to simplicity of manner. To women, they feel very nobly, very purely, and very generously, as if they were so many Joan of Arcs; but this does not come out in their behavior; and they treat them to Grandisonian airs marked with a suspicion of fatuity. I am not quite certain that women do not like this sort of thing; but really, after having bemused myself over "Daniel Deronda," I have given up trying to understand what they like.

If it did nothing else, this sublime and ridiculous superstition, that the pleasure of the pair is somehow blessed to others, and everybody is made happier in their happiness, would serve at least to keep love generous and great-hearted. Nor is it quite a baseless superstition after all. Other lovers are hugely interested. They strike the nicest balance between pity and approval, when they see people aping the greatness of their own sentiments. It is an understood thing in the play, that while the young gentlefolk are courting on the terrace, a rough flirtation is being carried on, and a light, trivial sort of love is growing up, between the footman and the singing chamber-maid. As people are generally cast for the leading parts in their own imaginations, the reader can apply the parallel to real life without much chance of going wrong. In short, they are quite sure this other love-affair is not so deep-seated as their own, but they like dearly to see it going forward. And love, considered as a spectacle, must have attractions for many who are not of the confraternity. The sentimental old maid is a commonplace of the novelists; and he must be rather a poor sort of human being, to be sure, who can look on at this pretty madness without indulgence and sympathy. For nature commends itself to people with a most insinuating art; the busiest is now and again arrested by a great sunset; and you may be as pacific or as cold-blooded as you will, but you cannot help some emotion when you read of well-disputed battles, or meet a pair of lovers in the lane.

THE BATTLE OF THE FUTURE.

LORD WOLSELEY's picture of the battle of the future is remarkable chiefly because of the confidence with which he relies upon the elimination of noise. "One remarkable change will be the absence of nearly all terrific noise which the discharge of 500 or 600 field-guns and the roar of musketry caused in all great battles. We shall have practically no smoke to mark the position of the enemy's batteries and troops in action. The sound of cannon will be slight, and will no longer indicate to distant troops where their comrades are engaged, or the point upon

which they should consequently march." What with smokeless powder and noiseless artillery, all of our old ideas of battle will be revolutionized. But is it not possible that now and then, at the proper psychological moment, a commander who suddenly served out some of the genuine old roaring kind of powder might do more by the sudden outbreak of the battle-thunder to demoralize the enemy than by the unmasking of a whole park of artillery?

A SENSIBLE GIFT TO A COLLEGE.

THE recent death of Mr. Walter Keney has been the subject of universal regret, and his life the subject of universal praise. It is said that H. & W. Keney (the

AN OBELISK WITH A STORY.

THE first Earl of Cromartie was descended from a younger son of one of the Earls of Seaforth, who were in those days almost kings of the North of Scotland. The second Earl of Cromartie was guardian to his kinsman, the Earl of Seaforth, a strong, hot-headed youth, who quarreled with him on every occasion. At one moment after a violent quarrel, Lord Seaforth had consoled himself by declaring his intention to do what he liked, adding that, as he was so much the younger, he would some day walk over Lord Cromartie's grave. The remark being repeated to Lord Cromartie, he declared that his unruly ward should never have that satisfaction, and left instructions that after his death he should be interred in



OUR IMBEILES.

Elderly Master (who can't see that his attentions are unwelcome)—"I'M SURE YOU'RE FOND OF MUSIC!"
Persecuted Fair One (pettishly)—"OH, YES—VERY—WHEN IT PUTS A STOP TO CONVERSATION!"

oldest and, perhaps, the most successful firm in Hartford) never had a lawsuit. It is related of Mr. Walter Keney that not very long ago he drove out to Trinity College, and had a pleasant talk with Dr. Smith, at the close of which he gave the president a check. Dr. Smith thanked him and put the check in his pocket, and did not look at it until Mr. Keney had gone. When he did, he found it for a sum so much larger than he had supposed, that he took a carriage and rode down-street to find Mr. Keney. He told him he had no idea the check was so large, and he wanted to know if Mr. Keney had not some directions to give as to its use. "No," was Mr. Keney's characteristic reply, "I just want you to spend that money for whatever you think best for the college." That was his way.

a certain green in the town of Dingwall, and that an obelisk, large enough to cover his grave and over twenty feet high, should be erected, so that his kinsman should never be able to carry out his threat. The obelisk can be seen by any one journeying to the west by the Skye Railway from Dingwall.

It is surprising to learn, from Lanciani's new work, what has been discovered amongst the ruins of Rome since 1872. The number of objects is almost countless, but among other things are 77 columns of rare marble, 405 works of art in bronze, 192 marble statues, 18 marble sarcophagi, 47 objects of gold, over 36,000 coins, and an almost incredible amount of other relics.

"NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM."

BY "LITTLE EM'LY."

"GREAT Jupiter the Thunderer! do you honestly mean to say that you gave twenty-five dollars for that chromo? I tell you, it's a daub!" and my brother Ted twiddled his blonde mustaches, and gazed at my beautiful landscape in oil with the would-be critical air of a connoisseur.

"Much you know about it!" I retorted, contemptuously. "I don't give *that* for your criticism," and I snapped my fingers with an air of defiance; "and I want you plainly to understand that this is no chromo, but a perfect copy in oil, from an original painting by Bougereau! A daub, indeed!" and I eyed my new-bought treasure with tender admiration.

"Looks more like an advertisement for Pierce's soap," said Ted, in a calmly aggravating voice, as he stuck his eye-glass in his left eye, and stared down on my cherished landscape in a manner calculated to fire the indignation of a saint.

"What! my lovely picture, that I bought from that fascinating, gentlemanly, Byronic-looking art-agent! Did he not tell me just where the original was to be seen in the Louvre, at Paris? And when he espied my drawing in the sitting-room, that drawing for which I had won the prize at college (although Madame Crayon had touched it up a little), did he not discern its wonderful merit, and remark that 'whoever had done that charming bit of work must have had a keen artistic instinct'? And when I modestly claimed the drawing as my own, and explained to him that it represented Niagara Falls, from the Canadian side—that I had never seen it myself, but had copied it from a photograph—did he not exclaim, as he gazed at it with more

interest, 'Mais c'est impossible! une demoiselle si jeune! It is, indeed, a miracle! A *rara avis*!'? A most discriminating man, and a thorough artist, I am sure," I finished, triumphantly.

"A thorough humbug and swindler, you mean, sis. Take my advice, and don't throw good money after bad—don't, don't," said Ted, with an oratorical sweep of the hand. "Get a frame for it, or you'll repent in sackcloth and ashes!"

"I have already bought one," I answered, calmly,



"I HAD BIDDY, THE COOK, UP TO HOLD THE LADDER FOR ME, WHILE I HOISTED MY PRECIOUS TREASURE INTO THE PLACE OF HONOR OVER THE MANTEL IN MY OWN PRIVATE SANCTUM."

"and it will arrive this evening"—Ted groaned—"and I have also written to Cousin Minerva to come to-morrow and inspect my purchase; and I am sure she will agree with me that it has been a judicious investment. Your judgment?"—I went on, severely—"goes for nothing! The only thing you can discuss or admire is the ballet at the opera!" I added, with what I consider was a fine bit of sarcasm and a very neat repartee.

Ted leaned back in his chair, thrust his hands into his pockets, and burst out into a loud "hee-haw."

"Balaam's ass must have brayed just like that," I cried, with justifiable irritation; "and whenever I hear your vulgar 'hee-haw,' I feel strongly inclined to the Darwinian theory"—Ted laughed more rudely than before—"and Goldsmith must have had you, or a very good imitation of you, in view when he wrote 'of the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind!'" With this parting shot I tenderly lifted my darling, much-reviled twenty-five-dollar oil-painting in my arms, and walked, with imposing dignity, to the door, which I opened, and shut to after me with a bang that reverberated through the house, while Ted's odious laughter followed me as I mounted the stairs to my own particular "den."

I wonder why brothers think themselves privileged to say such disagreeable things to their sisters? I have often heard my friends quote my brother Ted as a model of courtesy; I have heard them speak of his Chesterfieldian air, etc., etc.

"Indeed, I always hold him up as a model to John or Jack or Dick" (as the case may be), I am told by my friends who are also afflicted with brothers.

"Chesterfieldian air? Bosh! Chivalry? Fiddle-sticks!" I retort. "My dear girls, on my solemn word of honor, I assure you that Ted is no whit better than John or Jack or Dick. If anything, he's worse! Brothers are all shams—from wicked Cain down to Brother T——e. They are only made to shine in public, and to say pleasant, honeyed things to other brothers' sisters. As to their own! Ah, ça! c'est une autre affaire!"

That evening the frame arrived—a very handsome frame, costing fifteen dollars. For was I not going to do all honor to my picture?—and does not a brilliant diamond gleam with greater lustre in a dainty setting? I awoke early the next morning, took a hurried breakfast, sought out my implements of war, and then, armed with a large nail, a small hammer and a piece of silver picture-wire, I commenced operations. I had Biddy, the cook, up to hold the ladder for me, while I hoisted my precious treasure, now gorgeously mounted, into the place of honor over the mantel in my own private sanctum. And Biddy's profound delight and admiration, as she stood with her mouth wide open (and Biddy's mouth, when open, is a serious affair and a wonderful spectacle), deeply flattered my *amour propre*; and although her enthusiasm was profuse, it was not discriminate; but the poor thing never had had an opportunity to study art, and so, of course, I would not attach too much importance to her naïve remarks.

"And oh, miss, ain't them little ducks jest too cute! They remind me of the foine breed me mother raised in the owld counthry; they does, miss—they're as nat'ral as life!"

"Why, Biddy, those are not ducks! Don't you see that they are little sail-boats?" I answered, with a vague misgiving; and although I knew she was but an ignorant Irish girl, I'm afraid my voice was rather sharp, as I went on to explain that what she mistook for a potato-patch was a shadowy range of mountains, and that the sun which glowed in the blue above was *not* the full moon.

And Biddy saw her mistakes so clearly, and became so enthusiastic, that I gave her on the spot two of my finest nainsook aprons, all tucked and ruffled, and which I knew she admired immensely and had secretly coveted for a long time.

"And oh, miss," said the delighted Biddy, as she bobbed her thanks, "do yez wish to bake this mornin', in case you have company for tea? The oven is jest the right heat for jumbles."

"No, never mind about the baking to-day; I couldn't bring my mind down to jumbles, and I might spoil the dough."

So Biddy lifted and carted away the ladder, seized the hammer, and disappeared to the lower regions; while I sat in the easy-chair before the grate, gazing blissfully up at my landscape, and building delightful castles in Spain.

"Yes," I soliloquized, "I shall begin an art collection. Of course I won't be able to buy originals by the very best masters, but I can get good copies; that art-agent will probably come in again, when he has anything worth selling. Let me see—Aunt Deborah promised me a hundred dollars for my birthday—I'll invest it in pictures! But then, I had intended buying one of those short, nobby seal-skin jackets—I'm just aching for one! And that stuck-up Nancy Biddles does put on such airs with hers, that it is really and truly disgusting; it just shows that she is not used to wearing one! I'd look ever so much more stylish in one than she does. I know, and I should love to put her nose out of joint, she's so conceited! And the way she parades past the house, in her jacket, is simply outrageous! But no; I have a soul above seal-skin and frivolity, I hope; and I'll show the world at large what a high-minded girl can do, for the sake of art. I wouldn't be as narrow-minded and frivolous as that Nancy Biddles—no, not for any amount!" and I felt a warm glow at my heart, and was quite charmed with myself.

"Excuse me, miss," said Biddy, suddenly interrupting my delightful reverie; "I've knocked twice at the door, miss, and as you didn't answer, I made bold to enter, miss; and Mrs. Brasher, your married sister, she be down-stairs, wid little Johnny; and will yez coom down, miss, or shall I ax her to walk oop?"

"Oh, tell her please to come up, by all means; I want her to see my picture."

"And shure, she'll praise it widout stint, an' she'll be deloighted wid it, Oi'm sartin," said Biddy, in a positive voice, as she looked toward it again, with a large daub of smut ornamenting her honest pug-nose.

"Now, hurry down, and ask Mrs. Brasher to come right up."

"Oi will, miss;" and Biddy vanished, while I waited impatiently my married sister's appearance.

At last I heard her step on the stairs, and the patter of little Johnny's feet; so I arose, and flung wide the door.

"Behold!" I cried, as my sister paused on the threshold to recover breath.

I caught up little Johnny and smothered him in kisses, and I saw the slowly rising delight and admiration dawning in my sister's eyes.

"Oh, how sweet!" she breathed, ecstatically, and then stood, lost in pleased wonder, while I condescendingly explained how I had come to invest, told how much I had paid for the frame, what the picture had cost, how very reasonable it was (when you consider that it was copied from the original at the Louvre), and wound up with a glowing eulogy on my Byronic art-agent.

"Well," said my married sister, as she undid Johnny's

comforter, "I don't pretend to know much about art, but one thing I must say. We all have a good eye for color; it runs in the family. (Do hold still, Johnny! How can I get your things off, if you fidget so?) And your color-faculty seems to be even more fully developed in you than in the rest of us. I'm sure, the way you blended those silks in that design for a fire-screen was simply a revelation in high art—now, you know it was!"—as I modestly murmured a feeble disclaimer. "And I think you have displayed excellent judgment—nay, I may say a real *genius*—in selecting that frame. That ivory-tinted plush, with those faint, delicate gold tracings, is perfectly exquisite, and brings out the coloring of that sky in a remarkable and truly realistic way! And what a lovely group of trees! What *are* they—oaks or poplars? And the boards at the side of that little cottage look as smooth and brown as the hard-wood flooring in my drawing-room! And that fence—it's as straight and even as possible! Now, that is the great beauty of art," went on my married sister, as she took Johnny on her lap and fed him with chocolate-cream drops to keep him quiet. "In real life that cottage, probably, would be a tumble-down shanty, with one blind broken off, the paint dull and dingy, or else a dirty white, and the fence in a terrible state of dilapidation; and probably this very painting was taken from just such an one as I have described. But the artist has the happy faculty of renovating such a disgraceful state of affairs on his canvas; he adds fresh paint on the roof, puts up a solid fence in place of that disgraceful and rickety ha-ha, clears off those silly chickens and that scraggy pup from before the door, and puts in that clear, sweeping, emerald-green lawn sloping down to the creek; and there you have it—a clean, cozy, well-painted landscape!"

And my married sister leaned back in her chair, gave a gasp, to recover breath, and smiled amiably.

"But," I began, a little doubtfully, although, of course, I felt very much flattered at her warm admiration; for was not her long harangue a glowing eulogy on my artistic discrimination, and was not the incense sweet unto my soul?—"but don't you think that a cottage not quite so new and alic, you know, would be a great deal more natural?"

"My dear girl—no!" said my married sister, with mild forbearance. "For instance, when you see anything going wrong in the world, and you have the power to better it, would you sit with your hands folded, and not move a muscle to correct it? Don't tell me—I know better. You would be the very first to devote your energy to put things on a better footing. It runs in our family. We are none of us selfish, thank Heaven!"

I confessed, with beaming eyes, that I should dearly love to become a philanthropist.

"Very well, then," went on my married sister—"so it is with the artist. When he sees a tumble-down cottage going to pieces, for want of repairs, he sits down and renovates it, on canvas. Of course, it's more natural for such a hut to be disgracefully dilapidated—same as it is natural for my little Johnny here to have a dirty face. Now just look at that child! he's smeared all over with those chocolate-creams—but for every evil there should be a remedy."

And my sister began a vigorous polishing on her offspring's chubby countenance, which that young gentleman resented in a spirited manner.

"Now, there is a proof for the most skeptical." And then she pointed triumphantly to his round, rosy, shiny cheeks. "Does he not look like an angel now? And a minute ago he was a sight!"

And thus my sister demonstrated, with convincing eloquence, how closely art is allied to materialism. So, whatever faint misgivings may have lingered in my memory, when I recalled Teddy's sweeping condemnation of the day before, were completely dispelled. And when, later, my artist-cousin arrived, with my brother, I received her with more than my ordinary warmth and cordiality.

"So Ted tells me I am not to enter the premises in my usual fashion. This is to be no social visit, but purely professional."

I assured her, warmly, that in whatever fashion she showed up, she was always gladly welcomed.

"I can't devote much time to you this afternoon, I'm sorry to say, as I have an important 'sitting' to finish at the 'League.' So take me at once to this wonderful picture, that I may pronounce judgment upon it," she added, laughingly.

I preceded her up the stairs, while Ted brought up the rear, with his mouth puckered in a most derisive and impertinent fashion. When my cousin, at last, turned to the picture, after having embraced little Johnny (who is really a dreadfully spoiled child), I waited, with suspended breath, not to hear judgment pronounced, but with triumphant elation. I experienced beforehand that divine thrill, such as Napoleon must have felt when he returned after a great victory, and was hailed with shouts and acclamations by his devoted and loyal people.

Then there fell a sudden and intense silence upon us, as Minerva scrutinized the picture over the mantel. Even little Johnny caught the subtle influence of the moment, and sat quite still, with his round blue eyes open to their fullest extent.

At last my cousin turned toward us, and a vague and uneasy misgiving took possession of me. Where was the warm approval and admiration that I expected to see in the glance of her eye? Alas! that sweet feeling of self-appreciation which had warmed my inmost being all day fled, appalled by the cold, critical stare of my artist-cousin. My Pegasus, which I had mounted in the morning with such glad triumph, and which had carried me so swiftly and lightly all day, through the realms of Fancy, into a land all glowing with color and beauty, gave one feeble kick and expired with a convulsive groan, before this stern, dread and implacable Siva!

"My dear girl," then said Minerva, quite calmly, "you have been sadly duped!"

My sister gave a gasp, and sank back on the lounge. Johnny whimpered. Ted whistled, grinned, and said, "I told you so!"—which of all phrases is, I think, really the most annoying and disgusting sentence in the English language. I should love to send an appeal to the Government to completely efface and do away with it; and any person—man, woman or child—caught using it, *in flagrante delicto*, to be heavily fined.

But—"hope springs eternal in the human breast"—it might not be quite so bad, after all. So I rallied my waning forces, and began, in a wheedling voice:

"You mean, Cousin Minerva, that I paid a *little bit* too much for my landscape—is that it? Well, I don't mind. I suppose the art-agent had to get his commission out of it."

"And a very good commission he got, by George!" said Ted, with one of his odious grins.

I didn't deign to retort. I eyed him with superb scorn, and waited with a sinking heart for the Oracle's answer.

"You want me, of course, to give an unbiased opinion, and to pronounce judgment?" said Minerva, again turning to the picture.

"Ye-e-s," I gasped, feebly.



GRANDFATHER.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.

"Well then, my dear, your art-agent did not charge you only a 'little bit' too much, but, I should say, making a rough calculation, about twenty-three dollars too much. Yes, I should think the canvas and the paints and brushes would cost about two dollars."

I stared at her in incredulous surprise and dismay.

"Hear, hear! A Daniel—a Daniel has come to judgment!" cried Ted, clapping his hands.

"I tell you," cried my married sister, who had recovered sufficiently by this time to feel that her opinion of my artistic merit, and of her own judgment, was being shamefully demolished by rude hands, and valiantly coming to my rescue, for I had utterly collapsed—"I tell you, Cousin Minerva, you must be mistaken. I consider that landscape deliciously natural, without mentioning the frame, which I hope you do not also include in this sweeping condemnation?" And my sister's voice was replete with polite sarcasm.

"The frame? Oh, the frame is indeed charming!" my cousin amiably agreed. "I hadn't noticed it before."

"Well," said my sister, somewhat appeased, "I am sure I don't understand how you can criticise that picture in such a very—excuse the expression, but I must say, in so prejudiced a manner!" Minerva smiled, superior. "And it is well known," went on my sister, stung by that smile into open antagonism, "that artists are very jealous of one another, and do not display that *entente cordiale*, that impartial honesty and courtesy, which members of the same profession should practice toward each other."

"My dear creature," said Minerva, with lofty forbearance, "you are a good soul"—my sister snorted, indignantly—"and a good housekeeper, wife and mother;

but '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*,' which means," said my cousin, condescendingly, "that the shoe-maker must not go beyond his last." And when you begin to discuss paintings, you are way beyond your depth."

"Oh, of course, Miss Minerva, I never pretended to such great brilliancy as yours, and I am humbly grateful to you for crediting me with the small merit of being a good wife and mother"—here my sister caught up little Johnny, and pressed him convulsively to her heart—"but I should like to know how you dare to compare me with a shoe-maker! My husband may not be an *artist*"—great sarcasm on the last word—"but he is an intelligent, upright, honest member of society, and he—"

"There you go!" said Teddy, clutching his hair in wild despair. "I never knew a lot of women to meet in a room together for ten minutes without going for each other tooth and nail. Now, do be quiet for one minute! We are here to listen to Minerva's criticism. Proceed, O Oracle! we humbly pray thee, and let us imbibe thy words of wisdom!"

"Words of fiddle-sticks!—rubbish!" muttered my sister, as the Oracle began her lecture.

"You of course understand, my beloved brethren, that the closer art resembles nature, the nearer do we arrive at that point of perfection which is a true artist's goal and ambition?"

Ted acquiesced cheerfully, as the Oracle paused for a second; but I was too miserable to answer, [and my sister had deliberately turned her back to us, and was, to all intents and purposes, deaf and dumb.

"Well then, this thing here"—and Minerva indicated my picture by a contemptuous wave of the hand—"is a



GRANDMOTHER.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.



THE SUN'S CORONA DURING THE ECLIPSE OF JANUARY 1ST, 1889, AS OBSERVED FROM THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS, CALIFORNIA.—SEE PAGE 508.

'counterfeit presentment' of Mother Nature, and of the worst possible kind. It really ought not to have taken you in for a moment, my dear—the defects are so glaring."

Ted grinned, I groaned, and my sister was seen to *hancher les épaules*.

"Now then, for instance, take that group of trees in the background. Why should they be so very sombre, when, as far as I can perceive, this landscape is to represent a peaceful noon-day scene? Where is the delicate play of light and shade on those leaves? Could you, for one moment, imagine them to be whispering together, as the Summer winds blow softly through them? I pause for a reply."

"No, by Jove! they're planted so firmly, I don't believe a hurricane could move 'em," cried Ted, with a chuckle.

"And now, O my brethren and fellow-sinners," went on the Oracle, "turn your eyes to this cottage. What a slick, neat, well-polished hut it is, is it not? Alas! it hath no soul! It is 'icily regular—splendidly null.'"

"Well, what's wrong with that?" cried my sister, suddenly facing round. "Would you rather behold a tumble-down shanty?"

"Yea, indeed would I," said Minerva, cheerfully, to this sarcastic query; "and that cottage, with some of the paint washed off, and a few rusty nails in the boards, would be a great improvement."

"I'll fire some in for you, Cousin Merva. I've dot a whole lot of dem in my tool-box, w'at dood old Santa Claus gave me for Chwistmas!" volunteered little Johnny, eagerly.

"No," proceeded the Oracle, after this interruption; "the whole composition is null. Look at that sky, and that range of hills; there is no breadth in the backgrounds; the coloring is dry, the work hard, without the least idea of softness in it. And those little dark spots are to represent shadows thrown by the sun? Ye gods! that thick daub of gray and white is to be a stream, I suppose? But where is the sparkle of the waters?—where is the light from the sun? Not one little glint—alas! And those are sail-boats? They might be easily mistaken for rabbits." (Here I thought of Biddy's remarks in the morning, and groaned.) "But what is the use of analyzing it further? The sky is poor, the clouds are heavy, instead of looking transparent and fleecy, and altogether it is lacking in artistic qualities; the whole composition is untrue to nature; there isn't the least bit of honest work about it. I'm sorry for you, my dear; you've thrown your money away on a daub. Your frame's pretty, and I advise you to save it for a better piece of work. Good-by; I must hurry away now!" And the Oracle disappeared, carrying all my bright visions with her, gallantly escorted by Ted.

"It's remarkable," commented my sister, as I sank into the easy-chair with a groan, "how cheerfully some people can view their friends' misfortunes! After all, it's very easy to criticise; but I don't believe she could have done it better herself."

And my sister gave her bonnet a vicious tug, as she tied it on before the glass. So this was the end of all my beautiful air-castles! As soon as I was left alone, I brought in the ladder, and again mounted it; but oh! with what different feelings from the morning! I took that picture down—this time without Biddy's help—and then, with a doleful but heroic smile, I bore it up to the garret, where it now reposes among the cobwebs and broken-down furniture, with its face to the dusty wall, ingloriously and ignominiously.

Alas! if I knew where to get sackcloth, I would drape myself in it—and if *ashes* were not the worst possible thing for the hair, I would dust my flowing locks with them—and do penance day and night. I have indeed proven the wisdom of the old proverb, and with Minerva I also mournfully exclaim: "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam!*"

NEW PROCESS FOR PROTECTING IRON AGAINST CORROSION.

A new process for protecting iron against corrosion, now employed by a company at Port Chester, N. Y., is said to give satisfactory results. The company is now manufacturing sanitary soil-pipes treated by this method, which is described by Mr. H. Haupt as follows: "After the pipes have been lowered into the retorts by means of a traveler, the retorts are closed for about fifteen minutes, until the contents are heated to the proper temperature. Steam from a boiler at sixty pounds pressure is then introduced into the superheater, which it traverses, and from which it escapes at the temperature of the iron, upon which it acts for about one hour. A measured quantity of some hydrocarbon is then admitted with a jet of steam, followed again by a fixing-bath of superheated steam, which completes the process." Professor Gesner, the director of the works, says there is no pressure in the retort, and that there are no free explosive gases. The water-seals attached to the retorts show only slight oscillations, but not an inch of pressure; and when the covers are removed and air admitted, there is no explosion, as there always is when free hydrogen, or carbonic oxide, is present. The absence of pressure and of explosive gases is a proof that all the operations have been so nicely regulated as regards material used, quantity, and time of application, that a perfect absorption and union of the carbon, oxygen and hydrogen with the iron has been effected. The protection thus afforded to the iron is not a mere coating, like paint, but is said to be an actual conversion, to a greater or less depth, into a new material. When properly treated, this material does not seem to be detachable by pounding, bending, hammering, rolling or heating. The pipes treated at Port Chester have been immersed in baths of dilute sulphuric acid and exposed to the salt air for weeks without change, while untreated pipes were quickly covered with red oxide, or with sulphate of iron.

GARBAGE-FURNACES.

ONE of the most valuable papers lately presented to the American Public Health Association was that entitled "Garbage-furnaces and the Destruction of Organic Matter by Fire," by S. S. Kennington, M.D., President of the Minneapolis Board of Health. He described the Forrestal garbage-crematory in use in Milwaukee, the Ryder in Pittsburgh, the Mann in Montreal and Chicago, and the Engle in Minneapolis, Des Moines and Coney Island. This latter style of furnace has just been completed at Milwaukee, and was put into operation for the first time during the session of the association. Health-officer Clark of Buffalo described the garbage-crematory in use in that city, and said that its entire running expenses were defrayed by the lubricating oils extracted, alone; so that even if no market could be found at times, or at all, for the resultant fertilizers, they might at least be used as the furnace's fuel, and thus save coal.

AN AMERICAN ECLIPSE EXPEDITION IN THE ORIENT.

BY PROFESSOR DAVID P. TODD.

"Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun."

So Shakespeare has it; evidently the astronomer was not consulted. But he will record no objection, if only the "clouds and eclipses" can find it quite agreeable to do their "staining" otherwise than simultaneously.

Every one knows how Professor Young, in the early Summer of 1887, set out on his eastward journey to Russia to note the phenomena of the total eclipse of that year, and also how, at his station, "clouds and eclipses" filled the sky together.

There was at the same time one other American party journeying westward, to meet the moon's shadow when, during the same eclipse, it should cross the islands of the Mikado's Empire.

This latter expedition was organized under the auspices of the National Academy of Sciences and the United States Navy Department, and, with general instructions from Professor Newcomb, was placed in the charge of Professor Todd.

Probably the preparations for photographing the eclipse surpassed in completeness and variety those of any single expedition at any previous eclipse. That part most interesting to relate here pertains to the sun's corona.

While it seems certain that the corona is a purely solar phenomenon, it behaves very unlike an actual solar atmosphere. Luminous gas is always present, in greater or less degree, in the parts nearer the sun; but a solar haze of vaporous particles, or fine meteoric dust, appears to afford the most likely explanation of this puzzling spectacle. The confused interlacing of its filaments, especially near the solar poles, shows an activity of forces, possibly in part electric, which is difficult to understand; while the long eclipitic streamers, sometimes observed, suggest a probable connection with that equal mystery, the zodiacal light.

Precise knowledge of this solar concomitant advances slowly. Astronomers have as yet found no sure way to observe it, unless the sun is eclipsed, and opportunities for studying it directly are thus confined to a few hours in a century.*

In addition to the extensive apparatus of the Japan expedition provided by the Government, the Observatory of Harvard College liberally furnished the means of investigating certain important problems in connection with the corona.

Chief among these was the question of suspected rapid changes in its appearance. No previous eclipse had given so favorable an opportunity for this research. Russia and Japan being thousands of miles apart, with the eclipse-track crossing both, more than two hours of absolute time would intervene while the moon's shadow was sweeping eastward from one country to the other. If the corona could be photographed from these two widely separate points, and under precisely similar

conditions, the pictures would obviously show just how much the corona changed meanwhile.

The Pickerings of Cambridge prepared everything necessary for this interesting research, while Professor Young and myself engaged to operate the apparatus at our respective stations, and return the plates to Cambridge for identical development.

The month preceding our departure for Japan was one of busy preparation. To utilize to the fullest the rare moments of the eclipse, the astronomer has first to dictate just how much can safely be undertaken, and plan accordingly. New instruments must be devised, and old ones remodeled to subserve special purposes. Some parts must be provided in duplicate, to meet possible contingencies. In fact, one must anticipate every need likely to arise during weeks of residence at a foreign station, probably remote from large cities.

The Japanese Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington had most courteously given the expedition and its members the necessary credentials, including letters to prominent officials of his Government whose assistance might forward the ends of the expedition. At last the complete apparatus had been fully tested, and carefully packed for a month's travel by land and water.

The Canadian Pacific route from Montreal to Yokohama, though so new that no one had yet gone over it, offered the extraordinary inducement of an 8,000-mile journey with only two transfers—an advantage which travelers with some dozens of pieces of baggage were not slow to appreciate. Should we take it, and through possible delays run some risk of being (like *Le Gentil*, during the transit of Venus of 1761) still at sea when the phenomenon occurred?

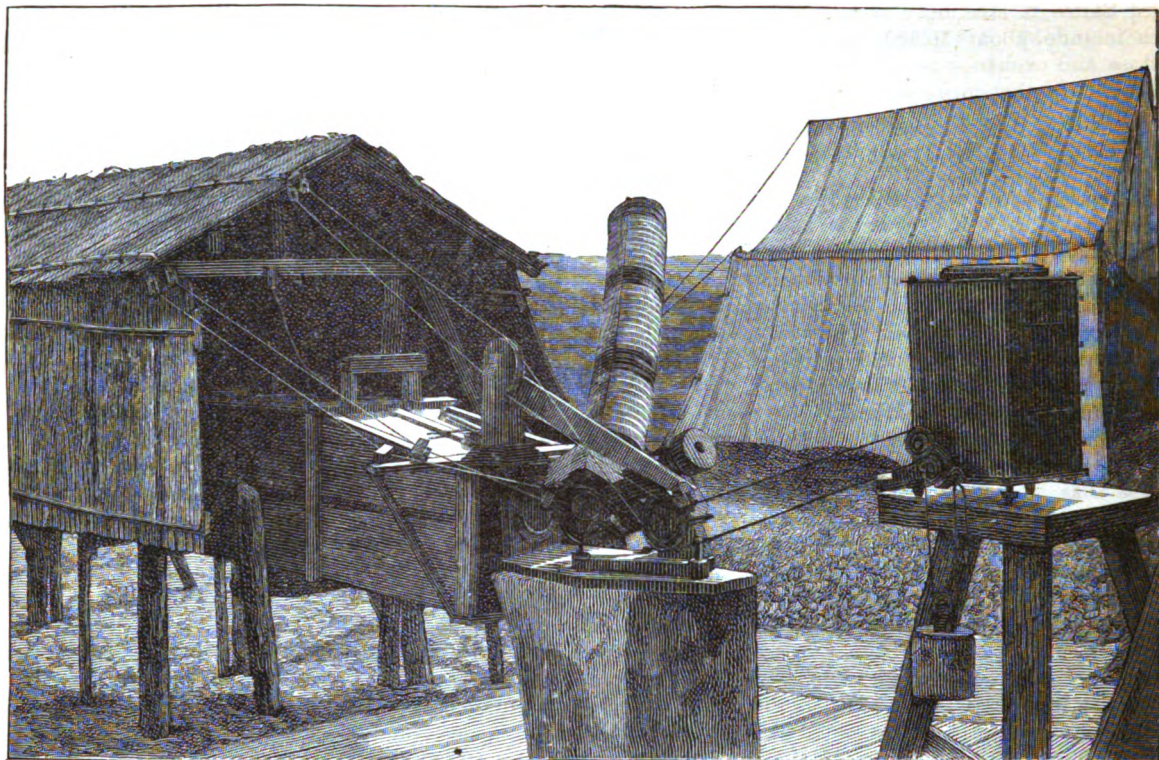
Diligent inquiry appearing to authorize the venture, the eclipse party set out from Boston on the 9th of June, as the Canadian Pacific pioneer passengers for Yokohama, via Winnipeg and Vancouver. The rugged scenery on the north of Lake Superior, the absence of alkali desert and sage-bush, and the superlative grandeur of the Rocky Mountain ranges, made the transcontinental journey a thing of delight. At Winnipeg our little party had met with a welcome accession, Dr. Holland, of Pittsburgh, joining the expedition as its naturalist.

As we reached Vancouver, the coast terminus, all anxiety about steamer connections was speedily relieved, for alongside the wharf lay the *Abyssinia*, within a stone's throw from the train. A part of a day sufficed for the safe stowing of the precious baggage amidships, the instruments largely forming the cargo. With a ballast of coals and Chinese, we weighed anchor off Victoria in the early evening of the 20th of June, and awoke to find ourselves well out on a rough sea, in the midst of a north-west gale, and everything remote from pacific. If it is true, as a Japanese proverb says, that "a sea-voyage is an inch of Hades," then we must have traversed about seventeen furlongs of Pluto's domain the first day out.

It was a voyage uneventful—5,000 miles of dreary, aqueous waste—the horizon clear-cut to-day, to-morrow woolly with mist. Forward were petrels and flying-fish; albatross astern. We channeled through a boundless expanse of water-prairie—no icebergs—and for more than a fortnight never so much as a mast or sail in view.

The captain's course leading through the comparatively untraversed region of the North Pacific, one of

* If the most favorable circumstances all combine, the sun can never be totally obscured quite so long as eight minutes, and the eclipse of the 18th of August, 1868, is the longest ever satisfactorily observed, totality at the best stations lasting five minutes and twenty-six seconds. The eclipse of 1887 offered average conditions, having a duration of about three and a half minutes in the most accessible localities. The eclipse of 1889 was two minutes long.



THE GREAT PHOTOGRAPHIC TELESCOPE, AS MOUNTED ON "ECLIPSE CASTLE," SHIRAKAWA, JAPAN.

our party felt interested to take the temperatures of the sea-water at frequent intervals. Little variation from 50° was apparent, until we reached the *kuro-siwa*, or black current—the "Gulf Stream of the Pacific"—where, some 700 miles off the Japanese coast, the surface-temperatures rapidly rose to nearly 75° .

We had left the American shore amid the general rejoicing of the Queen's Jubilee; the end of the first week in July found us at anchor in the harbor of Yokohama, almost in time for a celebration of the "glorious Fourth," in which a score of the men-of-war surrounding us had joined, irrespective of nationality.

Various small craft swarmed quickly around us. Among them we soon espied the welcoming cutter of the United States steam-ship *Brooklyn*, from which Lieutenant Southerland, United States Navy, boarded our steamer with gratulatory messages, of which that most to our notion was the order from the Secretary of the Navy, detailing him, with Passed Assistant Engineer J. Pemberton, United States Navy, for duty with our expedition so long as it should remain in Japan. If their help was welcome in anticipation, it proved a hundred-fold more so in the realization.

Arrangements were made at once to get the instruments ashore.* The letters from the Japanese Minister secured immediate passage through the custom-house, and they were stored in the Government "go-downs" (fire-proof store-houses) until it was decided where to locate the eclipse-station.

His Excellency R. B. Hubbard, the American Minister Plenipotentiary, entered into our plans most heartily, and

every service was promptly rendered. By his direction, Dr. Norton Whitney, the interpreter of the Legation, was temporarily attached to the expedition, and his assistance became invaluable.

All the officers of the Imperial Government with whom we came in contact were most ready with courteous endeavor to forward our ends; first of all, the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, who placed us in immediate relations with the several departments of the Government. Passports, usually restricted, were granted for our entire party, with permission to travel anywhere in Japan.*

A strange land it was to us—meteorologically, most of all. The enterprise of modern Japan has supplied a well-organized weather-service; but, for maritime reasons, the stations are all upon the coasts. These being veiled in likely haze on August afternoons, we decided to journey inland for our station.

Here was little meteorological certainty—save uncertain skies. Four weeks must be reserved for establishment of the station, setting up and adjusting the instruments, building the necessary houses, and making preliminary observations. Two weeks thus remained for looking about.

This was quite to the notion of our naturalist, who felt the necessity of abundant travel through the main island in order to accumulate largely for his collections and subsequent research. Meantime we all became naturalists in a degree, each making his own private collection—chiefly *Pulex irritans*—with success directly proportional to his epidermic tenuity.

Dr. Holland restricted his work to plants and insects, more especially the latter; and the remarkable affinity

* The Bay of Yokohama affords perhaps a good harbor, but there are no available wharves for landing cargo and passengers; steam-ships anchor half a mile or more from the Bund, and the transfer of cargo to the *hatoba*, or landing, is made by lighters—a tedious and annoying process.

* When a foreigner travels beyond treaty-limits, the Japanese passport becomes an absolute necessity, as all inn-keepers are required by statute to transcribe the passport of every guest before he retires.

between the flora and the insect fauna of Japan and the United States is strikingly apparent in his collections, which include about 10,000 specimens. By extensive purchase and exchange he acquired nearly half as many more—notably the entire collection of the *Pyralidæ* of Japan,* representing seventeen years' work of a famous resident entomologist, and containing many undetermined species possibly new to science. So it came near proving true in Japan as here at home, that "the best place to collect is in somebody's else collection."

Mr. Aria, the Director of the Meteorological Central Observatory, placed at our disposal the entire *data* bearing on the choice of the stations; and Dr. Knipping, the meteorologist of the service, cordially gave us the benefit of his intimate knowledge of Japanese skies.

The new railway constructing from Tokio northward was just completed to Shirakawa, a point about twelve miles north of the line of central eclipse. We therefore undertook at once a reconnaissance of the entire region as far as that locality.†

There was much to look out for besides preparations at the principal station. Experience at home had shown that the untrained observer might do good work in de-

* These interesting little creatures are far from subserving their ends in the cases and catalogues of the collector—a mere "inventory of God's property," as Thoreau puts it. An exhaustive monograph on the pyralids of Japan is in preparation, in which this abundant and unique material will be fully utilized.

† The elements entering into the choice of an eclipse-station are diverse, and all desired conditions are rarely if ever within reach. Of course, the observer must be close to the middle of the eclipse-track, otherwise he will lose certain features of the corona, and sacrifice too many of the brief moments of total obscuration. Aside from that, meteorological probabilities have the first importance; but safe transportation of the apparatus must also be insured; the sanitary condition of likely stations must be regarded; proximity to a sizable town is most desirable, in point of the ability to procure the necessary workmen and materials, not to say the simpler comforts of living; water must be abundant for photographic purposes, and there ought to be telegraphic communication with some large city, so that the exact longitude of the station may readily be found.

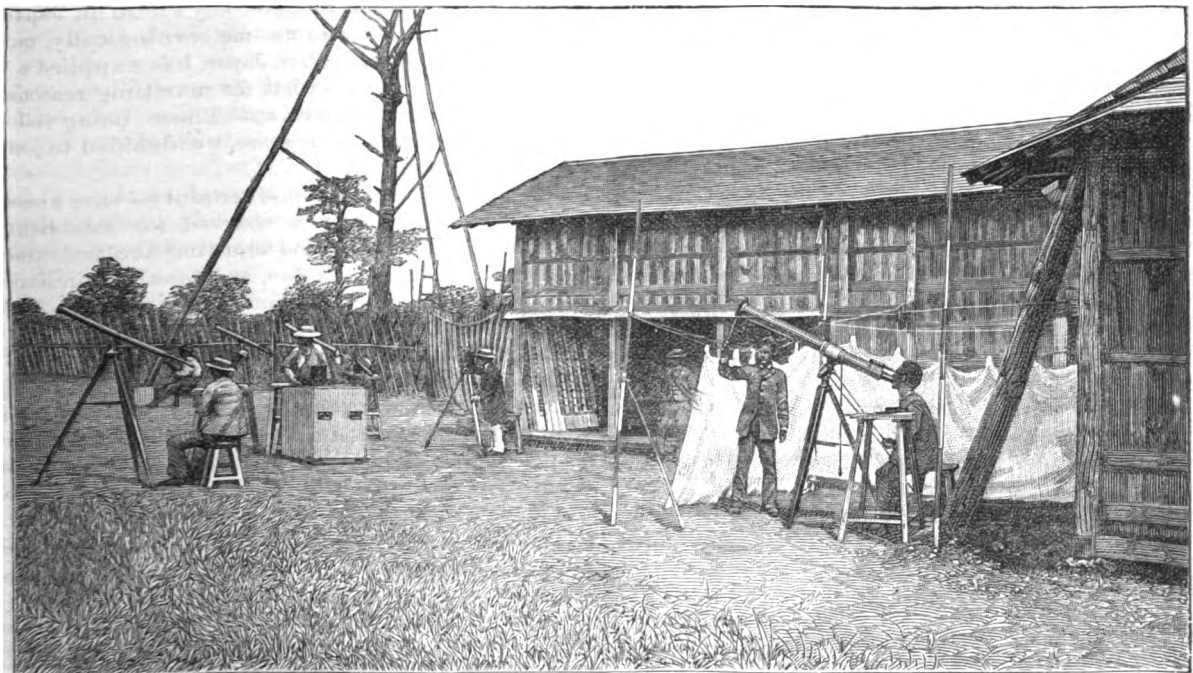
picting the corona, and our party, therefore, prepared suitable instructions, which were turned into Japanese, printed by the University, and then widely disseminated through the co-operation of the *Mambusho* and *Naimusho* (Japanese Departments of Education and of the Interior).

Another set of instructions was similarly distributed to observers along the north and south edges of the shadow-path, where the sun would thus remain in total eclipse only a few seconds. They had to note simply the number of seconds that totality lasted, and their observations would be useful in fixing the position of the moon's shadow, and the precise direction in which it moved.

Professor Pickering desired us, if practicable, to use a part of the corona-apparatus on the summit of one of the mountain-peaks, of which there are several adjacent to the centre of the shadow-path—notably, Nantai-san, 8,500 feet high. Dr. Holland, therefore, set out for its summit; but his report of the difficulties of the ascent, the absence of water-supplies, and the likely afternoon clouds encircling the mountain, led us to abandon this peak; while the others were too far away from the central station to permit of occupation, with the time and assistance at our disposal.

Our journey northward on the little railway (a narrow gauge, with English rolling-stock, and excellently managed) naturally arrested general attention. The objects of our coming were, of course, known from the native newspapers, more or less vaguely. A Japanese fellow-traveler eyed us long and attentively; his thoughts were running back a third of a century, or more, for he stepped across the car to hand me a slip, on which he had written in rough characters, "Perry came with gun, you come with telescope"—a forceful suggestion of the sweeping changes (some for better, some for worse) which have overwhelmed this Orient land meanwhile, in a progress which Sir Charles Darwin used often to say was "the greatest wonder of the world."

The trip through the interior of Japan was most fruitful. President Narabara, of the Japanese Railway Company, gave us unlimited facilities. Every available point



JAPANESE ASTRONOMERS IN TRAINING AT KUROISO.

was visited, and subjected to thorough inquiry. The influencing conditions were arbitrarily classified; *pros* and *cons* were solicitously balanced, and Shirakawa became our chosen station.

By the railway, Shirakawa is northerly from Tokio nearly forty-seven *ri*. The town is one of rare beauty in situation. To the north is the picturesque old castle, for centuries the stronghold of the *daimio* of Oshin. The last to surrender to the Mikado's forces, it was burned a score of years ago, and is now an imposing ruin.

Count Oyama, the Secretary of War, obligingly acceded to our wish to occupy this favored spot. Army tents were supplied, the undergrowth was cleared, the inclosure for the telescopes and apparatus was staked out, and our free life in "Eclipse Castle" began at once.

As a matter of record, the precise location of the instruments, in relation to the surrounding country, must not be omitted. Officers of the Survey Bureau of the Japanese War Department joined us at the castle, and gathered the data for an elaborate topographical map of its environs.

The entire party, now twelve in number, was called into constant service, and the upper castle was a scene of great activity. Coolies for rough work were had in great numbers from the town, and carpenters, too—excellent ones. Although their tools seemed to us very meagre, work fine enough for a cabinet was rapidly executed, if desired. Their daily wages were twenty-five *sen*—about nineteen cents—nor did we hear any whining for more pay.*

If any one thing impeded our operations more than another, it was the difficulty of precise communication of ideas. Complex notions of elaborate apparatus existed in the minds of American astronomers in the abstract; but their concrete realization at the fingers' ends of Japanese carpenters was quite another matter. The obstacles to the transit of ideas were prodigious.

The poverty of definite terms in the native tongue appeared to be the chief trouble. Our own education in Japanese having been sadly neglected, from youth up, we abandoned ourselves trustfully to our interpreter, Mr. Aino, a clever student at the Imperial University, whom President Watanabe kindly assigned to the expedition.

Typhoons and earthquakes were ever-present possibilities in imagination. Had one of these oriental storms swept over the castle, our flimsy structures on its breezy walls must have been a hopeless wreck, in spite of all precaution or effort.

The piers for the telescopes must be very stable, or their adjustments are liable to be disturbed. Having in mind the liability of earthquakes, I directed them to be built very large, and of about one-half the customary height. Three weeks and more had passed, and no instability of the piers had been detected, nor had any earthquake attracted notice. Shortly after one o'clock on the morning of the 15th of August, however, we were awakened by a vigorous rocking or swaying to and fro. The source was unmistakable, in spite of the novelty of the sensation. Shouts came from all the tents, whose inmates had been roused simultaneously by the same cause. The earth swayed back and forth not less than twenty times, I should say. I awoke shortly before the time of maximum vibration, and estimated that about twelve vibrations were distinctly felt. It seemed as if the

amplitude of vibration exceeded half an inch, although it must have been much less. The swaying was perfectly regular and extremely rhythmical; and the next night's observations revealed no displacement.*

The principal instrument was a huge telescope, forty feet long, fixed horizontally north and south, and a light-proof tube was built around it. The end opposite the object-glass terminated in a photographic house, or dark-room, forming thus a camera so big that the photographers could work inside it.

In front of the tube was a plane mirror of unsilvered glass, mounted in a frame turning slowly by clock-work, so as to keep the sun's rays reflected in a constant direction through the telescope. My plans for this instrument (called the horizontal photo-heliograph) included one hundred or more pictures of all phases of partial eclipse, a score of which would show the slender crescent in the various stages of its development, immediately adjacent to totality. We had experimented many days in overcoming the difficulties which had hitherto rendered such pictures unavailable for exact measurement, and success with artificial crescents showed that all the new problems arising had been solved.

Although photography in one form and another entered so largely into the plans of the expedition, I was obliged to wait until reaching Japan to provide myself with suitable photographic assistants. Mr. Hitchcock, an American teacher in Osaka, volunteered his services, and at Tokio, Mr. Ogawa, a Japanese photographer of much experience, joined our expedition. Nor was the Celestial Empire without efficient representation. Miss Y. May King, M.D., the first Chinese lady to have availed herself of scientific education in America, who was then journeying homeward, became a valued member of our photographic corps.

By specially contrived devices, the forty-foot telescope was convertible into a huge "coronagraph." This required many modifications; but all were possible, and with the loss of a few seconds only. All the light of the faint streamers must here be saved, so a silvered mirror took the place of the unsilvered one, a new exposing-shutter came into action, the slow wet-plates were replaced by the most sensitive dry ones of large proportions, and the operators must work in almost total darkness.

The drill-practice showed that we might expect to obtain eight or ten such plates during the three brief minutes of totality, one of which plates should be exposed to the action of the coronal light as long as sixty-four seconds. Thus we should have a complete picture of every part of this mysterious solar appendage, and painted by the thing itself on such a scale that subsequent enlargement would be undesirable.

There was no idle guest at the castle. Each was assigned a part in the programme of eclipse-day; he must make his own preparations and join in the general drill.

Alongside the great telescope and the photographic house was mounted a variety of apparatus for specialized research on the corona. Of this, the nine-foot telescope was perhaps the most important, as it was the exact counterpart of the Russian apparatus, and its manipulation was assigned to Lieutenant Southerland. Then came

* To an American, the happy content of the laboring classes in Japan is a constant and welcome surprise. I think there would be more of it at home if relations of human friendliness could be established here, somewhat as they exist between the upper and lower classes in Japan.

* The solid walls of the old castle furnished the best foundation. Professor Todd utilized, also, the stump of a huge *cryptomeria*, recently felled, driving three bolts solidly into it, and founding one of the instruments on that. The observing-hut was built carefully around it, so that the roots should not be disturbed, and no better foundation could have been desired. In fact, nature had been building our pier for centuries.

a double coronagraph with five-inch lenses, operated by Assistant Surgeon Ames, United States Navy; a four-inch single-lens coronagraph, by Dr. Bethune McCartee; and apparatus for determining the actinic effect of coronal light, by the American Consul-general, Mr. Greathouse, of Yokohama.

One of the busiest men at the station was Mr. Pemberton, whose mechanical dexterity was in constant demand. Practical astronomy is in good part a science of practical mechanics; apparatus is perpetually breaking down, getting out of adjustment, and requiring modifications and additions; while the invention of new methods calls for new mechanical devices. Our programme for the photo-heliograph was very full, and Mr. Pemberton's services made the rapid working of it easy.

It was with the greatest difficulty that daylight was totally excluded from the dark-room. As the boards were thin, small apertures were numerous; and a waggish cooly was detailed for special duty with paste-pot and paper, lamp-black and swab. But while his laudable efforts were in large measure crowned with success, we still found it necessary to thatch the outside with straw and sheets of cedar-bark. Altogether the exterior was a picturesque little structure.

Eclipse-day was now not far away.

Our guests had gathered at the castle, and each was assigned a special part in the observations. The drill had been concluded, and transits had been taken to correct our chronometers. The astronomers had retired in the instrument-tent alongside; but one of them rested "with one eye open," and part of the time both.

All was quiet on the *yama* (mountain, or hill-top, as the castle-summit was called). Even the stars had retired in cloud, and only the little candle burned in the frail Japanese lantern which hung near the colored window in the dark-room, where the photographers were engrossed with final preparations.

One hour after midnight a strong light flashed upon the tent. Rousing instantly and looking out, fancy our consternation in beholding the gable of the photograph-house all ablaze! Should it burn down, our observations would be impossible, and our labor largely lost. Mr. Ogawa proved the hero of the occasion. He quickly tore off the burning thatch and extinguished the flames, only escaping with hands badly burned. In spite of this, however, he appeared at his post duly in the later morning, in readiness to carry out his full share of the photographic programme.

Sleep was scarce for the remainder of the night. Between three and four o'clock the sky cleared, and gave opportunity for additional star-transits. But as dawn approached, a dread source of alarm arrested our attention. We had kept a very sharp eye upon Nasu-take for days, as it gently steamed in a quiet sort of way; but during the night it roused to unwonted activity, and was plainly pouring forth a huge volley of smoke and vapor. Furthermore, the sun at total eclipse would stand nearly over this seething orator—and who could tell whether a merely local outburst might not at the last moment disappoint all our hopes?

It was a morning radiantly beautiful. The clouds all dispersed. The sun poured down its rays upon us until the temperature rose above 90° in our shaded inclosure, and we thought of the delightful cool of an afternoon eclipse.

Our drill was carefully repeated once more, with each at his post; every adjustment of our telescopes was verified, delicate apparatus which could only be exposed to the air at the last moment was set in order, and every-

thing was in fine working condition. Millions to one, our success was assured. Gratulation, the order of the hour, was cordially extended, and as gladly received.

Meanwhile, Nasu went on with its detestable business, crowding the low horizon with thickening masses; and shortly after noon a slender finger of cloud stretched up toward the sun, which soon advanced to meet it.

But we were far from losing heart. The cloud would surely drift away before the eclipse began; at any rate, valuable photographs could be secured between clouds, or through less dense ones even. Had not the most of our afternoons at the castle been clear enough to have given us perfectly satisfactory observations of the eclipse, and was not that encouraging? Our results would be useful, though less extensive than we anticipated.

But clouds and dismay spread together. The slender finger behind which the sun had hidden grew into a hand of huge proportions, and the misty monster soon spread from horizon to horizon. No one was happy but the meteorological observers, who were making rapid readings of their instruments in an adjoining inclosure.

Our chronometers showed 2h. 36m. 37s.—the first contact was taking place, the eclipse had begun, with no sign of an opening in the clouds.

They floated drearily along, as August clouds will. Among the mountains to the south-west a thunder-storm was raging. From the north another storm swept by us to the east, a few drops falling at the castle. It was in some sense an ideal Summer afternoon; the heat was becoming less intense, and the shrill locust filled the air with its music.

But the precious moments were slipping away. All the apparatus was lying pitifully idle, and every one stood motionless at his post, awaiting the signal of some possible break in the clouds. When about half covered by the slowly advancing moon, the sun gradually brightened the landscape, and the large telescope was brought into speedy requisition, and nearly a dozen pictures of the partial eclipse were secured. As the cloud-strata again shut out the sun, our prospect turned to gloom.

A large area of beautiful blue now hung over the zenith—enough to make any undevout astronomer mad. Why could it not spread westward and downward, and let us still see the total eclipse? As we stood longing for more blue, and wondering what skies were possibly favoring other places where we might have located, a dispatch came over our wires, announcing "Clouds at Niigata."

Now and then an aggravating flood of sunlight fell upon the smoking crater of Nasu, forming the grandest natural spectacle I ever witnessed. All else was sombre, and growing darker and darker with the narrowing crescent.

Just before totality, the harsh noise of the *cicada* ceased, the ravens hushed their croaking, bewildered kites were darting through the air, emitting shrill cries, and gongs were beating in the town below.

Suddenly the remaining sunlight was rapidly withdrawn as the chronometers approached 3h. 46m. 13s., the time of second contact. Total eclipse had begun, and the soft radiance of the corona must be lighting up the undeserving clouds. Sluggishly they moved upon each other, and piled up many strata deep. A dull, purplish gloom closed in upon us, with scarcely light enough to make our records.

The precious seconds of the total eclipse fled swiftly, with every eye strained to catch a possible glimpse of the wondrous corona. Toward our visible horizon southward, it seemed to be raining smartly, and distant lightning-flashes occasionally illumined the air.

rendering visible the gloom. The quiet of night prevailed in the castle, every one admitted to its inclosure seeming involuntarily to sympathize with us in our distress.

The speedy transit from darkness to light was heralded with an audible sigh, as of relief, from the spectators near at hand.

Our main opportunity had fled, ungrasped. But we might yet obtain valuable pictures of the partial eclipse and the retreating moon. At 3h. 51m., within two minutes after total eclipse was ended, the thin crescent shone feebly through a partial opening in the clouds; but the light was insufficient for photography. The clouds now gradually closed over the rift, and we saw no more of the sun until it rose again.

Eheu me miserum.

Here were a party of at least twenty persons, in admirable training for special observations. Had the skies been auspicious, each would have made his own contribution to the advancement of astronomical science. As it was, all was lost.

None of our little company had heart enough left to perpetrate such pleasantries as a waggish fellow did, they say, at Berlin, sticking up notice that, "on account of the inclemency of the weather, the eclipse had been postponed until the following Monday!" *Per contra*, when it was proposed that eclipse-day should forever after be known as "Black Friday in the scientific annals of Japan," the sentiment met with evident approval.

But Japan has to pay for the disappointment, too, as the sun will not be totally eclipsed again in Nippon until 168 of the "era of Meiji"—the far-away year 2035!

Our saddened expedition had suffered defeat. What remained but to photograph ourselves in position, cable the misfortune home, pack our goods, disband the camp, acknowledge as best we could the multitudes of courtesies shown us, and bid *sayonara* to the land of the Mikado?

Misfortune, however great, is always endurable, if one can remember that another has borne greater. After a few days, interest in life returned, and the expedition to the summit of Japan's great sacred mountain, Fuji-san, was duly organized and undertaken. Meteorologically, Fuji enjoys a bad reputation; and we clambered up its tedious slopes in terror of another defeat. While cloudless all Winter, when entirely inaccessible to mortals, this famous peak is generally storm-swept throughout the Summer months. However, the clearest of skies smiled favoringly upon us, and the sorry disaster of Shirakawa was in part retrieved on Fuji's cold summit.

Autumn had come, and little time was left to enjoy the many hospitalities of the "Eastern capital." There, and at Yokohama, we should willingly have lingered for weeks or months. The fine scientific establishments of Tokio

engaged our interest—first, perhaps, the seismographic instruments, and their remarkable records. These have been mostly elaborated by the untiring energy of Professor Milne, of the Imperial College of Engineering; and they furnish automatic registration of the frequent earthquakes in this much-disturbed quarter of the globe.

The observatories of Tokio, of which there were three, claimed our attention. They have an excellent outfit of European instruments, and have since consolidated their forces; so that Japan may now keep pace with sister nations in astronomical research.

A swift and unbroken home-bound journey enabled us to reach Boston in three weeks from Yokohama. There we first learned that the Russian eclipse-party had been unsuccessful, too. These months from home had taught us much of what the Orient world is doing, and, in default of valuable eclipse-results, we were thankful for that.

In so far as opportunities for learning about the sun's corona are concerned, the outlook is now greatly bright-

ened. One of the two total eclipses of the present year has already transpired, and abundant observations were made under the most favorable conditions of atmosphere. The corona was not visible long, to be sure; but the preparations for measuring the intensity of its light, and for ascertaining the nature and position of the lines in every part of its spectrum, were never so thoroughly executed before; while the complex mechanical devices enabled many parts of the corona to be under investigation at the same time. Thus, the new apparatus largely compensated for the short duration of the total eclipse.



PECULIAR LIGHT-CRESCENTS IN THE SHADOW CAST BY FOLIAGE DURING AN ECLIPSE.

The portrait of the corona of 1889 (page 501) conveys a good idea of the character and the extent of its filmy streamers. The instructions for drawing the corona, both with and without telescopes, were amply distributed in every place where the eclipse was total long enough for sketching it; and our illustration is reproduced from a drawing in which are embodied the main features of the better sketches which were received in response to the instructions. Especially well shown are the long streamers stretching outward along the zodiac, which were so conspicuous in the clear Californian air on the afternoon of January 1st. Photographs of the corona were taken with every sort of apparatus, and in greater numbers than ever before; but they are not likely to reveal the extent of these streamers any better than the naked-eye sketches do. As they are excessively faint, the eclipses did not last long enough to allow sufficient length of exposure of the plates; while the eyes of those who made the sketches were kept in the dark several minutes before totality, and an opaque disk was set up in front of the eye at such distance as to screen it from the comparatively brilliant light of the inner corona.



THE ASTRONOMICAL PARTY AT THE WELL, LOWER "ECLIPSE CASTLE."

It will be remembered that these solar appendages were first discovered during the eclipse of 1878, by Professor Langley, on the summit of Pike's Peak; and independently by Professor Newcomb, in the transparent atmosphere of the elevated plains of Wyoming. Although carefully looked for on intervening occasions, they had not reappeared until the late eclipse; and they seem in large degree to confirm the theory of a meteoric ring about the sun, whose existence is probably more pronounced at and near the times when sun-spots are fewest. Further evidence will be welcome, however, and the matter is one which the astronomers of this century can scarcely expect to determine.

Of hardly less important bearing on problems of solar physics are the curved and interwoven filaments of coronal light seen during the recent eclipse at points near the poles of the sun. Too complex for the pencil of even the most expert artist, their details can only be obtained with entire accuracy by photographic means. They appear to have been even more prominent than they were in 1878—as, indeed, the whole corona was—showing a greater irregularity of structure, and in every way a finer development. These delicate fingers of light, the most beautiful detail of the whole eclipse-picture, are of prime significance in our theories of the way in which the sun does its work. Happily, our stock of information about them is now so greatly increased that the perfection of those theories may be correspondingly enhanced. But even the evidence of the photographic plate has to be supplemented from the imagination: the phenomena surrounding the sun extend outward into space in every direction, while the photograph can only give the effect of the entire complexity, worse complicated because it is all projected upon a plane. Just how to construct an accurate corona in three dimensions, from our photographs and sketches in but two dimensions, is not always easy, and the necessity of doing this seems

frequently to have been overlooked. Were it possible to view these intricate phenomena from a point suitably above or below the sun's equator, the spectacle must be one of inconceivable grandeur.

The second total eclipse of 1889 occurs on the 22d of December, and will carry American astronomers much farther from home. Like the great eclipse of 1886, the best part of the central path lies on the Atlantic; but there will be good opportunities for observing it in the early morning at Trinidad, when the corona will be seen one and three-quarter minutes. To the east, at Cayenne, in French Guiana, is the best station on the American Continent, where totality lasts more than two minutes, and the sun will be high enough for good observations.

After the shadow reaches the African coast, there may be an excellent station in the Portuguese Province of Angola; but information about this locality is very meagre. On the coast, a few miles south of St. Paul de Loando, the sun will be about half way from the zenith to the horizon at the time of total eclipse, and this phenomenon will continue for nearly three and a quarter minutes. Somewhat inland, it would seem that good stations should also be available where the path of totality intersects the River Cuanza.

The importance of the eclipses of 1889 becomes more apparent if we glance for a moment at the slender opportunities available in the few years immediately succeeding.

In the decade of the nineties there are, in fact, but two total eclipses which astronomers can use to advantage. The first occurs on the 16th of April, 1893, with the best stations on the north-east coast of South America; the second, on the 22d of January, 1898, with good stations on the east coast of Africa, but best of all in the west of India.

Neither of these phenomena, however, is likely to afford very favorable opportunities for investigating rapid

fluctuations in the sun's corona. But in the year 1900, on the 27th of May, an eclipse will be total in Mexico and the Southern United States, and its track will lie across the Atlantic Ocean and Spain. This latter country, with our own, will afford a suitable pair of stations for attacking this problem.

"All things are his who can but wait."

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE *Practical Mechanic* gives the following account of what is believed to be the largest passenger locomotive yet built in this country, which was constructed by the Hinckley Locomotive Works, Boston, for the Chicago and Fort Madison Railroad, after designs by G. S. Strong, of New York: "It will weigh, all complete, 55 tons, and with the tender as put into service will weigh 85 tons. It is expected to draw a train of 10 passenger coaches at the rate of 80 miles per hour. The following description will give some idea of the huge 'steam-horse.' It has a double fire-box and a heating surface of 1,650 feet, the boilers having 900 flues. The cylinders are 19 x 24 inches, and the valves entirely different in motion from all others. All the wheels are of paper, with steel tires, and the driving-wheels the largest ever manufactured. A new feature introduced in the construction of this engine is the Worthington steam-pump, which so works that a great part of the exhaust steam is pumped back and serves to heat the water in the tank before it goes into the boiler, thereby saving a great deal in fuel. Another economy in fuel is the work of a large combustion-chamber in connection with the fire-boxes, which burns up all the smoke and gas, instead of letting it escape through the smoke-stack. The boiler, instead of being built with stay-bolts, is heavily corrugated on the inside. The first thing that would strike the observer is the singular position of the engineer's cab. It is perched on the top of the boiler, about the centre, and is occupied by the engineer alone, as another cab is built behind the boiler for the fireman."

ONE of the most remarkable feats of astronomical photography is the recent success of E. von Gothard, of Hungary, in obtaining (with a reflector of only ten inches aperture) pictures of some of the more curious and interesting nebulae, which, in the extent and intricacy of detail exhibited, go far beyond the results hitherto obtained with the very largest telescopes. Most of our readers remember the engravings of the wonderful "whirlpool nebula," as seen in Lord Rosse's telescope. It has long been evident that there was a good deal of imagination in his lordship's drawing. As seen by other great telescopes, the spirals are less regular and complete than represented, and the "whirlpool" aspect is less striking. The new photograph confirms these later observations, but it also shows numerous wisps and threads of nebulosity not before noted, and a greater number of stars or nebulous knots arranged along the spiral streams in a most suggestive manner. Four or five other nebulae also show most unexpected features. The original pictures are, of course, very small—not so much as half an inch in diameter—but they bear enlarging eight or ten times, and are of great interest not only in themselves, but as showing that moderate-sized instruments are quite capable in skillful hands of doing valuable work in this line. By prolonging the exposure we can reproduce on the photographic plate features entirely beyond the reach of the eye using the same telescope.

ALL the attempts which have been made up to the present time to acclimatize salmon in the rivers of Southern France which flow into the Mediterranean Sea have proved failures, and this is attributed to the high temperature of the water at spawning-time. Another experiment is, however, about to be made, as the Paris Société d'Acclimatation has just obtained, through the United States Fisheries Board, 100,000 eggs of the Sacramento salmon (*Salmo gairdneri*), and these eggs, taken over to Le Havre by the transatlantic steamer *Bourgogne*, have been sent to the Laboratory of Pisciculture at Quillan, in the South of France, for incubation. As soon as the spawn are big enough they will be put out into the River Aude, which flows into the Mediterranean near Narbonne. It is said that the Sacramento salmon live in streams which are very similar, in regard to temperature, to those of Southern France, and it is hoped, therefore, that this last experiment will be a successful one.

AN English sea-captain writes to the Liverpool *Mercury* an account of observations he has lately made in regard to the height of sea-waves, which he measured carefully during a gale off Cape Horn. To do this, he went up into the main-rigging—choosing this position because the main-mast is nearly amidships, and is, therefore, most nearly stationary and in the hollow when the sea is running. His attempt was to get the top of a wave into the line with the horizon, and thus estimate its height by its altitude above the deck. After repeatedly succeeding in this difficult operation, and measuring from his marks on the mast to the vessel's line of mean draught, he found the height of four storm-waves to be 64, 61, 68 and 65 feet, respectively, varying in length from 750 to 800 feet.

THE old question of the survival of the power of germination in seeds has been brought up again by Professor Judd, of the British Geological Society, who sustained an argument he was making by the statement that botanists concede that seeds taken from

the Egyptian tombs and ancient mummies readily germinated. This has called out protests in various scientific journals, denying that botanists concede anything of the kind, and asserting the more general belief that where seeds have grown they were modern seeds, palmed off upon travelers as ancient by Arab trickery. One of the correspondents, however, refers to the case (which the eminent Professor Lindley believed genuine) where raspberry-seeds grew that were taken from among the bones of a skeleton, and in which some coins of the Roman Emperor Hadrian that were found near the bones indicated that the raspberry-seed may have been 1,600 or 1,700 years old; and another case is cited which seems to have satisfied the eminent French scientist, Bois-Daval, in which seeds from soil from the original march on which part of Paris now stands grew, and proved to be a common rush—*Juncus bufonius*. The objection is that as the seeds possibly came through several hands before reaching those of the gentleman named, and through others growing the seeds before the plants were developed, there is a possibility of mistake through ignorance or design. The question is one which has great importance in its relation to other questions in botany and geology, and the probable geographical distribution of animals and plants in times past, and it is greatly to be regretted that more accuracy has not been possible heretofore in respect to it.

THE question of the preservation of railroad-ties by subjecting them to chemical treatment assumes great importance on the Continent of Europe, because of the comparative scarcity of wood there, and is coming to be of interest even here, where the cost of ties is steadily advancing. A Vienna engineering journal has recently printed an interesting article summarizing the experience of Austrian railways with artificially preserved sleepers. In one experiment beech-wood ties were subjected to the sulphate-of-copper process. Of the ties not treated, 5 per cent. were replaced the first year; 10 per cent., the second year; 25, the third; while by the end of the fifth year, 100 per cent. had been replaced by new ties. Of the ties treated by the above process, no less than 27 per cent. remained in the road-bed at the end of the fifteenth year. Ties of fir-wood, which are more durable, when treated by the process had a record of 35 per cent. remaining after 18 years; when untreated, all were replaced in 12 years. On all the roads of Austria about 35 per cent. of all ties laid in 1888 will have been treated. Of late years the cost of treating has been diminished by the use of portable apparatus in place of permanent plants, and also by reductions in the cost of the apparatus itself. The cost per tie for chemical treatment is from eight to fifteen cents. The Austrian State Railroad makes a practice of treating timbers for other purposes also, such as highway bridges, telegraph-poles, etc.

THE latest addition to the means of studying the Algonquin language is the dictionary and grammar of the Micmac tongue, prepared by the Rev. S. T. Rand, D.D., of Hantsport, Nova Scotia, which has just been published by the Canadian Government. The Micmacs were one of the most powerful divisions of the widespread Algonquin race, and inhabited the whole of what now forms the Maritime Provinces of Canada. They were compact, influential and capable to a greater degree than some of the other divisions, and their language is one of the most perfect of the Algonquin dialects. Dr. Rand's dictionary and grammar will therefore throw strong light upon this language and the methods of thought of the people who used it, and still use it; for a large population of Micmacs is still scattered along the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It will be highly interesting to compare it with the dictionaries of the Montagnais, who live north of Quebec, the Chippewas of Lake Superior, and the Crees of the Saskatchewan region, which were prepared long ago by zealous Roman Catholic clergymen who lived among them. In the other direction we have extensive vocabularies of several New England and Algonquin tribes, and elaborate studies in the Delaware tongue from Zellerberger and Heckewelder down to Dr. Brinton's recent books.

G. K. GILBERT, the well-known geologist, has been straying from his accustomed paths to discuss before the Philosophical Society of Washington the Soaring of Birds—a matter which has vexed scientific men for centuries. Pettingill wrote a book almost wholly devoted to it, and the Duke of Argyll gives the subject many pages of his "Reign of Law." Mr. Gilbert's theory derives the necessary force from currents existing in the upper air. Some of these are known to be ascending and descending, and these would be of obvious advantage to soaring birds. But these are not enough; horizontal currents are found to supply both sustaining force and increase in velocity. The principle is as follows: "If the air traversed by the bird has some different rate of motion horizontally, and provided the bird regulates his circling course so as to ascend when his direction of flight is opposed to the direction of the motion of the air into which he arises, and to descend when the relations are reversed, he will acquire from the motion of the air an acceleration of velocity. If this acceleration equals or exceeds the loss by friction, the bird can sustain himself indefinitely."

SOME interesting facts in relation to the prevalence of consumption in New Hampshire are given in the report of the Board of Health of that State, which has just been published. The conclusions drawn from the statistics in possession of the Board are summed up as follows: 1. That the disease has greater prevalence in low elevations with moist soil than at higher elevations with drier soil. 2. That the season has only a small influence upon the mortality from this disease. The popular idea that the fatality is greatest in the Winter is shown to be erroneous, the greatest number of deaths occurring in May. 3. That the mortality is considerably greater in the female sex. 4. That no age is exempt from this

disease, but that the least liability of its development exists between the ages of two and fifteen, and the greatest between twenty and thirty. 5. The death-rate from pulmonary consumption is relatively much the larger among the foreign born. 6. The average death-rate from consumption for the years 1885, 1886 and 1887 is 12.86 per cent. of the total mortality of the State. In Massachusetts, for the ten years ending 1886, deaths from consumption averaged 16.10 per cent. of the total mortality; and in Rhode Island, for a period of twenty-five years, ending 1884, 16.80 per cent.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A GERMAN specialist asserts that Patti has two extra valves in her windpipe. She may be considered, therefore, a kind of hi-valve—a veritable oyster Patti.

Mrs. YOUNGERIDGE—"Oh, Charlie, I saw the loveliest diamond necklace at Brillenman's to-day; a perfect beauty, and so cheap, too; it can be bought for a song." Charlie—"I never sing."

LATIN THAT NEEDS NO TRANSLATION.

Tres fratres coeli
Took a boat down to Ely.
Omnes drownederunt
Qui swimmere non potuerunt.

FIRST MANIKIN—"I'm going in for athletics, Gawge." Second Manikin—"Don't say so, ol' chappie." First Manikin—"Got to do it; doctah ordahs it." Second Manikin—"Whatcher going in for?" First Manikin—"I fawney I will try rolling my own cigarettes."

We print for the first time the private autograph of the Emperor of Germany, to wit: William I. Hohenzollern.

"I'll bet you a dinner that I have traveled more than you have," said one tourist to another. "I'll bet you haven't; where have you been?" "Well, for a starter, I've been to Sitka, Alaska. Ever up there?" "Yes." "Ever to South America?" "Yes." "Were you ever to Asia?" "Yes." "Ever to Africa?" "No. Were you?" "Er—not exactly. But I've been in Washington, D.C., on Emancipation Day."

THE HIT OF THE PIECE.—A novel, unheeded incident was introduced into the play of "Sophia," at the Theatre Royal, Oldham, the other night. Tom Jones, in the person of Mr. M. Brodie, as usual, said to Sophia Weston—Miss Maud Millet—"I have nothing left to offer you—not even the hope of better days to come;" but, in saying so, he reckoned without his landlady. That very realistic and emotional person was in the circle, for whom her lodger's pathos was too much. "Never heed, lad!" she sang out, at the top of a very shrill voice. "These has gotten a real good sooper waiting at home; thee bring t' wench wif thee."

MAX O'BELLER.

(From "Jonathan and his Continent.")

From the age of eighteen the American girl is allowed almost every liberty. She takes the others. She can travel alone, and go to concerts, and even to the theatres, unattended by a chaperon.

That passion for rich marriages which burns in the hearts of so many young American women often leads them to disastrous results.

I am going to launch a rather dangerous assertion: It seems to me that the American woman does not render to man a hundredth part of the adoration he renders to her. If love could spring from gratitude, Jonathan would be the most beloved of men.

Every American with the least self-respect is colonel or judge.

I did not know what lively reading was until I saw an American newspaper.

An American newspaper is a conglomeration of news, political, literary, artistic, scientific and fashionable, of reports of trials, of amusing anecdotes, gossip of all kinds, interviews, jokes, scandal, the whole written in a style which sometimes shocks the man of taste, but which often interests, and always amuses.

I must say that, if you want to hear America and everything American severely criticised, you have only to go to Boston. There you will hear Boston and England praised, and America picked to pieces.

A HERBIE'S SPRING SONG.

De good Lawd's smiled through de whole Winter long;
De sun has been a-laughin', an' de moon has wept a light.
Like tears o' silver brightness, like er angel's silent song
Dat turns de dark ter whiteness, dat makes er noon o' night.

De cat-bird is singin' like she wants ter build her nest,
An' de sparrer-hawk's er screamin' as she sails up in de air;
An' de black gnats er swarmin'—oh, what er awful pest!
An' de woodpecker's hoppin' on de thawin' green bra'r.

De field-mouse is peepin' frum his hole up in de stack,
An' de ole rusty heard is er lyin' in de sun;
De snappin'-turtle's div fur ter git hise'f er snack,
An' de yallerhammer's hoppin' like his life is full o' fun.

De cotton stock is ragged, an' de runnin' brier's dead;
But de Spring is er comin', wid its perfume breath,
Fur de lark's gunter brighten all de feathers on his head—
De Spring is cuttin' capers whar ole Winter's laid in death.

CABBY'S CURRICULUM.

The statement that classes for the education of the Paris cabmen in their duties toward the public are about to be established, accompanied, of course, by the usual examinations for prizes and honors, has, we understand, set our cabmen on their mettle. At first the impulse was to rush over to Paris and compete with the Paris men upon their own ground; but as it was thought they might go farther and fare worse, and as there were rumors about the poor boire, which they interpreted poor beer, and would not drink at any price, it was finally determined to establish a university on the Aère system in the chief cities of the United States.

Accordingly, a number of cabmen of the first rank and long carbstone standing met together, and the result was an examination-paper, a few questions from which we have much pleasure in publishing:

1. What would you charge to take two country maiden ladies, a parrot, a lap-dog, three handboxes, two trunks, a carpet-bag, two work-baskets, a bundle of umbrellas and sun-shades, a couple of camp-stools and three brown-paper parcels from the Grand Central Depot to an address which they had forgotten, and which way would you go?

2. Given the expression, "I'll leave it to you, sir," what do you expect to get?

3. Supposing you get more or less than you expected, what would you do in each case?

4. Give the form of words you would use to the driver of the vehicle in front when you are promised a dollar extra for driving fast, and you get fixed up by a block.

5. The approved method of "crawling" is to go alternately at a trot and funeral pace, breaking suddenly from one to the other just as a nervous person in front is crossing the road. To this may be added suddenly changing your mind when about to turn a corner and going straight on, or vice versa. Can you suggest any additions for harassing the public?

6. (For Amazon cabmen only). In turning a corner, how close can you go to the curb without coming to grief?

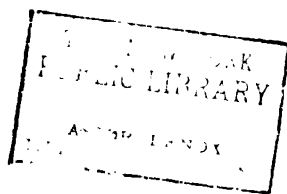
7. (For growlers.) State generally how slow you can go when your fare is in a hurry to catch a train?

8. Give a list of excuses when you do not want to take a fare because he is not going in the direction which suits you.

A SHELF OF NEW BOOKS.

- Beecher, Henry Ward. Plymouth Pulpit Sermons. 4 vols. \$6. New York: Fords, Howard & Halbert.
- Bonvalot, G. Through the Heart of Asia. 2 vols. \$10.50. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.
- Brassay, Lady. The Last Voyage. \$4. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Chadwick, J. W. Charles Robert Darwin. Boston: New Ideal Publishing Co.
- Chesney, F. R. Operatic Tales. \$2.25. New York: Scribner & Welford.
- Courtney, W. L. Life of John Stuart Mill. New York: Thos. Whittaker.
- D'Anvers, N. Elementary History of Art. \$3.75. New York: Scribner & Welford.
- Dawson, Sir J. W. Modern Science in Bible Lands. New York: Harper & Bros.
- Gilder, J. L. and J. R. Authors at Home. \$1.50. New York: Cassell & Co.
- Hassall, Arthur, M.A. Life of Viscount Bolingbroke. 75 cts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
- Hill, A. R. Our English. New York: Harper & Bros.
- Lanciani, Rodolfo. Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries. \$6. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Mommson, Prof. History of the Roman Republic. Abridged. \$1.75. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Montague, F. C. Life of Sir Robert Peel. 75 cts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
- Oliphant, Laurance. Scientific Religion. \$2.50. Buffalo: C. A. Wemborne.
- O'Rell, Max. Jonathan and his Continent. \$1.50. New York: Cassell & Co.
- Poems of Wild Life. Selected by C. G. D. Roberts. New York: Thos. Whittaker.
- Saunders, Frederick. Stray Leaves of Literature. \$1.25. New York: Thos. Whittaker.
- Sharp, William. Life of Heinrich Heine. New York: Thos. Whittaker.
- Stead, W. T. Truth about Russia. \$2.50. New York: Cassell & Co.
- Verestchagin, Vasily. Autobiographical Sketches. Translated by F. H. Peters. New York: Am. Art Association.
- Von Holst, H. John Brown. \$1.50. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
- Whittier, John G. Prose Works. 8 vols. \$4.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Young, Charles A. A Text-book of General Astronomy. \$2.50. Boston: Ginn & Co.

M^{LE}. RÉJANE, OF THE ODÉON THEATRE, PARIS.—DRAWN BY VUILLIER.





BUTTERFLIES.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE PARIS EXPOSITION AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

BY GEORGE C. HURLBUT.

THE Centennial Exhibition of 1876, at Philadelphia, was the first World's Fair that commemorated a great historical event. It marked the completion of a hundred years of unexampled growth and progress, which had made of a few feeble and obscure colonies a mighty nation of freemen, not more remarkable for their energy



M. CARNOT, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

and their success in all material pursuits than for their love of order and their respect for law. It is true that circumstances and geographical position had especially favored and simplified this great development, but even the least-prejudiced American must admit that the qualities of the people and their inborn love of liberty would have carried them on to prosperity under the most trying conditions. The life of a nation, like that of an individual being, has its own peculiar difficulties and dangers. All growth is a struggle with the environment and with circumstances, and it is a hasty assumption that any one people has made a great place for itself in the world without the possession of great qualities and a strong character, whatever may have been the seeming advantages of its position.

The lessons and the associations of our own Centennial must be revived in our minds by the approach of the great French Centennial. Destiny, which is in so many ways stronger than the will of man, has made the relation between ourselves and the French people one of peculiar force and meaning and vitality.

So much is said and written about the Anglo-Saxon race, and the inheritance of English freedom, and the language of Shakespeare and of Milton, as if Americans owed everything to these, that it is sometimes necessary to reaffirm what every student of history has constantly present to his mind—viz., the action and reaction on each other of American and French ideas, and of the profound convictions and sympathies which mark them as the two democratic peoples of the world. English we are and must remain by countless traditions, as by language, the strongest traditional power known to men, because it attacks them from within and from without, and on all sides at once, like the atmosphere; but the distinctively American mind, which believes in the declaration that all men are born free and equal, finds but one national mind wholly sympathetic with itself, and that the French.

Our own Revolution preceded and, to some extent, prepared the French Revolution of 1789, but only as the lighted match can be said to prepare the explosion of the mine. The French Revolution was the inevitable outcome of oppressions such as Americans had never known. It was not in the power of wisdom or of justice to avert that catastrophe, for it was the result of the accumulated wrongs and the systematic misrule of centuries. To understand what the Revolution means to Frenchmen, it is only necessary to look over an abbreviated list of the feudal privileges in full vigor up to the year 1789, when they were abolished forever. The privileged classes were the nobles and the clergy. Nobles alone had the right to hunt and fish; there was a manorial duty on lands, besides taxes on fairs and markets; under various legal terms the nobles received the fifth part of the wine and beer and cider and all other liquors made or sold on their lands; they levied a tax on every fire-place; they were entitled to five and a half bushels out of every hundred bushels of grain sold by their tenants, whether in open market or in their own houses; and the tenant was obliged to have his corn ground at the lord's mill, to bake his bread in the lord's oven, to carry his grapes to the lord's wine-press. The nobles enjoyed exemption from taxation, and could not be called upon for subsidies or contributions; they were freed from personal service, whether in the militia, or in the providing of quarters for the soldiers, or in maintaining the roads, and the like. And these abuses of privilege were carried to such a point that, up to the middle of the eighteenth century, none but the nobles had the right to put weather-

cocks on their houses. The nobles held the ecclesiastical dignities, the offices of the magistracy, the positions at court and in the diplomatic service, the important posts of the State, all the military grades and the pensions, which nearly always became hereditary, by an ingeniously arranged system of survivals.

The clergy, which took precedence of the nobles, held many of its privileges in common with the latter. It contributed nothing to the subsistence of troops, or to the expense of fortifications, or repairs of walls and bridges and roads. It was exempted from personal dues for ecclesiastical property, for property held by any of the clergy, for inheritances, for the revenues of livings, or for tithes. It paid no salt tax and no municipal dues, and, by a decree of Charles IX., the clergy were exempted from the payment of debts. The people paid for clergy and nobility.

The clergy and the monks exacted, under the name of tithes, often the fourth part of a crop. Besides these, the people had to pay the dues to the lord of the manor, the taxes, the salt tax, the local and other duties, and also furnish quarters to the military. If the peasant was crushed by all these debts that weighed upon him, he could be seized by the officials of the farmers-general and put in chains. Nor was this all: the forced labor for the maintenance of the roads, whether the King's highway, or the manorial road, or the road through the church lands, fell upon the people. What remained to the people? J. P. Rabaut made, the year before the Revolution, the following analysis of the peasant's position: His land, it was supposed, yielded one hundred bushels of wheat. Of these, the tithes and the feudal dues and the interest on interest took forty-three bushels. He had next to pay, for the fees on measurement and the right to sell, eleven bushels more; and out of the forty-six left he had yet to pay the State taxes and a number of other obligations, and maintain his family as he could.

Besides these privileges of the clergy and the nobility, there were privileges attaching to certain cities and towns, such as exemption from the obligation of providing quarters for soldiers, and the like; there were privileges belonging to certain functionaries by virtue of their office, like those enjoyed by the Superintendent of Streets in Paris, who was entitled to two pounds of candles yearly from every dealer in tallow, to two bundles of hay from every corn merchant, to a cheese from each fruit-seller, etc.; and the privileges, openly sold to the one who could pay, for the right to practice a profession or trade or business. Rabaut says that one man, who had undertaken to count the number of these trade privileges, became weary and gave up the task, but estimated the total at 300,000; and another calculated that, in the space of two centuries, more than a hundred millions of additional taxes had been laid upon the people, simply to pay the interest privileges, which were dealt in like State bonds.

The taxes of the Kingdom were sold to the highest bidder, who paid into the treasury a round sum, and reimbursed himself by exacting what he pleased from the consumer.

The most odious and intolerable of the feudal privileges were those which the nobles had a right to exercise on the persons of the peasant and his family; and if these unhappy beings were frequently spared degradation and dishonor, they owed their escape to the greater humanity or the passing whim of their lord, not to the protection of the law. With a cynicism born of irresponsible power and corruption, the ruling classes of France

regarded the people as "taillable et corvéable à merci" (to be cut up and burdened at pleasure).

The pressure became at last too great to be borne, and the explosion came in 1789,

"When France in wrath her giant frame upreared,
And with that oath which smote heaven, earth and sea,
Stamped her strong foot, and swore she would be free."

With an unerring instinct, the popular mind has fastened upon the fall of the Bastille, on the 14th of July, 1789, as the true historical date of the Revolution. It is easy enough to say, as many writers have said, that the capture of this gloomy fortress was no great military feat. To look at such an event from the technical or professional point of view is to read history with purblind eyes. Viewed in this way, Thermopylæ and Bunker Hill should cease to stir the blood of freemen as with the sound of a trumpet, since both were defeats for the patriot cause. The Bastille represented for the French people the unsparing tyranny under which they had groaned for centuries, and when its accursed walls went down and the sunlight shone on the spot where it had stood, not even the deaf and the blind could fail to know that from that hour all Frenchmen looked out on a broader horizon and breathed a purer air.

This was the promise of the Revolution, and every thoughtful mind, looking at the movements and the tendencies in the French national life for the past hundred years, must admit that the promise has been kept with no more than the average human weakness and hesitation and occasional seeming failure. The few years of the First Republic, so full of virtues and of vices, so wonderful in achievement and so repulsive with crime, are the unanswerable condemnation of the decayed feudalism represented by the old Monarchy, and the triumphant vindication of the new spirit that was born with the Republic. The vices and the crimes were, for the most part, the inevitable recoil against the secular cruelty and oppression; the virtues and the glorious deeds came of the hearts stirred to heroic energy by devotion to the Fatherland and by faith in the future of freedom. Even in those few years the performance was amazing. The Monarchy had left France without a treasury and without credit; but the people created everything out of the soil on which they stood. They had no money, they had no army, no guns, no gunpowder, no leaders. They found everything—saltpetre and money and guns and technical skill and men of genius. They faced Europe in arms on every frontier, and drove before them the disciplined soldiers of every nation; they established industries unknown before; they reorganized finance; they cared for science and for education, and they established in the world forever—it is a glory that nothing can take from the First French Republic—the doctrine of the Rights of Man. This were enough in itself, even if, as the hollow pretense is, French liberty had perished with Napoleon's advent to power. Despot though he was, Napoleon rose to power from the people as one of themselves, with no accident of birth to aid him, no hereditary right, no adventitious circumstance in his career that might not have come to any man. Consul or Emperor, he was what any other Frenchman might have been, but for the supremacy of his genius; and his rule, after everything has been said against it that can be said, was mainly in accord with the ideas that had created the new France.

In time of war, as the Roman maxim says, the laws are silent; and no peace was possible for France, after the Revolution. After making every allowance for the ambi-

tion of Napoleon and his delight in the exercise of his unsurpassed gifts for war, the dispassionate student is compelled to admit that the debate between France and Europe was beyond reconciliation.

Freedom and feudalism were face to face, and the question which should prevail could only be settled by the sword. The military character of Napoleon's reign was not only due to his own predilections; it was fatally forced upon the French people by their position and by their sublime devotion to the cause of universal liberty, first proclaimed by them.

The fundamental rights acquired by the Revolution—the equality of all before the law, the eligibility to office, the judicial organization, and the like—resisted successfully the return of the old reigning house to power, after the overthrow of Napoleon; and when Charles X. attempted to strain his royal prerogative, the nation rose as one man and expelled him and his family, in the Revolution of July, 1830. The progress of the people in self-control and respect for law was strikingly shown in this uprising, as well as in their willingness to accept in the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe what Lafayette called the "best of republics." With this reign began the great commercial and industrial movement caused by the application of steam-power in manufactures and in transportation by land and sea. The great and rapid increase in wealth and luxury that followed this industrial development is to be kept in view as a fact in French history, for much of the corruption charged upon French society within the last fifty years is wholly due to the opportunities for speculation and the sudden acquisition of wealth in the expansion of trade throughout the world with the constant increase in the facilities of intercourse; and these are conditions that have affected, not France only, but the civilized world. Had Louis Philippe remained faithful to the ideas with which he began his reign there might have been no revolution in 1848, for the people enjoyed and practiced with ever-increasing steadiness the assured liberties so fairly won by the sacrifices of their fathers. The peace was broken by no spirit of disorder or revolt among the citizens; it was from the intrigues of the King himself that the signal came. He was feeble and irresolute in his foreign policy, but this might have been forgiven.

It was the self-seeking spirit manifested in his schemes for his dynasty, and his effort to renew the policy of the old legitimate line, that lost him his throne and drove him into exile almost at a moment's notice. Then came the Second Republic, a surprise to many, yet a necessity; for to what representative of a kingly house could they turn? One after another, the princes of the old Bourbon line, both of the elder and the younger branches, had proved false. The Republic was in the blood and in the tradition of the people, and it was called for by the necessities of the case. It was established without a struggle, and had the force and the energy to put down within four months a desperate revolt of the fierce and reckless men that swarm in every great city of the modern world; and when it was merged, three years after, in the Second Empire, taken by surprise though it was, it did not yield without a struggle, and the conjurer, whose spell was the name of the great Emperor, had to recognize the forms of liberty, the constitutional restraints and the respect of the legislative power. The eighteen years of the Second Empire did more for the spread of republican ideas than the wholly peaceful reign of Louis Philippe. The last dynastic experiment that remained to be made was fairly tried in those eighteen years of



M. ALPHAND, PRESIDENT OF THE EXPOSITION.

internal peace and prosperity and of power and influence abroad, long sustained without a check.

The nation, that is so often reproached with unsteadiness of purpose and with impatience, has in the past one hundred years made no one change of government that has not been forced upon it by the inevitable logic of its situation.

It has done nothing hastily, but has, on the contrary, shown a constant readiness to accept and try in all fairness a possible lesser good as a practical approach to the ideal it has never ceased to cherish.

When the Second Empire went down in ruin and defeat, brought upon France by the dynastic ambition of Napoleon III, the only possible government was the Republic. It was established without a shock; it saved the honor of France by maintaining for months a struggle, not always hopeless, against tremendous odds, and it accomplished, to the astonishment of the world, the delivery of the country from its German conquerors by the payment, long before it was due, of the tremendous ransom exacted. The Republic has recreated and immensely increased the military and naval strength and resources of France; it has preserved, almost without an effort, good order and tranquillity; it has successfully endured the strain of great enterprises, colonial and industrial; and it has quietly regained in the councils of Europe the position of dignity and honor and influence that are the natural right of a Great Power.

These are the external signs that every observer must see, even from a distance; but others, not less decisive, reveal themselves on a closer inspection. The system of public education has been remodeled and developed on a plan so admirable that

there will soon be no French child beyond its reach; the art-industries of the country have been sedulously fostered and sustained in their pre-eminent position; the vine-culture, which was threatened with destruction, has been saved and restored, in a large degree by the intelligent supervision of the State; and the infinitely varied activities of this most highly gifted nation have known neither relaxation nor fatigue. These things the Third Republic has a right to claim for its own, for they are the work of free men, steadily contributing, each in the measure of his power, to the general good under a free government. There are those who point to scandals in the government, and to the misuse of great enterprises for purely selfish ends, as if these and other forms of corruption were the necessary outcome and the peculiar product of freedom and republican institutions. Argument were wasted on persons who read history after this fashion.

The French Republic is to celebrate in 1889 one hundred years of the history of French liberty, and it may well be proud of the record which it presents to the world. It is a heroic history of triumph and defeat, and ever-new triumph, and that man is not to be envied who can look upon the record without a quickening of the pulse and the stir of generous emotions in his heart. The Exposition of 1889 affirms in unmistakable language the undying life of France, the force of the Republic and the future of freedom in Europe. For there is this distinction to be made between French liberty and the English liberty which Americans inherited: the English freedom was the freedom of Englishmen, which other men might admire, but could not be admitted to share. It was, in a sense, a privilege, with its root in feudalism. The French freedom was, from the beginning, human freedom. With his logical head the Frenchman could not admit a distinction between man and man, so far as natural right was concerned. The freedom that every Frenchman had a right to claim belonged equally, in his



M. EIFFEL, CONSTRUCTOR OF THE TOWER.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS AND THE EIFFEL TOWER.



mind, to every Spaniard or Englishman, to every African or Malay. And so, to-day, wherever there is a people in Europe and the traveler can reach the people through the cordon of nobles and bankers, to whom he brings letters, he finds a belief in France and a feeling for Frenchman, both surprising to him until he remembers that Napoleon had passed that way with his army. Many things in history become clear with the one explanation, that France is the champion of human freedom. For this she has fought and for this she has suffered, but she has not stopped with these efforts. Her genius, equally brilliant and solid, has neglected nothing in the vast sphere of human endeavor. Art, whether in painting, or in sculpture, or in architecture, she has made her own. The divine Italians of the sixteenth century, the two supreme Spaniards, the one Hollander and the one Fleming, have had no successors of their own stature, and it may be believed they never will have any; but for inspiration, for thoroughness, for unsurpassable skill, the French painters and sculptors of the last fifty years have made an epoch in art. In art and in literature is the life of a nation. Commerce and the daily business of men are essential to the work of the world, but who remembers the Phœnicians? or cares to know what bales were loaded on Carthaginian ships? Not only in their buildings and paintings and statues are the French supreme; their books, whether in prose or in verse, are unquestionably the foremost in all the literature of the last fifty years. There have been great English students of life—Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot; but who can hesitate to say that Balzac is greater than Thackeray and Dickens, and George Sand far above George Eliot? Tennyson and Heine are not easily matched, but Victor Hugo—

"Victor in poesy, victor in romance,"

as Tennyson calls him—is far beyond either or both, and no literature of this half-century can match Lamartine and Alfred de Musset and Alfred de Vigny. Is it right to give the glory of these men to the Republic? Certainly it is, because the Republic alone made them possible. Victor Hugo, brought up by a Royalist mother, saw for himself, in the early days of his career, that the future of France was with the Republic, and from that hour to the end of his eighty-three years he stood by the faith which he himself has expressed in an immortal line:

"And if one only remains, I shall be that one."

One magnificent genius, that stands apart from the life of Republican as of Monarchical France, belongs yet to this time, as Matthew Arnold, un-English and English at once, belongs to the Victorian epoch. Théophile Gautier, one of the most perfect artists in verse that ever lived, is, in spite of his hatred of politics, an intellectual and moral product of the new France that was born in 1789.

In art and literature the first place belongs to France; and in science not even the English nor the Germans can say that she comes second or third. She holds, as she has always held in science, equal rank with the foremost; and the men who maintain the honor of France in all intellectual and physical pursuits are the men who would have had no place in the world but for the Revolution of 1789.

Some there are in France—serious and skeptical thinkers—who doubt what has been done, and fear what is coming; and it is instructive to meditate the words of one, the greatest and the most enlightened among them. Ernest Rénan, in an address delivered at the French

Academy in February, has these words: "A fever may be fruitful, when it is the sign of a work going on within, but it must not last nor be repeated, for in this case it is death. The Revolution is condemned in the judgment of men, if it is proved that after a hundred years it has yet to be recommenced, to find its way, to wrestle unceasingly with conspiracies and with anarchy. You, sir, are young, and you will live to see the solution of this enigma. . . . Is it to be the fate of these great enthusiasts of the past to remain eternally isolated, suspended in the void, and victims of a noble madness? Or did they really found something, and prepare a future? We do not yet know, but I think that in twenty years we shall know it. If, in ten or twenty years, France is prosperous and free, faithful to the principle of law and supported by the sympathy of the liberal world, then the cause of the Revolution is gained; the world will love it, and will enjoy the fruits of it without having tasted the bitterness of them. But if, in ten or twenty years, France is still in a state of crisis, nullified abroad, and given up at home to the menaces of sects and to enterprises of a low and unworthy nature, then we shall have to say that our artistic impulses have made us commit a political error, and that the daring innovators, in whom we were so ready to believe, were absolutely in the wrong. In this case, the Revolution would be defeated for more than a century. . . . Let us suspend our judgment. Our sons will have the answer to the question which leaves us in a painful uncertainty. It is true that history has shown to us more than once the spectacle of a vanquished cause waking again to life at the end of several centuries with the nation which had perished as its representative. . . . But our abnegation does not go so far as to sacrifice the existence of our dear Fatherland to a resurrection and to hypotheses more or less unreal. The true way to honor the generous dreams of the past is to show them in a shape already realized and applicable to life. Who can say what is the goal of humanity? Nevertheless, whether in humanity or in nature, the only organisms that have a durable trace are those that are born in pain and developed by strife, that fit themselves to the needs of their environment and resist the decisive trial of life."

French liberty is of this robust constitution. There is no trial that it has not victoriously encountered, no strife to which it has not been equal. It has lived and grown and expanded, with a firmer hold on mankind for every year of the memorable century since its birth. It is this steady growth and development of liberty, most of all, that the Exposition of 1889 is to make visible to all the world by bringing together, as in one focus, the products of French genius and French industry. The scale on which this Universal Exposition is planned is the grandest yet attempted. It is in every way worthy of the language used by M. Georges Berger, the General Manager: "In 1889 we shall show to our children what their fathers have accomplished in a century, by the progress of instruction, the love of labor and respect for liberty; we shall point out to them, standing on the heights, the long and difficult ascent that has been climbed from the darkness of the past; and then, if it shall one day be their fate to move downward to some low level of affliction and of error, they will call to mind the better days that were and teach their children the lessons of the past, and the generations that follow will be more resolutely bent on mounting the slope again to heights we had never reached, for the law of progress is eternal, as progress itself knows no limit."

The position which commands the whole ground of

the Exposition is the circular portico of the Trocadéro, on a line that runs through the Pont d'Iéna and the Eiffel Tower. In the foreground, fronting the portico of the Trocadéro, rise the gilded statues of the different quarters of the world, looking down on the green slopes of the grassy knolls and the fountains with their pools and cascades. Beyond rise the Pont d'Iéna and the Eiffel Tower, across the Seine. In the background, to the right of the tower, is the outline of the Palace of Fine Arts, and to the left, the one devoted to the Liberal Arts. Nearer, on the right, are seen Grenelle and the Heights of Châtillon, Meudon and the hills of Bellevue; to the left, Gros-Cailhou and Paris, with its uncounted houses, dominated by the golden dome of the Invalides; and then the Panthéon, gray in the distance, the towers of St. Sulpice and Notre Dame, and, far away, the misty horizon.

The Trocadéro Gardens are wholly devoted to the display in the departments of Arboriculture and Horticulture, with the Forest Pavilion and the Hot-houses. To the left of the Trocadéro Palace is an excavation, hidden for the most part by masses of flowering plants. This hole—for such it is—is the Descent to the Middle of the Earth. Visitors will go down in an iron cage like those used in mines, and will see in succession transverse sections of the Paris sewers, a gallery in the catacombs, and an excavation in the ancient quarries, besides the *strata* of sedimentary rocks, galleries in coal and iron mines, veins of ore and mines of rock salt, all in active working. Beyond the gardens, the Pont d'Iéna, the only communication with the Champ de Mars, is covered with awnings and adorned with kiosks, and at its further end are the constructions representing the history of Human Habitations—forty-nine little buildings, types of the dwelling-house in all ages, from the prehistoric to the historic days. This conception was due to M. Ch. Garnier, the architect of the Paris Opéra.

Around M. Eiffel's Tower lies the Park of the Champ de Mars, with its streams and cascades, and its slopes occupied by the various pavilions of the States of Central and South America. A space of 2,000 square meters (about 24,000 square feet) has been reserved for a great theatre, in which will be given plays and representations for children. On the left of the Park, toward Paris, there will be the Tobacco Pavilion, the Swedish House, the Telephone Building and the Press Pavilion, with every possible convenience for journalists and correspondents. Next to this is the Gas Exhibition, in a building of which the front and roofs, the towers and the entrances and all the openings, will be lighted at night with transparencies, and become a veritable house on fire.

Turning back to the Eiffel Tower, there will be, in the direction of the Ecole Militaire, a vast French garden, in two terraces, with regular banks of sward, richly planted with flowers and trees, and adorned with cascades and fountains, all to be illuminated at night by colored electric lights. This garden, stretching from the Fine Arts Pavilion to that of the Industrial Arts, will form a kind of square with porticoes around it, and under these will be established restaurants, and *cafés*, and refreshment places, in all the known styles of the world. Each place will be built and decorated in the national taste, and the attendants will wear the costume of the country they represent. Every possible refreshment, every kind of known drink—coffee or tea, wine or gin, or beer or *orgeat*, or chocolate or sherbet—will be within call.

With the immense resource of the electric light, darkness will be turned into day, and the space between the

Art Pavilions and the Machine Gallery will be, no doubt, the most vividly picturesque and interesting to all visitors. The colors and the lights, the incessant movement, the contrasts in face and form and costume, and the sounds of national music, strange and wild and melancholy by turns, will lend an unfailing charm to this part of the Exposition.

Passing from this into the Machine Gallery, a building that amazes by its proportions and the vast span of its roof, the visitor will be filled with wonder and dazed by the movement of the countless wheels and levers and pistons, in endless combinations and incessant motion.

A broad walk, or road, encircles all the buildings on the outer side; and here will be found the Egyptian bazaar, the booths for the sale of various objects, the Tunisian *souks* (market and bazaar in one), the Moorish *cafés*, and the stables where a hundred white asses will be kept ready-saddled for those who choose to go from one park to another in a style more or less Oriental. Near these stables will be the Japanese house, the Moorish kiosks, and the Persian and Siamese pavilions.

The lower slope, toward Paris, is reserved for the exhibitions of the great metallurgical and mining establishments, with their colossal engines and their tremendous steam-hammers.

The fishing and maritime exhibition is to be on the left bank of the Seine, along the quays.

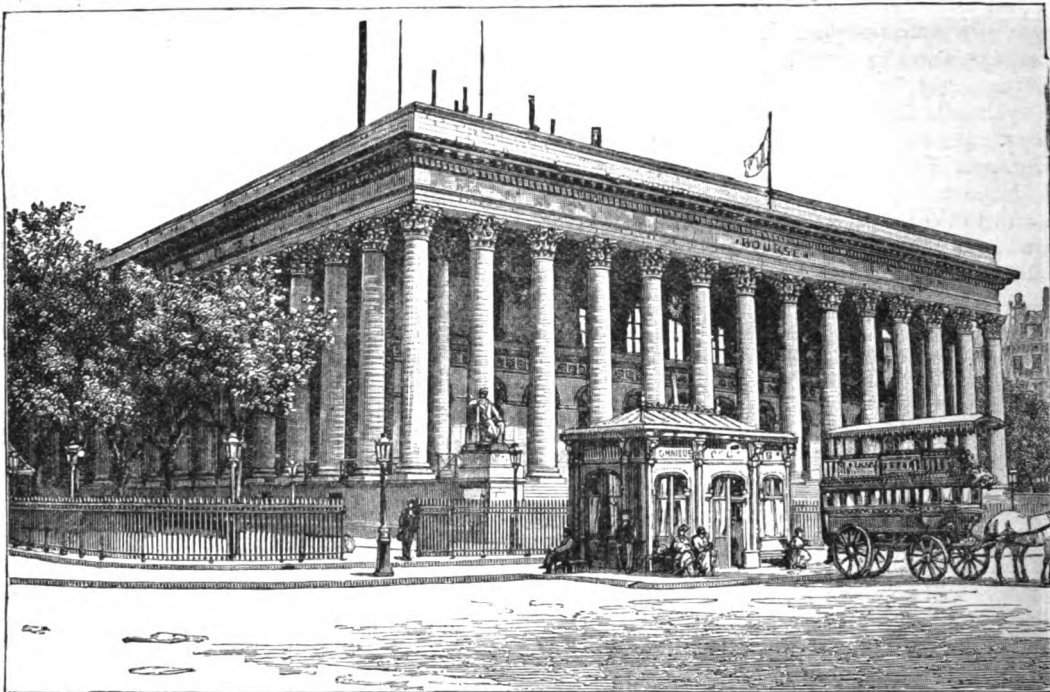
The agricultural group will occupy, from the Quai d'Orsay to the esplanade of the Invalides, a space of 30,000 meters. The esplanade itself will be divided into two parks, for the display of the French colonies, the collections of the Ministry of War, the exhibits relating to Social Economy, and a Temperance *café*, which will supply nothing but fresh water, lemonade and tea. At one corner there will be the panorama of *Tout-Paris*, showing 1,500 well-known persons moving about as they are seen every day on the sidewalks and the *boulevards*; and by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs there will be one of the most striking features of the great display, a succession of villages of the various French colonies, each with its native inhabitants, the animals and the plants and the monuments, that characterize its history or its social state.

This rapid summary gives but a slight idea of the wonders achieved and still in progress.

The Eiffel Tower, now finished up to its dizzy height of nearly 1,000 feet, has for many months attracted the attention of readers in all parts of the world, and may be passed by as more or less familiar; but the great Machinery Building is a marvel, not less worthy of admiration, and its construction is an architectural feat worthy of remembrance. The work was done, under the direction of M. Alphand, by the architect Dutert, the chief engineer, M. Contamin, and two associate engineers, MM. Charton and Pierron.

The building, which is of iron, is nearly 1,550 feet in length, and the span of the girders that support the roof is 360 feet. No such dimension had as yet been reached, the famous girders of the St. Pancras Station, London, of 240 feet, being the largest previously known. The height, from the floor to the centre of the roof, is 158 feet, so that it is within bounds to say that the Arc de l'Etoile could stand, with room to spare, under this immense roof. The floor covers 61,335 square meters, or about seventeen acres.

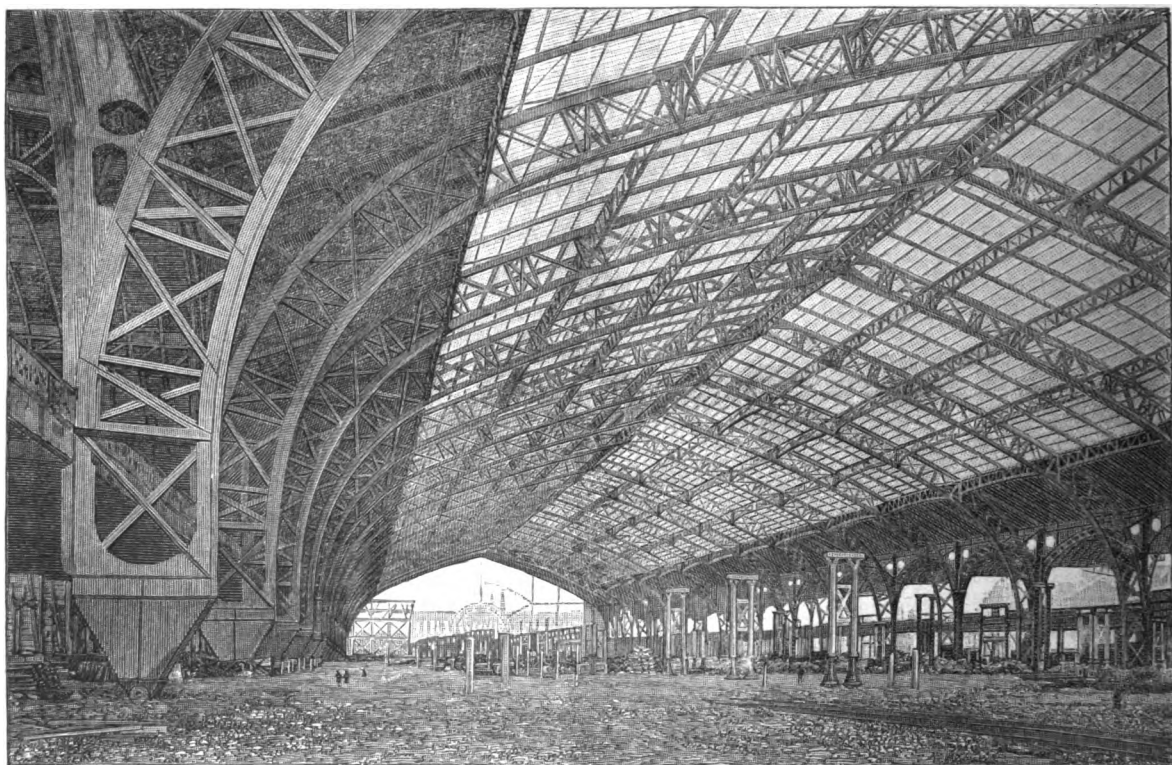
It is to be hoped that this great building will remain permanently in its place, after the Exposition is closed, for such a work should not become a mere matter of tradition.



THE BOURSE.

For foreign visitors, and even for many of the Frenchmen, the names and the riches of the colonial possessions of the Republic will be a revelation. The British Empire is so vast and so extended, and our own reading is necessarily so much in English, that the actual condition and the growth of the French Power, outside of France and Algeria, have passed almost without notice under our eyes. Not many persons are aware that France

is the second colonizing Power of the world, for extent of territory and, perhaps, for the population of the native races under her rule. Her colonies and protectorates extend over 1,200,000 square miles, more than two-thirds of this area being situated in the richest and most desirable parts of Northern and Central Africa, and so placed, with relation to France and to the inland lines of communication, that the control and the development of



INTERIOR OF MACHINERY HALL.



M. Eiffel. M. Francisque Sarcey.

M. EIFFEL AND THE PARIS JOURNALISTS ON THE FIRST STAGE OF THE GREAT TOWER.

North-western Africa, with its undoubted wealth, must ultimately, and at no distant day, be absolutely hers. The decisive expansion of her power on the Mediterranean, and in the basins of the Senegal and Niger, is the work of the Republic within the past few years. Too much has been made of the opposition to the colonizing views of the Government. It is the penalty paid by all free countries for their freedom, that great public measures must be discussed with open doors and in the hearing of all men. A fierce denunciation of any proposed policy attracts the attention of foreigners, and seems to put the Government in the wrong, once and for all, while the popular approval of a measure on its merits often escapes notice. This is emphatically true of three great enterprises successfully carried through by the Government of the Republic, and justified by the event in each case, if it be admitted at all that civilized men have a right to extend their power over peoples in a comparatively backward or undeveloped condition.

The protectorate over Tunisia and Madagascar and the confirmed possession of Tonquin have been made a standing reproach to France; but it is not easy to see on what ground she has especially deserved reproach. Her work has been done with no greater violence to the principle of right than the idea of colonization necessarily involves, and much of the actual difficulty encountered in every one of these cases was the result of intrigue and opposition stirred up by England's jealousy of her active neighbor. The great colonizing movement, as if by concert among the European nations, is one of the most remarkable facts of the past twenty years, and no one Power can be indifferent to the necessity imposed upon it by its position. Abstractly, it might be better to leave the half-civilized or unformed nations of the world to work out their own salvation, unvexed by science and by steam; but the impulse of civilization is as natural and as irresistible in some races as the appetite for food, or the play-impulse which has resulted in the various arts. That which is an advantage to the world when it is done by England or by Russia must be at least an equal advantage when the agent is France; and those who look at the products of Tunis and Anam, of Madagascar and the French Congo, will acquire new ideas of the extent and the solidity of the empire which French energy and French genius have founded beyond the sea.

It is sometimes urged by those who stand aside from the busy world of men that one Universal Exposition is much like another; that there are fine sights and great buildings, crowds of people of all languages and all types, brass and steel machinery in motion, glitter and splendor, noise and whir, and a vast confusion left in the bewildered mind; and there is, no doubt, some truth in reflection. The many, who go to see and to be amused only by the kaleidoscopic effects that change with every moment, will bring away from such a scene nothing of permanent value, and may well believe that the experience of others is like their own; but for those who are still alive to the enlightened curiosity which is a distinguishing faculty of the civilized man it will be impossible not to profit by the sights and suggestions and contrasts that will force themselves upon their attention. To walk with observant eyes and mind through such a display is really to have the world brought into one focus.

It is not necessary to have a special study in order to learn in such a place; there is needed only the intelligent mind, and the ideas will come with the sight. Moreover, with all the undoubted likeness in one Exposition to another, there is such incessant progress in

the applications of science and the inventive spirit that new forms of beauty and of usefulness are to be seen at each Exposition, in a degree that amazes the beholder who considers how few and simple are the elements and the principles that are applied and wrought into these combinations.

It is the universe in epitome before the spectator, and his sense of wondering delight must sometimes be oppressed with the thought of the infinite unknown multitude of workers, whose cunning brains and skillful fingers have produced the miracles of art and ingenuity that meet him at every turn. This, again, is a reminder of the deep human significance in what looks to some like a giddy pleasure of the eyes.

Now that this last and greatest of all the Expositions is about to open to the world, there is a fitness in recalling the fact that the first Exposition at Paris was opened under the Directory of the First Republic, on the 1st Vendémiaire, An VII. (22d September, 1798).

This was an Exposition of French Industries, "in order to present to artists the new spectacle of all industries grouped together, to establish among them a wholesome emulation, and to teach all citizens that national prosperity is inseparable from the growth and development of the arts and manufactures."

The Republic, which has been the life of France through all the changes of a hundred years until now, does but reaffirm in its glorious Centennial celebration the principles with which it began its immortal career.

DO DREAMS LAST LONG?

THIS interesting question has been recently discussed in Germany, by Dr. F. Scholz, among others, who has given some striking examples from his own experience and observation. It is very certain, however, that the majority of dreams are only of momentary duration, although extended occasionally to the length of a minute. In proof of this, Dr Scholz tells the following story from his experience: "After excessive bodily fatigue, and a day of mental strain of a not disagreeable kind, I betook myself to bed, after I had wound up my watch and placed it upon the night-table, whereon a lamp was burning. Then I lay down. Soon I found myself on the high sea on board a well-known ship. I was young again, and stood on the lookout. I heard the roar of the water, and golden clouds floated around me. How long I so stood I did not know, but it seemed a very long time. Then the scene changed. I was in the country, and my long-dead parents came to greet me; they took me to church, where the loud organ sounded. I was delighted, but at the same time wondered to see my wife and children there. The priest mounted the pulpit and preached, but I could not understand what he said, for the organ continued to play. I took my son by the hand, and with him ascended the church-tower; but again the scene was changed. Instead of being near my son, I stood near an early-known but long-dead officer—I ought to explain that I was an army surgeon during the manœuvres. I was wondering why the officer looked so young, when quite close to my ears an unsuspected cannon sounded. Terrified, I was hurrying off, when I woke up, and noticed that the supposed cannon-shot had its cause in the opening of the bedroom-door as some one entered. It was as if I had lived through an eternity in my dream, but when I looked at my watch, I saw that since I had fallen asleep not more than one minute had elapsed—a much shorter time than it takes to relate the occurrence."

WISHES.

By JULIA WARD HOWE.

I would I might approach thee,
As the moon draws near the cloud,
With still and stately courtesy,
Clear-eyed and solemn-browed;
But when their meeting comes, her face
In his deep breast doth hide;
The heavens are still in solemn joy,
The world is glorified.

I would I might approach thee,
As music, swift aloof,
Surprises with its sudden joy
A wanderer in a boat;
The sordid walls of life fall down
Before that clarion clear;
A passing rapture oft recalled
When days grow blank and drear.

I wish I might approach thee,
As breezes fresh and pure,
Unthought, breathe on fevered lips,
And throbbing temples cure;
As Joy and Love and healthful Hope
Visit some chosen heart,
And enter, softly welcomed there,
And never more depart.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS AND THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

RIVAROL, Malouet, Gouverneur Morris and Mallet du Pan, these are the four men whom M. Taine has distinguished as the most competent observers of the French Revolution. Of these four, who are alike in having been led from the liberal point of view to condemnation of the Revolution, the last two, from the independence of their position and the range of their political experience, are perhaps the most remarkable. The one an American, the other a Genevese, both were foreigners and republicans, both had had practical experience of domestic revolution, and both had learned the lesson of freedom in self-governing communities. If Mallet du Pan, the fellow-citizen of Rousseau and *protégé* of Voltaire, had enjoyed the advantage of passing his life in contact with the great world of European thought, Morris, one of the founders of the American Republic, had played a highly honorable and responsible part in the greatest event of the eighteenth century. And if Mallet du Pan, with his intimate knowledge of the social and political condition of European States, realized more profoundly and with ever-deepening dejection the significance of the Revolution, which appears rather as an episode in the pages of Morris, it is possible that, in view of the mighty predominance of the Western Republic, history may justify the American statesman's unconscious estimate of the relative importance of that event.

Born at the family estate of Morrisania, now a part of the City of New York, of ancestors not undistinguished as citizens, he arrived at manhood at the moment when the struggle of independence began; he was elected at the age of twenty-three to the Legislature of his own State, when he powerfully advocated independence and took a prominent part in the debates on the Constitution of New York. Delegated, in 1778, to the Continental Congress, he became one of the most active agents of the system of government by committees, and distinguished himself especially in the departments of the organization of the army, in the foreign negotiations and in finance. The reputation he early gained in the last

branch of administration designated him for the post of Assistant Superintendent of the Finances. His public career was crowned by his participation in the work of the convention for the formation of the Constitution of the United States, which, according to his friend Madison, owed its shape and finish to his hand. He then devoted himself, in conjunction with the great financier Robert Morris, to commercial operations, in which he realized a large fortune and acquired the kind of experience most useful to an economist. It was in connection with private and semi-official matters of this nature, and not at first as Minister of his country, that he arrived in France, in February, 1789.

Morris had fully profited by the best training for statesmanship, for he was thoroughly competent in law, finance and politics. His personal and social qualities were no less remarkable. His features are described as having been regular and expressive, his demeanor frank and dignified, and his figure tall and commanding, in spite of a wooden leg, which an accident in early life obliged him to use. Of a sanguine and ambitious temperament, his chief characteristic in society was a daring self-possession, and he was often heard to declare that in his intercourse with men he never knew the sensation of inferiority or embarrassment. His liveliness, tact and common sense made him a most agreeable companion, but in conversation upon politics, zeal, he says, always got the better of prudence. His keenest interest was in the study of men, and, like George III., who once remarked that the most beautiful sight he ever beheld was the colliery country near Stroud, his attention in traveling was always directed less to the beauties of nature than to the details and economy of the various manufactures, to the agriculture of the country, and to all that concerned the comfort and condition of the people. With such a disposition he soon became a favorite in the *salons* of Paris, where to be an American was, at that time, almost a sufficient introduction. He speaks with but little enthusiasm of the society of that vaunted epoch. At one house he observed, that each person "being occupied either in saying a good thing or in studying one to say, it is no wonder if he cannot find time to applaud that of his neighbor." He availed himself, however, of his opportunities of making the acquaintance of men of many shades of opinion, and his judgments upon them are full of acuteness and sense. His connection with Lafayette introduced him at once to the revolutionary leaders. Lafayette himself received him with a warm hospitality, which, in this case, was amply repaid by the efforts made in later years by Morris to obtain his release from the Austrian Government. He soon, however, found himself in opposition to Lafayette's ideas. At their first interview Morris saw him to be "too republican for the genius of his country." When the latter showed him the draft of the Declaration of Rights, he suggested amendments "tending to soften the high-colored expressions of freedom." He did not spare his warnings or his criticism, either in conversation or in writing, but when he told him in plain words that the "thing called a constitution" which the Assembly had passed was good for nothing, it is not surprising that a certain coldness grew up between them. Talleyrand impressed Morris at first sight as a "sly, cool, cunning, ambitious man," and he put his finger upon the prevailing characteristic of the mind of Sièyes when he observed of him that he despised all that had been said or sung on the subject of government before him.

His criticism of Mirabeau, if not profound, is instructive, as illustrating the side of his character which most

impressed contemporaries. The greatest figure of the Revolution—except Bonaparte—Mirabeau united genius and patriotism with degrading faults of character. His own cry of regret, perhaps the most pathetic ever uttered by a public man, is the explanation of the contradiction of his life: “Combien l’immoralité de ma jeunesse fait de tort à la chose publique!” The invincible repugnance of the world was shown by the fact, noted by Morris, that he was received with hisses at the opening of the States-general. His past made him enter on the great struggle, not as a philosopher or a statesman, but as a malcontent and a *déclassé*. His pecuniary embarrassments destroyed his personal independence, and sold him, in the words of his enemies, to the court,

abolition of feudalism on the day of August the 4th, his contention for investing the King with the right of peace and war, and with an absolute veto, without which he would “rather live in Constantinople than in Paris”; above all, his effort to induce the Assembly to give a seat in their body to the Ministers of the Crown, the constitutional pivot on which the fortunes of the Revolution may be said to have turned, were all public actions which might have won for him the confidence of moderate men of all parties. In such a union, under such leadership, lay the only hope, and with the presumption of genius he felt and proclaimed that he was the only man who could reconcile the Monarchy with freedom. Yet Morris only echoed the sentiment of the best men of his time



THE PARIS EXPOSITION AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.—MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN, BY M. FRANCIS DE SAINT-VIDAL.
SEE PAGE 513.

His personal ambition, his want of temper, his necessity for self-assertion, his “insatiate thirst for applause,” led the great orator to endeavor to maintain his ascendancy by thundering against the enemies of the Revolution and inflaming popular passion, while he was secretly working for the cause of the Monarchy. And not in secret only. For he clearly saw that the annihilation of the executive power, the paralysis of administration, would deliver over his country to the violence of foreign enemies and the worse misfortune of anarchy at home. He turned to the Monarchy as the only anchor of safety. He considered that to restore to the King power, at least equal to that nominally exercised by the King of England, was the only way to avert disaster. His opposition to the Declaration of Rights, his abstention from the work of the

when he said “that there were in the world men who were to be employed, but not trusted”; “that virtue must ever be sullied by an alliance with vice”; “that Mirabeau was the most unprincipled scoundrel that ever lived.”

The man to whose lot it fell to initiate the Revolution, whose duty it was to guide it—the man for whom Mirabeau could find no words strong enough to express his contempt—met with the following judgment from Gouverneur Morris: “M. Necker has obtained a much greater reputation than he had any right to. An unspotted integrity as Minister, and serving at his own expense in an office which others seek for the purpose of enriching themselves, have acquired for him, very deservedly, much confidence. Add to this that his writings on finance

teem with that sort of sensibility which makes the fortune of modern romances, and which is exactly suited to this lively nation, who love to read but hate to think. Hence his reputation. He is without the talents of a great Minister; and though he understands man as a covetous creature, he does not understand mankind; he is utterly ignorant of politics, by which I mean politics in the great sense. . . . From the moment of convening the States-general he has been afloat upon the wide ocean of incidents."

Necker was, in fact, without the highest qualities of statesmanship. And when this is said, all is said. It was unjust, as a friend and contemporary writer truly observed, to reproach a Minister for not leading an Assembly which refused to be led, which at every turn insisted on giving lessons to its instructor. The finances could not be re-established when anarchy was universal and authority non-existent, without credit, taxes or public confidence. But although it was "as unjust to accuse him of the ruin of the finances as to accuse him of the loss of the battle of Ramillies," Morris was on no uncertain ground when he condemned Necker as a very poor financier; and nothing can be more luminous than his exposition of the fallacy of the system of borrowing from the *caisse d'escompte*, or the farce of the patriotic contribution, and his prediction of the ruin which must ensue from the issue of *assignats*. Morris had early realized the fact that the study of economic questions is the foundation of statesmanship. His writings had instructed his countrymen in liberal theories of commerce, and enlightened them on the abstruse questions of the



RESTORATION OF THE BASTILLE, RUE SUFFREN, PARIS.

nature of money and the sources and foundation of credit. In an official position he had done much to restore public and private credit, and introduce order into the financial administration, upon which, as he said, "the preservation of our Federal Union greatly depends." It is interesting to note in how many points he had criticised by anticipation the economic fallacies which distinguished the revolutionary epoch. He had, for instance, combated the regulation of prices by law—an expedient which became famous during the Terror under the name of the maximum laws, on the ground of the injustice of taxing a community by depreciation; he had condemned taxes on money, which merely drew it from circulation and rendered the collection of taxes more difficult. The outcry against monopolists and forestallers which had arisen in the American colonies, during the struggle for independence, found its counterpart in the popu-

lar resentment, during the whole course of the Revolution, against the *sangues publiques*, who saved the community from starvation by buying up and storing provisions and money. Morris had justified the operations of the capitalists by the economy which was thus introduced into consumption, the activity imparted to commerce and the steadiness established in price. The well-to-do classes shared with the monopolists the execration of the mob; Morris had pointed out the impossibility of an economic distinction between luxuries and necessities, and ventured the remark that "there was a less proportion of rogues in coaches than out of them." The spirit in which he watched the great socialistic experiment of



ON THE BOULEVARD, PARIS.

the Reign of Terror—the complete and even scientific character of which M. Taine has pointed out in the ablest chapters of his latest volume—may be gathered from a question he put to Hamilton, “How long a supposed society can exist, after property shall have been done away?” and the answer which he gave, “That government, being established to protect property, is respected only in proportion to the fulfillment of that duty, and durable only as it is respectable.”

If his previous experience had given Morris competence in finance, it had given him also in a high degree a mastery of constitutional questions. His criticism of the Constitution of 1791 was worthy of the man to whose hand much of the American Constitution was due, of the man whom Hamilton and Madison had invited to join in the writing of the *Federalist*. In his own country he had been unjustly accused of a leaning toward monarchy, so strong had been his dread of the “anarchy which would lead to monarchy.” Among a people without the education or instincts of free government, characteristic of English communities, he early saw his worst fear realized. “Despotic States perish for want of despotism, as cunning people for want of cunning.” The suddenness of the collapse of the Monarchy shows how true was the insight which led Mallet du Pan to say, in speaking of the various causes assigned for the French Revolution—the quarrels of parliaments, the assembling of the notables, the deficit, the Ministry of Necker, the assaults of philosophy—“None of these things would have happened under a monarchy which was not rotten at the core.” By the end of July, Morris observed that “France was as near anarchy as a society could be without dissolution.” The Government of the country fell suddenly into the hands of an Assembly ignorant and inexperienced in public affairs, and Morris deplored that they had “all that romantic spirit and those romantic ideas of government which, happily for America, we were cured of before it was too late.” In a passage which has a reminiscence of the “Reflections,” he characterized the situation as it existed in November, 1790: “This unhappy country, bewildered in the pursuit of metaphysical whimsies, presents to our moral view a mighty ruin. Like the remnants of ancient magnificence, we admire the architecture of the temple, while we detest the false god to whom it was dedicated. Daws and ravens, and the birds of night, now build their nests in its niches. The sovereign, humbled to the level of a beggar’s pity, without resources, without authority, without a friend. The Assembly, at once a master and a slave, new in power, wild in theory, raw in practice. It engrosses all functions, though incapable of exercising any, and has taken from this fierce, ferocious people every restraint of religion and of respect. Sole executors of the law, and therefore supreme judges of its propriety, each district measures out its obedience by its wishes, and the great interests of the whole, split up into fractional morsels, depend on momentary impulse and ignorant caprice. Such a state of things cannot last.”

It was in no spirit of unfriendly criticism, either toward the French people or their aspirations, that Morris wrote these words. “I wish very much,” he had said, “the happiness of this inconstant people. I love them. I feel grateful to them for their efforts in our cause, and I consider the establishment of a good constitution here as the principal means, under Divine Providence, of extending the blessings of freedom to many millions of my fellow-countrymen.” But he saw very clearly that the so-called work of reconstruction was but the first step in a course of constitutional experiments during which

France was to pass from one extreme to the other—from the omnipotence of a legislative assembly to the absolutism of a despotic executive. The speech which Morris put into the mouth of the King on the occasion of his acceptance of the Constitution of 1791 is a state paper of the highest importance. The opening words, “It is no longer a king who addresses you; Louis the Sixteenth is only a private individual,” strike the key-note of a criticism which condemns, point by point, the concentration of power in the hands of an unwieldy Assembly, the destruction of the principle of authority in government, the exaggerated decentralization which created forty-four thousand sovereign bodies, and made it possible, as M. Taine has shown, for one of them to “besiege, mutilate and govern the National Convention, and through it the whole of France.”

His warnings, like so many others, fell upon deaf ears. The moment, inevitable in every despotism, had arrived when an incapable ruler was called upon to grapple with a demoralized administration—“An able man would not have fallen into his situation.” The retrospect in which Morris pointed out the occasions on which a “small-beer character” threw away one by one his chances of averting revolution proves, with irresistible force, that a strong sovereign might, even at the last moment, have saved his country from anarchy and his own house from the fate which Mirabeau prophesied for them at the hands of the populace, in the terrible words, “Ils battront le pavé de leurs cadavres.”

It was not as Minister of the United States that Gouverneur Morris had so freely taken his part in passing events, and had criticised and advised the King and his Ministers. He did not receive his appointment until Jefferson’s recall, in the beginning of the year 1792. At that time his intervention, even had his position allowed of it, would have been useless, and it was limited to an attempt to enable the royal family to escape, just before the catastrophe of the 10th of August. After that event, unlike other foreign representatives, he remained an eye-witness of the Revolution until the end of the Reign of Terror. The difficulty and even danger of the times—for he was subjected to arrest and search, followed, of course, by ministerial apologies—made it necessary for him to remove to a country-house twenty miles from the capital. His official duties were confined to remonstrances against decrees affecting American commerce, to the protection of American shipping and of American citizens. His correspondence, in spite of the fact that every letter “bore marks of patriotic curiosity,” remained full and interesting. The situation of the finances and the impending bankruptcy formed the subject of exhaustive comment; and he noticed the expenditure of blood and money, the rarity of artisans and laborers of every description, without blinding himself to the immense resources possessed by an Administration to whom war was a necessity and bankruptcy but a starting-point for fresh efforts. He truly observed that, once the debt of France had been liquidated by depreciation, she would present a rich surface covered with above twenty millions of people who loved war better than labor; and that the Administration would continue “to find war abroad necessary to preserve peace at home.” Anticipating, as he did, the inevitable close in a military despotism, he wondered that “four years of convulsion among four-and-twenty millions of people had brought forth no one, either in civil or military life, whose head would fit the cap which fortune had woven.”

His recall from a post in which, as he said, he felt him-

self degraded by the communication he was forced into with the worst of mankind, was partly owing to the disfavor with which his anti-revolutionary sentiments were viewed by some of his countrymen. It inspired a remark which is full of meaning. "Oliver Cromwell well understood the value of mob sentiment when he replied to his chaplain, vain of the applauding crowds which thronged round his master's coach, 'There would be as many and as glad to attend me at the gallows.' I do not believe that a good man in America can feel all the force of that expression, and therefore I believe it is very difficult to form on certain subjects a just opinion." Had Morris lived until 1830 he might have added that the full force of that expression could only be felt by those who witnessed the results of the identification of the principles of Jacobinism with those of political freedom; for the temporary triumph of reaction in Europe, and the equally illogical apotheosis by liberal writers of the revolutionary party, both sprang from this confusion of thought.

A "high-toned" Monarchy, an Assembly less numerous and elected for a longer period than was provided in the Constitution of 1791, and an hereditary Second Chamber—such was the constitution which Gouverneur Morris considered as the only government which would consist with the physical and moral state of France. These were the opinions of Malouet, of Mounier, of Mallet du Pan, and, with the exception that he would have dispensed with a Second Chamber and given even greater power to the Monarchy, of Mirabeau. Of these men Morris was, perhaps, the most distinguished for his freedom from *doctrinaire* views. Surrounded on his arrival in France by politicians clamoring for the immediate application of English constitutional forms to their own country, he was one of the foremost to insist on the differences of national character which made such ideas chimerical. "A republican," he said, "and just, as it were, emerged from that Assembly which has formed one of the most republican of all republican constitutions, I preach incessantly respect for the prince, attention to the rights of the nobility, and moderation, not only in the object, but also in the pursuit of it." "They want an American Constitution, with the exception of a king instead of a president, without reflecting that they have not American citizens to support the Constitution." "Every country must have a constitution suited to its circumstances, and the state of France requires a higher-toned government than that of England." These seemingly obvious sentiments were supported by the irresistible argument drawn from the political ignorance, incapacity and immorality of the new citizens of France. "The materials for a revolution," he wrote, "are very different. Everybody agrees that there is an utter prostration of morals, but this general position can never convey to an American mind the degree of depravity. It is not by any figure of rhetoric or force of language that the idea can be communicated. A hundred anecdotes and a hundred thousand examples are required to show the extreme rottenness of every member. It is, however, from such crumbling matter that the great edifice of freedom is to be erected here." Morris, in short, did not believe that a nation demoralized by despotism could be prepared for the full exercise of the privileges of freedom. He told Lafayette that it was from regard to liberty that he was opposed to the democracy, and in this opinion he was in accord with the most advanced English statesmen of that time, for Fox himself had expressly disclaimed any leaning to democracy. The Liberals of the Revolution, whom

Morris, with his clear good sense, his knowledge of affairs, and his devotion to the principles of constitutional freedom, so admirably represents, have met until recent times with little respect from philosophic historians, but their aims were at least plausible, and the realization of them could not have proved less conducive to free government than the actual course of events. They possessed, moreover, the virtue of consistency; they were never brought, like the Jacobin leaders, to acquiesce in the destruction of their hopes, and they had never been partisans of the old monarchical system of government.

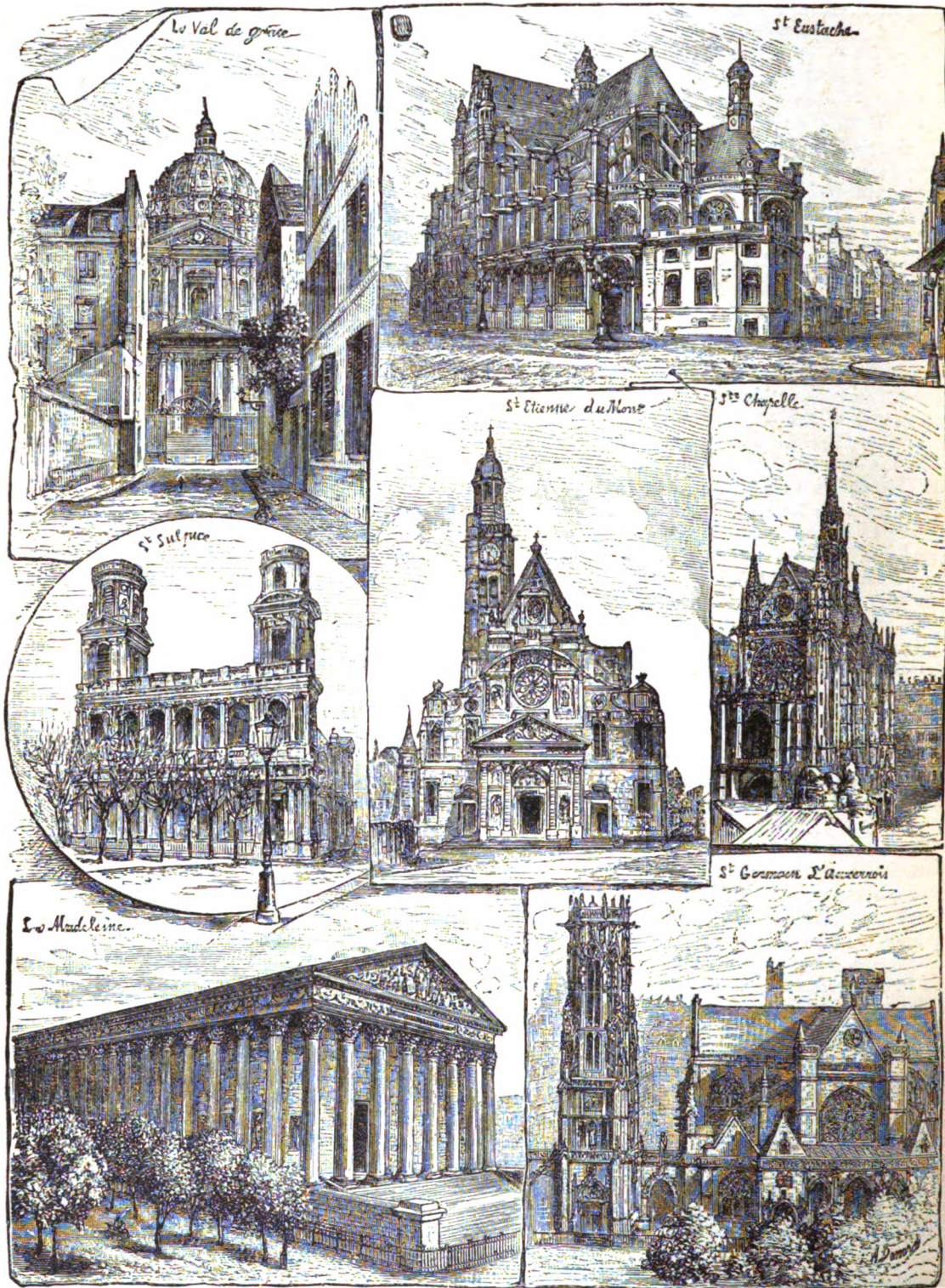
A passage, which is worth quoting, shows that Morris, at any rate, candidly recognized the advantages secured by what, in his opinion, was the worst kind of change. He thus summarizes the consequences of the Revolution in 1790: "1. The abolition of those different rights and privileges which kept the Provinces asunder, occasioning thereby a variety of taxation, increasing the expenses of collection, impeding the useful communication of commerce, and destroying that unity in the system of distributive justice which is one requisite to social happiness. 2. The abolition of feudal tyranny, by which the tenure of real property is simplified, the value reduced to money, rent is more clearly ascertained, and the estimation which depended upon idle vanity, or capricious taste, or sullen pride, is destroyed. 3. The extension of the circle of commerce to those vast possessions held by the clergy in mortmain, which, conferring great wealth as the wages of idleness, damped the ardor of enterprise, and impaired that ready industry which increases the stock of national riches. 4. The destruction of a system of venal jurisprudence, which, arrogating a kind of legislative veto, had established the pride and privileges of the few on the misery and degradation of the general mass. 5. Above all, the promulgation and extension of those principles of liberty which will, I hope, remain to cheer the heart and cherish a nobleness of soul when the metaphysical froth and vapor shall have been blown away. The awe of that spirit which has been thus raised will, I trust, excite in those who may hereafter possess authority a proper moderation in its exercise, and induce them to give to this people a real constitution of government fitted to the natural, moral, social and political state of their country."

But although he might cherish the hope that from the "chaos of opinion and the conflict of its jarring elements a new order might at length arise," he might well despair of the immediate future. That opinion was shared by others conspicuous in the cause of freedom. Washington, who, as appears from his correspondence with the American Minister, early mistrusted the course of events, and Romilly, who hoped against hope until the September massacres drew from him the exclamation, "One might as well think of establishing a republic of tigers in some forest of Africa as of maintaining a free government among such monsters," were among those who were one by one brought to Morris's conclusion: "The glorious opportunity is lost, and for this time at least the Revolution has failed."

The conclusion of the life of Gouverneur Morris was no less useful and prosperous than his previous career. After his recall from his post he remained four years in Europe, during which time he visited the various capitals and formed connections with the prominent men of every country. In 1799, ten years after his arrival in France, he returned to the United States, where, as he said, he was received "as if he were not an unwelcome guest in his native country." He was almost immediately elected to the Senate, where he served his term with

vigor and effect, and gave his support to the party of the Federalists. In possession of an ample fortune and numerous friends, he delighted in the exercise of hospitality, and occupied himself for the rest of his life in

JOHN BURROUGHS'S characteristic advice to young authors is: "Go to bed at nine o'clock; get up at five in Summer and six in Winter; spend half of each day in the open air; avoid tea and coffee, tobacco, and all



THE PARIS EXPOSITION AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.—SOME NOTABLE CHURCHES OF PARIS.—SEE PAGE 513.

agriculture and the management of his property, while retaining an active interest in public affairs. He married late in life, and died seven years afterward, in 1816, at his own estate at Morrisania.

stimulating drinks; adhere, mainly, to a fruit and vegetable diet, and always aim to have something to do which you can do with zest. Stagnation is the parent of ill-health.



"ARE YOU HERE FOR LONG, LIEUTENANT?" SHE QUESTIONED. "I AM HERE TO AWAIT ORDERS," I ANSWERED; "AND NOW THAT I HAVE MET YOU, I HOPE THOSE ORDERS WILL BE LONG DELAYED."

"WITH DISPATCHES."

BY BRANDT KNOX.

"SHE is pretty, she is rich, she is accomplished——"
 "Then," I interrupted, laughingly, "what has a poor 'sub' in a marching regiment to recommend him to her graces?"

"Nothing, perhaps; but we can admire pictures which we have not the wealth to possess. So come on, Hartley, and permit me to present you."

Five minutes later, guided by Fate as much as by my friend the captain, I was whirling down the brilliantly lit ball-room, keeping step to the music of the Twenty-first Regiment Band, with the belle of the post and the fairest woman I had ever seen.

It is admitted, I believe, that West-Pointers, as a rule, are rare judges of female loveliness, and no ordinary girl could in those days rule as queen of the Leavenworth garrison. But Ada Gordon was not ordinary, and her power was simply despotic. From the war-worn brigadier in command, down to the rawest boy just out of the Academy and rejoicing in his first suit of blue and gold, all

bowed beneath her queenly sway. Coming, as I did, from three years of hard service on the Arizona frontier, my conquest was an easy one, and as I held her shapely figure closely to me in the mazes of the waltz, and looked into her brown eyes, as brilliant as twin stars, I felt I had met the one woman I could love.

"Are you here for long, lieutenant?" she questioned, still addressing me, in spite of the others clustering about, as the music ceased. "So many of the officers here seem mere 'carpet knights,' that it is a pleasure to converse with one who has just come from the frontier and been actually wounded in an Indian fight."

"I am here to await orders," I answered; "and now that I have met you, I hope those orders will be long delayed."

Her eyes fell, and a faint flush sprang to her clear cheeks.

"You may regret it. Ah! Major Grayson is coming after me."

As she spoke, a tall, dark-featured man pushed roughly forward, and bending toward her, whispered a word in her ear.

"Why, major, I am sure you mistake," she spoke, sufficiently loud to be overheard by me. "Your name is not upon my card, and I have promised this dance to Lieutenant Hartley. Have you met? Ah, indeed!—Lieutenant Hartley, Major Grayson."

He stood watching us as we moved away together, and if I ever saw hate—bitter, unrelenting hate—in the eyes of any man, I read it then in his look. But it did not worry me, for I was happy with my prize, proud of being envied by every other man upon the floor, and passed the rest of the evening in a "fool's paradise."

The days rolled on, and they were truly merry ones. My orders did not arrive, and all the time which I dared to appropriate for that good purpose was given to Miss Gordon.

We danced together, walked and rode together, and yet, with all this seeming intimacy, she continued to hold me from her, and in a way peculiarly her own, caused me to take every advancing step with doubt and trembling. At the end of a month, I would have marched rather up to the mouth of a flaming cannon than have gone to her with words of love. And yet, how truly did I love her!—and what dreams of hope did often burn within me at some chance word from her lips, or some glance from her dark-brown eyes! But if I loved her, I can as truly record here that I hated the major. I had reason to feel so, for there could be no doubt about it, the major and I were rivals.

If Miss Gordon rode my horse in the morning, she was certain to be out with him in the afternoon. If my call was at two o'clock, he was sure to be present at four. If she wore my flowers in her hair, the major's roses blushed above her bosom. To be sure, I never believed she liked the man, yet she accepted his attentions, and the natural result was, that we hated each other with a fervency most delightful to contemplate.

One night, at the post ball, she danced twice with Grayson, but laughed with me about it the next morning, and wound up by borrowing my horse for a ride. She started alone, as I was busy doing some writing for the commandant.

As I came out, an hour later, I found a group of officers idly lounging on the sutler's porch, smoking and watching her, flying toward them up the river-road, as straight and swift as an arrow.

"By Jove! that girl ought to be in the cavalry service," ejaculated one, meditatively, pulling at his meerschaum. "There's not a man in the Seventh can ride as well. How like the dence she does go!"

"That animal of yours, Hartley," said Grayson, turning toward me and twisting his mustache *à la militaire*, "is too wild to be trusted to a lady."

Hot words rose to my lips, but I controlled my fiery temper and turned from him. Indeed, I was myself a little worried over the actions of my horse.

Nearer and nearer to us they drew, now out of sight in the ravine, now tearing over a slight rise in the bank. How they did come along!

"What ails the brute?" I muttered. "Can she have lost control over him?"

Then, suddenly, some one shouted: "By Heaven, he has the bit!"

I had barely time to see a white face above the slender figure swaying so dangerously in the saddle—to see her putting all her strength upon the reins as they came tearing down upon us! Then I sprang down the steps,

hurling the major into the dusty road in my haste, and flung myself forward upon the rein.

One hand was wrenched from its hold; the brute almost drew me under his feet in a fierce struggle for the mastery. But back, back I forced the horse's head—back, till, with the full measure of my strength, I sent the rearing brute upon his haunches, and saw Major Grayson swing the helpless girl clear of the saddle.

Then some one took the bridle, and, covered with dust, my face bleeding, my uniform torn and defaced in the brief struggle, I rose to my feet and stood face to face with the man I hated.

"You'll be more careful about loaning your horse after this, I fancy," he said, with a very perceptible sneer; "and I should like to inquire if you intentionally struck me just now?"

"You are welcome to take it as you please," I answered, angrily, and left him standing there.

Several hours later I was seated in the mess-room, when an orderly entered hastily, and handed me a note. It was simply a few commonplace lines from Miss Gordon, expressing her inability to keep an engagement with me that afternoon. In my love for her, I read it over twice, and as I finished, Grayson looked up from a newspaper and noticed it.

"Thanks for your gallant conduct, I suppose?" he said.

Disappointed at its contents, jealous of the speaker, stung by the sarcasm of his speech, I retorted, savagely:

"I do not consider it any of Major Grayson's business!"

He half started to his feet, and then, sinking back, said, slowly, with a very perceptible sneer in the low tones:

"I regret, sir, that an officer should so far forget himself as to pay his attentions to a lady of whom he is so evidently ashamed. It looks as if the money was the game."

A cup of coffee stood on the table before me, and, without thinking, I flung the contents full in his face.

"You are a liar and a coward!" I cried, hotly; "but if you want me, you know where my quarters are."

The next moment I was outside, in the cool night-air, under the stars.

The senior captain brought me his message, and after referring him to a brother-officer, I busied myself until a late hour in writing letters, and then, wearied and worried, flung myself upon the cot-bed, and sank into a deep but uneasy sleep.

How long it lasted I cannot now tell, but I was aroused by many voices and the jangling of the big post-bell. The wall of my room was red with the glow of flames, and I sprang to the window. The great store-house was wrapped in a sheet of fire, and the grand, flaming tongues, crowned by smoke-wreaths, leaped high up into the black sky. I joined the groups hurrying to help the guard subdue the flames.

"Stand back all!—the basement is full of powder!"

It was the voice of the colonel.

"Can it be saved?"

I don't know who asked the question, but I heard the quick reply:

"Perhaps so, if we had volunteers; but I shall order no man into such a place."

At that moment I chanced to turn, and saw Ada Gordon standing there, and bending above her was the major. The sight inflamed my blood—obscured my reason. I took one hasty step toward them.

"Grayson," I said, hotly, "volunteers are wanted to

bring out that powder. I dare you to go with me!" His face turned white, and he hesitated.

"Afraid, are you?" I said, tauntingly. "Stay with the ladies, then—it is safer."

He sprang forward—I thought with the intention of striking me, his eyes glowed so with hate.

"No, I will go!" he cried, fiercely.

I heard the girl utter a little cry—I thought she held her hands out toward us; and was it my own name she spoke? I could not tell, and the next moment we had plunged into the flame and smoke.

It was a desperate struggle. I take no credit for it to myself, for nothing but the bitterness of my heart prompted me forward; but the brave fellows who followed us into that fiery hall, where death looked them in the face with flaming eyes, deserve a page within the history of heroes. We had rolled out ten kegs, wrapped in wet blankets, when the floor crashed in upon us, and the major and I, cut off in the farther corner of the cellar, faced each other in the seeming certainty of death. His eyes glared with almost the frenzy of insanity, and his fingers worked as if clutching at a throat.

"Now I'll settle with you!" he yelled. "Whether we both die or not, you'll never get out of here alive, Fred Hartley. You've told your last lie about me to Ada Gordon."

"I've never said a word against you to her," I answered, stepping back from him, and looking on every side for some weapon of defense. "You are mistaken, major, if you think so. I love the girl. I'll win her if I can, but I'll win her fair."

He laughed; it was the laugh of a demon.

"Nice words you say, now that I have the 'drop' on you!"—and jerking a revolver from his belt, he leveled it at me. "I can't have the girl—she told me so last night—and, by thunder, you never shall!"

I sprang upon him. I heard the sharp report of his weapon, and then—*crash!* the very building seemed to be rent asunder above us; I felt myself lifted and twisted by some mighty force, and then all became darkness and oblivion.

It was many weeks later that I weakly crept out into the sunlight again, with one arm still hanging helpless in its splints, and a hideous scar burnt across my face—crept out to read my orders to report at a distant post for duty; to learn that Grayson had been taken out of the ruins, mangled and dead; to hear that Ada Gordon had returned to her home in an Eastern city, leaving me but the coldest and most formal of notes, and a rose she had plucked in the post-garden the day that she departed.

* * * * *

And two years passed away—they were dull, long years to me; years in which I saw much hard service, for it was my luck to be stationed in a hostile country, and I sought danger wherever it could be found. My brother-officers felt that I had grown cold and moody—they little imagined how often the hot blood leaped about my heart when, in their idle gossip, her name was mentioned.

In December, 1887, my troop was stationed at Fort Harper, and one evening, in the mess-room, Jack Lawton spoke up:

"They are having a gay time over at Custer this Winter, according to all reports."

"How's that?—visitors?"

"Yes. Colonel Carter's daughter has got two friends with her, and Charlie Gordon's sister is there visiting him from New York."

"What Gordon?" I asked, rousing up at the name.

"The captain in the Sixteenth. Why, you know her,

Hartley—brown-eyed girl. She was at Leavenworth when you got hurt."

I muttered something in reply, and throwing away my cigar, passed out into the starlight. Ada Gordon at Custer! And I stood looking off across the prairie toward where she must be. How hope rose and sank within me!—how I longed to look once more into her brown eyes and learn—

A footstep behind interrupted my musing, and I turned to meet the colonel in command.

"Ah, good-evening, Hartley. Pleasant Winter weather this. I am looking for the officer of the day. A courier has just arrived from Niobrara with dispatches for Custer. Can you spare a sergeant from your troop to bear them on?"

The bright vision of Ada Gordon rose up before me, and, inspired by it, I said:

"Colonel, let me go. I have a special reason for wishing to be at Custer now?"

"Very well, then. Report to me the moment you are ready."

With the lightest heart I had borne for two years, I hastened to my quarters.

Nothing but the brown, treeless prairie—not level, but with a dull, monotonous roll to it, like the mighty surges of the Pacific, stretching away as far as the eye could reach. To be sure, the wide, shallow river flowed, with sluggish current, away there to my left, with a few stunted trees bending dejectedly over its low, sandy banks, and at my back the peaks of distant mountains, snow-crowned and majestic, made a jagged line across the horizon; but to the front and on every side of me nothing broke the dull monotony of the plains.

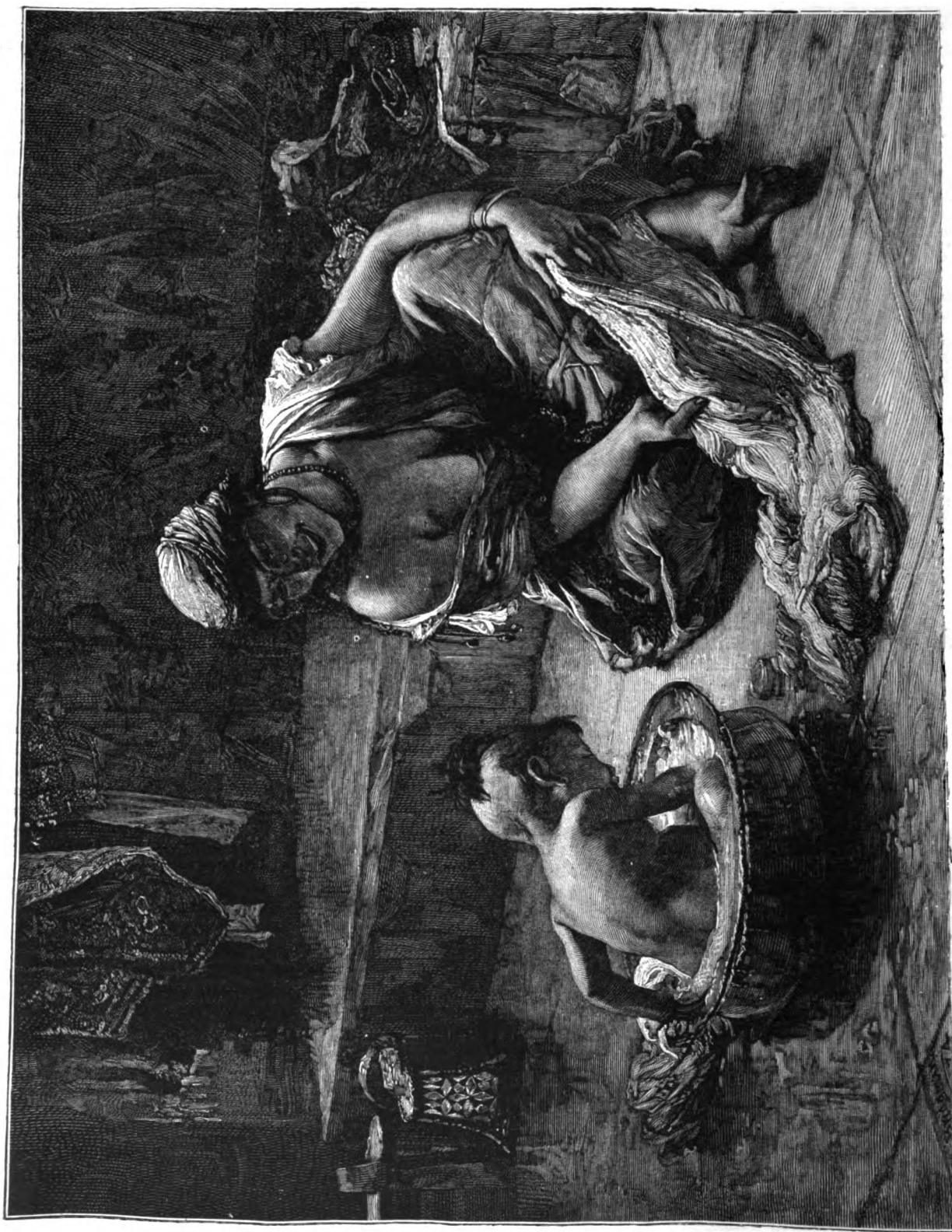
Two hours before, I had ridden out of the little log-stockade, dignified by army courtesy into a "fort," lifted my hat in good-by to the officer of the guard, saluted in answer to the click of the sentry's rifle, and dashed forth into the gray flush of the dawn.

"Reach Fort Custer with these papers at the earliest possible moment," were my orders. "You have volunteered, Hartley, and I can trust you. This is a matter of life or death."

"Life or death—life or death!" the ringing of my horse's feet kept repeating these words over and over again, as I leaned forward and eagerly applied the spur. It might be for her it was meant, and the thought inspired me with new energy and resolution. The thought grew upon me, until I felt as if pressing forward to save her—and her alone—from some dreadful fate. "For life or death—for life or death!" the wind sang it to me, and the river answered back the same refrain.

So, hour after hour, we stretched away, and hour after hour, as I lifted my eyes from the compass to gaze about me, they fell upon the same brown, lifeless waste, without even so much as a shrub or knoll to act as guide or landmark. My course was directly north-west, and I found no obstacles in my path which would cause me to swerve either to the right or the left. Once, on the bank of a little stream, I halted, but only long enough to eat a hasty lunch and refresh my horse. My heart was still ahead, urging me forward, and I sprang once more into the saddle to push on across the lonely and desolate desert.

A little snow had begun falling by this time, but quietly enough, and the only attention I remember paying to it was the turning up of the collar to my heavy army overcoat. As there was no trail to be followed, and I was traveling altogether by compass, a slight snow-fall would scarcely inconvenience me at all, so I did not worry



A TURKISH BATH.—FROM THE PAINTING BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.

about it. Some two hours later than this, perhaps, the hard breathing of my horse awoke me from my thoughts, and caused me to lift my head and gaze about. The sight that met my eyes startled me in a moment to a full realization of danger. Not much, you might think, but to a plainsman it meant volumes. Everything seemed

hand, the wind grew stronger and whipped around into the north-west; the fog turned into icy particles, and I was struggling for my life in the mad rush and fury of a prairie "blizzard."

Alone, frightened, overwhelmed, we staggered onward, scarcely able to breathe or struggle against the



CLEOPATRA RECEIVING HER DEATH FROM THE BITE OF AN ASP.—BY JOHN SARTAIN; AFTER THE ENCAUSTIC TABLET FOUND AT HADRIAN'S VILLA.—SEE PAGE 537.

swimming in mist, the long miles of bare prairie had disappeared, a foggy curtain was shutting me in and every moment deepening its enveloping folds. Indeed, I scarcely had time in which to prepare for what I knew must be coming—certainly not over five minutes were allowed me—and then, as if propelled by some mighty

unrelenting strength of the blast. Beset on all sides, bewildered in the eddying of the flying snow, benumbed by the piercing cold, I fought on, with the strength born of despair, across that trackless, guideless prairie. Of time I had no conception. Minutes seemed hours in the face of death, and I only know my horse swerved from

the dreadful fury of the storm, and we drifted aimlessly here and there. I remember rolling stiffly from the saddle to keep from freezing, taking the bridle-rein in my hand and pressing on—I knew not where. Time and time again I stumbled and fell; time and time again I broke the ice which kept forming over my eyes, and pressed my hands over my mouth, in order that I might breathe without inhaling the misty particles of ice that choked me. Then my frightened horse jerked loose from my stiffening fingers, and was out of sight in an instant. Alone—I was alone! The wind howled like a thousand demons in my ears, the flying ice stung me like knives, and I could scarcely see five feet on either side. Despair was at my heart; courage left me in that awful moment; hope was almost gone, when I stepped into a hole and was flung heavily forward. I staggered up again, took one step, and was thrown once more in the same way. A thought flashed to my mind, and desperately I pushed aside the snow. Thank God! in my blindness I had stumbled on to a road—a road worn deep into the soft soil of the prairie by hundreds of heavy wheels, and I knew it must be the old Fort Custer trail.

A new flood of hope rushed over me—seemed to warm my freezing blood and give to me fresh strength. With my compass I found the direction, and keeping my feet in the rut, staggered on, inspired by a chance to fight for my life. On, on, on, beset on all sides by the howling demon of the storm, still fighting my way forward. Ah, what is that?—something in my path, gloomy now with the shadow of twilight. Eager with hope of gaining some shelter, however feeble, from the pitiless fury of the storm, I hurried to it. It was a sleigh—a sleigh turned up upon one side, with the snow drifted high about it. I peered within its shadow.

"My God, Ada!" I cried. "Is it you?"

She lifted her head, wearily.

"Lieutenant Hartley, you—~~you have~~ come for me!"

I sprang to her side, and caught her hands—they were icy cold. In another instant I had torn off my heavy overcoat and wrapped it around her.

"Yes, I have come for you," I cried, forgetting all else in my love for the girl; "and I will never leave you again, unless you tell me that I must."

Was it the cold light of coquetry that blazed in her dark eyes, even in that dreadful place?

"What would Miss Castlereigh think, to hear you speak to me like that?"

"Nellie Castlereigh?" I muttered, in astonishment.

"Why, what has she to do with me?"

"Are you not married yet?"

"Married?—no, and not likely to be to her. Who told you such a story?"

She did not answer or look up.

"Tell me, Ada—was it Major Grayson?"

"Yes."

"And—and"—how my voice trembled!—"was that the reason why you left me at Leavenworth?"

She smiled up into my eager face.

"Do you remember," I went on, rapidly, "the rose you left for me? Here it is. No, don't take it. I will exchange it for just one thing—yourself, my darling."

For an instant no one spoke a word—the wind swept a great mass of snow over our heads, then the girl lifted her head slowly and held out her hand.

"You may give me the rose," she said.

And so, with my arms about her, her head upon my breast, the wind howling in baffled fury about the overturned sleigh, and the snow piling up higher and higher over us, we entered upon the weary hours of the night.

At first we talked, telling each other of how we ~~chanced~~ thus to meet, recalling old times and building hopes for the future—then the dread solemnity of our position kept us silent, and at length I knew, from her breathing, that she was asleep. Hour after hour I sat there, drumming my feet on the ground to keep them from freezing, and sheltering her from the wind with my own body. The drifting snow piled up above our refuge, and toward morning all sense of suffering ceased, and I, too, slept from sheer exhaustion.

It was morning when I woke; I could tell it by the faintest ray of light which came straggling through our snowy prison. ~~Ada was awake~~, and after whispering some words of hope and comfort in her ear, I pushed ~~aside~~ the snow and stood upright. One billowy sea of desolation, white and ghastly in the ~~early~~ light, lay spread before me. I was frozen, too—frozen and stiff with cold, weak from want of food, scarcely able to move at first. But my companion, I soon discovered, was in even a worse condition. The excitement of the storm, the exposure, the lack of food, had greatly weakened her.

"We cannot stay," she said. "My brother Charlie does not know that I came in this direction. Poor boy, he will worry so!"

In spite of my reasons for remaining, we set out at last in direction of the fort, following the dim, snow-hidden trail as best we could. Three miles were slowly traversed, and then Ada could go no further, and I caught her up in my arms and pushed forward. Ordinarily her light weight would have been little to me; now I staggered under it like a drunken man, and at times everything seemed to reel before me, and then grow dark. Nothing but my love gave me power to struggle desperately on.

Suddenly she lifted her head.

"Fred, I hear hoof-beats and voices."

I placed her, half reclining, on the snow, and listened. At the same moment the sharp report of a gun cut through the death-like stillness. Pulling my own weapon from its belt, I answered the signal. Scarcely had its echo died away when a dozen horsemen swept over the ridge in our front and came toward us on a run.

Ada lifted her head, and cried out, "Charlie!—brother!" and sank back again, fainting.

The next instant an officer sprang from his horse and flung himself upon his knees by her side. Her eyes opened and looked up into his anxious face with a smile of welcome; then she cried:

"Oh, Fred, don't leave me now!"

"Who are you, sir?"—the words arrested me, as I started to her side, and I glanced up into a stern face which I knew must be Colonel Carter's. The sight and the words of authority recalled my duty to mind for the first time in many hours. Instinctively I lifted my hat, and held out my bundle of papers to him.

"A bearer of dispatches from Fort Harper," I said.

Then everything grew black around me; I flung up my hands in a vain clutching for support, and fell forward on my face in the snow.

SOME HUMORS OF TRAVEL.

BY HERMAN MERIVALE.

THERE are three things which grow on the philosopher, even as his life grows on him—books, and friends, and travel. The delightful intimacy of the first two of these, to the mind constituted or duly trained to love them, slowly and pleasantly takes the place, on the level ~~marzo~~ *del cammin*, which covers nowadays so broad a space of

ground of the odd fever called Society. This fever is like the fabled measles—not to be taken twice by the sage who has of old drunk deep of the varied excitement of the five-o'clock tea, or supped full on the recitations of young persons with their backs against the wall (something to do with the stage, you know), till his quiet little country study takes the proportions of a haven of rest, and every back of every book upon the familiar shelves suggests its own associations and carries its own companionship.

In my young days I was always traveling, or imagining that I was. Whether or not it can really be called traveling to loaf away indefinite weeks in Paris on the north side of the Boulevards, between the Grand Hotel (when Grand Hotels were not) and the curve in the bow over against the Rue Richelieu, or to carry the same spirit, and no other, to the Unter den Linden, the Corso, or the Fifth Avenue, there are many besides myself who, as they grow older, will be apt to inquire. Nevertheless, I traveled, and I loved it; and it was, to use the simple school description, great fun. Now, great fun is an education, for the humor of it remains. We are all "eyes and no-eyes," I suppose, in young years, if not always, according to what we care for and what we do not. I reproached myself much in those days for not seeming to myself to care for anything. It seemed to me that I never observed; and as to "thinking," the lessons of my pastors and masters (are there none such amongst us now?) had led me to the hopeless conclusion that it was a process so professional, so portentous, so complex, so confined to subject-matters which could not, hard as I tried, interest me in the slightest degree—and, moreover, to judge by what results I could see, so profoundly depressing to the performer—that I thought that I could never think. The expression must be forgiven, for I know of no other.

But I have lived to learn how strange and ever-moving a thing the mind's education is—not that carved out for it by parents or by guardians, but that which is silently forcing its own way through its self-made bed, side by side with the prepared main-stream which follows the lines of the ordnance-map. Looking back upon the time-blurred past and its many avenues of travel, I find that my early memories of countries and of towns, of features of scenery and place, of lake and mountain and atmosphere and sunrise, of architecture, too, and art—of the many things I have grown up to mark closely and love well—are mixed and jumbled as the spires of Oxford, after his first flying visit, in the mental camera of Mr. Verdant Green's papa. But as distinct as mountain-shapes upon a clear horizon, rising from the level and mist-covered plain, are to me all sorts of whims and oddities of humanity, and caprices of meeting or adventure. Where a picture is forgotten, a waiter remains. Where I fail altogether to distinguish (from early memories) the plain of Seville from the plain of Milan, some astonishing chance acquaintance at a *table d'hôte* is inseparably connected with one place or the other, and his personality almost as distinct as if he sat opposite me now. Conversations of "twenty years syne" remain with me, to be written down at need as exactly as others can describe the features of a lovely country, or the light and shadow of a famous work of art. Why? It was so, I suppose, that it was given to me *imparare*; that I might feel now, as I do feel, that my aimless wanderings were not all in vain.

My first acquaintance with Dresden left with me indistinct memories of the rushing Elbe (except for a header where, and because, the *Kopfsprung* was not *gestaltet*,

which resulted in my scraping half my face off against a gravelly bottom about two feet down), of the green vaults and the Saxon Switzerland, and even of the *Sar Sisto Madonna*—only a vivid record of the humors of the city jail.

It was on a dark Summer evening when my colleague and I set out from our hotel to walk across the bridge. Half way over, a gesticulating policeman sprang from the shadow and waved us to the opposite foot-path of the bridge. We saw no reason, but obeyed. Then we agreed that it was too late, and turned back on the path we had been appointed to. The figure at once appeared again, and in voluble German ordered us back to the pavement from which he had just dismissed us. I believed he was mad; but when he began to enforce his views by physical suggestion, I rather angrily shook myself free and went on, for the moment seeing him no more. Just as we were nearing our hotel, however, he suddenly reappeared with a companion armed to the teeth; they silently arrested me and marched me off between them—it was night-fall—to the House of Detention. What for, I was without the glimmering of an idea, and my eloquent but barbarous German was received in silence. My friend followed behind, counseled prudence, and thought it was rather a joke. So did I, afterward, but not at the time. It was good of him, at all events, not to seem to mind much. At eleven at night, just before closing, I was introduced to the jail and brought before a high-born Von officer, who, after a brief colloquy with my accusers, informed me that I was brought there under the serious charge of knocking down a *gendarme* in the exercise of his duty. First I wanted to know what duty, but was sternly told that I should find that out in time. The conversation, naturally, was under difficulties, but I succeeded in appealing to logic, and pointing out that the *gendarme's* beautiful uniform (with a passing compliment to the appearance of the force) was as clean as a new pin, which could not have been the case if I had knocked him down out of doors on a muddy night. This staggered the officer, but he passed it by; and as it was pallet-time I was ordered to my cell, and my friend to withdraw. His testimony was rejected as interested, and he was told that if there was any more of that he would be locked up too. He said there was no charge against him, but was answered that there very soon should be. He then talked a little, but not much, of sharing my imprisonment (we were young then, and chivalrous), and was relieved by my pointing out to him as chivalrously, on my side, that he could do me much more good by following the path of duty, and going as early as he could to the Legation. So he went away.

Gloom fell on the prison, and I was immured. It was a narrow little solitary cell, with a hard straw pallet and a barred window, four stories up. I was given no water and no comforts, and tossed somehow through the night; Silvio Pellico, the prisoner of Chillon, and other sufferers, knocking each other down in the mud in uniforms, like nine-pins, through such snatches of dreams as came to me. With the early morning a jailer appeared, with a lump of black bread and a jug of thick water for breakfast. With what survived of the last, I might wash, if I cared about it. Hair-brushes were not intrusted to the occupants of the prison; nor, it occurred to me, afterward, to the officials. My jailer grunted for all answer to my questions as to when and where I was to be examined, and went away; leaving me, I am bound to confess, very much alone and very uncomfortable of mind. That little experience has given me a good deal to think about

since, of the evil wrought officially, in this world, by sheer want of thought. I looked round my cell for something to do ; but there was nothing there but a German Bible (a rather doubtful piece of official taste, as it struck me) and a list of "Warnings to Prisoners," hung up like



CLEOPATRA OF THE OTTOMAN, ON HER WAY TO MEET ANTONY. (AFTER MAGNAT'S PAINTING.)

the price-list in an hotel-room, with the accompanying Bible, from which I gathered that if I made a noise or otherwise acted disagreeably, I should be punished with various degrees of corporal punishment. I looked out of my window, which was not too high to forbid the dis-

traction. There was a market underneath, and the sellers were gathering in the early Summer morning. A very repulsive old woman, with a cabbage-stall, attracted my eyes ; and as I could not eat my black bread, I made little pellets of it at intervals, and shot them at her through the bars, unseen. I was at college, remember, and a good shot then. I often hit her ; and her bewilderment and disgust, volubly expressed by execrations and contortions of the face, and appeals to neighbors who laughed at her, and vaguely looked up into the air as groups do in the London streets, to see apparently if there is a balloon anywhere, gave me much grim amusement. If I had been discovered, I suppose I should have been punished with corporal punishment. But the hours were going on, nobody came, or seemed to mean to come ; my watch had been taken from me, and the clocks grew mixed and bothered me. I seemed to have been locked up for a week, and I didn't care. I felt like the man who was lost in the Catacombs for an hour, and thought it was a month. As a matter of fact, my spell of solitary imprisonment (the phrase has given me the horrors ever since) lasted just twelve hours. At eleven in the morning, unkempt and seedy, and looking guilty of anything as long as it was mean, I was brought before my officer. My friend was there with a friendly *attaché*, who told me at once not to worry, for it would be all right, and restored me to self-content. My examination was through the authorized interpreter, who spoke the worst English I ever heard, whereas the officer and I could have got on very well in French. But that would have been informal. Reassured, and in comfortable possession of a certain sense of humor, which has carried me through worse ordeals than this (surely wit is a sword and humor a shield, forged in the same armory ; and therein lies a definition), I vindictively determined to make that officer angry. And I did, very politely. I never saw man more so. My sin was obvious, when explained to me. There was a rule of the road on the bridge, by which you must cross on a fixed side and come back on the other, whereas in two minutes I had innocently gone wrong on both.

"That you must have known." (Interpreter understood.)

"No, I didn't."

"Then why didn't you say so last night ?"

"'Cos you didn't ask me."

"But you must have known."

"But I didn't. Dresden isn't everybody."

* * * * *

"You knocked the *gendarmes* down."

"I didn't."

"You did ! He says so."

"Well, he lies."

"What !" (Then in a sudden Napoleonic burst—French—not to be forgotten). "*Monsieur, c'est impossible qu'un gendarme ait menti.*"

"Good gracious !"

"Do your policemen lie ?"

"They do—sometimes."

"What do you do to them ?"

"Lock *them* up, of course."

"Ah !" (Discussion closed.)

* * * * *

"Were you ever transported before ?"

"Was I ever what ?"

"Transported ! deported ! shut up !—oh, hang it, convict !"

"Oh, ah ! You mean in prison ? It is not the same thing. But no—never."

"I do not believe you ! You look as if you had."

"That's because you wouldn't let me brush my hair."
 "What do you want to brush that for?"
 "Because it's so dirty not."
 "Dirty! Are my prisoners dirty? Are my warders dirty? Am I dirty?"

"I don't know. *Und so sagt man dass im Sachsen*—" "
 "Ah! ah! ah! You have been making interpreters with me all this time. *Und Sie sprechen sehr wohl Deutsch! und Sie verstehen Deutsch! u. s. w., u. s. w.*

Prisoner finally released on bail, leaving his passport and his watch, which struck me as silly. Ten days of interviews with the Minister—a "case" filling reams—and finally a permission to depart in peace, unless I liked to stay and prosecute the *gendarme* for perjury, which would not have been worth it. I was by this time, of course, a *casus belli*; but the Minister and I agreed that we would let Saxony off. And so comes back to me a true little story, told for the first time after some six-and-twenty years.

SOME ARTISTIC CONCEPTIONS OF CLEOPATRA.

BY JOHN PAUL BOCK.

PERHAPS when Cleopatra has been dead as long as Helen of Troy, the whole world will set to work to make a catalogue of her charms; so wise men used to fancy in the Middle Ages they had done for "Jove-born Helena." Since her day, the "Serpent of Old Nile" has found a historic and poetic parallel in Mary, Queen of Scots—and in whom else besides? The Empress Catharine and ex-Queen Isabella have developed but a poor side of the marvelous nature which "pursed up" the heart of Antony on the Cydnus, and conquered all the conquerors who came within range of the unmasked batteries of her brilliancy and beauty. "As to her indulgence in the luxury of physical enjoyment," writes John Sartain, the famous artist, "I much doubt the purity of those who are loud-est in their denunciation of her for that same."

Nearly all the authentic portraits of this most celebrated Macedonian—for even Alexander the Great must yield to "the Ruse of the World" in romantic as well as historic interest—are presented in this article to the readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY. Of Helen of Troy we have received from the ages that rang with her beauty only a few pen-pictures and a medal and coin and marble outline or two, all insufficient to fire the



CLEOPATRA COIN IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

contemporary heart or to kindle anew the flame which once warmed the world. But of Cleopatra there are portraits of absolute authenticity, which may be traced back to the time when they were limed from the features of their glorious original, with as few loop-holes for error to crop through as truth's strongest dungeon may boast. Thirty-three in number were the classified beauties of Helen; of Cleopatra, John Sartain, who has studied her,

and who, by virtue of his immortal etching, reproduced here from the original plate, is entitled to speak as a connoisseur of her appearance, declares that "her charm was less in beauty of form or feature, than in exquisite manners and captivating heartiness and freedom." In his magnificent study of "Cleopatra Receiving her



CLEOPATRA, IN THE HEAD-DRESS OF ISIS. (FROM THE CARVING ON THE PRONAOS OF THE TEMPLE AT DENDERA.)

Death from the Bite of an Asp," made from the encaustic tablet which was discovered in the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, and is believed to be the picture painted for the Emperor Augustus to adorn his triumph, Mr. Sartain by no means embodies his own conception of the original. The history of this portrait, from the painting in encaustic, now in possession of the Baron de Benneval, at Sorrento, near Naples, is unusually valuable. The tablet of slate, on which a most cunning artificer of the ancient world has done in glowing colors, in wax and resin, the face and bust of that ancient world's most wonderful woman, is in many ways the most satisfactory of the famous antiques. It has, besides, the advantage of having been found in the ruins of that same splendid country-house of Hadrian which gave to a world—that had waited nearly two thousand years for it—the Venus de Medici.

So unique and vivid a piece of ancient art, living and glowing under nineteenth-century skies, as the Encaustic Cleopatra, deserves to receive now, for the first time in public print, a comprehensive survey of its beauties, its peculiarities, its history since discovery, and its present custody. It is, and has been so pronounced by the first archaeologists of the time, one of the only two known pictures of the kind, called by the ancients "tablet pictures," and distinguished from mural or wall paintings. The other of the twain is the picture in encaustic of "The Muse of Cortona," on an Oriental slate, and dug up near Centoja in 1732. The Muse dawned on a curious world complete in one piece. The Cleopatra, although the etching shows no fractional lines, was, when found, in sixteen pieces. As the best authenticated, and in every way most remarkable, historic portrait of Egypt's royal sorceress, and, at the same time, as the one most widely diverging in facial detail from the vulgar idea of that woman whose name and charm must live as long as there are women to envy her, the Encaustic Cleopatra deserves analysis. In the color of the eyes and hair, the contour of the features, the pose, the jewels, the costume, the expression, it is the world's most faithful index to all that the Witch of the Ptolemies looked and was.

As there are no modern conceptions of Cleopatra worth considering as such, save when they are *replicas* of the encaustic and other classic models, the cult of Egypt's Queen can be no better traced and developed than by a critical glance at the idiosyncrasies of this masterpiece. It is not only permissible, but proper, to use again the language of John Sartain, who was selected from the contemporary world's finest artistic spirits to reproduce it in etching, and some of whose intimate friends have seen the memorial he prepared of this labor of love, in which he said: "It represents Cleopatra receiving her death from the bite of an asp, and of course it cannot be claimed that it is a portrait from life, as it was obviously painted subsequent to her most tragic end. It was discovered by Micheli, the well-known antiquary, under the *cella* of the Temple of Serapis, at Hadrian's Villa. There exist data that furnish a reasonable approach to a connected history.

"When found, it was in sixteen fragments, which, on being laid together, showed that scarcely any part of it was missing. The disjointed pieces were taken to Florence, and submitted to the critical examination of the eminent advocate, Giov. Batt. Tanucci, of the Royal Academy of Pisa, who wrote an elaborate report on the subject, showing how profoundly he was impressed with the value of the discovery. This report was printed in the 'Antologia di Firenze,' vol. 7. In August, 1822, the Marquis Cosimo Ridolfi, the distinguished scientist and chemist, assisted by Targiani Tozzetti, submitted the material of its composition to a chemical analysis, and in that way arrived at exact knowledge of the vehicles employed along with the coloring pigments. These proved to be two-thirds resin and one-third wax. These experiments are detailed in a report that was also printed in the 'Antologia,' in 1822, and of which I have obtained a copy. The original manuscripts of both reports are deposited with the public archives of Florence. Finally the broken pieces were fitted together and united in a bed of cement. The picture is on Oriental slate of a grayish tint."

So much for historic detail. And yet into the history of this marvelous tile, since its century and a half of modern existence, is woven a romance almost as vivid as those which made so diabolic a panorama of the life of

its original. The Micheli brothers, its discoverers, after living to see its artistic and historical value almost immediately appreciated by the world, were forced to put their Cleopatra in pawn, and died before they redeemed her!

Their heirs were equally poor. The pawn-ticket and all the rights of the Micheli were sold to a friend of the Baron de Benneval, who bought it from the usurers for a very large sum. The baron's friend found, in his turn, that he could not afford to keep it. Cleopatra, even 1,900 years after her death, proved to be an expensive luxury. So he sold to the baron, who has not parted with his title.

Since that date, the picture has been exhibited in London, Paris, Munich and Rome. At Munich, M. Plater, the well-known restorer of King Ludwig's collection of Greek and Etruscan vases, purchased from the Prince of Casino, being very enthusiastic over the picture, undertook to place it on an under-bed of a peculiar cement, which has rendered it so secure that, since then, it may be transported from place to place with safety. Louis Napoleon, on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War, made an offer for it, which was about to be reluctantly accepted. But the battle of Forbach stopped the progress north of the precious tile, and the Sorrento villa is proud still to retain it.

While not painted from life, the Encaustic Cleopatra was undoubtedly done shortly after the great Queen's death, by the master-hand of one who had, in all probability, known her face to face, and knew her style and beauty by reputation; as well, for example, as a New York artist, who had never seen Eugénie, could construct an ideally exact portrait of her from current photographs and paintings and gossip. All the indications point to its date as 29 B.C. The last Queen of the Ptolemies is represented with their famous crown on her head, splendid jewels on her neck and in her ears, and on her arms bracelets similar to those found by Dr. Schliemann in the tomb of Helen of Troy, her great prototype. Each of these details is closely brought out in its own colors in the encaustic surface, by a process, be it not forgotten, which is now a "lost art." A red mantle, gathered in a knot on each shoulder, covers her right breast, but the left is exposed to the bite of the asp—or, rather, the *naja*, a small serpent native to Africa.

"Three small scars," says Sartain, "indicate where the reptile has already bitten, and it is in the act of again inserting its fangs. The expression of grief and pain is well rendered in her face, her tongue is pressed forward against the slightly opened teeth, the upper lip lifted, the lower lip droops. The pupils of the eyes raised until half concealed by the upper lids, the escaping tears, the nose drawn and narrowed above the nostrils—all these express forcibly the mental and bodily anguish of the Queen.

"The rich attire in which the picture represents her is in accordance with the facts of her death, for it is known that she caused herself to be arrayed in royal robes, and every personal adornment, in order to meet her end right royally; and thus she was found after death.

"I have now only to relate what appears to have been the origin of the picture, and how it came to the place where it was found. Augustus Cæsar, being deprived of the presence of Cleopatra in person to grace his triumph (the Queen having evaded that humiliating exposure by suicide), decided on having at least a representation of her. It is on record that a picture was painted for this

purpose, and was borne on a car or litter near his own, along with other objects of Egyptian interest and of great value, taken from the monument in which she died; since it was thus carried on the attendant car, it was obviously a *tablet* picture. After it had served this use, he placed it as an offering in the Temple of Saturn at Rome. There can be little doubt that this is the Sorrento picture."

Marvelous as it may seem, the authenticity of the Encaustic Cleopatra was questioned chiefly on account of the freshness of the colors, says Dr. R. Schoener, the great German expert. Fragments from the slate have been ground up, however, and the age of the wax and resin colors verified. The slate tablet is 79-100 of a meter long, and 57-100 of a meter wide. The figure of Cleopatra, which is only designed to the waist, is life-size, painted on, or against, a dark-green background, representing a curtain. The right fore-arm is strongly foreshortened, and the right hand, which will be noticed for the elegance of its contour, holds loosely some folds of the *chiton*, which have been plucked aside from the breast to bare it to the asp.

There is a remarkable feature of the painting, and one which the readers of the *POPULAR MONTHLY* must miss the effect of, as far as the reproduction is concerned. It is the dark-green, yellow-spotted snake which, applied to the breast with the raised left hand, has wound itself around the fore-arm, and inserted its teeth into the left breast, from which some drops of blood ooze out.

Of what Cleopatra's nose and eyes and hair were really like, this gives the first accurate idea. Her hair is thick, long and blonde; it is worn here, on the state occasion of death—for which she decked herself out in her handsomest jewels—powdered profusely with gold-dust, and is laid about the head in artistic tresses, making a moderate-sized knot on the top, falling loosely over the *nape* and braided once about the throat, in front of which it is tied.

The eyes of Cleopatra are shown to be of a deep-blue, almost black, changing subtly to the darker tint in the excitement of pain or pleasure. Rider Haggard is, perhaps, the most indefatigable living student of Cleopatra's personality. He has drawn a pen-picture of her, after a careful investigation of all the extant portraits. He says of her eyes: "Dark they were, dark as night; but when the light found them, they grew blue, even as the sky grows blue before the blushing of the dawn."

"Cleopatra asleep" he describes almost as one may imagine the stately beauty of the encaustic tile, stretched on her couch of ivory, beneath a web of gold and filmy silk, some happy hour when suicide was yet far from her thoughts: "There she lay—the fairest thing that ever man saw—fairer than a dream, and all about her flowed the web of her dark hair. One white, rounded arm made a pillow for her head, one hung downward to the ground. Her rich lips were parted in a smile, showing the ivory lines of teeth; and her rosy limbs were draped in so thin a robe of the silk of Cos, held about her by a jeweled girdle, that the white gleam of flesh shone through it."

But in Haggard's pen-picture the hair is dark. If the Cleopatra of the tile is indeed the Queen of Egypt whose counterfeit presentment Augustus ordered to be carried back to Rome in his triumph, then Haggard is wrong, and the rarer combination of blue-black eyes and "locks as tawny as the lion's mane" must be the accredited one.

And her nose! Eyes, hair and nose were the ancients' test of female loveliness. On the neck and throat and chin Venus levied toll to her wilder fancies. The eyes

and hair of the most celebrated woman of royal annals are known now to have been unexceptionable. But what of her nose?

In his "Nile Notes" Bayard Taylor breaks out into a very lively and poetic rhapsody on the alleged discovery, in a tomb on the Upper Nile, of an effigy of Cleopatra, which showed her in all her regal splendor, but with a pug-nose. "Ye gods! Cleopatra with a pug-nose!" was an exclamation almost any romantic *howadji* might have made under the circumstances. But it is an unnecessary lament. There is no longer reason to doubt the accuracy of at least four pictures of "Egypt," three of which are given herewith, each of which shows her nose to have been long and slightly aquiline, curving at the tip with a fiery, voluptuous turn inward, which is as rare in womankind as it is said to have been fascinating in her.

Dr. Schoener, the first of German authorities, says, on this point: "Whether a cut carnelian of the Museum in the Collegio Romano really represents Cleopatra is uncertain. The delicacy of the face, joined with a long, straight nose, which somewhat hangs down, as also the sceptre over the left shoulder, renders it probable."

John Sartain writes of her: "It is on record that the end of her nose dipped, or hooked, slightly downward." It seems indisputable, therefore, that it was the very reverse of "pug," and instead of being

"Tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower,"

was curved in, like the nostril of the charger who "sniffs the battle from afar." In a wonderfully vivid allegorical figure he has drawn of Cleopatra as a Sphinx, Sartain represents two salient characteristics of her face. One was the nose curved in and repressive; the other, the throat and bust curved out and defiant; both in the full outline of youth and strength, for

"Age could not wither her, nor custom stale!"

On the *pronaos* of the great temple at Dendera is a majestic carving of Cleopatra as Isis, an outline fac-simile of which is given on page 537. Here may be plainly seen the voluptuous daring, the regal audacity, the supreme selfishness of the throat and lips and nostrils which the Sphinx figure portrays so remarkably. On the head rest the mystical horns of the Sacred Cow, and the tawny locks are covered by the omnipresent folded wings which seem almost to have covered Egypt itself, so universal is their subtle suggestiveness. A comparison of this face and bust with that of the Encaustic Cleopatra of Sorrento will involuntarily and instantly be made.

Dr. Schoener's analysis of the latter is as follows—and yet by no means inconsistent, did the investigator fancy the Dendera picture viewed, in full, from the front, with that indubitably Egyptian portrait and with the famous Cleopatra coin in the British Museum which has a counterpart in a medal now in the City of New York: "The figure is molded very full. The limbs show roundness and softness; of peculiar elegance is the shape of the fore-arm and the hands, which have long, pointed fingers with small, oval nails. Conspicuous, but entirely corresponding to the ancient style of configuration, is the considerable breadth of the shoulders and the distance between the breasts. The neck is slender and yet strong, the head proportionately small; the oval of the countenance and the long, straight, delicate nose are purely Greek. Most remarkable is the expression of the face, which shows considerable ability on the part of the artist in representing physiological and psychological appearances. The original leaves no doubt that the artist intended to represent the sudden pain which followed the



"Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there, which kills and pains not?"—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V., Scene 2.
CLEOPATRA.—DRAWN BY GEORGE KIRBY.

poisonous snake-bite. The eyes, of a deep dark-blue, almost black, are turned upward with an expression of repressed suffering, so that the pupils half disappear beneath the upper eyelids. The nostrils are drawn in; the mouth is open, as in one who is obliged suddenly to stop the breath. It is apparent that the poison has already taken effect and must soon destroy the beautiful structure."

The neck of the Sorrento tile is Junonian; the oval of the face and the nose, distinctly Greek.

That a picture of Cleopatra—painted to Augustus's order—was made immediately after her death, history shows. That it was the one of which the encaustic tile is either the original, or a *replica*, is conclusively proven. So, even if that picture were shown to have been made by some famous Greek artist who executed it in the Greek style, and with Greek suggestions apparently wanting in the outline on the *pronaos* at Dendera, what does it all prove?

Nothing. Cleopatra was Greek, by descent, in intellect and audacity, quite as surely as she was Egyptian by birth, bringing up and tastes. The full face may present the Greek quite as clearly as the profile does the Egyptian characteristics.

The face on the Cleopatra coin in the British Museum, of which a fac-simile is given (page 537), is strikingly like that of the Dendera outline. Cold and cruel, in such repose as is here depicted, must have been that mouth and those eyes; yet no colder, no more cruel, than a mountain lake, locked in by snowy cliffs, chilled with the dignity of rest, frozen in the embrace of dark, treacherous mountains. Once the sun melts their fetters and clothes them in a soft haze of green, and warms their feet, and smiles into the waters, how they smile back and glow with golden light, and flush with the verdure of the heights and the blue of the skies, and the

"Celestial rosy red—Love's proper hue"—

of the voluptuous sunset! What a change there is, and yet all is the same. So with the two Cleopatras—one purified by the death-agony, the other steeped to the lips in pleasure, power and pride!



THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA. (AFTER MIERIO.)

The British Museum medal is said to be confirmed to a striking degree in its expression by a not dissimilar medal, found by the late Lieutenant Gorrings under one of the great brass crabs that supported in its Egyptian home the Obelisk which is now the pride of Central Park. This medal represents the head of Cleopatra. It is in a private collection in New York.

But a careful study of every likeness even reputed to be that of Marc Antony's tyrant only confirms the historical accuracy of the tile at Sorrento. There are authentic but vague and imperfect delineations of Cleopatra on several other coins, undoubtedly of contemporaneous casting. The most interesting of these are a tetradrachma, struck in Alexandria about 33 B.C., and a Roman silver coin, the date of which Visconti fixes at 34 B.C. The Alexandrian tetradrachma has Antony's profile on its face, and on the reverse a bust of Cleopatra, with hair arranged in a notably odd fashion, crowned by a diadem, the shoulders covered by a royal mantle, fastened at the right shoulder by a clasp of gems and inscribed: "Queen Cleopatra, the New Goddess!"

The Roman coin shows the same heads, and under the "Goddess's," these words: "Cleopatra, Queen of Kings, whose sons are Kings!" Antony is respectively described as "Imperator Triumvir for the Third Time," and as "Antonius after the Conquest of Armenia."

It has been a fad of writers to describe this woman, whose eye subjugated and whose tongue won every king, prince, general or potentate save one—the unhackled Octavius—with whom she came in contact, as a negress, an Ethiop, a short, swart virago, a thick-lipped savage, a public woman who, by the accident of birth, sat on a throne she disgraced, and wore a crown of which she made a cuspidor. Such critics show themselves so much superior, in their judgment of what constitutes female beauty, grace and genius, to Romans like Cæsar and Antony who conquered the world, but fell instant victims to the Sorceress of the Nile; to the artists and scholars, and even the hired women of her day, who did ample homage to her, and to the populace of Alexandria, who fell down and worshipped her as Isis



THE DEATH OF MARC ANTONY. (AFTER MIERIO.)

—that argument or fact put at them nearly 2,000 years since her day will scarcely change their opinions.

Was it a swart, ugly dwarf, or the glorious Queen of Sorrento and Dendera, whom W. W. Story had in mind when he wrote that fervent and finest of all the Cleopatra poems, beginning:

'Here, Charmian, take my bracelets—
They bar with a purple stain
My arms; and turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain!"

Who was the original of Mackart's glorious pictorial pageant, in which a regally beautiful, tall, straight and midnight-eyed woman, robbed from the waist up in Nature's matchless adorning, comes, amid her handmaidens, to the first meeting with Antony? Who is the Cleopatra of history and of poetry—a dwarf, or "every inch a queen"? Happily the tile at Sorrento settles the question. Impeached in vain, it has been accorded by the ripest scholarship of the century full satisfaction

of every critical test, and in vindicating itself has gone far toward vindicating the kings who laid their crowns at the feet of the world's most wonderful queen.

Who is she whom they would belittle? Schoener says: "Her close connection with the greatest figures of the beginning of the Empire, her advantages of mind and body, her dazzling appearance and her dramatic entrance into public notice, her life rich in luxury and change, her crime and its atonement, her greatness of soul and her tragic death—all this must give her figure a high historical relief."

Was it that Cleopatra, or the ugly wanton, whom Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote that wonderful play of which not even Rachel ever gave a satisfactory representation? No harlot—not even a royal harlot—ever learned to command in seven languages, and to play in the sweetest tones of his own dialect on the heart-strings of each of all the great men who traveled to her court, or with whom she came in contact on her wanderings through a world that worshipped her.

THE DEATH OF ANTONY.

By W. W. STORY.

CAN it be? Are you living, my queen?
I thought I had lost you forever;
I was hurrying on to seek you
O'er Acheron's dark river.
I was rushing down Death's dark way,
For this world is nothing without you;
But you live, you live, and for one last time
I can throw my arms about you.

Mine again, for a moment, no more,
For swiftly my life is flying;
All your love cannot hold me here—
I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Ah! Death would be only a triumph
If we together were going.
But alone, alone, and so alone,
Is beyond all telling, all knowing.

Never, ah! never, never,
Even in Elysian meadows,
Can bliss be mine, if you are not there,
'Mid that throng of thin, cold shadows.
Ah! let me not go alone!
'Tis so easy life's knot to sever;
One pang, and it all is over. Come,
Let us fling off the whole world forever!

We have had our golden days,
Our triumph, our power, and our glory;
And our life, and our love, and our death
Shall be long remembered in story.
We have not hid from men's gaze,
Nor rotted in life's dull corner,
But the world has wondered and stared at us,
And the world will be our mourner.

There is nothing in life to regret;
We have plucked all its myrtles and roses,
We have seen, we have done what no others have done;
And if death now the triumph closes,
Let it come! Let us welcome its coming,
Since it loosens life's tedious tether.
Fate frowns on us both; let us go, dear love:
Let us die as we lived—together.

Is it Caesar's triumph to swell,
That you hesitate now and linger?
His kisses to take, his gifts to accept,
To be pointed out by Scorn's finger?
To be jeered at by Rome's foul rabble?
You, to cringe and to shrink to a master;
You, to eat the dust of his chariot-wheels;
And is death, then, a worse disaster?

Ah! you shudder! Your cheeks grow pale!
I can say no more; I am dying.
This world's growing dim. Lift my head; one more kiss!
Oh! at least on your bosom lying,
My spirit takes flight; all is over
This life had to give, and it gave us
Its best and its sweetest; but now death is best—
Death, that comes from life's horrors to save us.

Farewell! We shall meet again soon—
I feel it—beyond the dark river.
If you stay, it will be but a moment,
For life cannot last forever.
On that farther shore I shall wait,
With a love that knows no abating,
Till you come, and come soon; and remember,
I'm waiting there, Egypt, waiting.

THE END OF ERICSSON'S "MONITOR."

THE termination of the career of the *Monitor* was well worthy of her fame and in keeping with the reputation attached to her. The *Monitor* left Hampton Roads on December 29th, 1862, in tow of the gun-boat *Rhode Island*, bound South. The first indication of danger was heralded by a swell from the southward, the wind increasing from the south-west. When about seventeen miles to the southward of Hatteras, the *Monitor* was plunging heavily, completely submerged by the furious

seas that swept over the craft in rapid succession. The gale increased; the *Monitor* strained and labored; vast quantities of water were forced in at different points, which the steam-pumps could not control. It was half-past ten at night that the signal of distress was displayed from the iron vessel, and promptly answered by the *Rhode Island*. The crew was transferred, the engines ceased to work, and the *Monitor* fell off into the trough of the sea. The deck was submerged, and above the

mass of iron eddied and swirled a waste of foam-flecked seas, their white crests upheaving in the darkness of the night with startling distinctness. Richard Angier, a quartermaster, remained at his post at the wheel when the vessel was sinking, and when ordered by his commander to get into the boat, replied: "No, sir; not till you go." Soon after the last boat had left the *Monitor* she plunged heavily forward—there was an eddy of foam, a rush of waters, and the savior of the Union had disappeared forever.

GREAT AND LITTLE THINGS.

A FRENCH scientist has made some curious discoveries which show the connection between little and great things. To ascertain the qualities of an applicant cook, he says, it is sufficient to give her a plate to clean, a sauce to make, and watch how she moves her hand in either act. If she moves it from left to right, or in the direction of the hands of a watch, you may trust her; if the other way, she is certain to be stupid and incapable. The intelligence of people may also be gauged, the doctor farther says, by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil, and noting in which direction the hand is moved. The good students in a mathematical class draw circles from left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex, as well as of the male dunces, is shown by their drawing from right to left. Asylum patients do the same. In a word, says the doctor, centrifugal movements are characteristics of intelligence and higher development; centripetal are a mark of incomplete evolution. A person, as his faculties are developed, may even come to draw circles in a different way from what he did in his youth.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE has told, in stirring and immortal verse, the poetic myth of the "Origin of the American Flag." The prosaic facts regarding the "star-spangled banner" are related by William Johnson Reid as follows: "It was designed by my father, Captain Samuel Chester Reid, of New York City, and the first flag was made at his house by his wife, Mary (daughter of Captain Nathan Jennings, of Connecticut, who served through the whole of the Revolutionary War), and her young-lady friends, and was first hoisted over the hall of the House of Representatives on the 13th of April, 1818, at two o'clock P.M. The following is the Act as passed by Congress, and approved by President Monroe, April 4th, 1818:

"An Act to establish the flag of the United States.

"Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be twenty stars, white, in a blue field.

"Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and such addition shall take effect on the fourth day of July then next succeeding such admission."

"Previous to the approval of the above Act, the stripes in the old flag had been increased to eighteen, according to the number of States admitted into the Union, thus destroying the beauty and perspicuity of the flag; and while this order was preserved in some, others contained but nine or eleven, as fancy dictated. On the admission of Indiana into the Union, in 1816, Congressman Peter H. Wendover offered a resolution "that a committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of altering the

flag of the United States." A committee was appointed, Mr. Wendover as chairman. While the committee had the matter under consideration, Mr. Wendover called on my father, who was then in Washington, and requested him to form a design for our flag, so as to represent the increase of the States without destroying its distinctive character, as the committee were about to increase the stars and stripes to the whole number of States. After mature deliberation of the subject, Captain Reid recommended that the stripes be reduced to represent the original thirteen States, and to form the number of stars representing the whole States in one great star of the union, adding one star for every new State admitted, thus giving a significant meaning to the flag, symbolically expressed of 'E Pluribus Unum.'

"On March 25th, 1818, Mr. Wendover addressed a letter to Captain Reid, in which he said:

"... Now, I ask the favor that you will be pleased to inform me, as soon as convenient, what a flag of that size will cost in New York, made for the purpose, with thirteen stripes and twenty stars, forming one great luminary, as per pasteboard plan you handed me."

"The first flag so made, by Mrs. Reid and her lady friends, was sent to Washington, the receipt thereof being acknowledged in the following letter to Captain Reid:

"WASHINGTON, April 13th, 1818.

"DEAR SIR: I have just time to inform that the new flag for Congress Hall arrived here per mail this day, and was hoisted to replace the old one at two o'clock, and has given much satisfaction to all that have seen it, as far as I have heard. I am pleased with its form and proportions and no doubt it will please the public mind. Mr. Clay [then Speaker of the House] says it is wrong that there should be no charge in your bill for making the flag. If pay for that will be acceptable, on being informed I will procure it. Do not understand me as intending to wound the feelings of Mrs. Reid, nor others who may have given aid in the business, and please present my thanks to her and them, and accept the same for yourself. In haste, yours, with esteem,

"P. H. WENDOVER."

"It is, perhaps, needless to say that pay for making the flag was declined."

AN IMPERIAL DRAMATIC CENSOR.

A DELIGHTFUL little anecdote about the old German Emperor William is told in the "Memoirs of a Court Actor," which a well-known German comedian has just published at Stuttgart.

It was at Wiesbaden, and Emperor William I. had gone to see Fritz Reuter's famous play, "Onkel Bräsig." In the scene where the villain of the play, after having been prevented by *Onkel Bräsig* from committing some crime, calls out, "I will re-enter the Army," the old Emperor leaned over the front of his box and called out, angrily: "Yes; but I won't take him on again!"

The next day an adjutant appeared before the manager, saying that the Emperor would be present again that evening, but he would like the above exclamation by the villain to be taken out or altered. That evening the repentant youth, instead of expressing his determination to re-enter the Army, said: "I shall become manager of a theatre, and then I hope yet to do well." Whereupon the gray head in the Imperial box nodded approvingly, and the Emperor exclaimed, with evident satisfaction: "There now—that's a better plan!"

I NEVER knew a man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian. Pope.



IMMORTALITY.

FROM THE GROUP BY LONGPIED, IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.



"WHAT I CHIEFLY REMEMBER IS THE SAVAGE FACE OF THE ROBBER, WHO STOOD OVER ME, AND THE FLASHING STEEL OF THE DAGGER HE HELD, WHICH ALMOST TOUCHED MY THROAT."

A LADY'S ADVENTURE WITH ROBBERS IN THE CAUCASUS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. DAVID KER.

"WELL, if you like, I will tell you all about it," said an English lady, who was traveling with us in the train from Tiflis to Baku. "I had only come out from England a few months before, fresh from school, and could barely make myself understood in Russian, when my brother (with whom I was staying) had occasion to go to Tiflis, taking his wife with him.

"My brother was an engineer on the line, and as one of his duties was to pay the workmen, he had, at times, to keep large sums of money in the house. We lived at Suram, in a lovely mountainous district, about eighty miles from Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus. My sister-in-law's brother lived a short distance from us. I was now left in charge of the household, which consisted

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of my brother's only child, Lina, a baby of six months, the nurse, and a few other servants.

"One night, as I was returning home, after having spent the evening with some friends, I was rather startled by seeing, as I thought, the shadows of three men cast upon the road.

"'Walk on faster,' said I to the footman who accompanied me, 'for I don't like meeting men on this lonely road.'

"'What men?' said he. 'There is nobody here.'

"And with his lantern he looked on all sides, but could not see a creature anywhere.

"'I feel strangely nervous, somehow,' said I to the man, when we reached the house.

"Would you like to have my wife to sleep with you, miss?"

"No, thanks; but I'll sleep in the nursery."

"Before I had quite finished undressing, I heard my window being gently pushed open, but I had not time to reach that end of the room when it was as softly pulled to again. Fancying that I heard some whispering outside, I opened the window myself and called out, but there was no answer, and nobody to be seen."

"Well," said I to myself, "I suppose it must have been the footman and coachman going around the house to see that all is right."

"Haunted, as I was, by these nervous fancies, it was some time before I could get to sleep; and when I awoke, I found myself sitting up in bed and screaming. Through the half-opened door I saw three fierce-looking men, armed to the teeth. In another second they were in the room, and one of them, rushing up to me, struck me violently in the face, and muffling me up in a blanket, swore that if I uttered another sound he would kill me on the spot. I could hear them also threatening the nurse with instant death, unless she silenced baby's cries, and told them where the silver and other valuables were kept."

"Now, miss," said the nurse, as soon as the robbers had left the room in search of plunder, "our only chance is to run for our lives."

"Snatching up baby, she dragged me along with her to the window, which she opened, and, urging me to follow her, leaped into the garden below. I saw her throw baby underneath the balcony and then run off as fast as she could. But just as I was about to leap, I felt myself rudely pulled back, and flung violently into the room again. What I chiefly remember is the savage face of the robber, who stood over me, and the flashing steel of the dagger he held, which almost touched my throat."

"Just try to escape again!" he hissed out, with many oaths, as he flourished the glittering dagger.

"I was stupefied with fright when he left me, and remained crouched up in a corner of the room. Presently a most horrible object appeared before me—a man with his nose, ears and fingers partly cut off, and so covered with blood that I hardly knew him. It was our footman."

"Fly, fly, Miss Caroline!" he gasped out, as he laid one of his bleeding hands upon me. "Jump out of the window. You *must* do it."

"Half stunned by fear, the only thing I was conscious of was the loathsome smell of blood."

"Don't touch me, for Heaven's sake!" I screamed out. "Go away, I beseech you!"

"He persisted in urging me to escape by the window; so I *did* climb up to the sill, but just as I was going to jump down, I saw an armed robber standing on guard below. In a few minutes some more of the brigands burst into the room, and seizing upon the footman, declared they would force him to show them the safe which held the money. The poor fellow, faithful to his master, even in this fearful extremity, vowed he had not the least idea where it was. They then began stabbing him most cruelly, and as he was standing over me, I was soon deluged with his blood."

"All of a sudden we heard a peculiar sort of whistle just outside the window, at which there was a great stir and bustle among the robbers, who, sweeping up the remaining valuables in the room, made off hastily. Soon afterward I heard my name called by the well-known voice of my sister-in-law's brother. As I was unable to answer, it was some time before he found me, crouching behind the door."

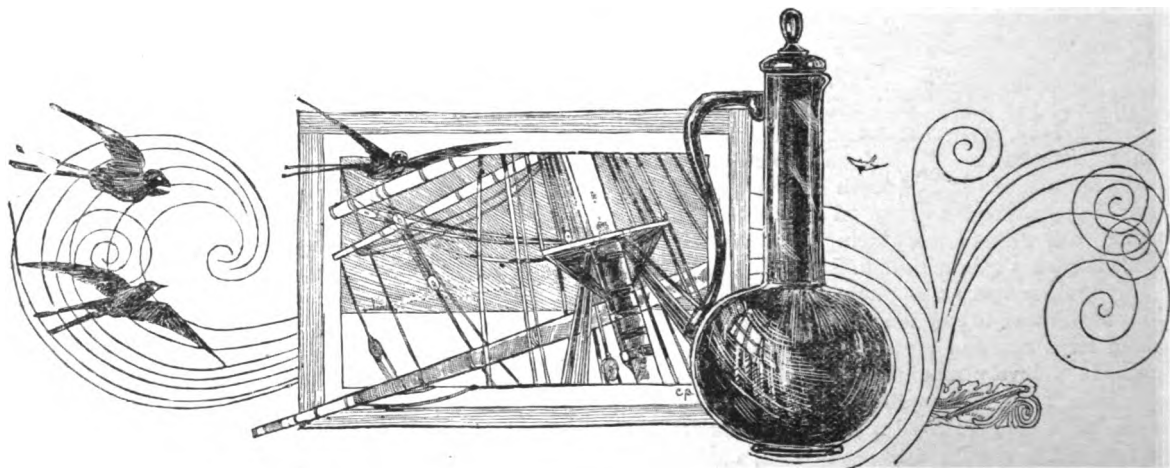
"Good God! Are you much hurt?" he cried out, when he saw me covered with blood. "And where is Lina?"

"When I was told that the soldiers had come and that the robbers were gone, my senses came back to me, and I helped in the search for baby; and then I remembered where the nurse had put her. We found her lying asleep beneath the balcony, quite safe and sound. If the nurse had not laid her there before running to the uncle's house for help, the child's cries would have attracted the robbers, and we should most likely have all been murdered."

"As daylight dawned, I was not a little ashamed to find that I had been running about the house and garden in nothing but a night-gown, saturated with blood, and bare feet, for the robbers had carried away all the boots and shoes."

"The poor nurse was quite mad for three or four days after this, and she kept on telling me that she had seen 'poor Miss Caroline' murdered before her eyes in trying to jump down from the window after her. As for the footman, the Russian doctors declared the case hopeless, but a native doctor (Georgian), after making my brother vow secrecy, cured the poor fellow in a most miraculous way with healing herbs."

"Five out of the sixteen robbers were caught, but afterward escaped. They were for some time constantly writing to my brother, saying that, unless I promised not to identify them, they would kill me somehow or other. They *did* fire at me twice; but, as you see, they haven't managed to keep their word, and I don't mean to give them another chance."



A NEW-YORKER IN YUCATAN.

BY DAVID SALTONSTALL BANKS.

I LANDED at Progreso on a beautiful morning in May. This is the only port of entry of Yucatan—that singular and interesting country. Dismal, indeed, was the prospect that lay before me—a low, parched sand-heap glaring in the tropical sun-heat, a few scattered *adobe* habitations, a lazy, listless population, and a sparse foliage. Surely this was not a very inviting country for the traveler; but then, I did not go to Yucatan expecting the luxuries of the Temperate Zone, the comforts of great cities, or the life and animation of northern climes. It was rather to explore the remains of a long-extinct civilization, to ponder over the gigantic ruins, but recently brought to the full knowledge of mankind, and enjoy the mysterious charm that comes from wandering among those architectural piles, which we people credit with a weird and fanciful creation. Strange, too, it is that countries like Yucatan have so long been permitted to escape active archæological research and scientific exploration. There is a wealth of antiquity in the American tropics—in Mexico and, indeed, all Central America, and along the west coast of South America—quite as interesting to the traveler as the ruins of Thebes, Palmyra or Pompeii.

Once on shore, I took note of the people. These were the Yucatecans and the Mayas. They made a motley set, dressed, as they were, in every kind of garment, of the coarsest material, the majority quite cleanly in habit. Of course I was not long in seeking a hotel—the hotel, and a unique structure it was. I had taken the precaution of bringing my bed and bedding with me, and this consisted of a hammock made of stout hemp stuff—the only couch I enjoyed during my entire stay in the country. To sleep otherwise would be to extend a very dangerous kind of hospitality to the voracious scorpion and a host of poisonous and malignant creatures of the insect world that are always on the alert to assail any exposed surface of human flesh. Indeed, I did not myself escape their rapacity, and I carry on my left arm to-day, as I will for the remainder of my life, a very significant reminder of the ingenuity of the *garrapato*. Progreso is a dull, stupid and inane town, although, singular as it may seem, it is a resort for the people of the interior of Yucatan, chiefly on account of its situation on the sea-board. But there are no attractions for the sojourner. There is no harbor whatever, the coast-line presenting no diversity. The town has, of course, a church, a market, a few shops and houses of *adobe* construction, and that, besides the Custom-house, is about all.

Yucatan has an estimated population of 450,000, and the capital is Merida, lying some twenty-five miles from the coast, and connected by rail with the port of entry. This road is in a flourishing condition, and the service is excellent. Its construction was attended with some novelties not often indulged outside the tropics. For instance, instead of commencing to construct the road on the coast-line, and thus advancing to Merida, the contractor carried all his material overland to the capital, and then built toward the sea.

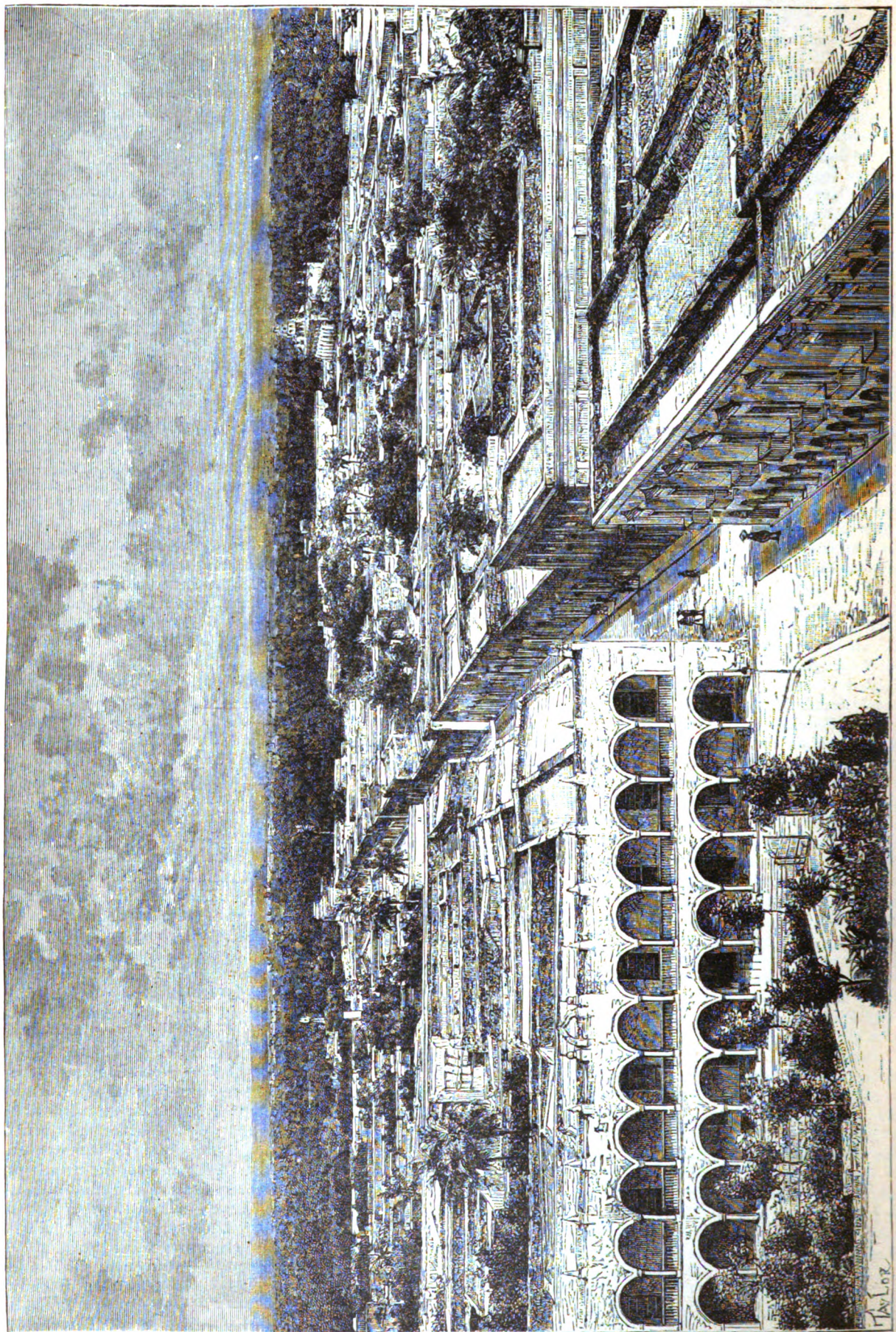
Leaving the port of Progreso, one finds a broad lagoon (*rio*), hundreds of miles in length, varying in depth and breadth with the season. This forms a Winter resort for many northern birds—such as duck, teal, the snowy heron, snipe and sand-pipers, curlews, snake-birds, and cormorants. Beyond this most interesting stretch of

water is the coral rock-bed of the country, rising above the level of the water. Going south from Progreso, on the other side of the lagoon, the railway traverses the hemp plantations, great stretches of Sisal-hemp being visible on either hand. The journey, as we approach the capital, becomes exceedingly interesting, for there is considerable novelty to the eyes of a New-Yorker to behold the strangely costumed inhabitants, the Indian descendants of the natives who resided there when Cortés made his invasion.

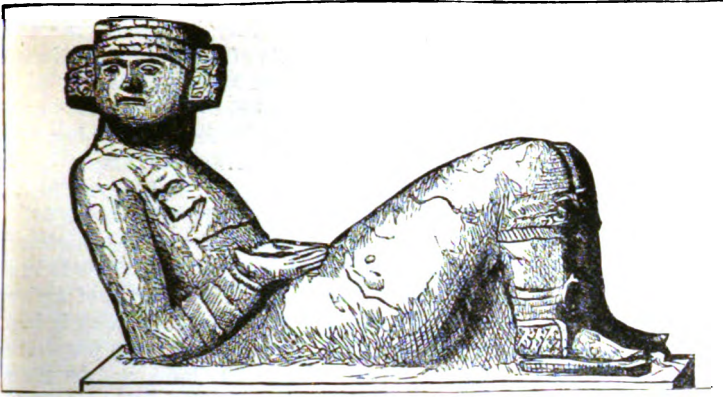
Merida is a neat tropical city of *adobe*, of some 25,000 souls, but there is little to keep the traveler intent on serious exploration. So I journeyed onward to Uxmal in the rude donkey-cart contrivances of the country, experiencing hospitality at every stage of my progress.

There are between sixty and seventy ruined cities in Yucatan, as far as they have been discovered. Within a radius of one hundred miles from Merida are such magnificent examples as Mayapan, Aké, Chichen-Itza, Kabah and Labná; but none is more interesting and grand than Uxmal, about seventy-six miles by road travel from Merida. Without dwelling on the beauty, architectural splendor and vastness of these ruins—for these qualities are recognized in the universal experience of all travelers who have ever been in Yucatan—I will come at once to a description that will suffice to give some idea of their extent and historical and artistic significance. By far the finest building in the city, both from its commanding position on a lofty eminence and the completeness of its preservation, is the Royal Palace, otherwise known as the *Casa de Gobernador*, in Spanish. It stands upon the topmost of three terraces of earth—once, perhaps, faced with stone, but now crumbled, broken, and in a state of heterogeneous decay. The lowermost and largest is 575 feet long; the second, 545 long, 250 wide, and 25 feet high; while the third and last is 360 feet in length, 30 in breadth, and 19 in height, and supports the building, which has a front of 322 feet, with a depth of only 39, and a height of but 25 feet. It is entirely of stone, without ornament to a height of about ten feet, where there is a wide cornice, above which the wall is a bewildering maze of sculpture. The roof was flat, and once covered with cement, in the opinion of some travelers, but is now covered with tropical plants, trees and verdure. There are three large door-ways through the eastern wall, about eight feet square, giving entrance into a series of apartments, the largest of which is 60 feet long and 27 deep, divided into two rooms by a thick wall. The ceiling of each room is a triangular arch, capped by flat blocks, at a height of 23 feet above the floor. The latter, like the walls and jambs of the door-ways, is of smooth-faced stones, that may once have been covered with cement. Of course, illustration, could it be done with all of the beautiful effects in color, would be more powerful in bringing this magnificent structure to the eye than mere words and figures. Take all of the varied proportions—the majestic sky-setting, the elaborate and intricate details of sculpture—and the *ensemble* makes us marvel at the grace, grandeur and intellectual force and amplitude of the Mayan race.

Within a stone's throw of the Governor's Palace is a small building far gone to ruins—displaying workmanship of great skill and variety, chaste sculpture in design, and wonderful in execution—called the "House of the Turtles"—*Casa de las Tortugas*. It takes its name from a



GENERAL VIEW OF MERIDA.



STATUE OF CHAC-MAL.

row of turtles used as ornaments to the upper cornice. It may have served as the kitchen to the royal residence—accepting Indian tradition in regard to names—but was certainly once striking enough to have a shrine to the Mayan gods.

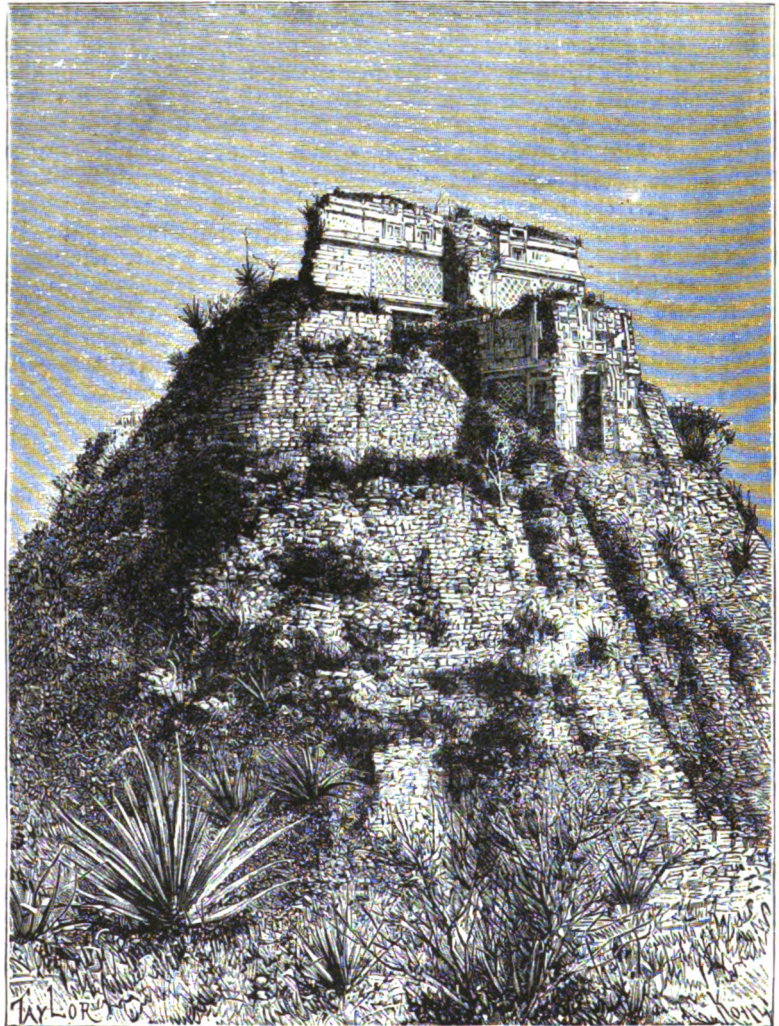
While the Governor's House may claim attention from its conspicuous position and size, the *Casa de las Monjas*, otherwise known as the "House of the Nuns," presents the greatest variety of sculptured forms and richest ornament, in an unusually good state of preservation. It is composed of four buildings, the largest of which is 279 feet long, and about equal in height to the palace, inclosing a court 258 feet long and 214 wide. The entrance is on the southern side, through a high arched gate-way ten feet wide. There are no doors or openings on the outside, although there are in all eighty-eight compartments opening on the court. The reader should study the significance and magnitude of these figures, measuring, as they do, the proportions of edifices standing in a land of desolation, a region of peace and quietude, and a country unfathomable as yet to scientific inquiry and exploration.

The *façades* of this immense quadrangle are ornamented with the richest and most intricate carving known in the art of the builders of Uxmal. That portion forming the western boundary, at the left as one enters the court, is the most wonderful of all; for its entire length of 173 feet is covered by two colossal serpents, whose intertwined bodies inclose a puzzling quantity of sculptured hieroglyphs, showing a wonderful variety of symbols, a wealth of illustration and method of expression. It will be seen from this *façade* that the language of the Mayas must have been profound and subtle, wide in its range, and eloquent and graphic in its force and expression. The northern and eastern *façades* of this building have been greatly improved since they were first visited by Stephens, forty years ago, and many of the

sculptures, statues and rosettes described by him have been torn from their fastenings by ruthless natives, for purposes of building in the vicinity—the same as the modern Egyptians were wont, some years ago, to proceed with the demolition of the Pyramids, in order to build the new City of Cairo.

Besides the splendid examples of ancient art, we behold before us the *Casa del Adivino*, or the "House of the Prophet, or Sacrificial Mound." This ruin is one of the most curious and interesting in Yucatan, and was undoubtedly used for the purpose of making human sacrifices to appease the heathen gods. The ascent I found dangerous enough, but it gives me a flush and a chill now, as I remem-

ber the almost miraculous escapes I had from horrible death in trying to reach the bottom. A staircase, 70 feet wide, containing 90 steps, climbs the eastern face of the structure from the base to the platform, and the angle of inclination must be fully 70°. The steps, too, are widely apart, very narrow, and it was only by letting myself down bodily, and with the greatest care, that I was ever able to reach the earth alive. A single mistake and all would have been tragically over; and



HOUSE OF THE DWARF, UXMAL.

well do I remember that an idea floated through my mind of how the people must have felt when about to be hurled from the Tarpeian Rock of ancient Rome, or the frame of mind of the dashing Mamelukes when, mounted on horseback, slowly fighting their way, they were driven back over the lofty chasm of the citadel of the City of Cairo.

This sacrificial pyramid is 105 feet high. The rooms of the structure that forms the apex are small, and with the peculiar arch without the key-stone; the entire building is 70 feet long and 12 deep. It is rich in sculpture, and the hieroglyphics are in an excellent state of preservation, while those who have studied its purport claim that the high-priest was wont to kick his victims to the ground from his lofty perch.

These three structures I have briefly described constitute the leading features of Uxmal which make this city of interest to the general traveler. To be sure, there are many other ruins in the surrounding area, but they are in such a state of dilapidation that they are of little value to the student or antiquary, except as showing the area of original settlement.

I will not attempt to describe the ruins of Labná, where the sculpture is profuse, rich and unique, nor of Kabah, to the southward of Uxmal, where the *façades* are also lavishly ornamented. But a word of comparison shows that the ruins of Copan, in Guatemala, are noted for the number of their idols and altars; those of Palenque, in Chiapas, and Mitla, in Oajaca, for stucco adornments, tablets, bass-reliefs and statuary, while Uxmal stands forth for the richness of its sculptured *façades*, the magnitude of its buildings, and the purity and beauty, as well as artistic excellence, of its statuary.

One of the most impressive objects I beheld among the ruins of Uxmal was what is known as the print of the red hand, an actual cast from the wrist to the tips of the fingers, as perfect now as though taken but yesterday by an expert sculptor. When it is considered that perhaps these marvelous impressions were made thousands of years ago, one may well pause and conjure these exact counterparts of portions of living beings who flourished far back in the night of Time. As such reminders, they are indeed more graphic than the famous imprint left on the wall of the passage-way in Diomedes' house in Pompeii, when that wealthy merchant was buried in the burning lava at the great eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79. This impression, as seen at the present day, shows the perfect lines of the body; and taken together with other archaeological testimony found on the site of the ancient city, is regarded as indubitable evidence that the Romans of that period were men of small stature—contrary to the popular notion—and much the same in *physique* as the Frenchmen of our time. Those who made the print of the red hand at Uxmal must have stood alive before the stone, and pressed that hand, moistened with red paint, upon the surface. The seams, the creases, indeed, all the delicate anatomy of the hand, were clear and distinct in the impression. When I examined each detail I had the physical structure in perfection. About these hands there was one fact in particular to note—their exceeding smallness. My hand, by no means that of a giant, when placed over one of these red impressions, would completely hide it from the view; and this went to show that the existing native Indians must have been lineal descendants of those who lived when Uxmal was a splendid and opulent city. This is by no means an ancient device, because I have seen like imprints made in our day in Tunis on the wall, and which constitutes a part of the marriage-ceremony in that African State.

Turning for a moment to modern civilization flourishing near these ruined cities, we find that hemp is the great product of Yucatan. This is known as "Sisal-hemp," and grows in all parts of the peninsula, forming a valuable article of commerce for export trade. As the plant is cultivated, it takes 6,000 to 8,000 leaves to make a bale weighing 400 pounds. It is a very picturesque sight to see the natives preparing the staple for the market, because they are very quick and adroit in their movements, and a good scraper will produce a bale of dried fibre per day, which comes from the machine in long strips, looking like green-corn silk. It is to be observed that this is a very profitable branch of agriculture—if such it can be called—for the outlay is inconsiderable in every stage of production and preparation. The principal cost is in clearing the land, and for the machinery. After that there is only the ordinary expense of carrying on a farm. The natives work for ridiculously small wages, and there are, notwithstanding this species of seeming oppression, no United Labor parties and no strikes. They appear willing, contented and happy, and the utmost good feeling prevails between employer and employed. Consequently large fortunes are made, and the owners of the *haciendas* lead lives of ease and luxury, and are a very hospitable class of the landed gentry of the American tropics. Each *hacienda* is in charge of a major-domo, or manager, and its proprietor rarely lives on his estate, which covers often a territory many miles in area. The amount of hemp-fibre shipped from Progreso, the port of Yucatan, in 1880 was, according to the report of the United States Consul, 97,351 bales, weighing 39,501,725 pounds, and valued at \$1,750,000. This was shipped in 53 steamers and 35 sailing-vessels, and of the total amount, 85,000 bales were sent to the United States. It is a good invitation to capital, for the risk is nothing, the returns are steady, and the demand growing. The Indian is expert, and makes from the agave-fibre bags, sandals, ropes. The greatest of all uses for this staple of the country is in the manufacture of hammocks. Every native, male or female, lounges in his own hammock. In all towns in the country a bed is unknown; says a writer: "The most respectable as well as the most lowly there are born, live and die in a hammock. They pass a great portion of their waking as well as sleeping hours there." Some other products exist, but the peninsula lives almost entirely on hemp. Vegetables are rare to find, but there is quite a sugar-production in the south, while cotton-cultivation is still in its infancy.

One of the curious instances of the absurd superstitions that prevail among the Mayas I noted during my sojourn at Aké, affording myself and my genial companion, Mr. Bell, much amusement and speculation. This was a case where the lizard tribe, which abounds everywhere on the peninsula, strikes terror into the native mind—the aboriginal fear taking many unique and dramatic forms. Among the ruins of Aké we came across a reptile which, as near as I can classify, after a diligent research in the natural history of Yucatan, as published in all the available books and languages, must be called the *Thaloderma horridum*. Experiments with this monster reptile, which have been carried so far as to note his attack on white travelers, show that, like all of his species, however hideous, repulsive and formidable in size and appearance, he is absolutely innocuous. He can bite and draw blood, but cannot distribute deadly poison.

Now, the particular and hard-scaled lizard which I have described is more ferocious than the one I encountered in the Akabo of the ruins of Aké. My friend and

myself espied one on that day between two rocks, and we made an onslaught, but he retired to a subterranean retreat, only to whet our ardor to secure him and discover the measure of his valor. Here I should say that he has a blunt-pointed tail, apparently of black horn, which the natives claim the beast will fire at his pursuer with deadly effect, carrying, as it does, a load of fatal poison. We did not weaken, however, although our guide showed considerable whiteness in his complexion, and took a precipitate departure when I pursued the serpent with a club, only to find that he had fled, in the excitement of the moment, doubtless, to some pre-empted compartment of the ancient Mayan palace, where he might be free from the incursions of the ruthless American citizen. To make the scene more interesting, a nimble Yucatan deer at the very moment dashed before us and sped away to safe cover, far in the distance, where his nimble feet carried him with a terrific speed.

In all the centuries there has been considerable speculation as to the antiquity of ruins and mounds found in such great profusion in Central America. Many surmises have been made as to the actual truth. But who can judge?—who has sufficient *data* to establish any reasonable hypothesis which can be substantiated by positive evidence? The claim, on one side of antiquity, on the other of a comparatively recent origin, in regard to these ruins, need not perplex us; but in one particular, why should not both be right? Certainly I claim from careful scientific investigations that these ruins show distinct signs of different ages. For instance, we see one structure with every line visible, and denoting a modern age, but deserted for centuries; while others, with the worn round edges of their stones, teach to the accustomed geological observer that antiquity is a potent factor in the result. All of this I derived from my observations at Aké. In other words, I think Uxmal comparatively new, while Aké belongs to the ages lost in antiquity. Literal facts, in future publications, I shall adduce to prove my theory in this particular, reserving to myself the hope to congratulate any scholar whom Science may raise up to determine the antiquity of the great ruins of Aké, and thus the honor of solving the relative antiquity of the general ruins of Yucatan.

That which excites the keenest interest of the true explorer in Yucatan are what nearly all reliable authorities concede to be both wonders and mysteries—and those are the Phantom Cities, lying in sections of country still remaining a *terra incognita*. The territory south-west of Yucatan—that portion of Guatemala lying west of the British colony of Balize, south of Campeche and east of Chiapas and Tabasco—is an almost unexplored region. Over this region the aborigines, yet strangers to the white man, wander with all the freedom of independent nomads who have not yet come under the agis of the Spanish Conquest. Somewhere in this wild, untraveled land are situated the mysterious cities which, I may add, exist on the authority of those great travelers, John L. Stephens, Arthur Morelet, E. G. Squier, Don Pedro Velasquez, of Guatemala; Désiré Charnay, who went to Yucatan as the representative of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, and has published, in a splendidly illustrated *édition de luxe*, "*Les Anciennes Villes du Nouveau Monde*." I beg also to add my own testimony to the statements and opinions of these authors; for my travels in that peninsula, a close study of its topography, the movement of the tribes, conversations with and a cross-examination of the natives, and the knowledge that no traveler who has ever ventured into this inhabited wilderness has ever returned—all convince me, independently of other consid-

erations, that mighty cities, yet unseen by the eye of any stranger, still flourish in that isolated interior. And why should not this be so? It is only a little over three centuries since Cortés and Pizarro first made their inroads in the countries of the Montezumas and of the Incas, and surely there is no reason why it should be assumed that all of the aboriginal civilization has been brought to the knowledge of mankind. It is strange, too, that the territory specified has so long defied the investigation of dauntless and well-equipped explorers; yet not, when it is considered that "the mysterious smoke" of the Everglades of Florida has never been reached by white man or negro. Although almost countless attempts, at great risk, have been made, through the swamps and jungles, to reach the spot whence rises this perpetual phenomenon, all have been failures, and none have solved the problem.

But what is actually known of these aboriginal cities of Central America, which are still supposed to retain in their inhabitants the last of the continuous descendants of the ancient settlers, keeping up the rites and ancient customs of their progenitors, and furnishing in their, doubtless, well-preserved history, tradition and folk-lore a complete knowledge of the ancient arts and manufactures, a key to the composite architecture that has been the amazement of explorers and archaeologists? As to the absolute certainty of their existence, in one form or another, there remains only the faintest shadow of doubt. What we do know is this: Stephens was the first of explorers to bring the city to the notice of the modern world. The *cura* of Quiché, an Indian village in Guatemala, informed him he had seen the Phantom City from the summit of the higher peaks of the mountains of that State. But the difficulties of attempting to go into the interior appalled even a somewhat reckless and curious traveler like Stephens, who wisely enough reasoned that the certainty of death was entirely too plain to justify the undertaking. It is not clear why, with such important results in view, Stephens did not secure an armed escort and proceed to invade the interior on a mission of science. However, he says, in speaking of this subject: "In fact, I conceive it to be not impossible that within this secluded region may exist at this day, unknown to white men, a living aboriginal city, occupied by relics of the ancient race who still worship in the temples of their fathers."

Later than Stephens, a Frenchman, Arthur Morelet, entered this country by the Usumasinta River, and traveled on the frontier of the area where the Phantom City is thought to be, and such records of his journeyings as he has left indicate that he was a strong believer in its reality. Mr. E. G. Squier, an eminent authority on Central America, speaking of this territory, thus alludes to the subject: "Within its depths, far off on some unknown tributary of the Usumasinta, the popular tradition of Guatemala and Chiapas places that great aboriginal city, with its white walls shining like silver in the sun, which the *cura* of Quiché affirmed he had seen with his own eyes from the tops of Quezaltango."

I wish to add my testimony to that of these distinguished travelers, from what in one respect might seem a trivial detail in observation. For instance, I noticed in Aké, where by far the most ancient ruins of Central America may be found, that the cement, as seen in protected places—that is to say, imbedded beyond the surface in depressed architectural recesses, where it had escaped the action of the elements—was very white, and would glisten in the sun in similar manner to that described by the *cura* of Quiché. The query naturally



MURAL PAINTING IN THE FUNERAL CHAMBER OF THE CHAC-MAL MONUMENT AT CHICHEN-ITZA.

occurred to me, Could not the later *façades* of the ancient cities, too, have been covered with this shiny cement? And is this not proof of the existence of such a city in the wilds of Yucatan—one like Aké?

And then came Don Pedro Velasquez, of Guatemala—it is thirty years since—who, according to his own account, penetrated to the very heart of the Phantom City, saw it in all of its magnificence of architecture and statuary, became possessed of all its secrets and mysteries, and then, in an endeavor to escape, one of the Americans (two accompanied him from Baltimore) was sacrificed on the High Altar of the Sun, and the other was wounded, and subsequently died in the wilderness of Guatemala, after a fierce fight with the Indians.

Finally, let me add that to solve the existence of this Phantom City and its living population is to-day the most important problem that confronts the ambitious explorer, in the whole range of such effort on American soil. For a traveler to reach there, to return with an accurate account of its people, its life, its physical characteristics, its order of civilization and system of government, would be a feat unparalleled since the early Spanish conquerors first carried the glories of the Montezumas to the wondering peoples of the Old World. It is a more difficult enterprise, however, than that of the Arctic traveler or the African explorer, and he who has the temerity to try it must first acquire a thorough knowledge of Yucatan.

During my sojourn at Merida there was one poetical hour in every twenty-four of my life, and that was the hour of waking. Then the

beautiful wild doves (*Sin-son-the*) of Yucatan would congregate in the court-yard and utter that soft, clear, musical and plaintive cry, *cuuc-tu-tuzen*, without fright and with strutful dignity. The Mayan poet has a beautiful fable about this violet-plumaged bird. It re-enacts the part of *Iago*. Here it is:

The dove (*cucutib*), the emblem of the faithful wife, was on a lovely morning carefully guarding the eggs in the nest. Along came the squirrel, a sagacious and artful creature, and perched on a pliant bough near by the tranquil nest. Making himself as pretty and winning as possible, he addressed himself to the dove: "My dear friend, why do you thus always remain at home, lonely and unsociable?"

"My husband is out," said the dutiful wife. "When he returns I will go. We must not leave the tiny eggs unprotected."

"Poor little one!" replied the sly animal. "While you are taking care of the nest, your husband is amusing himself with other doves. This very day I have seen him with my own eyes."

Like a poisoned arrow, jealousy wounded the heart of the dove, and she hastily abandoned the nest.

Immediately the squirrel devoured the



SPECIMEN OF STUCCO RELIEF-WORK, FOUND AT PALENQUE.



HUMAN SACRIFICE.

small eggs, having won his breakfast by his own cunning and the credulity of the simple and jealous dove.

When she returned to the nest, alas ! she sighed with anguish to find it empty and the frail shells scattered in fragments upon the ground beneath. Since then she only repeats, in soft and sorrowful accents : "*Cuuc-tu-tuzen !—cuuc-tu-tuzen !*" ("The squirrel deceived me !—The squirrel deceived me !")

The fable ends by declaring that, in view of what happened to the dove, the married woman should always be extremely prudent, and that the people in general should be on their guard against cunning and malignant mischief-makers who are ever ready to reach their own ends by cheating unsuspecting people. Fables similar in tenor are told of the doleful owl, the iguana (the large lizard), and various beasts, birds, fowls and reptiles of the country.

Yucatan is the very home of idolatry and superstition, and these attributes are quite as active and prominent now as at the time of the Spanish Conquest. When Cortés was obliged to leave his horse, on account of his exhaustion—the first that the natives had ever before seen at Lac Peten—they at once endowed the creature with marvelous gifts and intelligence. They had seen Cortés fire from the saddle and kill a deer, and they believed that the flash and detonation proceeded from the animal, and thus they thought he could produce thunder and lightning. They therefore decided that he should be nourished on the dainties of the land, and they fed the horse on well-cooked flesh and fowl, presenting it bouquets of flowers in token of homage to a superior being. This kindness and adoration, and particularly the diet, was too much for the Spanish quadruped, and he soon yielded up the ghost in his enforced captivity, having died of practical starvation. Those in whose keeping it had been left were terrified to find they would be unable to return it to Cortés in its original condition, so they made a life-sized statue of it in stone and mortar, as nearly as they could handle sculpture in those days. This they placed in a great temple, where worshipped more than a thousand people, and thenceforth it was treated with the greatest reverence and adoration by those simple-minded aborigines.

Nearly a hundred years later, in 1618, two priests went to Peten-Itza, intending to convert the Indians to Christianity. They were accompanied by some natives of Yucatan, who did all in their power to dissuade the fathers from carrying out their project, and every obstacle they could cunningly devise was thrown in the way of the missionaries. They arrived at the place in security, and were treated with the utmost hospitality and welcome ; but when the natives were approached on the subject of abandoning their ancient faith, they exhibited firm reluctance, and declared the time had not yet come to swing away from the teachings of their ancestors. When the priests were wandering around among the temples, which they were permitted to do with the utmost freedom, they came across the equestrian statue representing Cortés's horse, which had now become one of the most sacred of their images, situated in the very middle of the temple, resting upon its haunches, so reared that the fore legs were straight, with the hoofs on the floor.

They proclaimed it the Thunder-god, and proceeded to exact the virtues of their idol. Then followed a dramatic scene. Friar Juan de Orbita, a very excitable and devout priest, mounted the stone horse, and armed with a huge stone hammer, he proceeded to demolish it with great fury and resolution, making the fragments fly

to the remotest corners of the temple. The Indians became wild with natural indignation, and a great outcry went up, "Kill them ! Kill the white men ! They have destroyed our Thunder-god. Let them die for the injury they have done !" But the priests quailed not. They knew the people and their language, and upbraided them for their idolatry ; they showed them a cross, and told them that such was the emblem to worship—not the carved image of a brute. But no converts were made, and although allowed to depart, laden with presents, the Christian fathers, a few hours later, were made the object of an armed assault on the sea, but they escaped with their lives.

There are many Indian families scattered here and there through the forests of Yucatan, devoting themselves to the crudest forms of agriculture, cultivating corn, black beans and red pepper. In the dry season trees are reduced to ashes, in order to enrich the soil, and with crude implements they till the earth. Hence, they have a god of Agriculture, and a very curious and potent idol, too. Near the ruins of Chichen is its abode, reigning in a cave. It exhibits a man kneeling, with a long beard ; his arms are upraised so as to be on a level with the head ; and they are, palms upward, spread wide open. On the back of the figure there is a musical instrument, but the natives call it a cake (*bulevah*)—a cake made of black beans and corn ; and it is undoubtedly because of this device that they have called it their god of Agriculture. For a much less intelligible reason the ancients of the East have selected their spiritual patrons, if the antiquarians of our day be in the least reasonable or correct. That charming essayist on Yucatan antiquities, Madame Le Plongeon, thinks this "god, which the natives call "Slap of the White Man," was so understood by the natives, perhaps, because, being beardless themselves, they came to the conclusion that the statue must be that of a white man, and the uplifted hands might suggest to them the readiness to strike, although the position would infer adoration. There are several figures like this in bass-relief on the pillars in an ancient castle at Chichen. The faces have peculiarly Assyrian features. In native parlance the idol is called *Zactalah*, and is worshiped by the burning of incense during solemn invocations. Daily pilgrimages are made to the shrine during harvest-time by whole villages, with instruments and offerings ; and singular as it may seem, the women chant the litanies of the Roman Church with their tribal ceremonies, giving a strange combination of pagan and Christian worship. Dancing forms a part of the service, and their excise laws do not prevent a liberal distribution of "fire-water," which gives animation and ardor to the devout. The high-priest of this hybrid ceremonial is a white man, his assistant being an Indian, named Ku—a medicine-man.

It must be said of the Mayas that there is more idolatry among them at present than before the Conquest, for they now attribute to all images divine power for good or evil, whereas before they thought them simply suggestive of a higher being.

Communism was universal among the Mayas of Central and South America when they dwelt in unity and security. Indeed, they offer a solemn example of a most perfect condition of human society, as built on primitive foundation, and well worth the study of the reckless theorists and wild-brained charlatans of the present day. It was ordained that one-third of the land should be dedicated to the Sun—that is, to support the temples and priesthood. One-third was for running the Government and public improvements, maintaining the army, and

keeping the public granaries full in case of emergency. The remaining third of the land was divided among the people in equal shares; and no one was allowed to increase his property even a farthing. A *topo* of land was granted to every male child; half a *topo* to every female child, one *topo* being considered enough for man and wife. Marriage was compulsory at a fixed age. At the death of any individual, child or adult, the property reverted to the State. Capital, trusts and monopolies did not exist, and it may be added, there was no scope for the eloquence of Father McGlynn, the finely spun cure-all of Henry George, or such picturesque corporations as the Anti-poverty Society. The Mayas never knew want.

Agriculture was under strict regulation, as were the public works. The first land cultivated belonged to the Church; then such ground as belonged to the aged, infirm and widows and orphans, and others that were helpless. No one could till his own land until the land of those unable to work it was attended to. This was a paramount duty, and its disregard was punished by death on the gallows.

The Government land was cultivated last, the individual owner taking precedence. Such was the system that embraced millions of people, and they lived in peace, happiness and prosperity—a study for every class of students of socialism and political economy—and they remained undisturbed in their serenity until the ruthless incursion of the Spanish conqueror, flourishing the sword of the bandit, while devoutly invoking the Cross of Christianity. Truly those were dramatic days in the history of the rich and wonderful South American tropics!

Charity and equity were the universal rule, and this I noted to be the religious practice throughout the peninsula to-day. Let me give an example: A land-holder has a *cenote* on his property. This must furnish the water-supply for the immediate neighborhood, so that the native who is dependent upon him for his water contracts to take it, paying him for a week's supply by one day's labor on his (the proprietor's) land; and, curiously enough, this always occurs on Monday—our American wash-day. No money passes; the contract is in kind.

That the Mayas were a superior people the remnants of their learning that have come down to us abundantly attest, upon the concurrent testimony of conscientious chroniclers and recognized savans. "If," says a highly respectable authority, "a complex language indicates an advanced civilization, the Mayas were highly civilized, for their language enables one to express the finest shade of thought. Even to-day some of the aborigines use such poetical forms of speech that it is a delight to listen to them telling quaint legends." Moreover, the missionaries who went to Yucatan with the invading Spaniards exhibited the greatest interest in the country and all that pertained to it, precisely as did the Roman fathers who went to the far East, and through the Propaganda of the Eternal City compiled that wonderful and invaluable book, "Les relations des Jesuits." It was the literature of the Mayas that attracted their scholarly minds, and they were careful to describe the books in use among them, and also the manuscripts. Among these was a learned priest, Father Landa, author of the work, "Las Cosas de Yucatan" (The Things of Yucatan). He says that the Mayan priests were studious, versed in their own vernacular, and occupied their time in imparting the highest forms of the native knowledge to those whom they considered

intellectual and worthy pupils. For purposes of writing, the Mayan seers used a species of native paper manufactured from the roots and bark of certain trees, and their books were very large, like a gigantic Japanese fan of the greatest size, and folded like a fan. All of the sciences then known were embraced in the writings of the wise men, and the subjects included archaeology, medicine, astronomy, chronology and geology. Divination, prophecy and theology were discussed with apparent candor and thoroughness, and it is recorded that "many of the gentlemen were instructed in all those matters, being much respected for their learning, but never spoke about it in public"—a delicate kind of modesty that might well befit a large array of our stump orators and representatives in the Halls of Congress. What a glorious boon it would be to conduct one of our political campaigns, for a change, on the lines laid down by the Mayan philosophers! But if they were unlike us Americans in this respect, they closely resembled us in another—they maintained a class of experts, of flexible conscience, to trace the ancestry of persons who wished to boast of noble lineage—presumably to paste a luminous and picturesque coat-of-arms on some conspicuous belonging, to denote the great antiquity of their lineage. Heraldry is a great institution at home or abroad.

The Mayas in their literature showed also that they placed a high value on the keeping of historical records; for, among their volumes treating of different epochs, we have accounts of the various wars, inundations, epidemics, plagues, famines and other important events in the annals of a homogeneous people. Some of the Mayan writings were deciphered by Dr. Aguilar, a Spaniard, and he found many interesting tendencies of the wise men. They were intent on describing inundations and storms of a devastating character; but they tended to the finer graces of literature, to painting and poetry. Their god of Poetry was, in the native parlance, called "The Priest of Otha who says foolish or frivolous things." With the exception of singing and poetry, the arts and sciences were personified as females. The Spanish historians tell us also that the Mayas had a vast fund of folklore, which they were fond of reciting, after the fashion of the Asiatics of the Eastern Caucasus, but the priests speedily drove them from the habit by corporal punishment. Much of their literature was not to reach the libraries of civilization—its fate involving a heavy loss to our knowledge of Yucatan, as witness the following confession of Father Landa: "We found a great number of their books, but because there was nothing in them that had not some superstition and falsehood of the devil, we burned them all, at which the natives were marvelously sorry and much distressed." Father Cogollado, a hundred years later in the country, commenting on this fanatical contempt for antiquities, says: "It seems to me that the books might have been sent to Spain. But worse than all this, the overdevout Father Landa gave to the flames also twenty-seven large parchment manuscripts, written on deer-skin, likewise destroying 5,000 statues and 197 vases."

Notwithstanding Landa did these barbaric acts, he yet preserved, it is alleged, a key not less valuable to the scholar than the Rosetta Stone in deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

The physical structure of Yucatan being that of a huge coral reef, undiversified by mountains, it holds the unique position in geography of having no surface-water—that is, it has no rivers; but in many parts it is entirely undermined by extensive caverns, in which there

are basins of fresh water of varying depth, fed by subterranean springs—an anomalous, but altogether thoughtful, provision of nature. The caverns, wells, or, as they are locally called, the *cenotes*, are refreshingly cool at midday, and, like our own Mammoth Cave and Luray, are filled with all sorts of weird, fantastic forms—the familiar stalactites and stalagmites affording brilliant

the honor of being the abode of wild beasts, demons, devils, imps, and high-priests of the black art. Even European travelers have not been brisk to enter their dark depths without precautionary measures. An experience of my own at Montul was enough to warn me that fatality would follow any rash advance beyond the reach of light. I entered this *cenote* at midday



THE WONDERFUL WELLS OF BOLONCHEN

optical illusions. Then, too, there are large chambers which are connected together by high-vaulted subterranean galleries, and the light of day, admitted from the shafts coming down from the surface, permits one to explore corridors and recesses before unknown to man. While a few of these aqueous chambers have been entered, they still remain only a subject of conjecture. The natives are very superstitious, and attribute to them

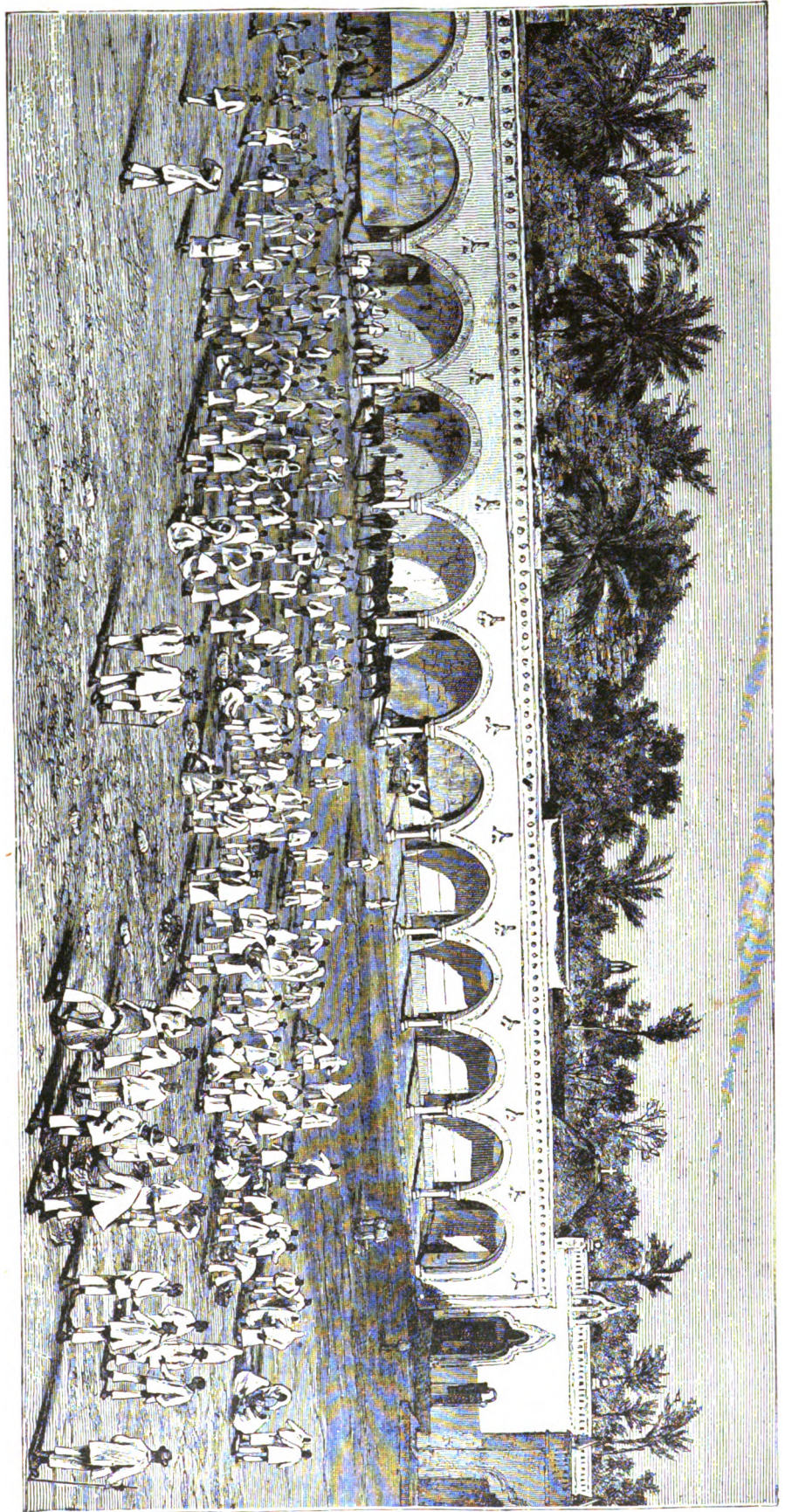
to bathe. The water was delightfully cool. When I penetrated the inner darkness an indefinable admonition told me to return. Of course these *cenotes* are never visited, nor the connecting channels entered to any distance, without a candle, lantern or other artificial light. These waters are peopled by a singular creature, called by the natives *tzan*, and it is claimed that there is also a blind fish of the *silurus* species. Stephens and other

travelers claim such to be the fact, although I was utterly unable to verify it. It strikes me quite forcibly that it is an assumption based on the fact that our own Mammoth Cave supports the eyeless fish in its River Styx. But the conditions are quite different with the subterranean passages, or rivers, of Yucatan, for here and there they receive the light of heaven from the *cenotes* themselves.

In some portions of Yucatan there are thermal and medicinal waters, and this is readily understood, because the reef on which the country stands is volcanic. Some of the *cenotes* going down perpendicularly into this remarkable aqueous world are immense circular shafts of from 50 to 500 feet in diameter, and their walls are generally covered by tropical vegetation. In some of them no inlet or outlet can be traced, while swift currents are visible, showing that the complex water system of the country might well afford a study for the modern engineers of water-works, so perfectly does the Yucatan system work. The most celebrated *cenote* in the country is in the village of Bolonchen, where there are nine of these wells—that is, nine circular openings in the public square cut through a stratum of rock. They are mouths of an immense cistern; but it is not supplied by any subterranean spring. It is considered the most remarkable water-cavern in the country. Says Madame Le Plongeon, in writing of this great work: "Yucatan has been for ages quite free from earthquakes, when all surrounding countries have from time to time been convulsed. Pliny the Elder thought that if numerous deep wells were made in the earth, to serve as outlets for the gases that disturb the upper *strata*, earthquakes would cease. If we may judge by Yucatan, Pliny was right."

The entrance to the wells

MARKET-PLACE, ITZAMAL.



of Bolonchen is wild. Torches are carried by the traveler, who, after going down steps for seventy feet, descends still farther a stout ladder. No daylight can be seen. After awhile one is 200 feet below the surface, on the brink of an awful precipice. Eighty feet more by ladder, and the explorer is but at the mouth of the cave. The descent continues by ladder, when a vast chamber is reached, with seven various wells supplying seven various waters. Going on still farther, we behold the great crystalline basin, 1,400 feet from the mouth of the cave, and 450 feet beneath the surface of the earth!

Hundreds of people, during five months of the year, depend on this journey into the bowels of the earth for their water. The people of Yucatan are a cleanly people, and without these *cenotes* they could not live.

Any general and conclusive view of what the ruins of Yucatan determine cannot, of course, be given. Everything published, so pronounced, is either an individual opinion based on no positive knowledge, or simply a highly poetic speculation destined to appease the demands of the curious and imaginative. But in the range of literature on this subject I find a paper published in the "Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society" (October 21st, 1886), by Edward H. Thompson, United States Consul at Yucatan, whose methods of exploration and processes of thought it was my pleasure to observe in that country. A few of his ideas may be stated here. He points out that, in general, the ruins of Yucatan are not constructed of large stones, like those of the ancient East, but of a composition of lime and small fragments of rock, called by the Mayas *sac-cab*. Upon this composite backing cubes of stone are then laid, thus giving the buildings the appearance of solid stone structures, when, in reality, they are simply stone-plated. These structures are all more or less ornamented, and those not incrustated by statues and strange symbols have plain walls. The Temple at Uxmal may be regarded as the best example to be seen, while the Governor's House is the grandest in the country. Great height is, perhaps, the chief marvel of these ruins, constructed as they were by a people of tropical habitude, as one can stand on these platforms and overlook many miles of forest tree tops. The mounds upon which these huge edifices have been constructed must have been almost entirely of rock, some portions being faced with stucco, while the earth has naturally accumulated since their abandonment; and this is the literal declaration of Mr. Thompson, who is certainly carried away by no eager enthusiasm as to antiquity, or by a desire to belittle the civilization of the Mayas: "I find it hard to concede to these ruins the great age assigned them by certain archaeologists. Neither can I ascribe to them the modern origin as given by M. Charnay. I believe the truth to lie in a mean between the two views."

The ruined condition of buildings affords very uncertain evidence of age, in whatever latitude. Frost, vegetable growth, material, method of construction, are significant factors to be observed. Joints, too, must be perfectly protected against the ravages of time. The displacement of stones starts the demolition of an entire building, which may become a victim of erosion, or of countless other destroying agencies which have left us only portions of the greatest temples of antiquity. Any view of the ruins of Yucatan will make it perfectly understood how essential is thorough jointing. Because of defective construction in this particular, *façades* incrustated with statues, symbols, hieroglyphics—a perfect key to the history and literature of the Mayan race—have

well-nigh perished from the sight of man. From similar causes a large portion of the eastern front of the Governor's House at Uxmal is a shapeless and disordered mass; and fallen structures of great size, as originally built, can be seen in every part of Yucatan. Another curious feature about the ruins of this peninsula is, that they have by human hands been kept almost entirely free from accumulations—accumulations that tend to preserve ancient structures. In Yucatan one will find scarcely a ruin with the halls, apartments and corridors covered. In fact, it is seldom that more than six inches of earth-deposit can be found on the floor-surfaces. When the unfortunate Mexican Empress Carlotta visited Uxmal, the great ruins enjoyed the benefit of a general cleaning and clearing, to make them presentable to European royalty, transplanted in function to our shores. Furthermore, what is the fact as to the *débris* found there, and elsewhere, in the ruins of the country? It is carried by living creatures—birds, reptiles and human agencies, and also by decay and erosion, occasioned by the elements. There is, therefore, little else than nut-shells, well-gnawed bones and fragments of a stone-like deposit which once gave the walls a hard, smooth and firm finish. The elevations upon which they are built, and their shapely terraces, are now destroyed by the fallen ruins, which have often become shapeless mounds.

It is the opinion of Mr. Thompson that "few, if any, of the structures now standing have been habitations of man as constant abodes." They were not merely temples, but halls of justice and public business. In them were probably held councils and conferences on public affairs, while from the narrow stone platforms in front and on high were proclaimed the edicts of the law of religion, of war and peace. On the plain below were clustered the residences of the multitude, which made these edifices a necessity. Yet many archaeologists contend that these great ruins were the homes of the people, somewhat after the manner of the mediæval citadels which mark to-day the lofty banks of the Rhine and Danube, and this opinion they base on the fact that no minor ruins have been discovered of structures suitable for human habitation. It may be remarked upon this and other theories touching that ancient people, that the time is not yet ripe to announce any definite and conclusive decision.

There are no tangible—or, to put it more accurately, remotely tangible—proofs that the Mayan civilization came from the East, any more than that this continent first peopled and laid the foundation of the great empires of the Eastern world. Therefore, let me give the concluding paragraph of Mr. Thompson's interesting *brochure*: "That these ruins indicate a considerable civilization, I cannot doubt; that it was a civilization of the highest order, I can find no proof. It may be true of Yucatan, as one enthusiastic archaeologist affirms, that hidden from sight of man to-day, to-morrow to be discovered, lie abundant proofs that this is the oldest, the highest civilization the world has ever held; but the light of to-day does not show it. These ruins tell of a civilization, of a state, far above the nomads of the West, and above the communal *pueblos* of the South-west, but not of that advanced state of progress that sends forth a far-reaching influence."

Finally, in drawing any conclusions from my journey to Yucatan, made as it was in the interest of certain departments of scientific knowledge, rather than in a spirit of mere curiosity or adventure, I have to record that it was unmarred by any incident that was not agreeable, instructive and entertaining. The people I found to be

polite, hospitable, simple in manner, and thoroughly truthful and honest in all the daily transactions of life. Indeed, not during my whole stay in the country did I hear a harsh word, or note any serious *contretemps* whatever. Such as it was, the food was excellent and well prepared; the water was sweet and clear; the climate was not distressing, for the tropics. I found enough that was strange, mysterious, wonderful and magnificent to make me marvel why these ruined cities are not the goal of American travelers, when Uxmal, the great antiquarian Acropolis of the Western World, is within twelve days' agreeable travel from New York. The ancient literature and arts of the Mayas; their priestly statuary and temples; their varied and luxuriant folk-lore; the surviving superstitions and idolatries of the race, together with their domestic habits, traditions and industries, afford a study to the historical and speculative mind that certainly cannot be surpassed by any of the ancient peoples. Approaching to the very portals of the splendid ruins, we find a thrifty peasantry working in harmony with opulent proprietors. I cannot believe it extravagant to conclude, after visiting many quarters of the globe, embracing the African tropics as well, that Yucatan affords a fairer retrospect and vision of the extinct races of antiquity than can be found on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

MEYERBEER HARD TO PLEASE.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY, in a theatrical *feuilleton* upon the importance of scenery, tells a characteristic anecdote of Meyerbeer. When his "Robert le Diable" was about to be produced for the first time at the Paris Grand Opéra, Dr. Véron was at the head of the institution. The composer was still a man without fame and name, and his opera was put upon the stage in a meagre and anything but brilliant scenic setting. "Ah," said Meyerbeer to the manager, "you fear to lay out much money upon this opera. I see you have little confidence in my music." Véron made no reply; but he planned in secret to arrange a splendid decoration for the nuns' scene, whereby he hoped to surprise as well as gratify the composer. This scene was regarded at the time as a veritable wonder. At a final rehearsal of the opera, when the curtain was drawn up and revealed the new scene, the invited guests burst out into loud cries of admiration. Véron smiled triumphantly at Meyerbeer, and expected to read astonishment and delight upon the composer's face. But Meyerbeer merely said: "The decoration is much too splendid; I see that you have no confidence in my music."

FACT AND FOLK-LORE.

It is said that the invention of writing injured the power of memory, and years ago, before the school-master was abroad as he is nowadays, it was possible to meet with many instances of strong memorizing capacity among persons who could neither read nor write. Complicated accounts could be kept by the aid of a "tally" only, and the memory of many a small farmer, or petty rural shop-keeper, was his only ledger and order-book. It is certain that since the art of writing has become an almost universal accomplishment the faculty of memory, being less needed, is less cultivated. Long after the invention of letters, our forefathers depended much upon oral tradition. Antiquarians assert that one of the ancient races of Italy did not possess

written language, and even where written characters were in use, oral tradition formed an important supplement to them. "Folk-lore" tales and ballads have been handed down from lip to lip for centuries with curious fidelity.

When oral tradition was recognized as a vehicle for actual information, more care was taken regarding its accuracy than would be the case in these days. The old reciters jealously guarded a time-honored form of words, even in their prose narratives. Breton peasants, notably those who possess a talent as *raconteurs*, will repeat a legend or a story with scrupulous fidelity to the established form in which they have always heard the incidents related, and will check a traveler who attempts to deviate from the orthodox version with, "Nay, monsieur, the story should begin thus," repeating the regular form of the tale. The Eastern story-teller deviates little in his time-honored recitals of tales of love, adventure and magic; we recognize all our old friends from the "Arabian Nights," if we halt to listen to a professional *raconteur* in the streets of any Oriental town. In the days of "war against proscribed books," faithful memories were often utilized to preserve prohibited works from utter oblivion. During the persecution of the Waldenses, in the thirteenth century, when their version of the Scriptures was prohibited and destroyed wherever found, their ministers committed whole books of the sacred volume to memory, and repeated chapters at their religious meetings.

It would be tedious to enumerate the many instances in which tradition has preserved what written histories were forbidden to chronicle. On the whole, oral traditions are strangely accurate—strangely, when we consider how facts are frequently altered and distorted when occurrences are related by successive story-tellers. The child's game of "Russian Scandal" (in which a secret whispered to one person and repeated to a circle of others is usually altered out of recognition when repeated aloud by the last hearer) is played every day in society. And yet local tradition will faithfully chronicle the site of a battle, the burial-place of a hero, the date of a siege, and sometimes, after generations of historians and antiquarians have scoffed at the "unreliable local legend," a later investigation will discover that the despised traditional story was the true one, after all. Centuries of repetition may have slightly added to the incidents or distorted some of the facts, but the main tale is strictly exact. The reputed "treasure-trove" may prove but a trifling hoard, the battle-field smaller in extent, the graves of the heroes less numerous; but in each case local tradition is true regarding the facts that occurred, and the *locale* where they took place.

Tradition may at least claim to be as accurate as written history—though this, perhaps, is faint praise. Oral tradition is usually free from conscious party bias. The repeaters of traditional lore carry on the tale as they heard it; but how many an eloquent historian appears to assume a brief for one side or another in every party contest, and to write his history with a view, not of elucidating facts, but of representing certain historical characters as angels or the reverse. Such writers are always the pleasantest to read; an "impartial historian" is sadly dull, as a rule; but when a biased writer plays the part of Clio, tradition may often prove the safer guide of the two. Folk-lore, if not an altogether reliable guide, is seldom totally at fault in its statement of facts, and tradition has frequently kept alive memories which might otherwise have perished altogether. Books may be destroyed, and history willfully garbled, but it is less easy to extinguish local traditions.



1. Bas-relief from Interior of Palace at Chichen-Itza. 2. Bas-relief from Gallery of Palace at Palenque. 3. Statuette of a Priestess. 4. M. Charnay, the French Explorer of Yucatan. 5. Quetzalcoatl. 6. Temple at Lorillard City. 7. Statue Found at Tehuacan.

A NEW-YORKER IN YUCATAN.—SEE PAGE 547.



"OLD MAN GREER BROUGHT THE TEAM TO A STAND-STILL BY A SERIES OF TREMENDOUS JERKS OF THE REINS, AND SHOUTED, 'HELLO, THAR! GOIN'— DURN A MULE, ANTHOW! WHOA, THAR!'"

OLAF AND OLLA.

By TOM P. MORGAN.

"Go, and be quick about it!" cried Colonel Conrow.

"Gif me vun more try again!"

Colonel Conrow need not have spoken so harshly. But he was very angry, and the passive submission of the other, that savored of stolidity, or maybe of the dreary resignation that follows a sudden-killed hope, exasperated him greatly.

"Go, and never set foot on this place again!"

Without a word the other turned away.

Half an hour later, Henderson Greer, or, as all Onion Creek Township called him, Old Man Greer, riding behind his team of half-wild mules, was rapidly overtaking a figure trudging along the grass-fringed road toward struggling but ambitious Comet City. The pedestrian was a short, broad-shouldered young fellow, who carried his one change of raiment in a bundle in his hand.

He had no glances for the beauties of the prairie landscape, but, as he walked, seemed intently regarding a small, worn picture that he had drawn from an inner pocket of his long, brass-buttoned vest. He was just raising it to his lips when a clatter behind him caused

him to thrust it hurriedly into concealment beneath his vest.

With a rattling as of loose bolts and unwashed axles, a rickety wagon approached, jerked along by a team of unreliable mules that seemed unacquainted with any gait but an eccentric gallop. Old Man Greer brought the team to a stand-still by a series of tremendous jerks of the reins, and shouted:

"Hello, thar! Goin'— Durn a mule, anyhow! Whoa, thar!"

He had been nearly unseated as the animals gave a furious jump and threatened to gallop off, regardless of the application of the bits. There was more clattering and jerking, and the mules became passive again.

"Goin' to Comet City, Olaf?" Old Man Greer roared, in a voice that continued competition with the rickety wagon's clatter had rendered stentorian. "Pile in, an' we'll snake you thar in no time! Those mules h'ain't much on the stop!" he shouted, half apologetically, as Olaf clambered over the tail-gate of the wagon. "But they jist nachally beat all-git-out to go!"

As Olaf started to seat himself beside the driver, the mules verified this statement by leaping forward so suddenly that he was tumbled in a heap in the bottom of the wagon.

Old Man Greer uttered a forcible remark derogatory to the characters of all mules in general, and with much jerking succeeded in reducing the speed of his team somewhat, and his passenger mounted the seat.

"Leavin' Conrow, Olaf?" Greer asked. "See you've got yore dud-bundle along."

"Yah," answered the other. "I leaf. I go mit my claim."

"As I driv by," remarked Greer, "I seed um a-leadin' around a hawse that looked like a sort uv a balloon on four legs, he was so swelled up. Yore work?"

"I not shut the door, ant Duke get too much at de oats. Ant Colonel Conrow he was very angry. He had telled me two times before already if I do so mooch troubles I haf to go."

"Last time, you left the stock-well open and drowned a calf?"

"No. Dot was before. Last time, I burn oop stack of millet," confessed Olaf. "Now I half go."

"Warl," roared Greer, "if you don't beat anybuddy I ever seed er yeared tall uv, I'll be switched! What makes you sech a dunder-head? Fergit?"

"Yah, I forget. I mean nefer not to do troubles, but I forget always. I know not what makes me do so. I yoost be think 'bout some things all time, ant, ven I look, I haf do dose troubles already. Yah," he went on, in response to a question; "I think 'bout the ole country all times, ant, 'bout-'bout—"

He hesitated, and his blue eyes shone brighter, and a blush reddened his face clear up to the roots of his yellow hair.

Old Man Greer's pride of locality was aroused, and he roared, interruptingly:

"Warl, I reckon the ole country is all right enough, but this yar is plenty good enough fer me!"

And he waved his hand toward the south-west, where the brown prairie of late Autumn stretched away in billowy undulations, broken by the winding, timber-fringed creek; and, farther off, by the mound that, like a huge hay-cock, sprang in such an unexpected fashion from the prairie floor.

"Yah, yah, tiss goot," Olaf admitted. "But it is not Sweden, ant—ant—"

"An' what?"

The young Swede blushed redder than before, and turned his face away.

"Ant Olla is there," he said, slowly.

"Who—"

A kildee sprang from a tussock at the road-side, and darted skyward, with its loud, metallic whoop; and the mules swerved with a great leap, and dashed away at the top of their speed. Old Man Greer sawed and jerked at the reins with all his might, but they had passed half of Comet City's two score of houses, and had almost reached Slade's general store, before the mules could be jerked down to a rate of speed that allowed a remark to be heard above the rattling of the wagon. By that time, Old Greer had forgotten the subject under discussion, and finished his question by stating, as they drew up in front of Slade's, that there was absolutely no dependence to be placed in mules.

Greer tied the unreliable mules to the gnawed rack, and turned to Olaf.

"Sorto drop in," he invited. "They will nominate d'reckly."

"No," returned Olaf; "haf go to my claim. Must work me hard now."

With bundle in hand he kept on past the store, and the few scattering houses, and out along the little worn prairie road.

The crowd at Slade's general store was larger than usual, for this was an important occasion in the history of Comet City.

"Feller-voters," a self-appointed orator was roaring, as Old Man Greer entered, "the man we nominate for the proud position uv Comet City's first Mayor must lead—"

"Was leadin' a sick hawse as I driv by," interrupted Greer.

An indisposed equine is an object of much interest to the average claim-holder, and the business of nominating a Mayor was suspended while Greer told of the sick horse.

The nominating was little more than a form, at best, for all, for months, had been of one mind that but one person was equal to the greatness of being Comet City's first Mayor. The fact that he lived two miles from the settlement made no difference. Comet was determined to have a Mayor, and, not only the settlement alone, but every male resident of the county, was going to have a hand in voting him in, and they were all united on Colonel Conrow.

Ten minutes later, the case of the latest victim of Olaf's carelessness had been thoroughly discussed, and the self-appointed orator took up the thread of his harangue again.

"Feller-voters! Our—"

He was interrupted by a commotion among the animals at the rack.

"Durn a mule, anyhow!" cried Old Man Greer. "Al-lus up to sump'n'. But, they kar'nt git away. Them halters is inch rope, an'—"

There was another racket at the rack, and, as there came a burst of icy wind, when, before, the day had been the pleasant calm of Indian Summer, the mules, jerking and lunging, seemed intent upon testing the strength of those halters.

It needed not the next burst of wind—stronger and icier—to tell the crowd of the blizzard that was at hand. With scarcely a glance at the cloud-wall rolling swiftly up from the north-west, the men hurried the animals into Slade's barn. It was not until this was accomplished that any one thought of Olaf, trudging along the prairie road, with his head bent and his back to the cloud-bank, gliding higher every moment.

The men were very grave as they gathered on the porch of the store and watched the distant figure.

"First house is Hamlin's, nigh a mile a-past him," said Old Man Greer. "If he started back now, mebbly he'd git to the edge of town before the blizzard strikes. Warl, pore feller—"

He finished the sentence with a shake of his head.

"Thar's—No—yes—by George, thar's a figger comin' over the rise beyond Olaf!"

Even at the distance that made the small figure look little more than a moving speck, they saw that it was a girl—a child.

Then, as there came a fiercer, icier blast from the cloud-wall, that, blue-black above and white below, was half way across the sky, they saw the Swede turn about and anxiously regard the coming blizzard.

"He knows his danger!" spoke Old Man Greer.

The heart beneath Olaf's long, brass-buttoned vest had been very heavy as he left Slade's general store and took

his way along the prairie road. After he had left the last house of Comet City behind, he took the worn little portrait from the inside pocket and gazed long and earnestly into the pictured face of the Swedish lassie it revealed.

"Olla!" he murmured, and then raised the picture to his lips.

The tears half started in his eyes as he thought of the many days, perhaps even years, that must elapse before he could see her again. How well he remembered the day when, full of high hopes, he had left the little Swedish village, to seek in free America the fortune that rumor said was the certain reward of industry. That day's partings rose as fresh in his memory as if it had been but yesterday. Half of the village had been there, and had asked questions by the score, and given advice galore; also his father, mother and old Uncle Ander Neilsen; and all had wished him a more or less tearful God-speed.

Knowing that Lars Knudsen, who went to Alaska, had frozen his feet, and believing that Kansas and Alaska touched corners, Uncle Ander Neilsen had placed Olaf beyond the danger of the terrific American cold by presenting his nephew with the sheep-skin coat that he had worn for fifty-three years, and which now made part of the bundle carried by Olaf.

He remembered, chokingly, how very cheerful Olla had tried to appear, despite the tears in her blue eyes. The separation would not be for long, each told the other, for would not Olaf soon be able in America to accumulate the money that was to bring Olla to him, and the little farm he would get? And then they were to be married, and both go bravely to work on the little farm. And who could tell but that, perhaps after awhile, they would be able to spare the money to bring the old folks to America, where they, too, could get a little farm?

In the pocket of the long, brass-buttoned vest reposed a yellow lock, cut from Olla's braids, and which she had tied with a bit of blue ribbon.

The high hopes were gone now, and as Olaf tramped along the grass-fringed road, the goal of his happiness seemed far off in the years to come.

Times had been hard, and, to make the necessary improvements on the claim he had "taken up," he had expended all he could "rake and scrape" of the wages Colonel Conrow paid him. Out of work at the beginning of Winter, when no farmer could be expected to hire a "hand," Olaf saw before him several months of enforced illness, which, instead of hastening the consummation of his hopes, might bring him uncomfortably close to starvation.

A little puff of chilly wind swept by, but Olaf did not heed it or the dark cloud-line gliding up from the north-west.

In the pocket where the picture and lock of hair had lain was Olla's last letter, the contents of which Olaf knew so well "by heart." Affairs were going badly in the little Swedish village. Times were harder than ever. Olla had not been her rugged self of late, and the wise old doctor's verdict had been that the long journey to America ought to be speedily undertaken. Could not he send for her very soon?

In the little buck-skin bag, keeping company with two small silver coins, keepsakes of the dear Fatherland, was not half money enough to pay the passage. He must write Olla that months—perhaps a half, or even a whole, year—must elapse before he could send for her.

There seemed no help for it, and Olaf groaned in dull, helpless, homesick despair.

The small figure of a child came over the rise ahead,

and hurried down the slope toward him. But Olaf, trudging along with bowed head and heavy heart, did not see her.

The cloud-wall at his back had glided higher, and another burst of chill wind caused Olaf to turn and glance anxiously at the sky.

There flashed up in his mind the many tales he had heard of deaths in blizzards, and he realized his danger in an instant.

He hid the worn picture, and buttoning the long vest over it, grasped the bundle more firmly, and started to run. By hastening back, he might possibly reach Slade's before the blizzard broke.

"Thar! He's a-comin' this way!" spoke Old Man Greer, on the porch of Slade's general store.

"An' desertin' the child!" cried some one.

"He didn't see her!"

The little figure coming down the gentle slope of the rise was running at the top of her speed far behind the young Swede, who hastened onward without a backward glance. The cloud-wall, with its angry front of blue-black, was half way across the sky now, and there was a faint, far-off hissing in the air.

The child screamed again and again, but the icy wind whirled her cries away. Then, as despair added speed to her footsteps, she fell headlong.

As she rose, and with a cry of pain strove to hurry onward, she limped so that she could hardly take a step. Then, as she staggered forward, crying with the agony of a wrenched ankle, some impulse caused Olaf to turn.

Before him was Comet City and safety.

Behind him, suffering, helpless, was the child of the man who had discharged him—almost slain his hopes. Left alone, she would certainly perish, and perhaps if he went back for her the blizzard would claim them both. To go back seemed like bidding good-by to Olla forever. Then, the group at Slade's saw him turn his back on the safety that Comet City promised.

"I'm afeard it's good-by, Olaf!" said Old Man Greer. "But he's *white*!"

"You bet he is!" the listeners answered.

As Olaf reached the limping child, he hastily opened his bundle and wrapped about her the sheep-skin coat with which old Uncle Ander Neilsen had defied the cold for fifty-three Winters. Then, taking her in his arms, he hurried at the top of his speed along the grass-fringed prairie road.

With a hiss and a rush of powdered snow, that, driven almost horizontally by the force of the wind, shut out the light of day like the falling of night, the blizzard came. It hissed and shrieked about the sturdy Swede, struggling bravely on in the very teeth of the storm, in the darkness and blinding snow-shot that seemed cutting his face like a knife. It pierced his clothes, warm as they were, and every blast felt as if turning his blood to ice.

It buffeted and swayed him from side to side, and now and then, almost flung him from his feet. The thick sheep-skin coat that had come all the way from far-off Sweden was doing its duty nobly, and the child, wrapped in it and encircled in Olaf's strong arms, was not so cold but that she wondered at the words he uttered, every now and then, as he struggled blindly onward in the darkness, the snow and the terrific chill of the blizzard. They were words of his native tongue, and the only one that the child understood was, "Olla!"

In a little hollow, where the snow had deepened almost to his waist, he stumbled and fell; but he struggled to his feet again and staggered bravely onward.

If he was keeping the course toward Comet City, it

was only by the direction of Providence, for he had long since left the road.

And so he plunged, strugglingly onward, fighting bravely against the cruel, deadly cold.

store when the child opened her eyes. But Olaf's stiffened limbs and cold-locked senses refused to yield to the heroic treatment of Old Man Greer, and the rest of the impromptu physicians.

The blizzard had ceased almost as quickly as it had begun, when, four hours later, Colonel Conrow, pale and anxious, stumbled through the snow and entered Slade's general store.

"Who will take me to Hamlin's?" he cried, almost before he had closed the door. "I'll pay him well! I am terribly anxious about Jessie! I took her to Hamlin's yesterday, to visit his little daughter, and he was to bring her back to-day. If—"

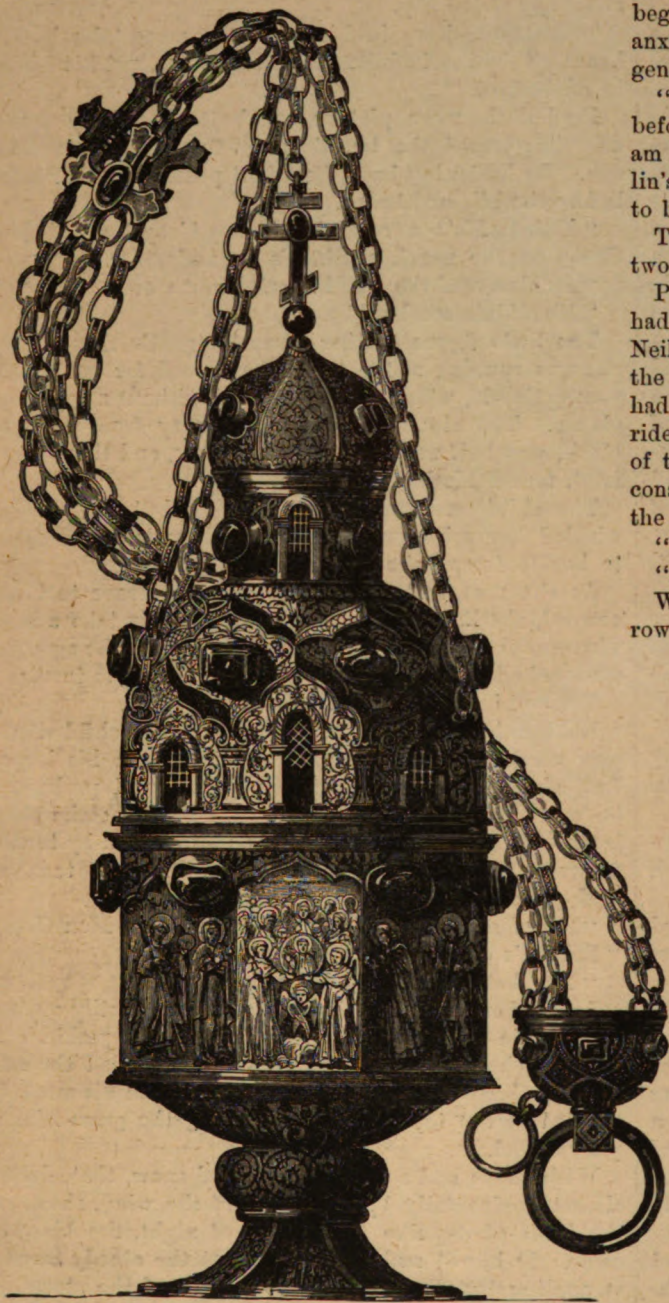
The group parted, and Old Man Greer led him to the two impromptu couches, back of the huge stove.

Presently, reclining on the thick sheep-skin coat that had been the pride and protection of old Uncle Ander Neilson, the child told the story of how, impatient at the delay necessitated by Hamlin's broken wagon, she had started to walk to Comet City, hoping to catch a ride from there to the Conrow place. Then, as she told of the blizzard, Old Man Greer, working at the half-unconscious and faintly moaning Olaf, interrupted her with the stentorian utterance:

"He's white?"

"You bet!" was the indorsement of the others.

When, in a voice choked with emotion, Colonel Conrow spoke his gratitude for the young Swede's self-sacri-

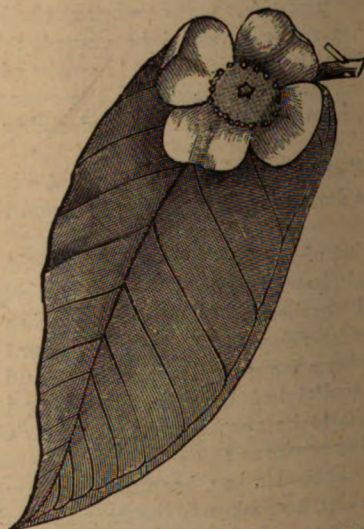
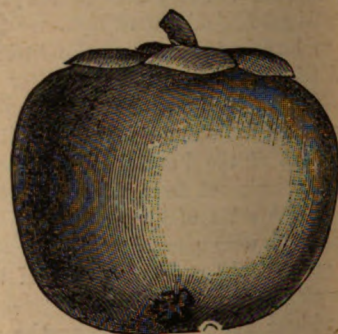


INCENSE.—A CENSER.—SEE PAGE 566.

Then he fell, rose, staggered, then fell, numb and exhausted, half raised himself up, and then, with a wild shriek, plunged headlong in the snow, and the blizzard seemed hissing in derision as it whirled his cry away.

Even if he was not the youngest member of the group about Slade's tall red store, Old Man Greer's hearing was as keen as ever. It caught the fading ghost of Olaf's cry, a last despairing effort to attract attention; and an instant later the men were up and doing.

Holding, at intervals of about ten feet, to one of the long ropes hastily unwound from Slade's reel, and tied to one of the uprights of the porch, they executed nearly a semicircle in the darkness and rush of the storm. When they found them, both Olaf and the child were insensible; but hardly had they been hurried into the



FRUIT, FLOWER AND LEAF OF THE INCENSE PLANT.

ficing act that had brought him so close to death's door, and promised to repay him, as far as such a debt can ever be repaid, Old Man Greer held out his hand across the low-moaning Olaf.

"Colonel," he said, "yore white, too!"

And the group added the indorsement of a great, "You bet!"

The little, worn likeness, Olla's last letter, and the lock of corn-yellow hair, had been taken from the inner pocket of the long, brass-buttoned vest, and placed, with a sort of rough reverence, on Slade's counter.

Then, after the Swedish girl's letter had been read by Mr. Lars Petterson, whom a self-elected delegation had brought to the store, after a tramp through the snow to the farthest side of town, no one said a word for several minutes, during which nearly every member of the group seemed tugging at his pocket.

"Doctor said she ort to start right away," spoke Old Man Greer. "And——"

"Boys," interrupted Colonel Conrow, "the debt of gratitude I owe Olaf shall be paid in something besides words. Olla——"

"Hold on thar, colonel!" broke in Old Greer. "Me an' the boys have gotto have our dip into this yere mix-in'! He's white, an'—warl, you 'tend to the house-fixin's at his claim, and we'll——"

"He's comin' to!" some one, whispered, loudly.

Then, after Olaf had been moved to very comfortable quarters in a neighbor's house, the crowd that had come to Slade's to nominate a Mayor totally lost sight of politics. There was laboriously written a message, that went by mounted courier, by telegraph and cable, and which, when it flashed to the little Swedish village, set the old station-master to wondering ponderously what manner of men were these wild Americans, who cared not for expense as long as it was the price of speed.

And Old Uncle Ander Neilsen quoth, forsooth, Olaf must be hobnobbing with little less than nobility. For, was not the telegram, with its order for money and a ticket from Sweden to Kansas, signed by *Major-general Henderson Greer*!

The sudden promotion of the owner of the unreliable mules had been the result of much earnest thought on the part of the meeting at Slade's. Those foreigners were so used to titles that it was best to provide against all contingencies, and give them no opportunity to distrust a titleless signature.

A great cloud of mystery seemed to overhang Comet City for days thereafter. Olaf, convalescing, but kept helplessly bed-fast by his artful nurses, wondered at the mysterious ways of the visitors, who dodged in now and then for whispered conferences with his nurses, during which there were knowing nods galore. The matter was so overdone that Olaf, down-hearted, dispirited and ill, began to believe that he was going to die, and accordingly grew worse.

Shortly before election day, a committee called upon Colonel Conrow. When interrupted by that gentleman's hearty concurrence with their rather shamefacedly put proposition, they violated his hospitality to the extent of roaring a stentorian and ratificatory "You bet!" to Old Man Greer's statement that the colonel was "white."

Early on election morn, Olaf, removed with much care to his claim, marveled not a little at the unwonted appearance of the cabin, gay with fresh paint and new shingles. The interior, too, was as much the cause for marvel. New furniture kept company with new paint throughout the two rooms, and Olaf, in a soft bed, gave the mysterious movements a new interpretation, and speedily felt better.

He was not aware of the presence of a crowd outside till they yelled in unison as there appeared in the distance a rickety wagon and its two occupants, all rapidly

growing larger, as a pair of unreliable mules jerked it over the prairie at a rate of speed that showed a profound contempt for the savage jerks that the driver bestowed upon the reins.

A dozen men sprang forward to assist Old Man Greer's passenger, a yellow-haired, ruddy-cheeked girl, to alight from the rickety wagon. But Greer, waving them back with all the dignity of an emperor, performed this office himself in a way that gave him intense satisfaction.

No one followed the yellow-haired girl into the room where Olaf lay.

"Olaf!"

"Olla!"

Then there was much eager jabbering, that was as Greek to all of the crowd outside but Lars Petterson. But the tones spoke the old, universal language of love.

A little later a horseman rode up, and at his report the crowd yelled tumultuously. Then they crowded into the house, and Old Man Greer, in all the bravery and misery of a "boiled" shirt and a riding-collar, was shoved forward as spokesman. Olla, on her knees at her lover's bedside, looked frightened.

"Olaf," Old Man Greer began, "speakin' fer an' sorter representin' the voters uv Comet City an' the county, I jest want to say that we congratulate you on—on, warl—that is—durn it, yore elected as Comet City's first Mayor, by all for an' none ag'in, an'—an—— *Whoa, thar!*"

And glad to escape from his oratorical tangle, he rushed out of the house to quiet some imaginary disturbance upon the part of the unreliable mules, which, just then, were comporting themselves like a couple of asinine angels.

INCENSE.

Few know what is really used to produce the clouds of fragrant smoke, known as incense, in churches. Indeed, the ignorance extends even to those who use it. There is an amusing story, to the point, told of a me of the Catholic clergy, not much more than half a century ago, when their Church acquired some freedom. They wished to give a little more solemnity to the church service, and to revive what they had not dared to practice in penal days. They found an old censer, but were at a loss what to get for incense, and finally fell back on the resin filling of a plated candlestick!

The odoriferous gum that goes by the name of incense, or *gum olibanum*, is a resinous gum produced by the *Boswellia serrata* or *thurifera*, a tall tree growing in the mountainous parts of India and belonging to the Terebinth family. The leaves, which grow at the end of the branches, are in ten pairs, oblong, alternate, pubescent. The flowers are small and green, and in clusters smaller than the leaves. Each flower has five petals, and ten stamens. The seed-case is three-sided, and has three divisions, each containing three seeds. The resinous fluid that exudes from the trunk and hardens rapidly is the incense. It forms in hard, semi-transparent, reddish or yellow drops, about the size of a pea. Incisions are made in the trunk to increase the flow. An inferior incense comes from Africa, produced also by a tree of the same family.

Incense was highly esteemed in ancient times, and was used in the worship of many countries. The *thus*, or incense, of the Hebrews and Greeks was the *styrax* of Arabia. Some ascribe the use of incense among the primitive Christians to the necessity of purifying the air in the Catacombs and other subterranean places where they were forced to worship.

MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ'S GRANDMOTHER.

BY ANNIE THACKERAY.

A SOUND of streams in the hot air ; a faint, delicious smell of flowers and of fried potatoes ; a hill-side of terraces and winding paths ; a clump of tall pine-trees, under which an authoress sits reading a book, and two old French ladies play at cards together, very gently, politely, and both dressed in deep mourning. A butterfly goes by ; so does a drift of cloud from the misty lilac heads of the lovely hills that rise above the trellis of the vines, of which the tendrils and branches hang along the terraces in rough and fanciful garlands. A church-clock strikes eleven ; a battered figure carrying a load passes along the trellis-path ; some children are gathering flowers from the dahlia-bushes at the farther end of the walk ; you can hear the voices in the establishment close by ; the peaceful waters rush on. The sultry air sighs among the pines, and seems to grow more bearable. The blue, map-like Lake of Bourget lies at the foot of the lilac hills ; the melons and grapes and tomatoes are ripening on its banks. How sweet everything is out here among the house-tops, hill-tops and gardens of the old Roman bathing-station ! In-doors the sun had streamed from the earliest morning, the bells had rung, the flies had fussed, the chairs and tables had seemed like hot baked biscuits, and the very jugs and basins were full of smoking water on the wash-stands ; but here all is peace, and Louise, the head chamber-maid, has just brought the authoress word that madame can have a shady room upon the front, if she likes, and that her place in the omnibus is retained, and that she (Louise) will see that all the things are safely moved in the course of the morning. So madame sits, lazily enjoying the happy moment, and speculating upon her book and her journey what the morning will bring forth.

We are most of us used to translating our daily impressions and fancies into pen-and-ink and pencil jottings, and to find an incontestable pleasure in so doing. But there is another entertainment still more fascinating, in which the result far outstrips the imagination—it is the process of translating the printed paragraphs back again into real life. Dean Stanley says, somewhere, that to see the place where a remarkable event has happened is in a measure to live the event itself over again ; and in a like manner, to see the places of which one has been reading is a real revelation ; the whole book seems to pour out of the printed page, the sentences start into sound, into color and motion ; the reality is before one.

Some years ago, when the writer of this present divagation was engaged upon a translation of some of Madame de Sévigné's letters for the edition of Mrs. Oliphant's "Foreign Classics," she became acquainted for the first time with the story of that saintly grandmother whose virtues the Rabutins so proudly counted among their many dignities, and whose name occurs in its place with the baronesses and the heiresses of blood-royal, whose arms are quartered upon their ancient heraldries. The story of this strange, passionate, aspiring, practical woman is a very striking one. She left her young son, her father, her many natural ties and associations, her very sorrow and crown of widow's weeds, in order to devote her remarkable powers and enthusiastic piety to a religious life, and to the founding of convents all about France and Savoy. Before her death no less than eighty-seven of these institutions owed their existence to her energy. A book recommended to me by a friend, called "Les Filles

de Ste. Chantal," still further deepened the impression made by the history of this lady, and of her friend and director, St. Francis ; and thus it happened that, being in Savoy, sitting on a bench in a garden, scarce an hour's journey from Annecy, which had been Ste. Chantal's home, I found myself planning my expedition between the chapters ; and when the early *table d'hôte* had come to an end in its bountiful Southern fashion, with golden grapes and little ripe figs and pears at intervals along the table—while the foreign ladies in their elaborate Ionic and Doric twists and braids of hair, the terrible old Russian countess in her conical hat, and the handsome young Englishman who chose to appear for his meals in full boating costume, were each lingering over their own special share of Autumn's abundance—the waiter beckoned me away, and I found myself actually starting on my pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Chantal, and traveling (as pilgrims do nowadays) with first-class return tickets and every convenient arrangement.

The station was crowded. It was amusing enough to look about at the people. There were the soldiers, the usual three nuns traveling with a basket between them and one cotton umbrella, the peasant women standing by with bundles ; one of them, instead of a bundle, carried a little new-born baby in swaddling-clothes, winking itself to sleep. There was the French family, looking like a group out of a fashion-book ; dandified old grandparents, the married daughters and sons-in-law taking leave of each other, with assortments of children, attendants, and parcels and parasols, all ably marshaled by the parents, whose presence of mind and agreeable spirits never flagged to the last moment. The Paris express set off with a great clatter and excitement, just as the Annecy local train came up, and I followed a jolly-looking man, like a movable book-stall, with his pockets stuffed with magazines and papers, into my carriage. There in the corner sat an old French lady, reading the *Figaro*. "Here you are, *maman*," says he ; "you have kept my place ;" and he began packing books and wraps away in the net-work overhead.

It was a pleasure to watch the comfortable pair, to hear the son describing his various arrangements for their mutual benefit, and the mother gravely assenting. They seemed to be systematically exploring the neighboring restaurants and other interesting aspects of the country. "We did well to dine at Annecy yesterday," he exclaims, rubbing his hands ; "we saw the lake ; we had an excellent dinner." Being in some doubt about my own plans, I venture to consult my fellow-traveler, and tell him that I am on my way to visit the shrines of Ste. Chantal and St. Francis, and, if possible, to catch the steamer and go round the lake afterward. He does not know much about the saints ; he advises me not to miss the *tour du lac*, to take a carriage by the hour, and, above all, to dine at the Hôtel d'Angleterre on my return. He good-naturedly lends me his "Guide Joanne" to compare with my Murray. I read of Annecy, where both my saints are buried : "An industrious city on the N. extremity of the lake ; pop. 11,600 ; H. Verdun, H. d'Angleterre ;" of a fine cheese made in the mountains, etc. There are also pertinent details about St. Francis de Sales and the archbishop's palace, and Ste. Chantal's "Maison de la Galerie."

While we compare our guides, the train stops at a little



ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

roadside station, where stands a sportsman with huge boots, such as I have seen at the Lyceum Theatre. He has a broad hat, a gun, a splendid warlike appearance; he has shot a rabbit. He looks terrible enough; but just as the train is starting, a little child comes running up and leaps straight into the arms of this bellicose-looking personage. Then we start off again, traveling past vineyards and villages, past rural country scenes, all bounded and inclosed by swelling hills. As the train proceeds the scene changes; a torrent is rushing down, far below, in a shadowy defile, between rocks heaped pile upon pile; the green and golden veils of Autumn are falling from every ridge; and creepers, and straggling ivy, and unaccustomed flowers, with wild, sweet heads, are starting from the rocks; and mountain-ash trees here and there, with their red berries lighting up the shade. A sound of dashing waters from the stream is singing an accompaniment to the wheels of the railway-carriages which whirl the tourists along the heights. The tourists, with their heads at the railway-carriage windows, are peering down from their altitudes into the celebrated Gorges du Fier below. A number of people get out at a roadside station, in order to visit the waters; and we who remain in our places presently leave rocks and ravines behind us, and come to Annecy in the blazing plain of sunshine. I followed my traveler's

advice, and took a little carriage at the station. There was the old town before me, basking under the blue sky, with many spires and gables and weather-cocks round about the stately castle.

The streets of Annecy are not unlike the Gorges du Fier itself in their narrow gloom and defiles of stone, and of rock-like solidity, with a torrent of life passing on. Everything at Annecy belongs still to the past; the women sit beneath the arches and galleries which line the streets, or lean from their stone-carved windows. There is the stone front of the old Palace of the Sales, with its balconies and tracings; the old convent of the Sisters of the Visitation, standing in full view of the lake; and hard by, the window of the seminary, where Jean-Jacques first began to spin his web and to glare out upon the world—one could almost see the wild flash of his crazy eye, as one looked up at his window; and how all these streets and places still seem to echo to the step and the voice of the woman who traveled among them for so long and to such purpose! In the oldest part of the town the house is still shown where Ste. Chantal dwelt before the "Maison de la Galerie" was taken, that one in which she first began her conventual life; and it was thither I told the coachman to drive me, before visiting the convent itself.

The man pointed with his whip, and I got out of the carriage and looked up the old perpendicular street, at the tall houses, piled each upon each, with broad eaves casting their shadows, and broken



wooden galleries running along the weather-stained fronts, where rags that seemed almost as old as the houses themselves were fluttering. Here, indeed, was a chapter come to life out of my printed book, with sounds in the air and a burning sky, with the women knitting at their doors, and the children starting from every flight of steps. It was not quite Italy, but almost Italy. Every one stared at me as I went along. Once I stopped, breathless, half way up the hill, opposite a house with a carving over the door, and "1602" cut deep into the stone. Somehow, as I looked, this ancient date seemed to turn into the present. It was like Hans Andersen's story of "The Shoes of Fortune." 1886 was not; the

hour was twelve o'clock, the month was September, the year was 1602. Who was this coming striding down the street, with heavy foot-falls and long, flapping robes? Was it St Francis in his well-known square cap, with earnest looks and gestures, and dark, burning eyes, not to be forgotten? No; it was only a dull priest from the seminary up above, with a vacant, indifferent face, who shrugged his worn and greasy shoulders, pointed vaguely, and trudged on without answering when I asked him which was the house where Ste. Chantal had lived. As he disappeared down the hill, an aged woman, with a long, shabby garment hanging from her bent

back, came slowly up, looking curiously at me with a bright, inquisitive face. "Madame, madame, you are looking for the house of *la mère Chantal*? This is it, this is it; look at the date over the door! Oh, many come, and we show it to them all. Here is Marianne; she will tell you the same; we live in the street now—the nuns are all gone."

Poor souls! I wondered to what denomination of Suffering Necessity they themselves belonged, to what Order of that wide community in which no dignities of renunciation and self-infliction are needed to add to the austerity of its daily rule. They hobble into the house, and beckon for me to follow.

"Not up-stairs," says Marianne; "we cannot take

madame up-stairs, Antoinette; there are too many *loca-taires* for that; but Jean shall show the place where the dead body was found." And Jean, a young locksmith in a big leather apron, appears with a spluttering candle from out of a low, arched, ground-floor room, in which he had been at work. While he was unlocking a heavy door, I looked up the heavy stone staircase, and round and about the filthy old house, and tried to imagine it in its once order and good trim, and inhabited by the saint and her faithful companions; and then I somehow find myself descending, by a black and gloomy staircase, into a cellar below the level of the street.

"This is where the corpse was found," says Marianne, pointing with her skinny finger to a hole in the masonry; and I then learn that it had been a promiscuous discovery, not in any way connected with the saint or her times. As I look from the black hole to the gloomy exit and remember my purse and my gold watch, I give one thought to my distant home and family, and cannot help wondering whether Jean and Marianne would have much difficulty in adding to the attractions of this interesting burying-place; but a single glance at their honest faces makes me ashamed of my terrors.

"Have you seen enough?" says old Marianne. "Dark, is it not?—and what a hole, eh?" And so we all file up again after the



MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

candle, which Jean blows out when we get to the top once more.

Absurd as this hunt after associations had been, I seemed to come away from the old street with a clearer impression in my mind of the life which I was trying to realize than that which any relics or printed words could conjure up. I could imagine the determined woman, with her strong, unbending will, toiling up the steep, passing under the stone door-way, coming hither, the first stage of her long life's journey over, bent upon the sacrifice of all that remained of her past, with a selfish, irrepressible passion to serve God and to find herself—that motive self, in pursuit of which we are unconsciously struggling and striving all our lives long.

It is not often that one can get into the confidence of saints ; they rarely belong to a world which one can in the least realize ; but here is an exception, for before being a saint, Ste. Chantal was a great lady, belonging to that seventeenth century of which we have all read and heard so much, the grandmother of the incomparable marquise, whose affairs, whose moods and whose many troubles and infinite pleasures seem almost our own at times. You can trace a certain likeness of mind, as well as of feature, between Sévigné, the brilliant Court lady, and the clear-headed and impressionable saint of blessed memory.

Jeanne Fremyot, Baronne de Rabutin-Chantal, better known as Ste. Chantal, was the daughter of a well-known President Fremyot, the upright defender of the King's rights in Burgundy in the wars of the Ligue. She was the wife of Christopher, Baron de Rabutin-Chantal. It was in 1601 that this brilliant and fiery gentleman left the Court of Henri IV. to retire to his castle at Bourbilly, where his wife, his son and his daughters were living, and anxiously desiring his presence. He was a man of great cultivation, as well as of great valor. He was tenderly attached to his wife ; no wonder that he soon wearied of the routine of Court life and its wearisome and unrelaxing parade. Perhaps some presentiment warned him that his time at home was not to be very long. Little Marie-Aymée, the eldest girl, was about three, the boy was five, little Françoise de Rabutin was but two years old, when the father returned, to leave his home no more. The third little girl, who died in childhood, was born only a fortnight before the cruel accident which carried off Baron Christopher in his prime. He was shooting *bêtes fauves* ("wild animals") in a wood behind the castle with a friend, when this latter, deceived by the color of the baron's dress, fired at him through the trees and gave him his death-wound. His wife, rising from her bed, hurried to his side. "Madame," he said to her, "the decrees of Heaven are just ; we must love and die." "No, no ! you must live," said she, passionately, and she urged the physicians to cure him. "If it does not please the Heavenly Physician, these doctors can do nothing," says the baron ; and after nine days he died, forgiving and resigned. It was after his death that the widow determined to devote the remainder of her life to the service of God. She dismissed her numerous servants, gave away her jewels and precious stones, redoubled her prayers. "If I had not been withheld by the bond of my four little ones," she once wrote, "I should have hidden myself away in the Holy Land to end my days." But as it was, she determined to fulfill to the utmost her duty by her children. Little Marie-Aymée was the only one among them who was able by her tender caresses to bring any comfort to the anguish of the mother. Sad as Jeanne's condition then seemed, it became still more cruel when the old Baron de Chantal, the father-in-law, desired her to come with her children and dwell with him in his Château de Monthelon, threatening to marry again and to disinherit them if they failed to obey.

For seven years Madame de Rabutin-Chantal remained patiently in the house of this very violent and ill-conducted old gentleman, devoting herself to the care of the neighboring poor ; to that of her own children, whom she carefully kept from all evil communication ; and also trying, by gentleness and good example, to mitigate the evils of the old baron's way of life, and to improve the condition of some illegitimate children, whose presence, and that of the upstart servant, their mother, was not the least of her daily trials. Her chief consolation lay

in the charity with which she met the troubles of her life, and in her prayers. Occasionally she went home to her own family for rest and refreshment. She was once visiting her father, at Dijon, when she had a vision which influenced the whole of her future life ; she was walking along one day, sadly meditating upon her difficulties, and praying for help and guidance, when she suddenly saw the form of a priest sitting at the foot of a mound in front of her. He wore a cassock and rochet, and a square cap, unlike anything she had ever seen ; and a voice within her told her that this was one beloved of God and man, into whose hands she was to place her conscience. The vision disappeared, but when Jeanne afterward met the Bishop of Geneva, St. François de Sales, at her brother's house in Dijon, she immediately knew him to be the person she had seen in her vision. The bishop had also, so the story runs, already made the acquaintance of Madame de Chantal in a dream. Acting by his advice, she returned to Monthelon, and patiently submitted herself for some years more to her father-in-law, though her heart already burned within her in her desire to be about her life's work. But Jeanne now had a friend and an adviser whom she could trust, who assisted her in all her difficulties and cares. The bishop's remarkable insight into other people's hearts and experiences still impresses us, as well as his unremitting and unstinting efforts to help to direct and stimulate all those depending upon him. Ste. Chantal has herself described him in distinct and vivid terms. "No one," says Ste. Beuve—"no one ever better painted a man's spirit, nor expressed so clearly things which might have seemed almost inexpressible." St. Francis seems to have been a sort of Dr. Arnold among saints, with a practical genius for saving other souls as well as his own, and an especial sympathy for the young life around him. Little Marie-Aymée, Jeanne de Chantal's daughter, had a strong feeling for him ; she used to hide behind a curtain so as to gaze at this great bishop, who used to call the children his *petit peuple*, his *petit ménage*, and who loved to be surrounded by them. It was by his advice that Madame de Chantal, who had been admirable but somewhat stern as a mother, now relaxed her rule, and allowed something of "that gayety necessary for their tender spirits." "Vivez toute joyeuse," the bishop used to say to her—"be happy in God, who is your joy and your consolation." Little Marie-Aymée was a remarkable, beautiful and well-grown child. Her mother had once destined her for the Life Religious ; but when Marie-Aymée had reached the age of eight years, it was determined, in a consultation with the two grandfathers and with the child herself, that she was more fitted for the world than for the cloister. St. Francis was certainly in advance of his time when he urged upon parents the duty of respecting their children's will. Little Aymée grew up the delight of her aged grandfather De Chantal, and of President Fremyot. She is described as beautiful as an angel, daily kneeling in the chapel by her mother, and praying in silent orison. Very early in life her fate was decided. On one occasion, when Madame de Chantal had followed the procession of the Holy Sacrament through the streets of Annecy, she returned, breathless with fatigue, to the bishop's palace, where Bernard de Sales, the youngest brother of St. Francis, among other gentlemen, advanced to help her up the steps. Madame de Chantal accepted young Bernard's arm. "I shall take him," she said, smiling, to one of the company ; and these words, being repeated, had seemed prophetic to Madame de Boisy, the mother of the De Sales brothers. When Marie-Aymée had reached the mature age of twelve years, Madame de

Boisy sent St. Francis to ask the little girl's mother for her hand in marriage for Bernard, her youngest and most cherished son. Never was Madame de Chantal more troubled, more perplexed, says the history; by degrees she came to share all Madame de Boisy's ardent desires; but it required all her prayers, all her determination, to persuade the two grandfathers to agree to her wishes. The President Fremyot most reluctantly consented.

The subsequent story of little Marie-Aymée—who was married at fourteen to Bernard de Sales, Baron de Thorrens; who at sixteen was mourning her first-born child; who died in her mother's arms, a widow before she was twenty—is one of the most pathetic imaginable. "To see her in her home, not yet fifteen years, was a marvel, beautiful as a lovely day, with modesty in her countenance, with noble ways, yet affable and gracious to all persons who came to her respecting the conduct of the house."

After Aymée's marriage, her mother felt that the time had at last come for herself to retire from the world, in company with certain pious ladies, taking with her the two younger girls to educate. The story of her parting with her son is well known; the young baron passionately flung himself across the threshold of the door; the mother, bursting into tears, stepped across his body; but, immediately turning round, she faced her desolate family with a radiant face, and burst into a triumphal psalm.

They show Ste. Chantal's room in the old convent at Annecy, the Maison de la Galerie, in which she finally settled. It is an old, sunny house, with massive walls, with still, bare lights, and a tranquil, vine-wreathed garden. The *galerie* fell into decay long ago, and was removed; but the place cannot be much changed since the saint first came thither. There are the cross-lights in her bedroom, and the tall chimney-piece where the seven hearts are carved in stone, and over which hangs the portrait of St. Francis. "He was, for all his gentleness, a man of strong and passionate temper," said the good nun, very reverently, as she showed me the old panel; and she added: "At his death they found out what restraint he had ever put upon himself: his liver was all broken into little pieces."

It was here, to the Gallery House, that little Marie-Aymée must have come after her husband's departure for the army, and where St. Francis brought her the cruel news of poor Bernard's untimely death. "Hélas!" said the poor bishop, as he hurried to the convent with his heavy tidings, "my own affliction is charged with that of our poor little one, and of our *mère de Chantal*." When he came to Marie-Aymée, he heard her confession and blessed her, speaking with encouraging cheerfulness. "And now, my daughter," he said, "are we not anxious to receive from the hand of God that which it is His will to inflict upon us?" "Ah, yes," little Aymée answered, with a deep sigh; "but, O my father, you have come to tell me that my husband is dead." Before many weeks the young wife herself and her infant child had rejoined the husband. The wonder is that any one survived in those days; for we read that immediately after the birth of the baby, while the young mother lay in great suffering, all the ladies of the town came up to visit her, and to condole with her; the nuns stood round about the poor child's bedside, and listened to her dying exhortations; she made her will; she was received, as she lay dying, into the Order of the Visitation, after communicating and partaking of the last unction; and so the pure spirit passed away.

Poor St. Francis, saint as he was, would not meet the

bereaved mother. "I know the strength of her soul," he said, "and the weakness of my own;" and he fled away across to the fields. He spoke of *la mère Chantal* as a saint, but of Marie-Aymée as though she had been an angel from heaven.

As time passed, other troubles came to try the courage and the devotion of *la mère Chantal*. Her friend St. Francis died; her son died in the flower of his age; it was his orphan daughter, the saint's little granddaughter, who was declared by her own generation to be the "Marquise of Marquises." There is a strongly marked family likeness between the portraits of the two women when one compares them together—the same half-humorous, half-conscious smile, and the same well-defined brows and full, almond-shaped eyes; but the saint's features are larger and more marked, with less of delicacy and of grace, than Madame de Sévigné's. The likeness is also preserved in the picture of Françoise de Toulonjon, Ste. Chantal's second daughter—no saint, but a brilliant, warm-hearted and imperious woman, of whom we read in the Sévigné letters. She was married to a brave soldier, the Comte de Toulonjon, and she, too, as a widow came back for comfort to her mother's arms and prayers. Before her death Ste. Chantal had lost all her children save this one; but her adopted children were everywhere, and clamoring for her presence, her help, her advice. Though life's journey was long, and grew more and more weary toward the close, Ste. Chantal did not give in, nor cease her exhortations, her exertions. She feared neither famine, nor pestilence, nor fatigue, nor the infirmities of time; in the depths of the last Winter of her life she traveled right through France. She went in a litter, because of her great age. Queen Anne of Austria desired her presence at her Court at St. Germain. There were convents at Paris and at Moulins, eagerly soliciting her presence, and the brave old saint started courageously on this long and exhausting journey. On December 3d, 1641, upon returning, she parted with Madame de Toulonjon, who had been traveling with her. She wished to give herself entirely to her nuns and their concerns, and to the Duchesse de Montpensier, who had been awaiting her arrival at Moulins, in order to enter into religion. It was on December 13th, ten days after her arrival at Moulins, that Ste. Chantal passed away, in the same great serenity in which she had lived.

She is buried near St. Francis, in the church at Annecy, which was afterward built to their memory. Each rests above a golden altar, shrined in high-set crystal coffins. A few minutes' drive across the place brought me through the streets to the cool marble and gilded dome where the two saints lie, safe from the heat of the sun, from the furious Winter's rages.

Some school-girls with handboxes, a lady carrying a carpet-bag, followed by two little boys in Scotch costume, came after me up the aisle, and putting down their incumbrances, all knelt and kissed a reliquary fastened to a column, containing a pearl-set scrap of bone. A lay sister in the dress of the Visitantines, who had been washing a marble step, advanced quietly, and drawing a curtain before the crystal coffin, showed us a glimpse of a dark robe spread upon a cushion, and a waxen hand among its folds; these were the mortal remains of Jeanne Fremyot, Baronne de Rabutin-Chantal.

Something must be allowed for the *setting* of a saint's life. Perhaps St. Francis de Sales and Ste. Chantal owe something to the scenery all round about. One's imagination is seized by the sweet sights and sounds amid which these two people lived, by the melody of the

lovely lake at their feet, the Mendelssohn-like beauty of the mountains surrounding their dwellings. From my steamer, presently, I could see the lovely banks of Annecy, the white oxen carting the hay, the broad shade of the chestnut-trees reaching to the water, the people resting or laboring along the banks. When we came back to

THE WHITE LADY OF THE BERLIN CASTLE.

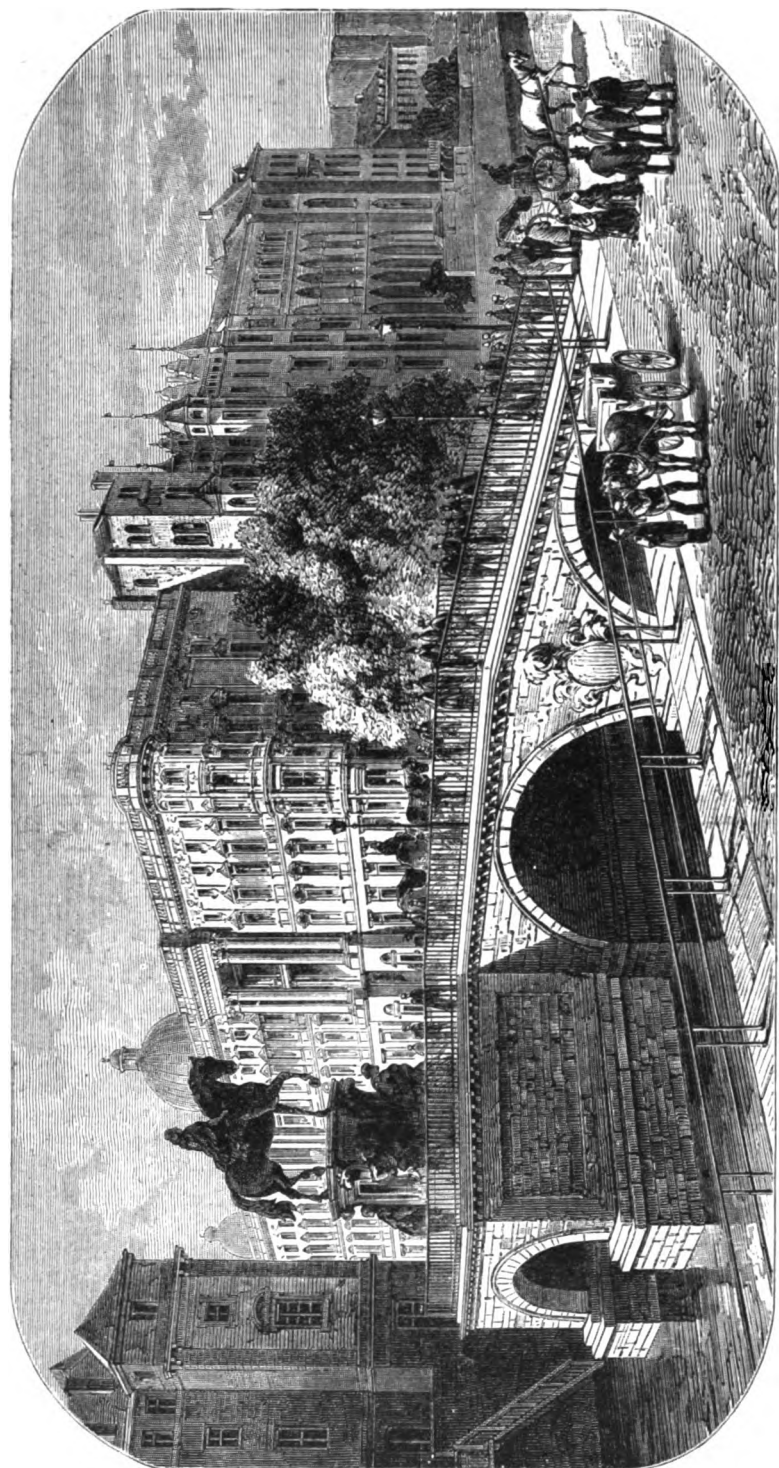
BY KARL BLIND.

THREE days before the German Emperor recently fell sick, a sentinel declared that he had seen, exactly at midnight, the "White Lady," or Ancestress, pass down the corridors of the Royal Palace. Hence a great deal of awe among superstitious people; for the *Weisse Frau*, or *Ahn-Frau*, of the House of Hohenzollern is reckoned to be a harbinger of death, whenever she thus walks through the castle at the ghostly hour.

Few people have, probably, very clear ideas about the mythic connection of this spectral apparition. Yet the grewsome tale has its root in a creed once common to the forefathers of Englishmen, Germans and Scandinavians—a creed whose divine figures have, in course of time, been changed into hobgoblins and spooks. This is a fact well known to, and well worked out by, specialists in matters of mythology and folk-lore. All the greater is the pity that among the masses the results of these researches are utterly ignored. And so it now and then happens that some soldier, fresh from the country, and rather green, suddenly mistakes, in his frightened fancy at night, a belated cook in his or her white apron for the terrible Ancestress. Even among some better-educated people, especially among women, the strange superstition is difficult to eradicate. So great is the hold that these ancient forms of faith have on the public mind, until the light is spread by a scientific explanation.

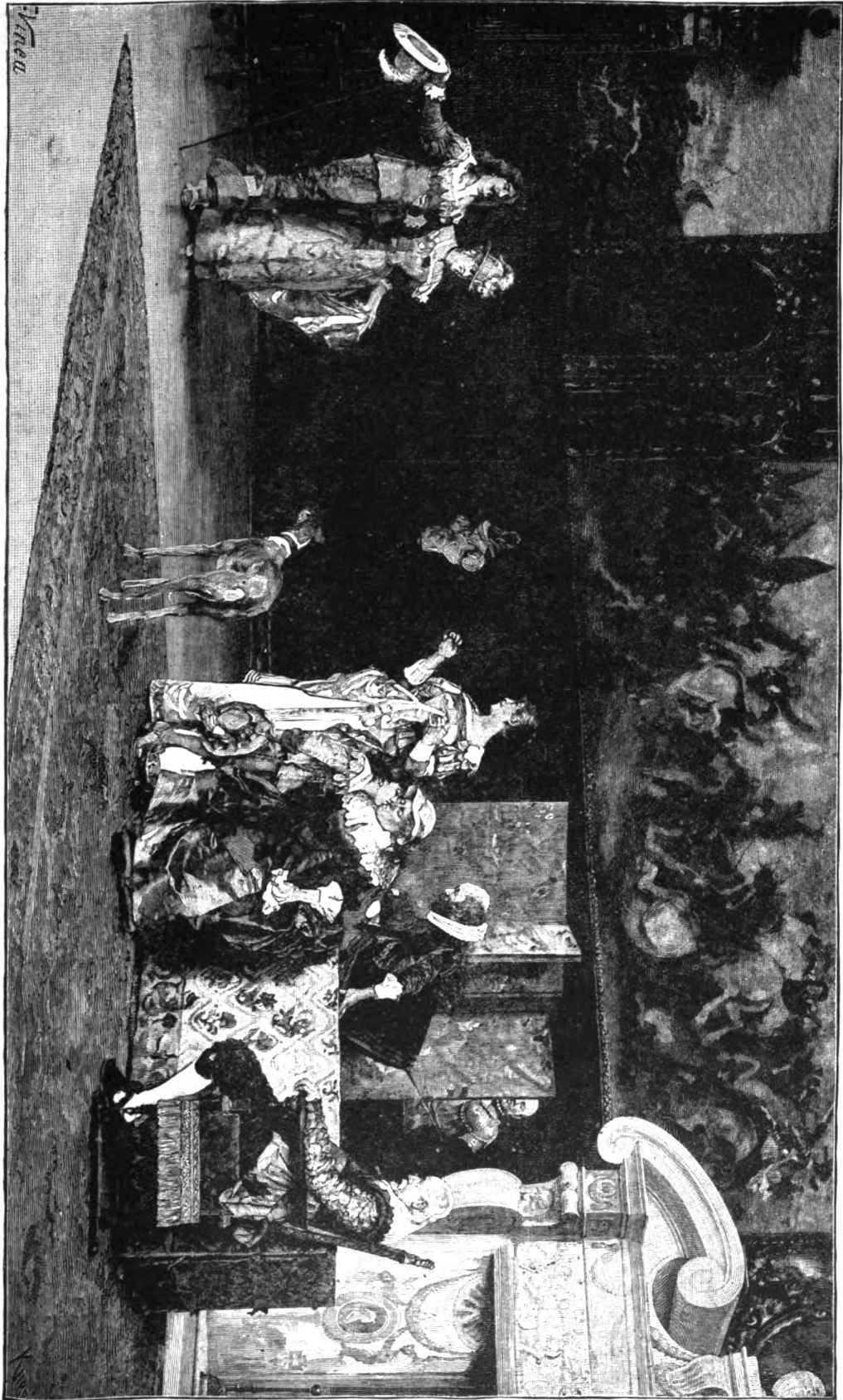
To put the Berlin story at once into its proper connection, it may first be mentioned that the White Lady is by no means peculiar to the Prussian House, but that similar wraiths are from olden times reported to haunt various princely palaces, as well as noblemen's castles, all over Germany. Only a few years since, the *Weisse Frau* was said to have appeared in the Hofburg at Vienna. There was much excitement, lest some sudden case of death, or some terrible event, should happen in the Imperial and Royal House of Hapsburg. Inquiries were diligently set on foot; but nothing came of them.

From early youth I remember that in South-western Germany the White Lady was spoken of, in words of affright, as playing a similar part in the ruling nouse of the Grand Duchy of Baden. Any one conversant with the pedigree of that royal family will easily understand why there should be a White Lady also in the case of the House of Zähringen. The fact is, in its pedigree there figures a semi-mythic ancestor (Berchtold), whose name at once suggests that of the



BERLIN CASTLE.

our starting-place, the west was one solemn flood of crimson, against which stood out the old battlements and spires of ancient Annecy; the lights were beginning to shine from the windows overhanging the lake. Two nuns in the black dress of the Visitantines sat motionless before me, telling their rosaries with downcast eyes.



THE VISIT.—FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANCISCO VINER.

heathen goddess (Berchta), of whom I shall presently have to speak as the prototype of all the ghostly, castle-haunting ancestresses. From boyhood I furthermore recollect some amusing stories as to the doings of this White Lady. Once she was personated by a schemer at court, for the purpose of attaining certain political objects, through working upon the poorly cultivated minds of some "exalted personages." Upon this notable occasion, the Woman in White was bodily "collared" at Karlsruhe, when it was found that she was a *man*! This made the ghostly survival look extremely ridiculous, and even punishable at law.

Turning away from such meaner aspects of the legend, the question arises as to how a supernatural lady, clad in white, comes to be a herald of death in so many royal and noble families of Germany. The answer is not far to seek. It is clearly contained in the pre-Christian faith of our forefathers, of which there are, even now, the most remarkable remnants in the folk-lore, the popular beliefs, and the castle traditions of our country, as well as of other Teutonic nations.

Almost in every case, very few excepted, in which a White Lady is mentioned, she is called Bertha. This noteworthy fact at once points to the great German goddess Perahtha, Perchta, or Berchta (in modern German, Bertha), whose very name means Shining Light, as typified by the white color. She is the same as the northern Goddess of Love, Freyja (in German, Freia, Freia-Holda, or simply Holda), who was equally represented in white garments. In a great many tales still current in German folk-lore, she appears, not only as clad in white, her white head-gear and robe being, moreover, covered with a white veil which falls from her golden hair; but also as of snow-white body—a perfect Woman in White.

Now, this Bertha, or Freia-Holda, besides being a Teutonic Venus, was also a Goddess of Domestic Virtue, and at the same time a Mother of Life, in whose beautiful gardens the Unborn dwell. As usual with Mothers of Life in mythology, she is, besides, a Mistress of Death. In the heathen Norse creed we find one-half of the departed assigned to Freyr, for her palace Folkwang, whilst the remnant of the dead went up to Walhall, to be with Odin; or to Thrudheim, where the God of Thunder lived; or to Alfheim, which was the heavenly palace of Freyr, the God of Peace, Love and Fertility, and brother of Freyja; or to Gefion, who received those that died unmarried. Thus we see in Freyja a white-robed deity, in her double quality of a progenitress, or ancestress, and of a ruler of the dead. The transition to a similar phantom, haunting castles, is easy.

Actually, Bertha, or Freia, being a Mother of Life, was fabled, in heathen German antiquity, to be the supernatural ancestress of noble and royal families. In Norse myth she bears, of course, as such, the name of Frigg; the original deity in question having, in Scandinavia, branched off into two figures: Freyja (the Love-Goddess and consort of Odur) and Frigg (the consort of Odin); whilst in Germany, Freia-Fricka has remained one and the same. Kingly races, it need not be said, have grown out of aristocratic ones. For the sake of better impressing and governing the crowd, they always appear, in the dawn of history, as being of heavenly descent. Anglo-Saxon, Norwegian, Danish, German princely families trace their origin to "Woden, whom we call Oden." So the Norse Royal Genealogy (*Langfedgatal*) has it. This Woden, or Oden, it is true, if we look very closely at the Icelandic "Heims-Kringla" record, is a semi-historical army-leader who, from his kingdom near the Black Sea, where he was said to have had a fortress called Asgard,

went forth through Gardariki (Russia) and Saxony (Germany) for the conquest of Scandinavia. But the image of this semi-mythic, semi-historical Odin is somewhat confused, in the northern tale, with the god of the same name.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt of a great many "Berthas" occurring in the ancestral legends of Teutonic ruling families. Almost invariably these progenitresses are of a mythic character. Bertha was said to have been the name of the mother of "Charlemagne," as the French call him, though the Frankish Emperor, Karl the Great, was a full-blooded Teuton, careful of his German speech, and usually dressed in his national Frankish garb. The Bertha who is alleged to have been his mother belongs not, however, to history, but to the circle of myths of pre-Christian times.

A stag (so the tale runs) led Pepin, the father of Karl the Great, to a forest-glade where Bertha had found an asylum, after her would-be murderers had regarded her as dead. In an old French record she is curtly and most ungallantly described as *Berthe as grand piès*—that is, "Bertha the large-footed." The expression corresponds with the old German *Berthe mit dem fuoze*—i.e., "Bertha with the foot." This large foot of the legendary elder-mother of the House of the Carolingians, or Kerkings, was represented in sculptures of old French (Frankish) and Burgundian churches as a swan's foot—or, rather, as a goose-foot! The queen in question is therefore called *Reine aux pieds d'oison*; clearly not a human being, but a fairy-form belonging to mythology.

But why a goose-foot, or a swan's foot? Here, again, the explanation is to be found in the "grand and weird creed," as Southey calls it, of our Teutonic forebears. In her earliest form, Freia-Holda-Bertha was figured as a Storm-Goddess, the wife of the Ruler of the Winds and the Clouds, by whom she is chased—even as the cloud is by the wind. Minor cloud-goddesses, or cloud-women, surround her; in some myths they are conceived as swans or mares. They are the swift-running, fast-sailing cloudlets, of somber or more silvery hue. Freia-Bertha herself was in this way at first regarded as a Walkyrian Swan-Virgin, or even as a downright Swan.

Later on, when the nature-myth changed into a more human-like representation of deities, nothing remained of the characteristics of the Swan-Virgin, or of the Swan, but the foot. Under a new deterioration of the tale, a goose-foot is substituted for the swan's foot. The goose-foot, again, is afterward changed into a flat-foot, a large foot—nay, into a club-foot. And so, out of a white-robed goddess, Freia-Bertha—an Elder-mother of All Life and a Mistress of Death, who originally was a Swan-Virgin—we get Berthas, ancestresses of kings, who are represented as swan-footed, goose-footed, flat-footed, ay, club-footed; as well as White Ladies who are harbingers of death in royal palaces.

It is a peculiarity of the tales referring to the divine circle among all nations, that certain heavenly figures show double qualities apparently opposed to each other. Apollo is a dispenser of bliss and fertility, as well as a far-hitting bringer of death. Under a southern sky, this twofold conception of a Sun-God can be easily understood. Hel, the Norse Mistress of the Underworld, who hides the dead, is at the same time a secretly working Mother of Life. This, again, explains itself from the fertilizing character of the lower regions of the Earth, or Underworld. In the Edda, Hel is half black and half of the color of human flesh. Death and life are combined in her. This, so to say, Darwinian, but also old Greek and old Hindoo, notion of the incessant changes

wrought in all things was thus symbolized by a divine figure among the Germanic nations. So also we meet with, in Franconian and Swabian tales, a Hilda-Bertha, in whose name Darkness and Light, Death and Life, are united. The same quality pertains to Bertha, the Ancestress and the Messenger of Death.

In the legends of German castles, the White Woman, or Ancestress, sometimes carries a heavy, tapping walking-stick. Her ghostly approach is thus heard from afar. This characteristic, too, is explainable from an attribute of the goddess on whose type the spectral apparition in question had been molded. As a representative, not only of amorousness, but also of housewifely accomplishments, Perchta, or Bertha, was figured with a distaff. She is in this, as well as in some other respects, like the Trojan Athene, of whom we hear a great deal that is new and highly interesting, in the works of that indefatigable explorer, Dr. Schliemann, who, in addition to his previous matchless labors, a few months ago made a fresh wonderful discovery of a vast prehistoric palace at Tiryns, in the Peloponnese.

The distaff of the former German Goddess Perchta still plays its part in current folk-tales. About Twelfth-night—it was once believed, and it is believed even now in some dark nooks and corners where superstition lingers—a fairy, called Freia, or Berchta, visits the households, looking after the industry of the maidens at the spinning-wheel. No wonder that "Bertha with the Distaff" is the name of the mythic mother of Karl the Great, her image having been evolved out of the ancient Teutonic creed rather than out of historical fact. In the usual course of the deterioration of tales, the distaff of Freia-Bertha, the White Goddess, has degenerated into a heavy staff carried by a spectral white woman.

It will thus be seen that the phantom whose apparition, in German castles, is said to portend the death of some member of the family, or some other tragic occurrence, is none else than the fabulous Ancestress of the heathen faith, who either calls back her descendants to the region she herself inhabits, or wishes to give them important warning. As usual in such legends, they become, after awhile, loaded with all kinds of extraneous historical matter. For one instance, in the story of the lordly family of Neuhaus and Rosenberg, the Ancestress—whose name, of course, is Bertha—is said to have built the Castle of Neuhaus, in the fifteenth century; promising the workmen, if they got things all right, a festive treat, which is even now annually given to the poor, in her remembrance, on Maundy-Thursaday. This festive treat, however, consists exactly of the viands which once were sacred to the Goddess Berchta, and which are still eaten, in some parts of Germany, at Twelfth-night, or Twelfth-day—which is there called *Berchtentag*, or Berchta's Day!

In the same way we find at Oxford University, even now, a Boar's-Head Dinner, the origin of which is explained from an alleged adventure a student had with a wild boar in the forest of Shotover; whereas the Boar's Head Dinner was in reality once a religious ceremonial feast among all Teutonic races—Anglo-Saxon, German and Norse—in honor of Freyr (the brother of the very Freyja-Berchta), whose sacred animal was the golden-bristled, swift-running boar, representing the sun in his career over the sky.

If the scientific treatment of these tales—which under a cover of ghastliness have sometimes traits of considerable charm—were popularized and brought home to the understanding of the masses, all superstitions would soon vanish and nocturnal scares become impossible. Nothing

would then remain of them but the poetic enjoyment of their contents; and White Ladies at Berlin, Vienna, or in noblemen's ancestral mansions, would cease to trouble a frightened fancy.

A FISHING-PARTY IN THE CREEK-NATION.

BY GEORGE E. FOSTER.

ALL the afternoon we rode over the prairie on the shambling Indian ponies furnished us by our guide. Thickly, on all sides of us, grew a grayish, herbaceous plant, with pinnated leaves and papilionaceous flowers, where it had sprung up in small bunches in the sandy, upland soil.

"Creeks call him *ul-on-is-ke*," said my Indian guide, as he jumped from his horse and gathered a large bundle and tied it behind his saddle. "White man call him 'devil's shoe-string'; heap long roots; heap like net in ground; no breaks; make plow stop in furrow," he continued, as we rode along.

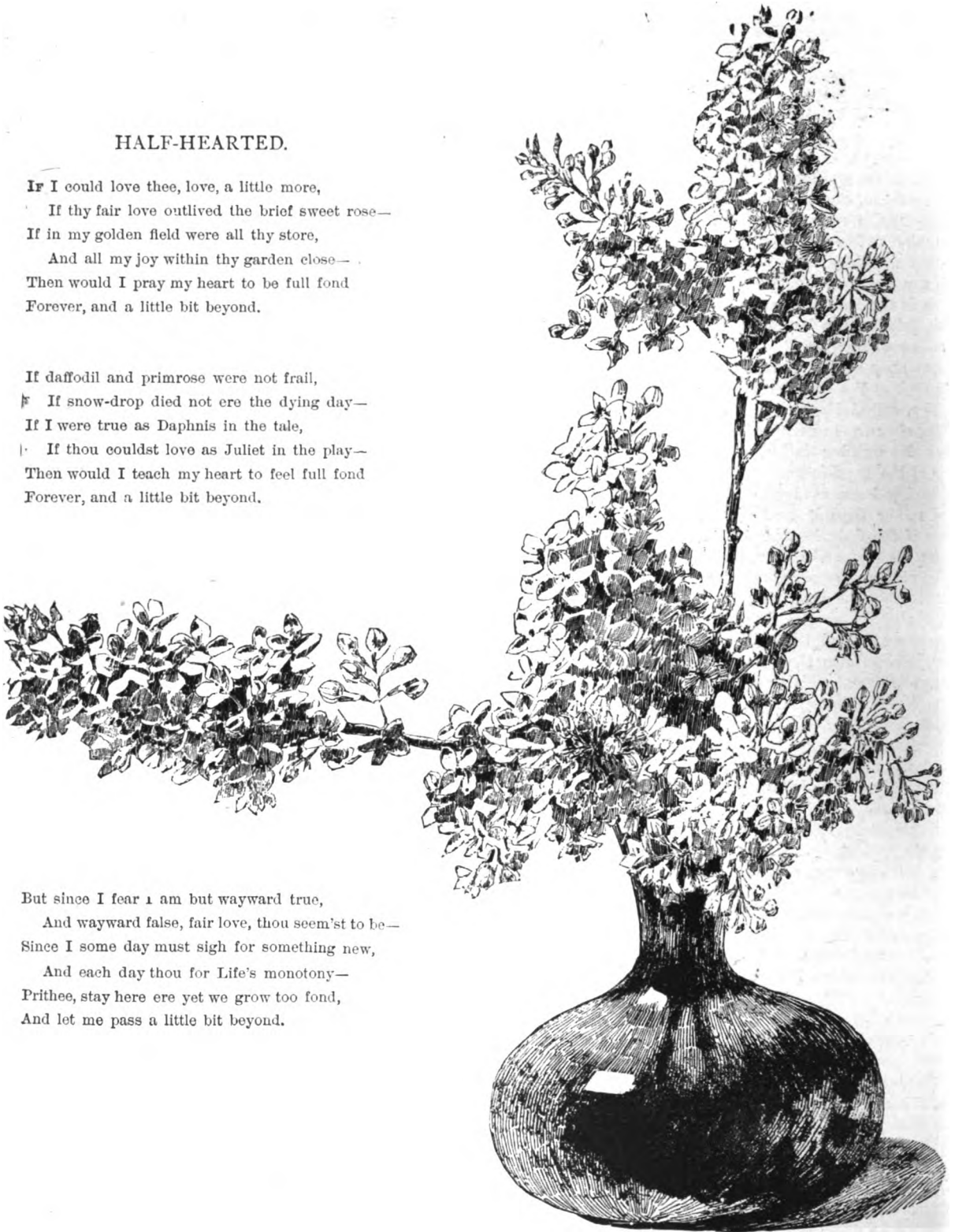
It was after sundown when we reached the banks of the Canadian River, in the Indian Territory. Here we found fully six hundred Indians in camp on either side of the broad stream, and the fires were burning brightly. We had made it a point to arrive early, in order to see the preparations for the fish-shoot, which was to take place early on the next day. During the early part of the evening little was done except to care for the ponies, keep the fires burning, and to talk and smoke; but at midnight the scene had changed, and all was bustle and confusion. Nearing the river-bank, I found that other Indians besides my guide had gathered large bunches of *ul-on-is-ke*, and it now lay at the river's edge. Toward daylight, each Creek fisherman, with a sharpened pole, entered the water, having also with him a mallet and a bunch of the *ul-on-is-ke*, which he began to pound, thus mixing the juice with the waters of the river. By sunrise fully six hundred Indians, most of them armed with bows and arrows which had been made for the occasion, stood beside the river-bank. By this time the fish had become intoxicated by the strong, pungent odor of the powdered *ul-on-is-ke*, and floated with mouth open upon the surface of the water. Then the sport commenced. Whenever a drunken fish came to the surface, he was at once made a target for an arrow, and when impaled, it was allowed to float down the river, to be brought to the shore after the sport was over. While the effect of the intoxicating dose lasted, every Indian devoted himself to arrow-shooting, the sport continuing fully three hours. The fish were finally secured, the property of each individual being identified by the arrow sticking into it. It was estimated that the result of the morning's sport was two thousand pounds of fine fish. A few were reserved for immediate use, but the remainder were placed on the top of pens made of sticks, similar to those seen near fishermen's cottages by the sea. The Creeks call them "fish fries," and on these the fish are baked and smoked until fully cured. Sometimes, instead of entering the water and bruising the *ul-on-is-ke*, it is previously pulverized and made into little balls, which are carried up-stream and thrown into the water. These are seized by the fish, and as they float in an intoxicated condition down the river, they are easily shot by the Indians.

—JOKING decides great things.
Stronger and better oft than earnest can.—*Il. race.*

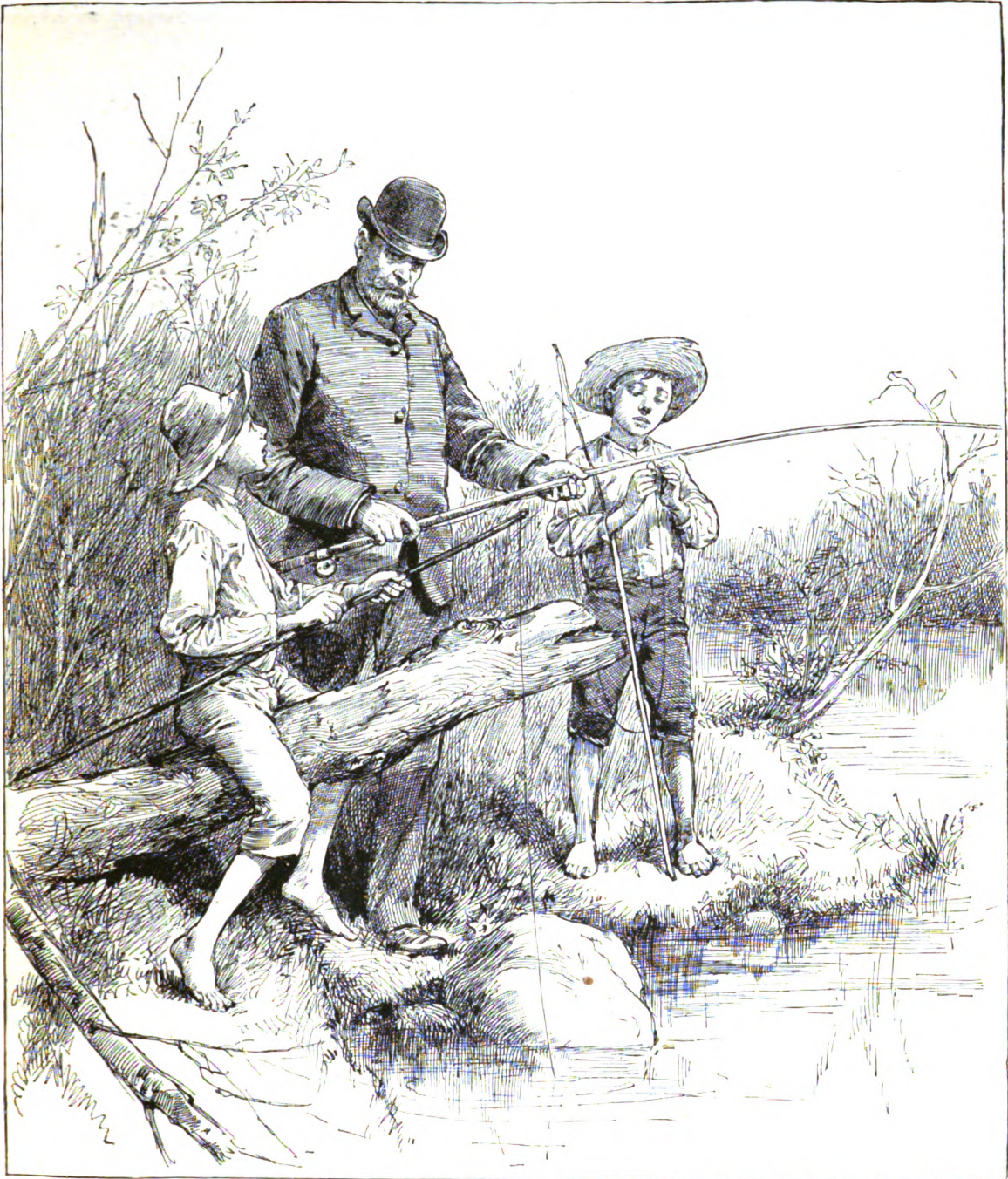
HALF-HEARTED.

If I could love thee, love, a little more,
 If thy fair love outlived the brief sweet rose—
 If in my golden field were all thy store,
 And all my joy within thy garden close—
 Then would I pray my heart to be full fond
 Forever, and a little bit beyond.

If daffodil and primrose were not frail,
 If snow-drop died not ere the dying day—
 If I were true as Daphnis in the tale,
 If thou couldst love as Juliet in the play—
 Then would I teach my heart to feel full fond
 Forever, and a little bit beyond.



But since I fear I am but wayward true,
 And wayward false, fair love, thou seem'st to be—
 Since I some day must sigh for something new,
 And each day thou for Life's monotony—
 Prithee, stay here ere yet we grow too fond,
 And let me pass a little bit beyond.



"I SAY, SIR, I'M TIRED OF THIS SORT OF THING. IF YOU WANT TO FISH, WELL AND GOOD. BUT IF YOU'VE GOT FAT AND ME OUT HERE TO ASK US ALL SORTS OF QUESTIONS—WHY, I'M DONE! LET'S GO HOME."

AN ARTIFICIAL FATE.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

PART I.—A MURDER MYSTERY.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED).

MR. RALPH GRANTLEY arrived at New York city, and at his journey's end, in due season. That is about all I can tell you regarding it. That is about all I know. Indeed, I doubt if Mr. Ralph Grantley himself could tell you much more. There are times when any man, be he a

fatalist or be he not, can do little more than wait. In this case, at this time, what more was there left for Mr. Grantley to do?

There are blows which stimulate every power a man possesses, blows which rouse into activity every faculty

with which God has intrusted him. There are other blows which simply numb and deaden, blows which seem to have destroyed, for the time being, all power of concentration—all faith in conclusions—and almost the power of thought itself. It was such a blow as this latter that appeared to have fallen upon Ralph Grantley in being sent back to New York, instead of being allowed to accompany the detective home to Riverdell.

Total apathy seemed to have settled upon the young man; he seemed to notice little of what went on around him, to care little for what might or might not happen, and to be devoted to some problem of thoughtful introspection which he found hard—very hard—to solve.

Problem? Thought? Introspection? Alas, no! I did not say it was thus; I only said it seemed so. In truth, the man might as well have slept the whole journey through as to have done as he did. When he looked from the window of the hurrying car, I doubt if he saw the sweetness of Summer beauty in some peculiarly charming landscape, or noted the utter desolation of some stump-spotted region of rock and swamp and ragged wood. He saw, I suppose, in the physical sense of the word—the sense which means no more than that the rays of light printed their wonderful impressions upon his retina, and that his brain felt, in spite of his indifference, the marvelous message the nerves conveyed. But I am sure that he saw nothing—nothing with his mental eyes. To him, in his then state, there was only a vague suggestion of a former ride—and a recent one—in all this; he saw, again, by the light of memory, the moonlight that had flooded the earth when he and the woman he loved had hurried home to her desolate fireside at Riverdell. A vague suggestion? Yes, vague indeed. He could hardly make the mental effort necessary to remember how that ride had commenced, nor the reason for it; and he did not try to recall what the end had been—or whether he had found any end to that horrible agony at all.

He might as well have slept? He might. Indeed, he did sleep much, though his sleep was uneasy, fragmentary and dream-haunted. He was so tired, so worn, so wretched, that he would doubtless have slept had his dreams been worse than they were. But they were surely bad enough. One in particular, which came again and again and again, was the most frightful thing he had ever known or imagined. In it, he stood, once more, where he had stood with the men who had gone to see whether the story told by Stephen Ward was true or false, and looked down again into the dead face of the man who had been the father of the girl who was his promised wife. In the dream, it was a dead face upon which he had looked, just as it had been a dead face in actual truth. The face was ashen—just as it had really been; the lips were motionless—exactly as had been true. But now, here, in this awful vision, the silent lips seemed strained under some fearful muscular pressure—a pressure with a mighty mind and a wonderful will-power behind it—which demanded that they should uncloset and speak, even though dead.

And he stood and watched—watched! Watched and dreaded! Dreaded lest the calm should break; dreaded lest the frozen front of death should melt; dreaded lest he should hear words, from the tongue of this dead man, that he would rather die than hear.

"Three years," he muttered, brokenly, in his anguished sleep; "three years—or two. I had rather die than have him speak—even though he said nothing worse than that!"

The dream went on—slowly. It seemed, always, as

though years—cycles—eternities—elapsed as he stood there and gazed in horrified fascination on the face of the murdered man who had no enemies—*so far as was generally known!* He felt himself grow old—old—old. His limbs grew weak and tottering; deep wrinkles settled themselves farther and farther into his face; his eyes grew dim—with age and with watching; the hair was thin and scanty upon his temples, and when he pulled at it, in his terror and fright, with his fingers twisted and convulsed with a nameless horror, the locks he tore away were white as snow! And still—the dead man said nothing! Still, there was only the pathetic effort, lost forever in the silence of his lips!

And then, exultingly, his heart said to him that he would wait no longer—that he would go to the woman who had called this man "father," and teach her to forget her sorrow for him—possibly teach her to forget him altogether, and find, in a single hour of the heaven of her love, full and ample recompense for the dragging ages he had spent while watching by the side of the dead. He turned aside; he raised his foot to step over the prostrate form of the dead man. The still and pathetic face did not change. The desperate energy on his lips, which death had turned to marble, did not flash up into a just and righteous indignation; no breath stirred in the gaunt form; no pulse beat in his arteries, and no venous flood crept sluggishly back to the stilled and unavailing heart. The legs lay stiff and stark, along the ground, just as he had seen them on one never-to-be-forgotten morning, the nerveless *abandon* of their pitiful posture something that no woe short of death could ever counterfeit. Dead—silent—still! And yet—And yet—Merciful God! The dead man lifted his right arm, extended his right hand, pushed the dreaming man back to his place, again, and held him there. Narrow—narrow—the path! And the dead man stretched across it! And no passage on either the right or the left. And he felt that he knew, in his dream, that the dead would lie between him and Etta Elveys—forever!

He ate little. He drank little. He barely existed on that fearful journey; it would have been a mocking misuse of words to have asserted that he more than lived.

Sometimes thought—

But it would hardly be true to write that. The restless reiteration of his doubtful hope, "If only Etta will keep silence; if only Etta will not tell," could hardly be called thought.

He reached his journey's end—at last. All things end—so they say—unless it be the dragging torments of Perdition. And so—the train on which he rode reached the great city. And so—he found his way to the place where he had hired Mr. Horace Gleason.

He handed the detective's package to the manager, and his whole attitude and demeanor were far from being a credit to him. But the manager smiled, kindly and reassuringly. Doubtless he was used to having Mr. Gleason send men back to him with important and forgotten messages. Doubtless Mr. Gleason was a careless and forgetful fellow. So reasoned Mr. Ralph Grantley, and he found comfort in so doing. He got a smile into his wan face. He got his limbs steady. He looked quite the respectable young man he had the reputation of being.

"Careless? Forgetful? O God, if Horace Gleason is only that—and Etta Elveys is shrewd and silent!"

The manager opened the bulky package. He laid aside several bundles of folded papers—for his future examination, perhaps—and perhaps not. But he opened and read a tiny folded scrap that had had a place above the others in the thick pile.

He looked over at Grantley. His smile deepened, and he nodded pleasantly.

"I have to thank you very much for this service," he said, cordially, "though no one but Gleason would ever have thought of asking it. It was a little matter that we should have known of, to be sure, but it could have waited—it could have waited. Our friend Gleason is always so careful—always so more than thoughtful. We shall allow, in our bill, for all the expenses you have incurred, and——"

"Don't mention it," cried Grantley.

"But I see the whole affair has annoyed you. I don't wonder. Don't let it continue to do so. Forget it all as soon as you can. Good-morning."

"Thank you. Good-morning."

The manager turned to his desk again. He took up an envelope, put in the scrap of paper he had read, sealed it, wrote a few words on it, and touched a little call-bell at his elbow.

A man appeared in the door-way.

The manager handed him the envelope, saying:

"A bit of business for Thompson and Jackson"—and the man withdrew.

Mr. Ralph Grantley left the detective agency quite himself again. He had gotten back the power of thought once more, as well as a sort of sturdy faith in the validity of his own conclusions. The few minutes he had spent with the manager of "the greatest detective agency in the world" had lifted an enormous load from his mind. He was as certain now, as he had been doubtful before, that Etta would be as wise and wary as he could wish. He was happy again, or almost happy.

Perhaps he would have felt differently if he could have known the contents of Gleason's note:

"**IMPERATIVE.**—Assign two men. Keep Grantley in sight, night and day, until they report to me for orders. GLEASON."

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT A FISHERMAN FOUND.

Bright and early, on Monday morning——

But no! Natural and quite-to-be-expected as that sort of thing would be, it isn't true. And we have to deal with the truth, and confine ourselves to it, in this history of the fortunes and the misfortunes—the lives and the deaths—of those whose circles of experience brought them in contact with any whose blood came from the ancient house of Elveys!

Bright? No. A slow, drizzling, penetrating rain was falling, and had been falling for hours, when Mr. Horace Gleason awoke, glanced out of his window, yawned, stretched himself, turned over—and went to sleep again!

Early? Most decidedly No! It was late when Mr. Gleason settled himself for his morning nap. It was much later when he awoke again, lazily rose and leisurely dressed. It was very late indeed when he had finished his elaborate and elegant breakfast. Was there any object in all this? Or had the detective forgotten, for a little, just why he was in Riverdell?

Breakfast finished, Mr. Gleason smoked a couple of cigars. Then he walked across the street, and into the store of "Grantley & Son."

"Grantley & Son" was what the sign said, in all the glory of recently fresh paint. But beneath it, only partially obscured by the coat or two of paint which had been intended to put it out of sight forever, the name of "John Grantley" still faintly showed. That was the sign which had done service in the days when the "Son" was

only a hope of the future—the days when "John Grantley" was a certainty, while "Grantley & Son" was only a possibility.

"Grantley & Son" kept a general store. They sold everything that the villagers of Riverdell, and the farmers of the surrounding country, with their wives and daughters and sons, were likely to want. You might have bought anything from a threshing-machine to a pound of cod-fish at the store of "Grantley & Son."

Mr. Horace Gleason had a note in his pocket for Mr. John Grantley. He had seen Mr. Grantley, as you remember, when he had left the cars on Saturday. Mr. Grantley was in the front of the store, and at leisure, when he entered, and looked at him with that curiosity which is so usual and natural to the inhabitants of small towns when strangers are in question.

And he presented his note of introduction? Pardon me, my dear reader, but you mustn't be too hasty. He ought to have done so, no doubt. You would. So would I. That is one reason why Mr. Horace Gleason was a great detective—while you or I would find the business more or less of a failure. Mr. Horace Gleason did nothing of the sort.

He asked a question or two regarding the sort of hunting and fishing he might expect to find in the vicinity of Riverdell, after which he purchased the finest fishing-outfit "Grantley & Son" could furnish, and the best gun that had ever been brought into Riverdell.

"If you could suggest some one to show me where I would be likely to have good luck," began Gleason, in a reluctant and apologetic tone.

"I think I can. There's a man——"

Gleason interrupted him.

"Don't send a man," he said, brusquely; "I don't want a man. He'll be a fool—or selfish. He either won't know where there is good hunting and fishing, or he'd rather keep his knowledge to himself, instead of imparting it to a stranger. If there was a boy, now—a good, likely boy——"

"There is. I see one at this moment, just across the street. What Tommy Teller doesn't know of the sport you seek, in this locality, isn't worth knowing."

Gleason's face brightened visibly.

"Teller—Teller—Tommy Teller," he said, musingly, and as innocently as though he hadn't deliberately determined, long ago, to go fishing with that very individual that very day; "it seems to me that I've heard that name somewhere, sometime; and—I remember now. Didn't he carry my valise to the hotel on Saturday afternoon?"

"I think it likely. I saw him loafing about the station just before the train came in."

"What sort of a lad is Tommy? Honest?"

"He? Yes. And strange enough, too. The Tellers haven't the best of reputations, as a general thing, but I guess you'll find Tommy all right."

"And truthful?"

"Beyond a doubt."

"Very well; I'll thank you to call Tommy over here for me."

Mr. Grantley did as his customer had requested.

"Could you go with me, Tommy, and show me where there is good hunting, or fishing, or both?" asked the gentleman.

Tommy hesitated, standing doubtfully on one foot, while he dug the other into the soft mud.

"I don't exactly know, sir," he said, slowly; "you see, I had agreed to go fishing with Pat Peacher, and——"

"All right. Let me go with the two of you. I'd much rather have you both than only one."

Tommy agreed to that proposition with eager readiness, and ran to find his friend, with whom he soon returned. And a half-hour later the ill-assorted group of three was well on its way to the locality where fish, as Tommy put it, seemed "really anxious to be caught!"

It wasn't a difficult matter to bring the conversation around to the subject of the recent murder, though Mr. Gleason was so careful and foresighted as to let one of the boys be the first to refer to it. It might happen, so he said to himself, that he would find it convenient to have the boys remember that that was the way in which their talk regarding the tragedy commenced.

"You were acquainted with Mr. Elveys?" asked Mr. Gleason.

"Yes, sir," replied Tommy; "that is, I'd done all sorts of errands for him, and——"

"A good man, was he?"

"Liberal, sir, and all that."

"And happy? Was he happy?"

"He was kind and gentle, sir, and had a soft voice—like a woman. But—happy? I don't know. I've seen him when he seemed sorry, and—and——"

"Well?"

"And sometimes when he seemed afraid of something."

"You know Miss Etta?"

"I should say I did. She's my Sunday-school teacher, and the grandest and noblest lady that ever lived. I tell you, sir, she's made a manly boy out of me, if I do have to say it myself; and out of Pat Peacher, too. You ask any one what kind of boys we are—old Grantley, for instance—and see what he'll say. But, if there were ever any meaner fellows than we were when that angel took hold of us, they've never struck Riverdell—that's all."

The detective fished in silence for awhile after that, and his pale face seemed whiter than ever. He was thinking of another woman he had once known—a woman of whom it would have been easy and natural to have said all that Tommy had said of Etta Elveys—a woman he had loved—and lost—the woman who had married Edwin Elveys. He shut his teeth sharply together; his hands touched the fishing-rod so harshly that it was bent and twisted; and an unfortunate fish which he landed, just then, was treated with more than necessary cruelty.

"I suppose Miss Elveys has lovers?" he ventured at length.

"Lovers? I should say so. Everybody loves her."

"But not as I mean. I mean the sort of lovers who marry, you know, and——"

The boy's face flushed, and then paled. He looked uncomfortable; he seemed uneasy.

"If I were older——" began this sturdy knight of ten years, and then he laughed aloud at his own boyish folly. "I suppose young Grantley will marry her, sometime," he said, gravely. "I know that he's been after her for about as many years as I can remember. And every one says he'll get her."

"Are they engaged?"

"So folks say—since the old man died. I never heard it said for certain, not before that."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"He? The right sort, you can just bet. He'd do more to accommodate a little fellow than almost any one I ever knew. He's true blue, he is, and I hope he'll get Etta Elveys; and I couldn't say more than that."

"I suppose such a girl as she is has other lovers?"

The boy's face clouded. His little hands clinched themselves into formidable-looking fists.

"There's no one else—except Steve Ward," he said.

"And who's Steve Ward?"

"Steve? He's the fellow that found old Elveys dead."

"What sort of man is he?"

"Man? He ain't a man at all. I don't believe he ever will be. He's an orphan, and——"

"Yes. And who were his parents?"

"I don't know's he ever had any. I've heard 'em say that he was found, somewhere, when he was a baby, and that no one knows what name he ought to have."

"H-m! Is that so? Well, Ward is a very good name—a very good name indeed. I used to know Wards"—reflectively and musingly—"years ago, when I was young. That was many, many years ago. I say, Tommy," addressing that individual again, "I judge you don't like Steve Ward?"

"No, sir; I don't."

"And Miss Etta?"

"Hah! She never gave a second look at him. She never would."

"And he? Has he followed her?—tormented her?"

"No. He wouldn't dare. But we always thought he was rather soft on her."

"And—and about Mr. Elveys; I don't suppose that Steve—would—would——"

"Would have killed him? Not he. Not that I think he's any too good to do it, but I'm sure he's too great a coward."

"You say you saw young Grantley coming home from the direction of the place where the murder was committed, and late that night? Will you tell me all about it?"

Tommy glanced at Pat; Pat glanced back at Tommy. One had a sort of apology in his face; the other, a look of surprise and contempt. The man realized, in a moment, that he had made a mistake. These boys were of the silent sort, who do not talk of their exploits and adventures. Pat was not ready to forgive Tommy for what he had evidently said to this gentleman, on some former occasion; nor was Tommy quite ready to forgive himself. But the settlement of a little difficulty of this sort was quite within the powers of this "great detective."

"I thought that possibly there might have been some danger, and that young Grantley knew it," he began, "and——"

"He would know it, if any one did," said Tommy, heartily, all his suspicions gone in a moment, "for Elveys always liked him and trusted him."

"And that he might have gone out that way in order to help, if there was any need of it, and——"

"That's the sort of fellow *he* is," said Pat, enthusiastically. And "*He* ain't no coward," added Tommy.

"And he might have seen something which made him think his help wouldn't be needed, and so have come home sooner than——"

"I think it was later—later than——" began Pat; then he stopped suddenly, and could be prevailed upon to say no more in that vein.

"How did you happen to see him, and when and where was it?" asked the detective.

"There ain't no harm in telling that," said Tommy, in an aside to Pat, "and I know it. You see, sir, Pat and I were down under the bridge taking a swim that night, and, all at once, something fell into the river, close beside us. In fact, I saw it when it was falling, and it was fortunate for me that I did. It came near hitting me on the head as it was, and would if I hadn't dodged."

"And you looked up?"

"Yes, sir."

"And saw?"



"MANDOLINATA."—FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWARD PATRY.

"Ralph Grantley walking slowly along across the bridge. He had dropped his—the—the—the thing——"

"Dropped? Or thrown?"

"I said dropped, sir."

"And what was it he dropped?"

"No matter. That is, I ain't sure I know. I say, sir, I'm tired of this sort of thing. If you want to fish, well and good. But if you've got Pat and me out here to ask us all sorts of questions—why, I'm done! Let's go home."

"Well, well," said Mr. Gleason, laughing, "you are two of the most suspicious and discreet boys I ever knew. I only hope, if any detective comes here, you'll tell him no more than you've told me. And, on the whole, I think we'll go back, as you say. I haven't got many fish—but I've caught all I came for! I suppose you go in swimming, under the bridge, very often?"

The boys shuddered.

"Not now—not since they found Mr. Elveys," faltered Pat.

"And why not?"

"Because—because, sir—we have a notion that—that——"

"Well, what is it?"

"That we might look up and see, on the bridge, right over our heads——"

"Young Grantley again?"

"Oh, no, sir; not Grantley, *but Mr. Elveys!*"

* * * * *

Midnight, and half an hour past. The rain, which had fallen in a sullen and sulky drizzle all day long, was coming down in torrents. The wind, which had seemed idle and listless while daylight lasted, now roared and rioted in the gorge beneath the bridge. No night had ever been darker. No time could have been found when a searcher for any information to be obtained in that vicinity would have been more likely to be entirely free from interruption.

Mr. Horace Gleason, standing at the very margin of the stream, looked up at the bridge and laughed. This was not the sort of night his young friends would have been likely to choose for a swim, even if the fear of seeing the dead man taking a midnight walk had not been in their minds to keep them away from the place altogether.

And yet, Gleason himself was undoubtedly going to have a swim himself. He slowly removed one garment, and then another, and another, until he stood forth unhampered and untrammelled by the restraining power of clothing.

His skin gleamed like ivory, though the night was so utterly black that one must have stood very near him in order to see its whiteness. His muscles swelled and quivered; he looked a very athlete, as he stood there, waiting a little before he took a plunge—a dangerous man to attack, a fearful man to engage in any contest in which the stronger and quicker would win. He raised his arms above his head; he drew in long breaths of the rainy wind; he balanced himself upon his sinewy toes. He leaped here and there. Had he been so unfortunate as to have been seen, and captured, he would have had hard work to prove that he was not a madman.

He looked up at the bridge again—and laughed again. He knew just where the bridge was, but he could see nothing of it. It cast no shadow, that night. Straining eyeballs, that night, could see no blacker shape against the sky, when looking toward it, than there was anywhere and everywhere in the murky air above.

What could he see? Nothing, or almost nothing.

Here, the river widened. Here, just at his feet, was the margin of a deep and silent pool of water—a pool where the hurrying current had nothing to do with one who might venture in. But out yonder, a dozen rods away, the river roared and raged over its steep and rocky bed. Out there, the water was white with foam; and the changing forms of the storm-lashed waves could be seen in a dim and vague and ghostly fashion. He looked there, and he laughed again—laughed and exulted in his strength! Out there, if need be, out where the river was swiftest and the rocky bed steepest, he was ready and willing to go, in order to know what Ralph Grantley had thrown—or dropped—into the river.

He looked up again, and this time he did not laugh. One knee touched the wet sand. His clasped hands were raised high above his upturned eyes. His lips moved. But the prayer he had to say, if prayer it was at all, was wild and incoherent. Two names seemed the burden of it all—the names, I fear, of Elaine and God; possibly the names of God and Elaine!

He rose to his feet again. He stood on the very edge of this dark pool—this pool that common belief at River-dell called bottomless—and he swung his arms and his body backward and forward. Then, suddenly, he sprang out, far out, and dived headlong for the bottom.

I presume that no detective, not even Mr. Gleason himself, had ever carried investigation to such an extreme before! I have no doubt that most observers, had there been any, would have laughed at the whole proceeding. But Mr. Horace Gleason did not laugh. He could not. He would not. The whole affair was, to him, as serious as anything he had ever known or imagined. What mattered it that the man who had been done to his death, in the dead of night, in a lonely spot where only the cruel eye of murder and the never-sleeping eye of God looked on, had been a man he hated? What mattered it that the man who had employed him to search was the man against whom his suspicions pointed? What matter?

He had put his services above the purchase of personal interest, in this case, hours ago. The man who had killed Edwin Elveys, simply, might have had his secret sympathy, doubtless, if not his open thanks. But the one who had killed the father of Elaine's child—Ah! that was another thing! Tighter and tighter would he draw the coils of evidence around him; tighter and tighter—until they bound him for the gallows itself. As sure as God lived, and spared his life, so surely would he know the truth. And, if Ralph Grantley did—did—ah, gods! what a vengeance he would have for it all! And this man, so the boys had said, had dropped something into the river, as he came home from the way Edwin Elveys went—the way from which Edwin Elveys had never returned! And he—he would know what that young man had seen fit to throw away, even though he risked his life in the search.

Down he went, to the very bottom of the deep, deep pool. And eagerly and rapidly did he search, with feet and hands alike, in the utter blackness of the watery gulf. He remained as long as he dared—remained until heart and lungs and brain were protesting against their enforced abstinence from the purified flood of life and the vitality-bestowing air—longer than he had ever remained beneath the surface of river or lake in all his life before, though he had had a wonderful reputation, among his fellows, for that sort of thing, in the days of his strength and his youth.

Up—up to the surface, again, there to lie at ease on his back, using only the slightest of efforts to keep him-

self afloat, to look blindly up into the rain-laden abyss of darkness, and to drink in, greedily and hungrily, the wet air on which the life of the swimmer depended.

One minute thus—of an experience almost painful in the change it was from what he had endured in the deep below him; two minutes—three—four—five—of such pleasure as only those can ever know who have been for a long, long time—as such fleeting minutes are long—without the blessing of fresh air. Five long minutes—for life—for pleasure. Five short minutes—for needed rest. Then down again, to renew his search.

So it went, hour after hour. So it went—a little time, as long as was possible, searching the river-bottom; and then a little time, as short as he dared, floating—resting—breathing—preparing for another plunge. So it went, hour after hour, hour after hour. He had no way in which to count the time, out where he worked—hopefully at first—madly and desperately later. But he felt the rain lessen—lessen—and cease. He heard the wind lower its roar to a sob—a sigh—and almost die away in the uncanny nooks and crevices among the rocks and ledges. He saw the blackness of the night grow lighter—lighter—until hope and faith could have said which way was east, and have given a reason for looking for a morning. He could make out the shadowy shape of the bridge now, far above him, vague and indistinct, as though carved out of nothing more substantial than cloud and mist. He knew that some keen-eyed person, waiting on the bridge above, and watching to see what was going on below him, might possibly make out his white face upturned from the surface of the river. He knew that the heap of water-drenched clothing on the bank, faintly distinguished in the lessening gloom, might strike a thoughtful and observant person as being something that wasn't there the evening or the day before.

He smiled at his thoughts, as he recalled the reasons his two boyish friends had for not coming near the high bridge after night-fall. With Tommy Teller and Pat Peacher to look down at him, the reputation of the river, and of the dead Mr. Elveys, would be settled forever—even though the utmost stretch of juvenile occult philosophy should find it impossible to explain why a man who was murdered on the ridge, yonder, should find his restlessness banished by coming and floating, like a drowned man, in the pool beneath the bridge. He smiled at his thoughts—when he thought of the boys. But there was no occasion for smiles when he thought of what might happen if some older, wiser, braver person—some individual of an investigating turn of mind—should catch sight of him, and come down to see what it all meant. He realized that it would be difficult to offer a satisfactory explanation!

So he said to himself that he would go down once more, only once more, and then—

Give it up? Never! Postpone it until another convenient time; that was all. He had resolved that he would know what Ralph Grantley threw into the river, though it took him days—weeks—months—years—a lifetime!

He went down again. He remained longer than he had at any time before. He searched more eagerly, rapidly, madly.

And—ah?—what was that that his foot touched? It felt like—like— But he does not dare say, even to himself, what it was like. A fever is in his veins. Flashes of light come and go before his eyes. Then a roaring in his ears, and it is growing louder and louder with each passing moment. His lungs are empty, and are revolting against his cruelty in keeping them longer from the air

which is stirring along the river's breast in the growing and lightening morning above. His heart is getting spasmodic in its action, unwilling to pump the impure and waste-laden blood to the hungry tissues it cannot nourish, and still laboring to give to the greedy organs the best it has to give. His brain is becoming affected. His mind wanders a little. He almost forgets, for an instant or two, that he must desist soon—or that it will be too late! And still he searches—searches; searches for the suggestive thing his foot touched, or which he fancied it did; searches longer and longer, because he feels he must not leave this spot until he has found success; searches because he knows that he cannot go to the surface, and be sure of coming down again within many yards of this place. Well—well—he is not the first man to fail, and with success in his very grasp. He will not be the last. And perhaps it is better so—better so. If God means this as a test of his constancy—his courage—his fidelity—so be it! He accepts the Heaven-flung challenge. In the name of the dead Elaine Vernon (he cannot quite bear to call her Elaine Elveys), and in the name of the living woman who has her face, her features, her form, he can do all things. And he will. But now, now he must go to the surface—to the shore. Now he must dress, and get home to his hotel-room in season for a little rest and sleep. To-morrow night, perhaps; the next night, possibly; and so on—and on—and on—for a series of nights which hope hardly dares to promise him will be much less than endless, he can work. And he will! One last sweep of his hands, and—

Up he goes! Up, to lie panting, for a time, where the air is sweeter and more welcome than it ever was before. Up, to turn his eager eyes toward the sky, gasping to the coming light, from his impassioned heart: "Thank God! Thank God!"

For he found, at the last moment, that for which he had searched. He brought up, at the last moment, in his hand, that which his foot had touched.

How long had he been down? I do not know. I cannot say. But this I do know: Let the guilty one, against whom this man is ready to pit such powers and such devotion, tremble. It had been better for him had he never been born. It had been better, much better, had Ralph Grantley seen Edwin Elveys safely home.

He swims swiftly to the shore. He hurriedly dresses himself. He walks rapidly to his hotel, and goes up to his room.

His wet clothes are laid aside. A dry night-robe is donned. And then, such is the power of this man's mind over his physical body, he is asleep in less than a minute from the time his head touches his pillow. But he has left the treasure he found in the river lying on the table at his bedside. Let us steal up and examine it, while he sleeps the exhausted and seemingly dreamless sleep which we are apt to think is vouchsafed to childhood alone—the sleep which is as calm and peaceful as though he could not wake with the power to send a man to the gallows.

Pick it up carefully; handle it cautiously; it may be dangerous, even now! A revolver, handsome—silver-mounted—with five chambers loaded—*one empty*—and with the name of *Ralph Grantley* rudely scratched upon it!

CHAPTER VIII.

YES, AN ARTIFICIAL FATE!

I DON'T know just what time it was when Mr. Horace Gleason retired on that Tuesday morning. I don't know how long he said to himself that he would sleep. But I

do know that it was still early when he awoke. And I know that, this time, he did not turn over for another nap. He rose at once, found dry clothing in his valise, and dressed immediately. Then he sat down—to think!

He had no long and luxuriously served breakfast this morning; indeed, he had no breakfast at all. The people about the hotel were beginning to regard him as an eccentric individual—this man who had gone fishing in the rainy day-time with the two boys, and who had spent the rainier night no one knew where—and to regard his wishes as final, and his silences as wishes. So, when they had called at his door twice, they let the man take his own time, without further attempts at interference or interruption. I am not sure whether he knew they called him—not sure that he heard the blows upon his door, or the voices outside; I only know he did not answer—did not go and eat.

He had a box of cigars in his valise, and a half-dozen or so, handy on his table. But he did not touch one of them; he did not smoke that morning.

He only sat and thought—thought—thought.

Thought? Of what? Of Ralph Grantley, and his fate? Oh, no; little, if any, of that. He had put that almost out of his mind, when he had once found the revolver in the river. Ralph Grantley was never to marry Etta Elveys, of course, because he was unworthy the love of the woman who had the hair, and eyes, and the sunny complexion and willowy form, of the long-dead, but the ever-unforgotten, Elaine Vernon. Ralph Grantley must be hanged, of course, in the law's good time, because he had dared bring sorrow to the heart which took half its warm current from the Vernon tide.

He would call on Mr. John Grantley, of course, when he was entirely ready, present his letter of introduction, ask a few questions, and listen to anything the old gentleman might have to say. It would be a bore, of course, under the circumstances, and no actual good could come of it. Nothing that his father could say would be at all likely to shake or break the evidence against Ralph. But then, it rather seemed his duty to go. And he never had shirked a duty—not even an unpleasant one. He never would. He would go. But he need be in no hurry. There were some days to spare, yet. He could figure up the very earliest day on which it would be possible for Mr. Ralph Grantley to put in an appearance. It would be time enough to go the day before that.

Mr. Horace Gleason would go and see Miss Etta Elveys, of course, though he hardly knew why he intended going. How many things, my friend, go with the label "of course" in this world, the doers of which would be unable to concisely, directly, unequivocally and unblushingly answer the direct and natural question, "Why?"

He would go and see Miss Etta. Perhaps it was more to hear her talk, see her smile, and watch shadow and sunshine fight for supremacy in her sorry face, than for any other or better reasons. Nothing she could say would be likely to help the young fellow she had loved (you see, he was putting her passion in the past tense already), and he found an unwonted flush on his cheek as he thought of the probability of her pure and innocent lips uttering that which would have harmed him and injured his cause—if his success of last night, at the river, had not made that impossible. Oh, yes, he would surely go and see Miss Etta; she should tell him all she knew, all she guessed, all she feared; his art should have full exercise with her, for, in the end, she would be the better for it. He would teach her to—to—

But no! She must learn that lesson alone. No help

of his would avail her in leveling the unworthy idol which she had raised high in the holiest place in her heart. His own past was such as to make even a contemplated proffer of aid or advice an intended mockery. She must learn to live without Ralph Grantley and his love. As to the way in which the knowledge of her lover's unworthiness was to reach her—that was none of his concern. Other men and women had had to take their chances. So must she.

One pang cut the detective's heart with a blow like that of a knife. "Paradise is paradise, be it a fool's paradise," he found himself quoting, and the question, "Need she know?" ran along his brain. But the answer given was short and sharp, imperative and final. The man who killed her father should never marry her—never. Put long life for her, and happiness unshadowed by a single thought of aught less, in one scale of Fate's balance; put the sudden death which sorrow tainted with dishonor—death as sure and merciless as that which the frost puts upon the tender flowers—sometimes brings, in the other; no matter, his choice would still be the same. Then, as now, would he use his pitiless power as the arbiter of her destiny. *The man who killed her father should not marry Etta Elveys!*

He meant to call upon Black and Gray and White, the three gentlemen who managed the affairs of the Riverdellians for them, before leaving town. It would be a genuine pleasure to see what they would do, when he had done what he could—to hear what they would say, when he had said what he might.

But Black and Gray and White, with Miss Etta and Mr. John, must wait. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof!"

It would seem, perhaps, from what I have written, that the detective was giving a great deal of thought to Mr. Ralph Grantley, after all. Let me say again that he was not.

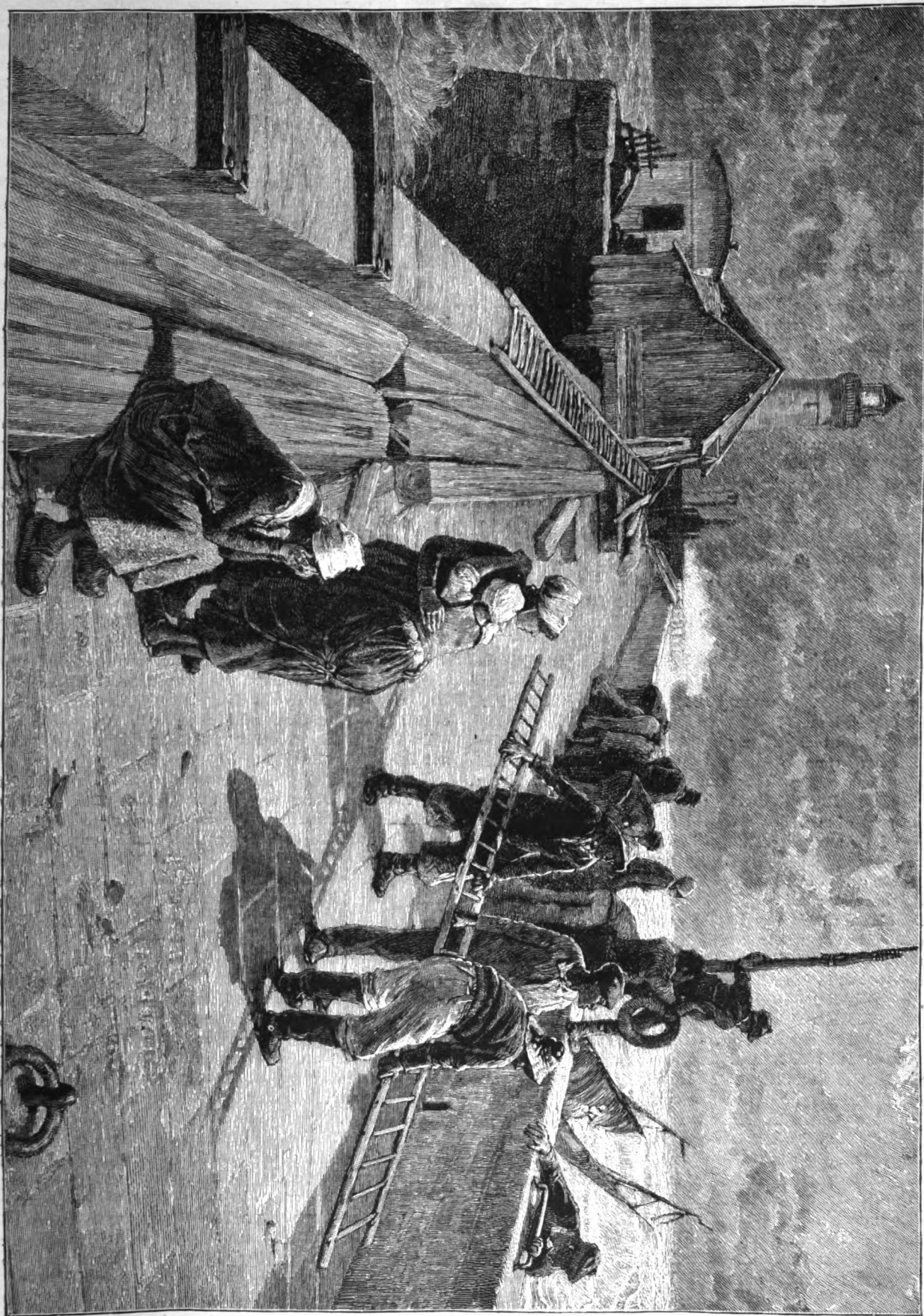
He had dismissed the matter which I have mentioned in much the way I have written, but in less time than it has taken me to tell it.

And still—he was deeply engrossed in thought. And one side of his mental state was retrospective and regretful.

Here was a young woman, good, beautiful, enormously wealthy, utterly alone in the world. That she should marry was natural. That she would marry soon was likely. That two persons, at least, loved her was certain. That, too, was natural; it was only strange that the number of her lovers was not greater; he felt sure of that, absolutely sure, and who should know better than he? Had he not loved—hopelessly loved—the woman whose face hers counterfeited?

Loved? Loved hopelessly? In that is the key to his thoughts. Two men love this woman, just as not less than two men loved Elaine Vernon in the morning years of his life—the years which are forever gone. One is not poor, just as Edwin Elveys was not poor; one has the advantages of education and social position, just as Edwin Elveys had them; one has succeeded, so far as winning the woman's love is concerned, just as Edwin Elveys succeeded. Considering none other than Edwin Elveys and himself, in the matter of the long-ago finished tragedy—the long-ago burned-out romance—he is putting this newer romance and tragedy in the place of the older one; he is putting Ralph Grantley in the place of Edwin Elveys; he is putting Stephen Ward in the place of himself.

He is quite aware of the unfairness of this comparison. That he was poor, awkward, uneducated—all—that is



A RESCUE—DIEPPE PIER.

true; but he has never spoken to Stephen Ward; he is not sure that he has ever seen him—not perfectly sure; he may not be quite ready and willing to hold to this side of his psychological comparison—when he knows Stephen Ward—actually knows him—knows him well!

And he knows the other half of his comparison is unjust. To be sure, Elaine Vernon expected to marry him—once; to be sure, they were as good as betrothed, save for the words that had never been quite spoken—once; to be sure, Edwin Elveys won her away from him when he might have known just how matters stood—and most likely did. But Horace Gleason's profession, that of a detective, in which he has acquired both wealth and honor, and to which he still clings, as he has clung to it all these years since he first found success in it, grew out of his mad personal hope that he could find something bad in the life of Edwin Elveys, and so part him from the woman he had won. It developed out of his mad attempt to find it right and just to ruin him. All that was in the days when he dared not trust himself in the presence of Edwin Elveys; all that was in the days when he did not know where Edwin Elveys lived; all that was failure—failure. He found nothing tangible against the name and record of Edwin Elveys, in the places where he had lived, among the men and women by whom he was known. His greatest sin—almost his only one—was the sin by which Horace Gleason lost, if sin that truly was. So that it is scarcely fair to put Edwin Elveys and Ralph Grantley in the same place in the dramas—the old drama and the new—for Ralph Grantley threw something into the river, the night Etta's father was murdered—and he found Grantley's revolver in the river, last night, with five chambers loaded—and one empty.

This brings him back to his one decision—his one doubt. Ralph Grantley cannot marry Etta Elveys—shall not marry her. Why may not Stephen Ward marry her? Why shall he not?

A sudden temptation now sweeps over him, and drives all his arguments in Stephen Ward's behalf out of his mind for a little. Why should he not marry Etta Elveys himself? He believes he might. Perhaps, considering the sort of man her accepted lover is, he ought to; he would do anything for the lost and dead Elaine, so he whispers to himself, and sophistry suggests, at the listening ear of his soul, that possibly this would be his best and bravest service. He has money, now—money in abundance; and why has he sought it, early and late, except because the lack of it lost him Elaine? Is it not possible—indeed, is it not likely—that Providence may have put it in his mind to win wealth, and save it, with this predestined hour in view?

But she has money. She does not need his.

Ah! that is a sorrow-compelling conclusion! But may she not need him? And may he not win her, his wealth put by and unconsidered? He believes he might, were he to try. Nay, he is almost sure of it.

He has age in his favor now, if not too much of it, which he lacked when he wooed her mother. He has experience in the ways of the world—and of women. He has all the arts which he has learned in the pursuit of his profession. He has a cunning brain, a ready tongue—strength—courage—persistence. Added to all this, he has that faith in himself and his powers which is the man's supreme advantage over the boy. Could Etta Elveys stand against the assault of such a force as all this? Could any woman? So armed and equipped, her mother— But no! Not that. Never that. He lost Elaine Vernon because he was poor—and for no other

reason. He will not give up that thought; he will not admit its possible falsity—not even to win the daughter's love. On the whole—magnanimous conclusion—he decides he will not marry Etta Elveys!

He will not marry Etta Elveys. No, indeed. He wonders that he ever thought of it. Suppose he had been fool enough to decide differently? Suppose he had gone to her, told her the story of his younger life, and asked her to be his wife? What then? Suppose she had said "No"? (And he admits that that might have been her answer—at first.) Or suppose she had asked him for a little time—asked him to wait? (As he feels quite sure would have been the case.) Pride—pique—the desire to have his own way—all the unworthiest qualities that a man can have—would have held him persistently to his purpose. And then, when he had won her, and married her (you see, he has forgotten to say "suppose" any longer—has no word with more of concession in it than "when"), he would have spent the rest of his life in a self-torturing comparison of her with her mother. Her lips—not quite so full and ripe; her eyes—not quite so deep and clear; her cheeks—not quite so plump and delicately tinted; her touch less tender, her tones less sweet, her whole self an imperfect imitation of perfection's self. Marry her? He was a fool to have thought of it. Had he been less tired, less under the influence of the reaction which followed the labors of last night, it would never have occurred to him. Marry her, because she looked as like her mother as the moon is like the sun, as like as the stream is like the sea? No, never! He had as soon marry a portrait or a statue! Marry her? God helping him to keep his senses, No! It would drive him mad if he did. He would die first!

"But—but I could," he said, resolutely. And the sound of his own voice, heard in the silent room, startled him, though the boastful words he uttered did not. Mr. Horace Gleason was a sad egotist so far as women are concerned. But then, most men are. And—

Those who have no more reason for it than he had are not few.

He had reached one generous conclusion. (I think it is safe to call it generous.) And still he sat there, thinking—thinking—thinking. In his own estimation, he had Etta Elveys's future at his disposal. And, leaving entirely out of the question his wild idea that he might marry her himself, the rest of the thought was not a very greatly wrong one. The power he had was great. The power he might have in the future was almost unbounded.

Should he seek Stephen Ward—or should he not? Should he give him education—money—social standing—power? Or should he not? Should he bring the two—the young man who loved, and the woman from whose heart an unworthy and sin-cursed love was about to be rudely torn away—together day after day? Should he make sure that indifference became familiarity? That scorn became endurance? That pity softened into something that was almost love—if not quite? Should he do this, all of this, or should he not?

His own lost life came vividly before him. There had been a time when a hand could have raised him—raised him higher and higher—raised him to the certainty of Elaine Vernon's love. Should he, now, on his higher plane, his greater vantage-ground, do for Stephen Ward what it would have been a god-like act for any man in the old days to have done for him. Should he? Would he?

He would!

"AN ARTIFICIAL FATE," he said, slowly and solemnly, "and one in which the giver arrogates to himself some

of the attributes of Omnipotence. But it shall be the fate of Stephen Ward. I will lift him as high as Etta Elveys—or higher—and——”

He struck the table such a blow with his clinched fist that the hotel-keeper hurried up to see what the “queer gentleman” wanted. But he found him doing nothing more serious than taking a turn or two up and down his room, and muttering to himself.

But the landlord would have thought his guest mad—as, indeed, any citizen of Riverdell would—if he had caught the words of his muttered monologue: “*Stephen Ward shall marry Etta Elveys; Etta Elveys shall marry Stephen Ward!*”

Mr. Horace Gleason liked to be considered a man of action. And, in fact, he was one. But, after all, his decision made, he was not quite ready to send for Stephen Ward. He wanted to think more—to think still. He must.

This was no ordinary conclusion which he had reached; and it was no ordinary thing which he was about to do. Charity was no new thing in this gentleman's life and experience. The blessings and the thanks of the poor and the needy and the lowly had followed him times almost innumerable; the safeguard of the earnest and heart-felt prayers of others was around and about his life, in his dangerous calling, by night and by day. But this act upon which he had determined was not one of ordinary charity, not by any means. Not to simply help the young man called Stephen Ward, but to make him all he would—that was his purpose. Not to give him an education, for the good he could do, with it, for himself and others; not to furnish him money, to the end that he might experience its good, learn its power, and come to a time and place where his own earnings might be large and his expenses lavish; not to form character in the one he had selected for his *protégé*; not to see him grow and develop into that which he felt a man ought to be; not to make him worthy of the love of such a woman as he felt sure that the daughter of Elaine Vernon must be, in spite of the taint of the hated Elveys blood and the need of keeping the Elveys name. No, these were not the things he meant to do.

But to train Stephen Ward in the knowledge of the schools—because Etta Elveys was not ignorant; to give him wealth to use—because she was not poor; to give him power—because women love to yield to it; to give him the skill to disassemble, if need be, making himself seem other than he might really be; to fit him to *win* Etta Elveys, whether he might or might not be fit to be her husband; and to do all this in the very shortest possible time. These were the things on which he had determined; these were the things he was about to do. His own lost youth was crying aloud in the desert of desolation from which there was no escape; he was putting the unknown Ward in his place—lifting him up to his own level, already. He shut his teeth sharply together.

“He shall be all I might have been,” he muttered; “he shall have all I lost.”

The question came to him, as it could hardly have failed to come to any man in the same circumstances: Is not this an attempt to usurp the powers of the Almighty? Is not this act an act of blasphemy? He did not give a negative answer to these uncomfortable questions; he could not; he dared not. But he shook his head and said, sullenly: “No matter; I will do it.”

Do it? He would. Of course he would. Unless—unless he should find in Stephen Ward a force he could not control—a man he could not manage!

If he did—if he did——

The possibility was not a pleasant one to contemplate. But he said to himself that, in that event, he would make matters uncomfortable for the rebellious and ungrateful Ward. He was already arrayed in mental antagonism to him. He was already counting up the chances of the future. No wonder he wished to think; he needed to.

Mr. Horace Gleason had a large experience of his own upon which to draw, when it was necessary to illustrate any abstract fact or principle. Some of his work as a detective had been done in foreign lands; he had seen about as much of the marvelous as most men. And besides—this detective had a wide acquaintance with the world's best literature. He would have been happier if he had seen little and read less—only that he was determined that this case should be an exception among all others. He could have written you a valuable treatise on the philosophy of history—of how effects fully follow causes—and could have explained the psychological possibilities and probabilities of the human soul. But, this time, Nature's laws should read backward; this time, no force should be awakened which would be beyond his control.

He mused on what he had seen—and read. How could he help it. He had heard careless lips—smiling lips—fling an unfortunate word into the wine-flushed face of a friend—one night; and the next night he had seen two grave-faced men face one another, in the shadow which neither moonlight nor starlight had reached yet, and shoot one another to death. He had seen a careless hand toss a ball of snow upon the deceptive whiteness that hung on the edge of an Alpine precipice; and the next instant he had seen the snow slip, slide—a handful of it—a square foot—a rod—an acre—thousands and thousands of tons—down—down—down—until the thunder of the avalanche had out-voiced the cries of the dying, and the resistless sweep of the freed giant of the mountains had laid houses and trees and rocks and earth in one shapeless mass in the lowest valley. He was about to cut down the barrier which held a human life in the place to which God had assigned it; but he shook his head, doggedly, and refused the awful lesson of the avalanche.

He had seen a tiny stream of water, no larger than a man's finger, run out from the face of a reservoir-wall among the hills, and heard a confident-voiced man assert that repairs could wait—that they could risk it until tomorrow; and, on the morrow, he had slowly and laboriously picked his difficult and dangerous way along the wrecked and ruined valley which had smiled under the shadow of the hills—only yesterday. But he rejected this lesson, as he had rejected the other; care could wait—submission to the All-Wise could be left out of the question—he would risk it, forever.

He had seen a spark grow into a conflagration before which the firemen of a great city shrank back appalled and powerless. He had seen the electrical current spring loose from the harness in which skill had chained it, and lay its master dead in an instant. He had seen a child's hands pull the lever which had sent a loaded train to destruction. But fire and electricity and steam had no terrors for him; nor had that more marvelous force, that more awful force, which rises up, to do its wicked worst, in the lost and ruined human soul.

In India, once——

O God! how horrible it was! In India, once, he had seen a brave and promising lad, a noble boy, play and romp with a tiger-cub. And the next day, the very next day, he had seen the lad's father shoot the treacherous beast, snarling and tearing at his son—and shoot too

late ! Were there men with tiger-souls ? Might not Stephen Ward be one ? Would he have the right, the moral right, *any right*, to do as his friend in India had done, when he found danger growing from the deed he had done, be it early enough, or too late ? No matter ; let the future take care of itself. He must take his chances. He will !

He had read, with a not unnatural horror and loathing, Mrs. Shelley's marvelous tale of "Frankenstein." Nor is that all. He doubts if any such monstrous creation has ever been described in literature, and he missed reading of it in all its weird horror. But he rises, straightens himself to his full height, fills his lungs, and nods his head proudly. In his own conceit, he is capable of being the master of any monster, no matter how fearful the thing may be.

So his decision is unaltered—is strengthened—and—and—

There is only one thing left to trouble him. At the beginning of his career of success, before the years of it began, his search for that which could put Edwin Elveys and his wife asunder was a failure. Suppose, now—now that Fate has brought him back to the old-time Elveys problem, with all its new conditions and its new and unknown quantities, that he should find its solution too much for him ? Suppose that, in the cases in which his interest is personal, he is doomed to fail ?

If—if—

But he will not think of it. He will not admit that it is possible.

"Grantley killed Elveys ; I can prove it ; he shall hang. And Stephen Ward shall have a future such as he never dreamed was possible. He shall marry Etta Elveys. In spite of the men who manage Riverdell ; in spite of the woman's love and the woman's will ; in spite of all power in the earth—under the earth—above the earth—it shall be as I have said."

And he put the whole matter aside, for the time being, and went down to dinner.

CHAPTER IX.

WARD'S WEDNESDAY MORNING.

MR. HORACE GLEASON spent the remainder of that day in an apparently idle and useless manner. He took more time for his dinner than he had taken for his Monday morning's breakfast. He smoked not less than half a dozen good cigars between dinner and supper. And he gave almost the entire afternoon to reading the newspapers, and talking in a desultory fashion with such of the Riverdellians as chanced to come into the hotel and have time and inclination to chat with him. I am coming to the conclusion that our friend Gleason is the most admirable of all sorts of workers—a man who will labor, in time and out, when he has a piece of work on hand, but a man who takes no new step until he is rested and ready ; I begin to think that he is, on the board of the world's game, a man who will force a brilliant assault regardless of food or sleep—but a man who makes no rash and unstudied moves. A willful man, and possibly a weak one, I must still confess to something of an admiration for Mr. Horace Gleason—and a genuine and growing liking.

Mr. Gleason sent a note, late that afternoon, requesting Stephen Ward to call on him in the morning. Then he retired early, and slept soundly.

It was a very ordinary-looking man, quite like the men you'll meet every day in your lives ; a stupid man—but with a shrewd glance to his eyes, and with a crafty and

cunning curl to his lips ; a cruel man—half unconscious of his selfishness and meanness, who knocked at the door of Gleason's room early the next morning.

Gleason opened the door only a crack, and looked out. He was not quite dressed yet.

"Who are you, and what do you want ?" he demanded.

"You sent a message to Stephen Ward, didn't you ?" asked the man, crowding into the room.

"Yes."

"Well, I've come, and——"

"You're not Stephen Ward. I don't want anything of you."

The man raised his chin a little higher, and leered wickedly at Gleason. He had measured the detective—by his own measure, of course—and, like many another of his kind, he underestimated his antagonist.

"I'm Stephen Ward's master," he growled, "and I guess you'll find it best to consider me in anything that relates to him."

"Poor devil !" muttered Mr. Gleason, under his breath, thinking of Stephen Ward, and glad that he had decided as he had ; "poor devil ! A change from being ruled by this man to being the lord and master of a woman like Etta Elveys will be a change indeed." Then he said, aloud : "I didn't quite understand the situation, perhaps ; I want an interview with Stephen Ward ; will you kindly allow him to come and see me ?"

"I've brought him ; he's down - stairs," grunted the man.

"Is he ? That's all right. Will you go down and send him up ?"

"I'll go down and *bring* him up."

"I have something to say to him—alone."

"In private ? Without me ?"

"Certainly."

"It can't be done. He's mine—mine—and mine he shall remain. I tell you, sir," his voice growing stormy and threatening, "that he was regularly and legally adopted, when he was a child. I've a right, a father's right, to hear anything you may have to say to him."

"Indeed ? I understood you, a little time ago, to assert a *master's* right. I didn't think you said—nor even thought—of a father's place."

The old man winced at the blow, for a moment, but quickly recovered himself.

"It's much the same—much the same," he said, cunningly ; "of course the lad isn't quite the same to me that he would be were he my own flesh and blood."

"I should judge not, if I may be allowed to base my opinion on my judgment of you. The fellow's more slave than son, isn't he ?"

"Maybe, maybe," mumbled and grumbled the man ; "I'm not quite sure. I never had a son."

"He works hard ?"

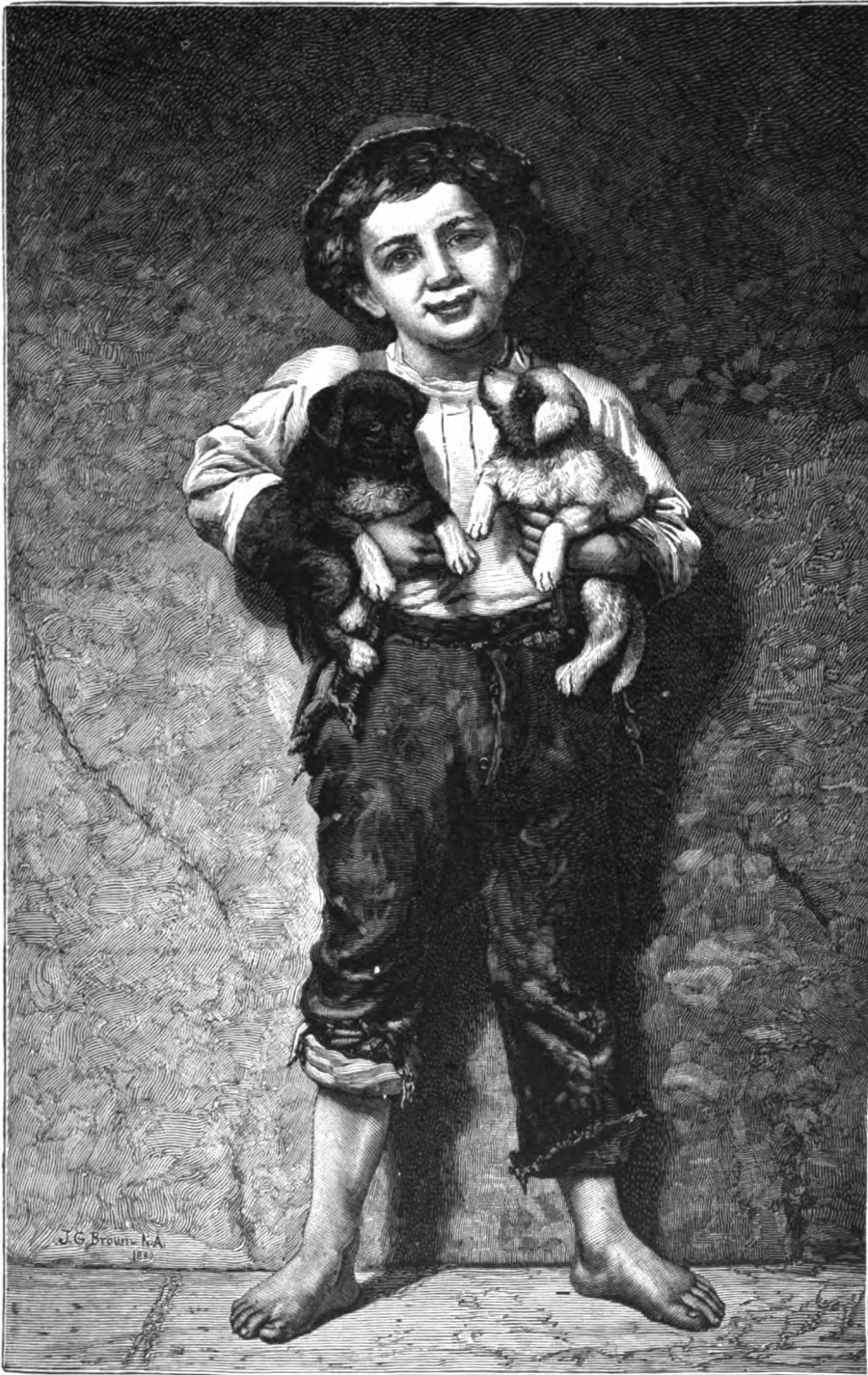
"Certainly. Why not ? He—he eats ; he has clothes, and——"

"Eats ? Heartily ? Of good food ? And dresses well ? No, sir, you needn't say a word in answer," he cried, putting up a warning, almost a threatening, hand ; "your mean face has answer enough for me written in it. Say 'Yes,' and I'll tell you you are a liar ; say 'No,' and I'll strike you, you old rascal !"

"You will—you will ?" demanded the man, his face white, though whether with anger or fear it would be hard to say ; "what business of yours is it whether the fool works or plays, grows fat or starves ? You seem to take a great interest in him—a great interest. Have you come," and his voice and manner were alike sneering and insulting, "to say who he is, what his name should be.

who his father was, and whether he ever had a mother at all? Have you something of the outcast brat's history to tell to him—and to me? Do you know something of what the miserable brat's past has been?"

to me in that way. I mean to ask whether you know of the earliest chapters in his history, the chapters—if you please—when there wasn't yet such a youngster in existence? Can you tell us—or me—anything of his past?"



A LIKELY PAIR OF PUPS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N. A.

"I think I can guess," said Gleason, significantly. The man frowned fiercely, and swore a good vigorous oath, without lowering his voice in the least. "Curse you," he cried, "you know better than to talk

"I think I can tell you more of his future," said Mr. Horace Gleason.

The old man shrugged his shoulders, vigorously and viciously.

"Do you? I should hardly have taken you for one gifted with the spirit of prophecy. But I can tell you one thing regarding this young fellow, and I will: I'll have my revenge, out of him, for all you've dared say to me. If you love him—or ought to, if you have any pity and affection for him—or should have, please remember that. I'll beat him, starve him, overwork him, disgrace him; I'll break his spirit—you may depend on that, and——"

"Poor devil!" said Gleason, again, this time aloud.

"Poor devil, indeed," sneeringly echoed the man.

"See here, my man," said Gleason, after a long pause, in which the two glared at one another; "what will you take for Stephen Ward?"

"Take—for—him?" began the man, and ended with a laugh.

"It's no laughing matter, I tell you," said Gleason, angrily; "and I'm in earnest. How much will pay you to release all claim upon him?"

"I wouldn't release him to you," answered the man, "not for any price."

"I presume not," said Gleason, gravely; "and I am not sure that I should wish to go through the ceremony of legally adopting him. But you could do this: You could make and publish a paper giving him his freedom, allowing him to work where he will, do as he wishes, relinquishing all claim upon his services or his wages, and disclaiming any debts of his contracting. You know that sort of thing is done, every day. You could do that for Stephen Ward, could you not?"

"I suppose I could," drawled the man, "if I wanted to do so."

It took quite an effort on Gleason's part to refrain from striking the old ruffian. He could see, in every look and motion—he could hear, in every word and tone, the stupidly cruel determination this man had formed of making young Ward suffer for the asperities of this interview. Had Ward come alone—had the interview with the master of his unfortunate young life been a pleasant one—had any one of several things happened, which might have happened—he knew that he would be seeking to get the young man away from this fellow's control in a very different way from this. He had not intended to take him in such a way as to be entirely without legal control over him himself; he had most certainly not intended to pay money for him, as one might have paid for a slave in some market in Africa. But now he was ready to do almost anything—pay almost anything—to shield the young man from the vulgar wrath he had kindled. He thought, grimly, of the fact that Fate had taken him at his word; he could never go back, again, to where he had been when this rascal opened his door. Nothing that he might find Stephen Ward to be, nothing that he could say, nothing that he could do, could ever separate the fates of the wealthy detective and the nameless and penniless outcast.

Gleason held himself from striking the man, but he caught him roughly by the collar, and turned his face toward the window.

"Let me look at you," he cried; "let me get a sight down into your mean and wicked soul. There; that will do. Now tell me what you'll sign such a document as I've mentioned for."

"I won't sign at all."

"Yes, you will; you must; you shall. Why, fellow, you've got the greediest face I ever saw. You love money better than you love God. What'll you take, man—what'll you take? Out with it at once. Let me know how much it is to be."

The man hesitated, calculated, looked narrowly at the detective. The love of money was having its way with him. Even natural cruelty, the pride of power, and the hope of revenge, were melting in the sunny glow of prospective gold.

"I'll—I'll take a thousand dollars," he said at last.

"It's yours; it's a bargain," replied Gleason, warmly; and without a moment's hesitation, as he opened his valise, took out writing-materials, and placed them on the table.

"I—I was joking; I meant two thousand," whimpered the old man.

Gleason caught him by both shoulders, and pushed him down into a chair.

"You'll stick to your first figures, my friend," he said, suggestively, "if you're wise. Now, sir, will you write for me, from my dictation, and walk down-stairs a cool thousand dollars the richer for it, or shall I have the pleasure of throwing you out of my room?"

"I—I think I'll write," gasped Gleason's visitor.

"Exactly. I think you will." He dictated the document; the man wrote it, and signed his name—James Ward. Gleason took out his pocket-book, extracted a huge roll of money, and counted out a thousand dollars—something less than half of what he had. He handed James Ward the money, took the precious bit of paper which made Stephen Ward a free man—*free and a man*—and put it and his remaining money away together.

"You can go now," said Mr. Gleason.

"Yes, sir, I'm going," replied Mr. James Ward, backing out of the door of Gleason's room, and only turning his back on that individual when he had reached the top of the stairs.

"And send Stephen Ward up here, will you?" shouted Gleason after him, a cheerful ring of triumph in his voice.

"No, I won't," growled the man over his shoulder; "I'm glad to say I've nothing more to do with him. If you want him, come down and get him yourself."

Mr. Horace Gleason acted on Mr. Ward's suggestion, and much more swiftly and silently than the vindictive old fellow had suspected. Entering the hotel-office, close behind his foe, Gleason was just in season to spring forward and catch the hand that was aiming a wicked blow at Stephen Ward's face.

"You let him alone—hereafter," commanded Gleason.

The man laughed uneasily.

"I suppose I must," he said, snarlingly; "I suppose I must. I'll try to remember to keep my hands off your property. Make the most of your bargain, my friend; I've cheated you worse than I ever cheated any other man. A thousand dollars—ha! ha! ha! A thousand dollars!"

He shook his handful of bank-bills at the half-dozen men in the office, bowed mockingly to Gleason, and went out.

Gleason laid his hand on Stephen's shoulder. He pointed toward the open office-door, and the stair-way beyond. The young man, used to obeying, and vaguely comprehending that there had been a change of masters in his case, obeyed without a word.

And so—started by the imaginative individuals who had seen the dramatic little episode in the hotel-office—encouraged and added to by every one who heard it—Riverdell had a sensation to talk of that morning, a sensation the magnitude of which almost overshadowed the recent murder mystery. Some one had sent for Stephen Ward—Stephen Ward, the despised and dishonored outcast—and the man who had come had found it wise and

proper to pay no less than a thousand dollars for the privilege of taking the young man away with him.

* * * * *

Mr. Gleason came directly to the point when he was once in his room with Stephen Ward, and the door closed and locked. It may be that he was the more anxious to tell all exactly as it was—since the scene in the room below. It is not impossible that he had quite changed his plans regarding the character of this coming interview within less than a quarter of an hour.

"I am a detective," he said, gravely, and without any preface or explanation, "and I am here to examine into the murder of the late Mr. Elveys. I understand you found him, first; the morning after the murder?"

He paused. The lad looked at him. He looked at the boy. Ward made no answer.

Horace Gleason had a good opportunity, now, and a long one, in which to study this young man whom he had determined should play a better and a most successful part in the drama of life than it had been his duty to play. Stephen Ward was the one he had seen in church, of course, the one whose utter and hopeless wretchedness had so much impressed him. But here, now, face to face and close at hand, the woe and desolateness seemed deepened and intensified a thousand-fold. A face without hope—a life without a future—a soul with no higher nor better ambition left it than the mad desire to drag others down to as low a level as its own. Gleason almost shuddered. Was it possible that this—this *thing* (he could not call it either man or boy; he hardly dared call it human) sitting opposite him had seen only some eighteen years of this world's sin and sorrow, woe and wretchedness? And was his helping hand too late—too late? Was it true that he could do nothing for this wail? He—he doubted!

God help him! And he had just cut this bark from the wretched shelter of the only haven it had ever known. The sea of human life, with its possible wrecks and its possible triumphs, widened before him. And he had said that the life routes of Etta Elveys and this degraded outcast should be one! God help him!

"I am a detective," he repeated; "did you hear me?"

"I heard you," said the boy.

The man looked at him. And what did he see?

Utter unbelief. A fixed conviction that Gleason was a liar. A firm reliance on any marvelous tale that spiteful gossip might base on what James Ward had said and done in the room down-stairs.

The brain of Horace Gleason fairly reeled; his heart almost stopped; his very soul grew sick and faint within him! There sat the most evil thing he had ever seen in all his life—and ready to accept, silently, and possibly with outward show of gratitude, all the good he intended to do him. But within, there would be neither belief nor gratitude; in his heart Stephen Ward would believe that his benefactor was a craven and a coward—and that all he received was less than his natural right.

"But—but—there is no going back," groaned Gleason.

No, Horace Gleason, there is no going back!

"And there must be a germ of good in him; there must be hope for him; surely I can reform him."

Ah, Horace Gleason, hope thou that, labor for that, pray for that, and, if God be merciful enough to allow you the opportunity, *give your life for that!*

"He loves Etta Elveys; she is pure, good, innocent. No one could love such as she and be utterly lost. When he has married her—"

Oh, Horace Gleason, you can die happy, hopeful, only as you save her from such a fate as that!

Gleason decided, after a little, on abandoning his plan of examining the boy regarding his knowledge of the Elveys murder. That could wait; he had years in which to find out all the truth regarding that—years in which to prepare fitting punishments and rewards. But he must get this other matter over, and soon, or he wouldn't be responsible for what he might do or say.

"Your name is Stephen Ward?" he questioned.

"They call me that," replied the boy, "because Fate gave me into the hands of old Jim Ward."

"And your age?"

"Something over eighteen, I suppose. I've heard it said that I've lived at Jim Ward's for more than eighteen years—more than eighteen years."

"They haven't been happy years?"

The boy's eyes flashed; his face flamed; he half started from the chair in which he sat. Horace Gleason shrank back, genuinely frightened. It was as though a veil had been drawn aside, for a little, from some hideous shape, the outlines of which it had only half revealed before; it was as though a sudden and hideous life had been breathed through a dead shape of horror.

"Happy years? happy?" the lad demanded. "Would you ask a lost soul if he found happiness in hell? The man has beaten me cruelly; I'll show you, sometime, if you like, the scars that I shall carry to my grave with me. He has worked me beyond my powers; you cannot understand it all, I presume, but strained and sore muscles, distorted joints, and a dwarfed and undersized and misshapen body—you can surely understand that?"

"I—I don't know. You're small, to be sure, but time will remedy that."

"Never. I haven't grown any for more than three years."

"And misshapen? I don't see——"

"You will see, if you know me in the years to come. I don't bend much now; I'm not so very stoop-shouldered to-day—not so very crooked this morning. But it's growing on me, growing every day, growing fast, growing—*growing*—GROWING!"

"I hope not."

"Do you. I might almost thank you, were I sure you meant it, if it were not for the fact that I know your good wishes come too late—too late. And—and please don't interrupt me now; if you must hear the story of my life with Jim Ward, let me tell it in my own way, and get it over with."

"Very well. Go on."

"He's exposed me, pitilessly, to the rays of the burning sun in Summer—on breathless days when he and his animals and his hired men lay panting in the hot shade. He's let me suffer and freeze in the icy horror of Winter. He has made me sleep in his barns, herd with his beasts. Do you begin to see the sort of fate to which some one consigned me—some *merciful* mother, perhaps, afraid to be honest and live down her shame—some *piti-ful* father, possibly, so selfish as to care for no one but himself?"

"And your chances to learn—to know——"

A harsh oath fell from the livid lips of the lad.

"Education? knowledge?" he moaned. "Only God knows how I have longed for it, hungered for it, thirsted for it. He let me go to school for three months, one Winter, and I learned faster than any other pupil in the building. Think of it—I was promoted, from grade to grade, *twice* in that time. Why he let me go, since he let me go no longer, I do not know, and I cannot guess. Perhaps it was because he had sense enough to see that he had a new chance for cruelty in so doing; perhaps it

was his sure, slow way in which to take vengeance on me for something I had done—or left undone. I say *vengeance*; it is the only word truth will let me use. Of course I was careless, heedless, forgetful—as what boy is not? Of course I was mean and malignant, as any one would have been, under the circumstances. But I was not mean or careless in school. I loved my books; I loved my teachers; I loved all the bright and good and beautiful things of life to which school seemed the open-door-way. And he gave me only a taste—only a taste.”

“But at home—after that—”

Again the boy let a hot oath hiss across his quivering lips.

“Must I tell you that? Must you know all? It is

Stephen Ward's eyes filled with tears. But there was no hope in expression or posture; the flood that fell over his thin cheeks seemed no more—and no less—than a thankless tribute to a dead past—a past lying in a tomb too strong to be opened again by any hands, however cunning and strong.

“Don't speak to me like that,” he cried; “I—I cannot bear it. I loved my books once, but I think I should hate them now. Once, I revered my teachers; now I believe I should despise them. Once I was quiet—orderly—truthful; now I have no doubt I should waste my time in planning how mean and wicked I could be. There was a time when I could learn—learn rapidly. Now I fear I have no powers left—none at all.”



APRIL SHOWERS BRING MAY FLOWERS.

hard—hard. Since then, I have had almost no chance. My master has never bought a book for me; I have never had money of my own with which to buy books, or anything else. He has only grudgingly and complainingly allowed me sometimes to borrow one. There has been no time for me to read and study by daylight; there has been no place for me, at night, by the light. On Sunday, I have had to attend church, instead of getting a few hours for the acquisition of something true—in place of the fables and falsities of religion. No; I have gained nothing since those twelve happy weeks—nothing—nothing. Indeed, I have lost—lost—only lost.”

“But, my boy, in the future—”

“Do you know, boy, that you are free from James Ward forever? Do you know that I purchased your freedom from him this morning?”

“I guessed it, from what I saw and heard in the room below. *Why did you do it?* And have I only changed masters? Am I bound to do your bidding now?”

“You have not changed masters, simply; you have gained freedom—*freedom* in every sense of the word. You can do what you will, go where you will, as freely as any man in all the world. You need not do my bidding; I have no control whatever over you; you are not even compelled to accept my advice.”

(To be continued.)



BY MARY TITCOMB.

THE opening, last summer, of the Glasgow International Exhibition, awakened fresh interest in the great, bustling, smoky city on the banks of the Clyde. Perhaps no other country, considering its size and resources, has made such rapid progress in useful industries as Scotland has during the last half-century. Yet the people have been in no haste to array before the world the results of their sturdy energy and enterprise. They have waited in the background. But in this Exhibition, the details of which were planned with care and executed with liberal expenditure, the wonderful progress of the Scotch was apparent in manufactures, ship-building, mining, agriculture, fishery and numberless other industries, as well as in the fine arts. The handsome Exhibition building, in Moorish style of architecture; the spacious and picturesque grounds, including a portion of the West-end Park Gardens, intersected by the pretty little River Kelvin; the bit of Old Glasgow represented in the reproduction of the Bishop's Palace on the sloping banks of the Kelvin; and the archaeological treasures freely loaned by the oldest families in Scotland—all these things give hints of progressive change in matters of taste and feeling, quite distinct from the industrial arts.

Glasgow is a handsome city—although, in the estimation of travelers, it suffers in comparison with picturesque Edinburgh. Located amid the most beautiful natural scenery, well-laid-out, wide streets running through the newer portions, and handsome mansions outside the business sections; with fine parks, a world-renowned university, and a cathedral teeming with historic associations—this great commercial metropolis, with all its glowing, smoky, noisy industries, and its sturdy, enterprising people, is full of interest.

The visitor of to-day who looks upon this city, the second in size in Great Britain, can scarcely bring imagination to picture the quaint, shabby old town that, in the seventeenth century, straggled down from the cathedral to Trongate and Saltmarket. Looking back still further—some thirteen centuries, if we can so strain our vision—we may see St. Kentigern, otherwise known as St. Mungo, the patron saint, and first Bishop of Glasgow, building a rude church on the banks of Molendinar Burn—the same little stream that bounds the entrance to the modern Necropolis.

The story of Kentigern is so mingled with fable that it is difficult to know what fragments are authentic; but there is no reason for supposing the accounts of him to be wholly false. Tradition says he was descended from a British king, and born about 527. He was educated at

the Cistercian settlement of Culross. It is related that Servanus, the old bishop at Culross, was much attached to him, and used to address him by the familiar appellation, *Munchu*—a word of Welch derivation, meaning *dear friend*. This name in process of time changed to *Mungu*, and finally to *Mungo*; so that Kentigern became popularly known as "St. Mungo."

There is a legend that when Kentigern first came to Strathclyde—the name by which the country round about Glasgow was then known—he lodged in the cell of a holy man named Furgus, who died soon after his arrival. The body was placed on a car to which two wild bulls were yoked, and Kentigern commanded them to draw it to such place as God should direct them. A great crowd followed the animals as they quietly carried the body to Cathures, by which name the particular locality on which Glasgow is built was then known, and stopped near a forsaken cemetery. Here the remains of Furgus were buried, and over the very spot of his interment the south transept of the cathedral was built in later years. However much of this legend is true, an aisle in the crypt dedicated to "Furgus" was mentioned in the records of the Kirk Sessions as late as 1648, when it was set apart as a burial-place for ministers.

The fame of St. Kentigern increased, and pilgrims came from afar to see and hear him. Gradually a little settlement grew up; for the country around was pleasant, and salmon were abundant in the Clyde and Molendinar. Soon after Kentigern was made bishop, hostilities between the Britons and Saxons compelled him to flee to North Wales for safety. On returning, he and his followers took up their abode near the spot where, some centuries later, the cathedral was erected.

From the death of good St. Mungo, in 606, until the beginning of the twelfth century, little is recorded concerning the local history of Glasgow; but for centuries thereafter the city was ruled by bishops, who were lords temporal as well as lords spiritual.

The revolutions in Scotland between the time of Kentigern and King David caused so much confusion that all traces of the church had well-nigh disappeared; but about 1120 the see was restored, and in 1197 the present cathedral was consecrated. Many of the bishops were men of learning and taste; but the city magistrates were appointed under them, and the people were mere vassals. Glasgow had not even the semblance of independence until about 1560. Even when it became a royal burgh, in 1636, the change did not bring freedom, for many rights were reserved. The people grew restive

under such servitude; and the way was paved for them to take an active part in the Revolution. When, in 1690, the city was declared free by royal charter, with power to choose its own municipal officers, it acquired for the first time an independent existence.

It is curious to note the changes in the name of this city on the Clyde. The earliest spelling on record is *Glaschu*. On the seal of the chapter used in 1180 it was *Glasqu*. In 1297 it was written *Glasgeu* and *Glascu*; in 1324, *Glasgw*; and in 1419, *Gleschw*. The meaning of the word is *the dear green place*.

There are some interesting fragments of history respecting the armorial insignia of the city. On a stone built into the wall of the old Tron Church the arms are pictured, with the date 1592. At a very early period a seal had been appended to public documents, the earliest one known dating back to 1280. It bears only the representation of the head of St. Mungo. Later on, a fish, a bird on a branch, and a bell, were added—these symbols being significant of various miracles said to have been performed by the patron saint. The bell, however, has an authentic history; for it is considered certain that Kentigern brought to Glasgow a bell which was long used in the altar services. It was not a church-bell, of course—was probably only a few inches high, triangular in form, and made of bronze—a small “tinkling bell,” suited to cathedral services. Bells being held in great veneration anciently, this relic was carefully preserved. Mention is made in 1509 of “Sanct. Mongowis bell.” After the spoliation of the cathedral, at the time of the Reformation, this bell fell into the hands of two citizens, who, a few years afterward, brought it to the magistrate of Glasgow. It is mentioned in the town records of 1577; and again in 1590, when a charge was made of two shillings for “one tong to St. Mongowis bell.” A work published in 1631 speaks of “Kentigern’s bell, which is preserved in Glasgow at the present day.” In 1640 the authorities of Glasgow ordered a new bell to be made, which was, doubtless, modeled after the old one; but from that time all trace of the ancient bell of good St. Mungo was quite lost.

From time to time the city’s arms were varied, but always retaining the bell, the bird and branch, and the salmon with the ring in its mouth. The present motto, “Let Glasgow flourish,” is an abbreviated form of the inscription on the bell in the steeple of Tron Church (1592): “Let Glasgow flourish through the preaching of the Word and praising Thy Name.”

The substantial buildings peculiar to the Glasgow of to-day contrast strongly with the rough, flimsy structures—mainly of wood—which adorned the old city before the fatal fire of 1652. Afterward the magistrates endeavored to encourage the people to erect better houses. Some specimens of old-style buildings may still be seen in Saltmarket. No special improvement appeared until toward the middle of the eighteenth century, when many handsome stone edifices were erected. In 1751 a riotous mob destroyed the house of a Mr. Campbell, M. P. for Glasgow, for which damages were awarded him to the amount of £9,000—which indicates the value of some private houses of that day.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, Glasgow had gained a certain position and importance from its great cathedral and renowned University. The magnificent Gothic structure, erected near the close of the twelfth century, in the place of the earlier cathedral, destroyed by fire, has always been the pride of Glasgow, and, indeed, of all Scotland. During the frenzy of the Reformation it was threatened with utter destruction,

and it was not fully restored until the present century. The wonderful crypt, with its sixty-five pillars, among which every visitor strives to find the identical one from behind which “Rob Roy’s” mysterious warning issued, and the gorgeously beautiful memorial windows, which give a pictured history of important events recorded in the Old and New Testaments, are features of special interest. Close by the cathedral once stood the Archbishop’s Palace, which has been so carefully reproduced on the grounds of the International Exhibition. Not a fragment of the original building remains, but drawings of it have been preserved which served as a model. The Royal Infirmary now occupies the old site.

On the summit of Gilmour Hill, overlooking the city, stands the magnificent University building, opened in 1870. This institution, founded in 1453, has long been a noted literary centre. The old College, on High Street, which for centuries gathered men of thought and learning, having outlived its original purpose, is now converted into a railway-station. The new edifice is most thoroughly equipped for its work, as its imposing appearance would indicate.

During the last century a remarkable cluster of eminent men gave fame to the University. As they did not seclude themselves, but mingled freely with the mercantile classes, their peculiar characteristics, their virtues, their faults and their foibles became well known. Moreover, at this period Glasgow was famous for the number and variety of its social clubs, in which congenial spirits, under some significant or fanciful name, met for pleasure, patriotism, or interchange of religious or literary thought. Soon after the Rebellion of 1745, Professor Robert Simson founded the noted “Anderson Club,” so called from a village near Glasgow, where its meetings were held. Nearly all the University professors became members of this club.

A curious anecdote is related of Professor Simson, who was a great mathematician. He was accustomed, when walking outside the college-walls, to note each step numerically, and was never put out of his reckoning, but would keep on repeating the mystic number even when interrupted. One day, while going to the club, counting his steps as usual, just as he reached the number 573, he met a stranger, who said: “I beg pardon; one word, if you please.” “Most happy,” responded the professor—“573.” “Nay,” rejoined the gentleman; “merely *one* question.” “Well?” said the professor, inquiringly—“573.” “You are really too polite,” said the stranger; “but to decide a bet, may I ask if the late Dr. B—— did not leave £500 to each of his nieces?” “Precisely,” replied Professor Simson—“573.” “There were only four nieces, were there?” asked the stranger. “Exactly,” returned the mathematician—“573.”

The stranger stared at the professor as if he were a madman, and muttering to himself “573,” bowed and passed on. The professor, suddenly perceiving his mistake, hastily called after him, taking one more step forward: “No, sir; *four*, to be sure—574.”

At another time when Professor Simson was pacing his way along, a friend stopped to ask after his health. “Stay,” said the man of figures; “put your foot *there*”—indicating the spot—“1260. Now, sir, what is it?”

Dr. Adam Clarke, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University, was one of the absent-minded dreamers of that period. He lived a life apart from outward things. Even on Sunday, in the midst of solemn services, he was often seen to smile at some “far, far-away thought”—a breach of Sabbath decorum peculiarly obnoxious in those days.

There was one Professor MacLaurin, who seems to have carried off the prize for absent-mindedness. Once, when meeting an acquaintance in the street, he put to him the startling question: "Thomas, is your name John?" One evening, when sitting quietly at home, his eye fell on a canister on the side-board, upon which were the letters, "Tea." He gazed absently at the word, which grew more and more mystical under his silent scrutiny. Finally he began spelling it aloud, "T-e-a—tea;" then dividing it, "Te-a"—but in vain. No idea of its meaning came to relieve him. "John," said he, earnestly, turning to his son-in-law, "what Greek word is that?"

Dr. Gillies, whose writings have won him a wide reputation, was a man of much humor. On one occasion he entered into a literary contest with John Taylor, a gifted poet, in writing what were termed "nonsense verses." Taylor won the "leaden crown"—as Professor Hamilton, who awarded the prize, said he discovered "something like an idea in one of Dr. Gillies's lines."

The eminent Dr. John Moore, father of Sir John Moore, was a member of what was known as the "Hodge-podge Club"—a sort of literary society, in which whist, hot suppers and jollity were intermingled. He wrote a descriptive poem—never wholly printed—which opens thus:

"A club of good fellows each fortnight employ
An evening in laughter, good humor and joy;
In this club there's a mixture of nonsense and sense,
And the name of 'Hodge-podge' they have taken from
thence."

James Sheridan Knowles was one of the literary knights of the "Coul Club," and under the fanciful title of "Sir Jeremy Jingle" often delighted his associates with story, speech or song."

Among numerous others were the "Morning and Evening Club," the "Beefsteak Club," the "Meridian Club," the "What You Please Club," and the "Accidental Club," of which it was humorously said: "Whether the appellation arose from its members being only by accident present, or never by any accident absent; whether from their accidentally becoming gay upon ale, or accidentally keeping sober upon toddy; or whether from their accidentally stealing softly home to bed, or accidentally being carried riotous to the Laigh Kirk Session House—none can now tell."

As there were rigid restrictions in some directions, in those days, so great license was allowed in other directions. The "Grog Club" kept up its courage by deep potations. Indeed, in the earlier periods of Glasgow's history, "tippling" at all times of day, and drinking to excess in afternoon and evening, were common practices among all classes. It was an age of deep drinking. No business was settled except over the toddy-bottle or punch-bowl. But the greatest strictness in observing Sunday was enforced. Nobody must walk about town during public service, for officials were appointed to arrest any such reckless truants. And musical instruments in churches were forbidden. One Scottish divine tried the experiment of a small organ in his church. The people were pleased—but not the presbytery; and the minister was brought into court for his daring innovation. Afterward a curious caricature of him, as a strolling musician, with an organ strapped to his back, was carried about the streets of Glasgow.

Although its venerable Cathedral and time-honored University gave glory to Glasgow, its chief importance has sprung from the wealth and industries created by its vast mineral resources and its noble River Clyde, through

the energy and enterprise of its people. Glasgow is the centre of an enormous coal and iron field. But in 1700 the sturdy shepherds who wandered over the lonely tracks of Lanarkshire had no idea of the riches that lay buried beneath the bog and moor-land. They never dreamed of the dark collieries that in future years would dot the country round about; of the mighty furnaces which would lighten up the whole horizon; or of the busy hives of human toil that would supplant the wilderness. The Clyde of that day was a mere mill-stream, but little more than three feet deep at high water; and, of course, Glasgow had no commerce.

The famous Broomielaw was then a long stretch of river-bank, covered with the golden blossoms of the beautiful *broom*, of which no relic now remains except the name. Some twenty miles below the city was Port Glasgow, from which point the merchants obtained their goods as best they might, and sent away salmon and herring to such extent as was possible. Attempts were made to deepen the Clyde below the Broomielaw about 1740, but nothing permanent was accomplished. Meanwhile the tobacco trade sprang up, and Glasgow was the chief emporium of "the weed" for the whole Empire. The "tobacco lords," as they were called, assumed the air of princes, pompously arrayed themselves in scarlet cloaks, curled wigs, cocked hats, and flourishing gold-headed canes, they strutted about the streets with an absurd assumption of superiority.

These merchant grandees sometimes met their match in customers who were not to be overawed by any supercilious airs of the "tobacco lords," who sought to draw their own lines of social distinction.

One Robert MacNair, a shrewd, eccentric grocer, of large fortune, made himself quite noted by his uncomplaining ways. A sign above his shop bore the names of "R. MacNair & Jane Holmes, his wife," and all business was conducted by the joint firm. Having once purchased a valuable piece of land at auction, and being asked for the usual security, MacNair replied: "I have no security. Jane Holmes is not here, but here is her pouch," throwing down a capacious pocket, such as was worn by the "gude" wives of that day. It was filled with money, and he paid on the spot.

He once invited all the principal merchants to dine with him, and being such a good customer of theirs, most of them felt bound to accept. When dinner was served, nothing but herring and potatoes appeared on the table. The surprised guests looked rather blank, but when all were helped and about to begin eating, Robert said: "Gentlemen, this is the way I made my money. I will now show you how I can spend it." And he led the way to another room, where was a table spread with all the delicacies of the season and the choicest wines.

This same Robert was engaged in sundry litigations. One day a case which had long been pending was called to trial. "Where is your counsel, Mr. MacNair?" said the judge. "My lord," was the reply, "I have no counsel. This cause has been twenty-one years in court, and is now of age and able to take care of itself."

The American war shattered the tobacco trade; but meanwhile, scores of industries had taken root in Glasgow and the surrounding country, growing slowly, but surely, nourished by the unflagging enterprise of the people. Leading business men were early risers in those days, punctual in keeping their appointments and sternly honest. Mr. Carrack, one of the most successful bankers of Scotland, who had realized an immense fortune by his own industry and good management, might have

been seen at 6 A.M. at work upon his books with his clerks. His promissory bank-notes had circulation all over Scotland. and were humorously called "Carrack on in narrow lanes and small, overcrowded houses. The streets were badly lighted, often not at all, and it was the custom for a servant—like Mattie, the maid of Bailie



THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

the Promises." In the Highlands they were preferred to gold or silver. This was about 1775. At this period the habits of the masses of the people were simple and unostentatious. The old town was poorly built, abounding

Nicol Jarvie—to go before any one of the family who went out of an evening, carrying a small lantern.

But the lack of a navigable river continued to hamper Glasgow. No vessel of any size could approach the city.

Cargoes were unloaded at Port Glasgow; and a man would have been thought insane who, in 1788, had predicted that in the nineteenth century foreign ships of the largest size would deposit their freight on Glasgow quays, and that the insignificant little Clyde should become the great centre of British ship-building. When once the resolute Scotch had determined to make Glasgow a commercial city, no obstacles disheartened them. Millions of pounds have been expended, and, with incredible labor, the Clyde has been converted into a great tidal river, with a magnificent harbor, although constant dredging is still necessary to prevent its lapsing into its former condition.

The University, in the interest of science and commerce, lent its aid to James Watt; and his little model of the steam-engine, designed within the college-walls, is still preserved as one of the treasures of that institution. And now, from the lofty bridge at the head of the Broomielaw, looking down the Clyde, one sees stately ships of every nation; and the distant thud of the ship-builder's hammer speaks of the great trade to which Glasgow owes so much of its celebrity.

We glance over the New Glasgow, and what a change has a century wrought! True, it is now a smoky city; how could it be otherwise, with its innumerable manufactories, its furnaces and its iron foundries, which at night illumine the country for miles around? Perhaps there is no larger establishment of the kind in the world than St. Rollox Chemical Works; and its monster chimney, 455 feet high, is one of the sights of Glasgow.

The new city has, in a measure, swallowed up the old one, although Buchanan Street is a sort of dividing-line between the ancient and modern town. Among the busiest streets—which

HELVINGROVE PARK, AND THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.



are near the river, of course—Argyle, which extends to the famous old Trongate, is the chief. Farther up, the straight, broad thoroughfares are lined with very handsome buildings, mainly constructed of light-colored sandstone. Through Sauchiehall Street we reach the fashionable quarter, where the Kelvingrove, or West-end Park, borders the university-grounds, affording a beautiful prospect, reaching far away from the town to the Highlands. Long lines of fine buildings and pleasure-gardens, here, show the wealth and taste of the merchant princes of Glasgow. Other public parks—Queen's, Alexandra and Green—and the Botanic Gardens afford pleasant resorts for the people.

In the eastern part of the city, near the cathedral, rising, apparently, above the ancient cemetery, and approached by a handsome bridge spanning the Molen-dinar Burn, is the Necropolis—a remarkable-looking burial-ground, which is frequented as a park. Its terraced slopes and its high, winding avenues afford fine views, and some of its monuments are of peculiar historic interest.

Among the important changes wrought during the present century are improvements in the abodes of the poor. In some of the great thoroughfares of Old Glasgow—High Street, Saltmarket, Trongate and Gallowgate—the population was so densely crowded that whole districts were simply dark, foul breeding-places of disease and crime. Most of these plague-spots have been blotted out, the wretched buildings torn down, and comparatively wholesome homes provided for the people. When this work is fully completed, the dismal parts of the old town will be wholly transformed. The sanitary condition of the City of Glasgow has also been greatly improved by an abundant supply of pure water, brought from Loch Katrine.

Glasgow south of the Clyde is almost a separate city. The river is crossed by ferries and by handsome bridges, of which the Broomielaw or Glasgow Bridge, the Victoria, the Albert and the Suspension Bridges are chief. The Clyde itself is part of Glasgow—essential to its commercial life, essential to its pleasure. No city in all Great Britain affords such convenient access to scenes of exquisite natural beauty as Glasgow. The "coast," as it is familiarly called, abounds in attractions, and from the Broomielaw, in "the season," some of the finest river steamers in the world start on their daily trips. From the smoky, murky city, where in Winter are crowded the busy, bustling inhabitants, to that *other Glasgow*, "*down the water*," all, who by any means can escape, rush in search of pleasure when Summer comes. The prosperous merchant thinks nothing of a trip of sixty miles twice a day, to rest in some picturesque watering-place, where his family are domesticated for three or four months.

A most delightful sail it is from the Broomielaw Harbor, down the river, through the Firth of Clyde and the pretty lochs that line the coast, to Helensburgh, Kilm, Dunoon, Rothesay, or some of the many Summer resorts scattered all along the shore. The great shipping-yards extend on both sides the river, clear down to Greenock; and if the sound of the builder's hammer falls too heavily on the ear, it serves but to remind us that much of the beauty and prosperity all around is due to the famous Clyde-built ships.

It is the construction of these fine ocean steam-ships which has given the impulse to the iron industries in all this neighborhood. This deepened and widened river it is which has started thousands of spindles and keeps in operation scores of foundries and factories, not in Glasgow alone, but throughout all Lanarkshire and

adjacent counties. To these mechanical industries, coupled with Scottish enterprise, the world is indebted, not merely for the important direct results in a commercial point of view, but for the opening of grand and picturesque routes through the bold and beautiful Western Highlands of Scotland.

THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS AND THEIR LIQUEUR.

THE Carthusian monks have always been secure in the protection of the French Government, no matter what its complexion might have been. Other religious Orders have been expelled from time to time, but the Chartreuse monks have never had occasion to fear the wrath of the powers that be. They annually turn in \$250,000 to the French Exchequer, and the profits of their *liqueur* are distributed in charities in which they could use more than they receive. Their secret no one has been ever able to reach, although time and money have been wasted in the effort. Experiments without number have been made, but they were as futile as the search to discover the mysteries of the polar regions—the freezing presence of an iceberg being nothing to the air of chilliness with which the monks have always treated the investigator. There are, it is said, about fifty different plants used in the preparation of the *liqueur*. Each monk has his own grounds to cultivate, his own workshop to himself, and in them he pursues his daily manual occupations, without conversation with any one, and alone to his self-communings.

A visit to the Grand Chartreuse many desire to pay, but none is privileged to do so. When the early monks were given the lauds now occupied by the Order, Chartreuse was a desert. The place is not very cheering to-day, and the ten-mile ride away to the north of Grenoble runs through dreary roads that take six hours to traverse. The monastery is seated on a height in a narrow valley, with a rugged cliff on each side. The distillery is situated lower down than the monastery, and there the preliminary work of the monks is converted into the famous liquid, under the direction of a lay brother who has a large number of common laborers under his superintendence. No visitor is allowed to remain within the walls of the institution more than forty-eight hours, and ladies are never admitted, and can only look on the buildings as they appear from the Convent of the Sisters of Providence, near by. The rules of the Order have never been changed, and they are so strict that any priest or monk can be relieved of his vows to enter the Order, but a Carthusian cannot secure translation to any other organization of the Church.

The Carthusian Order was founded by St. Bruno, in 1084. Its founder believed that manual labor was more healthy to relieve the long hours of contemplation than other unprofitable exercise. The monks are never allowed to eat meat, and fish cannot be eaten except when given as alms. Eggs and cheese are their food on two days, pulse and boiled herbs on three others, and bread and water on Wednesday and Friday. One meal a day is the only allowance, except on feasts of the double class, and this they eat in their lonely cells. They sleep on sheetless beds, and are awakened twice during the night to recite their office. Rough hair-shirts are worn next their skin, and when they die they are laid in the grave without anything between them and the clay but the robes they wore in life. A single cross marks their graves, no name being engraved thereon. Strange to say, nearly all the monks die of old age.

IT COULD NOT HAPPEN NOW.

BY F. LANGEBRIDGE.

ERE country ways had turned to street,
 And long ere we were born,
 A lad and lass would chance to meet,
 And often she'd neglect her task;
 The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
 The cowslips nodded gay,
 And he would look, and she would look,
 And both would look away.
 Yet each—and this is so absurd—
 Would dream about the other,
 And she would never breathe a word
 To that good dame, her mother.
 Our girls are wiser now.
 'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
 Extremely strange, you must allow;
 Dear me! how modes and customs change!
 It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass
 Would rearrange her hair,
 And ponder long before the glass
 Which bow she ought to wear;
 "Why do you blush like that?"
 And seldom care to chat,
 And make her mother frown, and ask,
 "Why do you blush like that?"
 And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
 That mead with cowslips yellow,
 Down which she'd met, a week ago,
 That stupid, staring fellow.
 Our girls are wiser now.
 'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
 Extremely strange, you must allow.
 Dear me! how modes and customs change!
 It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
 He'd hardly close an eye,
 And look so woe-begone and sad,
 He'd make his mother cry.
 "He goes," she said, "from bad to worse!"
 My boy so blithe and brave,
 Last night I found him writing verse
 About a lonely grave!"
 And lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
 With laugh, and song, and caper;
 And there!—she'd find a golden lock
 Wrapped up in tissue-paper.
 Our boys are wiser now.

THE OWLS' REVENGE.

A TALE OF BIRDS AND MEN.

BY W. WARDE FOWLER.

CHAPTER I.

In May all woods are beautiful; but of all the woods I know, there is none on which the month of bluebells so freely lavishes her delights as on the ancient and unkempt Wood of Truerne. The blue carpet, spread in every clearing, the gray-green oak-stems rising softly out of the blue, the fleecy clouds of Spring, seen gently moving eastward through the ruddy young leaves overhead, can never be forgotten by any one who has rambled here for a whole May morning. No trim park-paling shuts in Truerne Wood; its outskirts are set about, in these sweet Spring days, with an untidy maze of "Whitening edges and uncrumpling fern," with stretches of gorse and trailing bramble, with dense thickets of black-thorn where the nightingale builds his nest and sings unheeded. It is all this wild setting of the woodland, as well as the freedom of the wood itself, that makes it so dear to such of its human neighbors as love quiet and

solitude, as well as to the birds and beasts that find home and happiness in its shelter.

Of the few human beings who haunted it some years ago, old Oliver, the woodman, was the only one to whom it had wholly yielded up its secrets; and when, one day, he was found under his favorite old oak-tree, wrapped in a slumber from which there was no awakening, we felt that the good *genius* of the wood had vanished, leaving no successor. But on the morning of that 16th day of May, on which my story begins and ends, old Oliver was still vigorous, and had risen at daybreak in order to finish his work early. He meant to set forward about midday for the neighboring town on the hill, for it was fair-day—or "club," as we call it in these parts—at Northstow, and he wished once more to buy a fairing for the rheumatic old wife sitting by the chimney-corner at home.

He is sitting and eating his dinner, at the foot of his favorite oak, which is separated by a few yards of bluebells and undergrowth from one of the grassy rides, or "lights" (as we call them), which intersect the wood and let sunshine and fresh air into its tangled depths. It is his favorite tree, partly because its gray-lichened stem divides on one side, as it nears the ground, into two big root-branches which leave a comfortable space between them—a mossy arm-chair of which he only knows the comfort who has toiled since daybreak without ceasing—and partly because the tree is old, as old as the Abbey of Truerne, which once stood under the shadow of the wood in the meadows below; and because it is hollow enough to be the home of a family of brown owls, whose ancestors had been tenants of the wood long before the monks became its owners. These owls were some of Oliver's best friends. He seldom saw them, nor they him; but, boy and man, he had known them for more than half a century, and knew them well to be discreet and quiet creatures, who did no harm and gave no trouble to any one but vermin. There was a silent, mysterious sageness about their ways, which suited well with the old man's humor.

As he sat there, eating and resting, the silence of the wood was broken by the sudden squeak of a pig, and half turning his face in the direction of the ride, Oliver saw an uplifted sapling descend on the back of the squeaker, who raised his piteous voice again, and rushed onward down the path with his companions. They were followed by the owner of the sapling, a tall man, in a long, greasy coat of a yellowish color. His face was fat and ruddy, and out of it there looked two small cunning eyes, which followed the movements of his pigs to right and left with merciless swiftness. It was the kind of face which men seem to acquire who spend their lives in driving pigs and driving bargains, and who are ever bullying animals and browbeating their fellow-men. Close at his heels was another smaller man, a little wizened, discontented farmer, whom Mr. Pogson, with his natural imperativeness, had pressed into his service in driving his pigs to Northstow Fair. An umbrella, as decrepit as the farmer himself, was the weapon he used, without much energy, whenever an unfortunate porker chanced to stray in his direction.

Oliver kept very quiet as they passed. He did not like Pogson, and had no respect for Weekes, the little farmer. At last they had disappeared down the ride, and after sitting awhile longer, listening to the sibilant notes of the wood-wren overhead, and watching the squirrels and the nut-hatches, who were fellow-owners of the tree opposite to him, he rose with something of a sigh—for he was unwilling to exchange the quiet wood for the

noise and worry of the fair—and stepped into the bridle-path to set out on his walk.

“Are ye ganging to the fair, Oliver, ye lonesome auld

“Ay,” said Oliver, simply ; and they walked on side by side, Mr. McNab’s serious gray eyes glancing here and there through the wood, and Oliver’s earnest and rather



GLASGOW.—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—SEE PAGE 593.

dog ?” said a grave but friendly voice, in a Scotch accent. It was the voice of Mr. McNab, the keeper, who, without his gun and in his best velveteen, was on his way to look out for a spaniel-puppy or two to fill vacant places.

wistful gaze kept steadily on the bluebells at his feet, as was his wont when walking. Neither of them was a man of many words or many friends ; nor had they spoken to each other half a dozen times a year since the Scotchman

came into the neighborhood. Yet each of them felt, as they went along, that he had a reasonable man beside him.

CHAPTER II.

It was high tide at Northstow Fair: the broad, sloping street was crowded with pens of sheep and pigs, and resounded with the noises of oppressed animals, with the loud voices of their tyrants, and with the hideous braying of the organs which, of late years, have added new attractions to the merry-go-rounds. Old Oliver, soon wearied of the crowd and the hubbub, had bought his wife's new shawl early, and was about to turn his steps homeward, when it occurred to him that it would be as well, if circumstances were favorable, to get a shave before leaving.

The Northstow barber had a double shop, one window of which was decorated with his own wigs and perfumery, while the other showed caps and bonnets, and was the domain of the milliner, his wife. As Oliver passed this latter window and was about to step into the shop, his eye caught the well-known form of an owl—a young one, perched in an uneasy attitude on a lady's hat. He stopped to look at it, and then discovered a placard, conspicuously placed just underneath the hat, and bearing the following inscription:

WANTED AT ONCE, BY A LONDON FIRM,
ONE THOUSAND OWLS!

The old fellow stood rooted to the pavement, spelling



GLASGOW.—GATE-WAY OF OLD COLLEGE REBUILT.

out this placard again and again. What could it mean? And what the owl on the lady's hat? As he lingered, two men came up behind him, and there jarred suddenly on his senses the loud, coarse voice of Mr. Pogson, already a little thickened by frequent glasses of ale and brandy.

"Wanted, one thousand h'owls!" spelt out Mr. Pogson, slowly. "How much apiece, now? There be scores on 'em in Truerne, be'n't there, Oliver, eh?"

"Ay, there be brown uns in the wood, and white uns in my barn and in Highfield Church tower," said the feeble voice of Mr. Weekes, the farmer.

At this moment the barber, relieved for a moment from his duties, came out on his door-step to enjoy the cheering sights and sounds of the fair.

"Good-day, Mr. Pogson," he said. "How's the pigs? Coming in for a shave? Low prices in pigs to-day, so I hear tell? Ah, you're looking at that notice? My wife brought it down from town yesterday. There's a chance for making money, now!"

"What do they want 'em for?" said Mr. Weekes.

"What do they give for 'em, you mean," said Mr. Pogson, with some contempt.

"What do they want 'em for?" answered the barber, shirking Mr. Pogson's question. "Why, you haven't got any pretty daughters, Mr. Weekes, or you'd know that by this time. Look at that there owl on the bonnet! Why, bless you, 'tis all birds now with the ladies in London—and in the country,



A STREET BY NIGHT.

too, for the matter o' that. Birds on their hats, and birds on their dresses; and a very pretty taste, too, in my opinion. What's prettier, now, than birds? Think of their songs, Mr. Pogson, and all their pretty ways! Why, when you sees 'em a-fluttering about on the ladies' hats in town, you could a'most believe as you was out in the country seeing the little creeters a-flying round you and singing. And now it's all owls, I take it. Such softness o' feathers, you see; such wings, such——"

"But what'll they pay for 'em?" asked Pogson, impatiently, tired of the barber's talk.

"Fancy prices, sir—fancy prices," said the barber; "why, there's a fortun' in that placard. There's birds-o'-paradise selling in town—so my wife tells me—for fifty guineas apiece, and there's king-fishers and wood-peckers fetching a mint o' money. I tell you even blackbirds and such like brings in something, for they dodges 'em up with other birds' wings, or dyes 'em red and green, as pretty as can be. And now here's a run on owls, you see. Can't get enough of 'em. Half a sovereign apiece for the best ones, I think it was she told me. If pigs is down, Mr. Pogson, why, owls is up, you see. Want a shave, then? Come along, gentlemen; I'm free."

"There be scores on 'em in Truerne Wood," said the pig-dealer again to Weekes, as he preceded him into the shop; but catching sight of Oliver, who had shrunk away from the pair, and stood at a little distance riveted by the barber's speech, Mr. Pogson added: "There's that old tree by the ride—Oliver's arm-chair, the Highfield folks calls it. There's owls there now, and young 'uns as well, I'll be bound. Ain't there now, old soft head?" And he made a playful cut at Oliver with his sapling, as he went up the steps.

The old man was seriously alarmed. That these two men would be ready to meddle in the wood for the sake of a few guineas, or even a few shillings, if they had the chance, he knew very well, and the fact of the placard being there on fair-day was quite enough to set all the gun-owners in the neighborhood owl-hunting. As he turned away from the window, he caught sight of the tall form of Mr. McNab sauntering through the fair, and regarding its various follies much as a grown-up man looks at the frolic of a pack of children just let out of school. He went after him quickly, and touched him on the arm.

"Mr. McNab! Mr. McNab!" said he, with earnest and imploring eyes, "there's mischief up there; there's mischief in the barber's shop! There's a placard out for a thousand owls, and they're going to shoot 'em in Truerne Wood!"

"They might do waur," said the keeper, not at all taken aback.

"'Tis hard as Lunnon folk can't leave us alone," continued Oliver, with a rueful face. "They'll cut the wood down next, and burn it for charcoal; I've heard talk on it afore now. But I'll be in my grave before then, if so be as my prayers be granted."

"They winna do that," said the keeper; "dinna fash your sould head with sic notions. And we maunna hae the owls killed oot either, or we'll be owerrun with rats in a year or twa. When the cat's awa—ye ken. But what for is a' this about owls, I wonder? Are they gaun clean doited in Lunnon, then?"

And leaving Oliver, Mr. McNab walked up to the barber's shop, and after looking at the milliner's window, he went in, and did not come out again while Oliver remained within sight.

The old fellow waited awhile, and walked about the

fair; but he saw no more of McNab, and had to turn his face homeward without a word of reassurance. As he passed through the narrow passage, thronged with hard-faced men and boys, which divided the pens of crowded pigs and sheep, it made him wince a little to see Mr. Pogson, his ruddy face still ruddier, and his sunken little eyes sparkling with drink and with unwonted expectations of wealth, cutting at the hind-quarters of his newly bought pigs with the sapling, shouting in a hard voice to greasy friends, and looking at every one who came near him as if they had better mind what they were about. For old Oliver he had a profound contempt; and as the old man passed him, he caught the pig that was nearest him at the moment such a cut with his switch, that its squeaks resounded through the street; it tried to escape over the backs of its fellows, who all, with a loud chorus of squeaking, rushed to the further side of the pen. Which so pleased Mr. Pogson that he turned to the old man with a wink, as if to say, "Now you see the proper way to treat animals." But Oliver had passed on quickly.

CHAPTER III.

OLD Oliver trudged down the road from the little town on the hill, with his fairing under his arm, thinking of his old wife sitting in her chimney-corner, and of the old days when he bought the pretty young farm-servant her first fairing, in that same town and on that very same day in May, some five- and - forty years ago. Straight before him were the Cotswold Hills, and on their slope he could see the spire of Highfield Church, and farther down and nearer was the great dark mass of Truerne Wood, hiding the hamlet where he had lived all his life. The sight of the wood made him think of the owls, and he unconsciously quickened his pace, as if to make haste and see that all was right with them as yet.

Down the long sloping road he went, and then turning off by a bridle-path, passed through another wood—not his, and therefore no place for dallying in—and crossing the river by an old, flood-beaten bridge, took his way, through a wealth of buttercups that gilded his old boots with yellow dust, to the farther side of the water-meadows, where his own beloved wood came down in gentle slopes to the valley. Evening was coming on, and the light was subdued; all was quiet and peaceful, unless a nightingale broke out suddenly in song from a thicket, or the voice of the chiff-chaff rang out from overhead. Over the bluebells the shadows were lengthening, and against their deep blue, as it mingled in the distance with the blue of the sky peeping through the branches, rose the straight and darkening stem of many an ancient tree. What a change from the noise and worry and ill-dealing and cruelty of the fair!

When he came to his own old oak he paused and listened; but no sound was heard but the song of the wood-wren in the higher foliage.

"'Tis all right as yet," he said to himself; "they're not astir so early as this; but maybe they'll be hooting when Pogson and the pigs come along, later, and then they're marked birds—the warrant'll be out against 'em. The Lord deliver them out of the hand of the Philistines," said the old fellow, quite aloud. "I'll get a bit of supper, and come and have a look presently;" and he went on up the ride.

Close behind him was the gamekeeper. Mr. McNab, finding that there were no spaniel-puppies at the fair, had no further reason to stay there; for he had a poor opinion of the people of those parts, and did not care to listen to their stupid talk, or to help them to drink

bad beer. Moreover, during his visit to the barber he had satisfied himself that his domains were really in danger of being invaded by unsportsmanlike clod-hoppers in search of owls; and the more he thought of it, the more impossible it seemed to have fellows like Pogson roaming about in his wood with fire-arms. It was bad enough to have pigs driven through your wood every fair-day, though that could not be helped where there was a right of way for man and beast; but he had reason to suspect Mr. Pogson of still more objectionable practices, and at all times disliked the man as a noisy, bullying lout.

So he had left the fair soon after Oliver, only stopping at a shop in the outskirts of the town to buy a good-sized twist of strong cord. He did not stay to look at the view, or to sit on the bridge and watch the water, or to admire the bluebells, when he came to Truerne Wood. Mr. McNab was a man of a practical mind, and a swift walker; and he had nearly caught up to Oliver when he arrived at the old oak-tree, so that he just heard the old fellow's ejaculation about the Philistines, and then saw his smock-frock retreating up the ride. The Scotchman stopped and watched it disappear.

"You auld Oliver has mair gude sense," he said to himself, "than a' these blathering gowks o' pig-drivers; and he kens his Bible, too! A wee bit too soft—mair backbone, mair backbone! But he's no sae doited as the rest!"

The sun was almost setting, but the owls in the old oak were still silent. "They'll be hooting in an hour or twa," he said, as Oliver had said it before him; and drawing the twist of cord from his pocket, he stepped aside among the bluebells to the oak-tree. Plenty of young ground-ashes were shooting up among the flowers, and with the help of these, and of a low hazel-bush or two, he contrived to fasten the cord in a pretty tight circle round the tree-trunk, at a distance of some half-dozen yards from it, and about a foot and a half from the ground. There being still plenty of the cord, he looked about for a log of wood, and finding one not too heavy, he tied the cord round it, and hoisted it up on a low branch of the big tree, on the side nearest the ride, just balancing it at the junction of one gnarled bough with another, so that a strong pull at the string would easily bring it down. This done, he fastened the other end tightly down to his circle below, and then paused, with a face of extreme gravity, to contemplate his apparatus.

Suddenly his severe features relaxed. There had shot across his memory a certain scene, when, as a bare-legged callant playing on his native braes, he had devised just such a booby-trap to catch another boy, with a view of securing for himself a certain nest in which eggs were about to be laid. The grim features of Mr. McNab relaxed, I say, and in his solitude in the wood he burst out into a hearty, ringing laugh.

"At bairn's work in my auld age! And what wad the dominie say? Wad I be for a crack wi' the tawse, or the knuckle-end of the auld crab-stick at hame, eh!"

Mr. McNab lit his pipe, the better to resume his ordinary composure; and puffing at it with lips which now and then a convulsive movement almost compelled to laughter, he strode away through the wood to his own dwelling on the farther side of it.

CHAPTER IV.

AND now the wood was left once more in profound peace. Since old Oliver passed through it the shadows had grown still longer, and from the west there now

came a flush of sunset through the boughs, turning the blue carpet into one of deeper purple; while against the fading light the great tree-trunks stood up solemnly, slowly blackening as their shadows died away. Here and there a wood-pigeon broke the stillness in the boughs, or a nightingale broke out into a flash of song, and ceased again as suddenly; but the owls in the old tree began to bestir themselves in soft silence, and reserved their hootings until they should have procured a meal for the downy nestlings in the deep, warm hole. But beware, O ye owls and owlets, for the Philistines are at hand, and the warrant of the ladies is out against you!

As the last hues of sunset died away on the Cotswold Hills there came through the wood unlucky little Mr. Weekes; small in person and small in acres; discontented with his dealings at the fair, and with things in general, and ready for any project that might put a pound or two into his pocket without actually endangering his limbs or his liberty. As he passed the great oak, a large creature flew noiselessly over his head in the direction of the tree, and woke up Mr. Weekes's memory, which had been halting in the slough of his discontent.

"Ah, the owls!" he thought. "Half a guinea apiece, did he say? Well, it might be, if there's a run on 'em; and that fellow Pogson said he was coming here first thing to-morrow morning to shoot 'em; but I'll be even with the prosperous fat brute."

Mr. Weekes thought of the morning's pig-driving, into which he had been compelled by Pogson's superior force of character; of the two ribs of his wife's umbrella which he had broken on the back of one wayward squeaker; and of the long *détour* he had taken when leaving Northstow, to avoid again falling in with the pig-driver, and being once more driven to drive.

So he went home to his rickety little homestead beyond the wood, and reached down his old gun from its place above the chimney-piece; only yielding to the injunctions of his wife that he must eat a bit o' supper first, and that if he must be for shooting owls, he should begin by shooting the one which was stealing all their young pigeons. Obedient as usual, though querulous, Mr. Weekes presently took up his station in the yard, watching the dove-cote and the darkening sky; but luckily for the pigeons, whom the owls were nightly protecting from their enemies the rats, no owl made his appearance for a full half hour after Mr. Weekes had given them up in despair, and had carried off his gun to the woods in hopes of better luck.

Meanwhile, Mr. Pogson, after purchasing some dozen or so of fine porkers, and a bottle of brandy to help him in the arduous task of getting them home safely, began in the late afternoon to drive them down the long high-road toward the wood. The pigs were lively, and their owner began to be a little unsteady on his legs—a sensation which he more than once sought to correct by a draught of strong ale at a road-side public-house. The remedy did not have the desired effect, and his progress became slower and slower; but in spite of all obstacles, and by dint of extreme severity and a lavish outlay of bad language, he contrived to conduct himself and his charges across the bridge and the meadows to the edge of the wood without serious mishap, arriving there about the time at which Weekes was prowling in his yard after the barn-owl. The bottle of brandy was by this time more than half empty, and the wood was as dark as pitch.

If Mr. Pogson had been in full possession of his wits he would hardly have tried to force his way through the

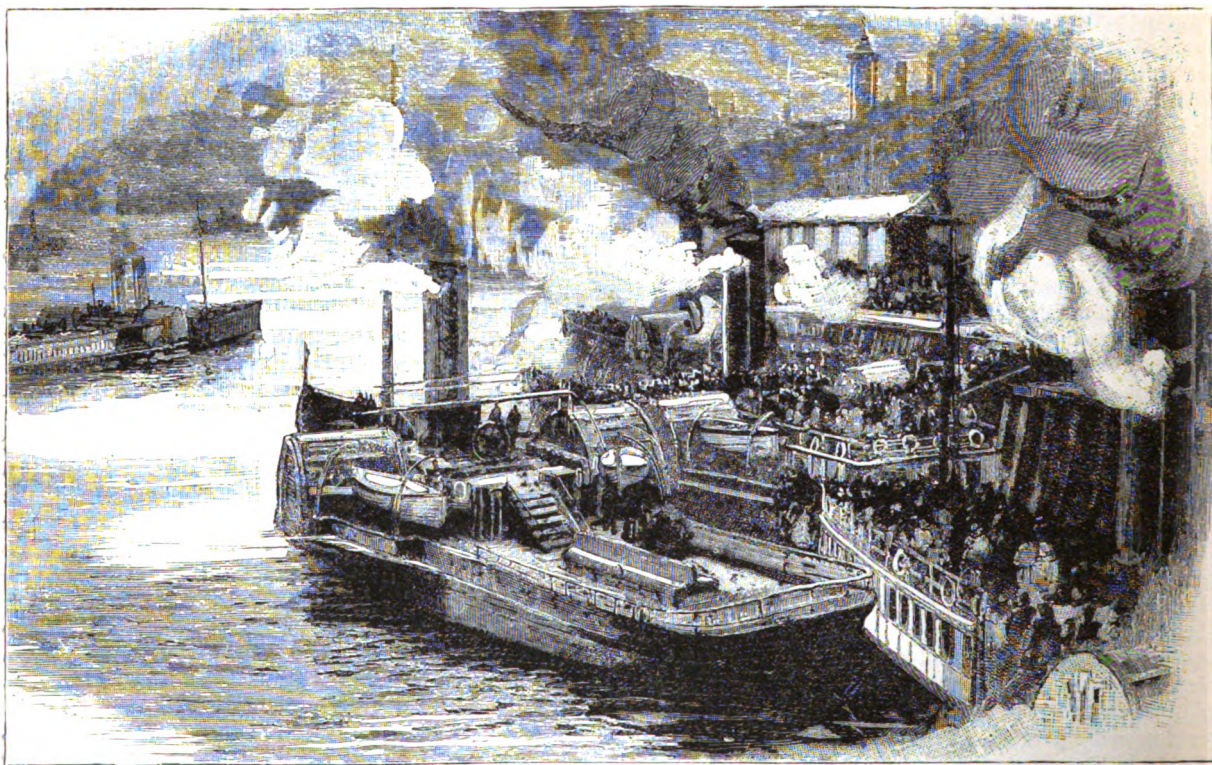
wood, and would have avoided the bridle-path, and taken his pigs a couple of miles round by the road ; but he had gone, like an unreasoning animal, in the way he was accustomed to, and now it was too late to turn back. He took another pull at the bottle, switched the nearest pigs, and pulling himself for a moment together, forced his drove into the narrow ride, trusting that they would follow their noses and keep to the open path.

In the dense black darkness and stillness, a sleepy and a sickly feeling came over Mr. Pogson's usually hide-bound senses, from which he was only for a moment awakened by a sudden movement of the pigs in front. Whether it were a badger in the path, or a prowling fox, that had frightened them, certain it is that at this moment they all faced about, and rushing with loud squeakings past the legs of the driver, vanished in a general stampede away into the wood.

"Pogson o' Highfield, pig-dealer," cried the wretched man, in stuttering accents ; "a man as never did no harm to nothing in all his life !"

"Whoo ? Whoo ?" said the voice, seeming to retreat ; and urged to follow it by some mysterious influence, Mr. Pogson staggered forward a few paces. But he had hardly left his tree for more than half a minute, when something caught him on the shins and tripped him up ; at the same moment he received a violent blow on the head which, added to the effects of the brandy, stretched him quite unconscious on the ground. There he lay in the darkness, with the bottle slipping out of his pocket, while the mysterious voice continued to question him in vain from the old oak-tree overhead.

And now, but for the voice, all is silent again for a few minutes. Stay, who is this coming down the "light," betraying his presence, by the crackling of a dry twig



GLASGOW.—LANDING-PLACE AND HARBOR.—SEE PAGE 593.

Mr. Pogson stood aghast, and leaned against a tree-trunk for support. The noise of the pigs died away, and he was alone—alone in blank darkness. Even pigs are company, and now he would have given a good deal for the companionship of a single one of his victims. There was a singing in his ears, a cold sweat on his hard brow ; he felt quite unable to go farther ; his head swam.

Suddenly he heard a voice from overhead—a gentle voice, reproachful, and somewhat hollow and ghostly :

"Whoo ? Tu-whoo ?"

Mr. Pogson felt a creepy sensation, and would have cast himself to the ground and hidden his face in the bluebells, but again the voice asked :

"Whoo ? Whoo ? Tu-whoo ?"

"Pogson o' Highfield," cried the belated man in answer. But in still more reproachful accents, the voice demanded for the third time :

"Whoo ? Tu-whoo ?"

beneath his boot ? It is Mr. Weekes, bent on further profitable destruction—who would not have ventured himself in the wood after dark for fear of ghosts and other terrors, but is now urged to unwonted courage by the hope of gain and by the companionship of his old gun. He is making for the tree where he saw the owl at sunset.

As he advanced deeper into the dead blackness of the wood, Mr. Weekes began to feel a slight uneasiness, which was soon uncomfortably increased by strange noises on his right hand, as of weird creatures making toward him through the underwood. But he was now close to his tree, and he could hear the hootings of the owls that were to be his prey. He was in the act of raising his gun, ready to fire when an owl should cross the bit of sky-line open above him, when the noises increased to his right, and with a terrific crackling and confusion an army of terrible creatures burst out upon him into the ride. All his courage fled. With a yell

of fear he discharged his gun at the advancing foes, and, throwing it at them as a last resource, took to his heels and ran. But he had not run many yards when he tripped first over a heavy body, and then over a tightened cord, and losing at once his balance and his senses, swooned out-right.

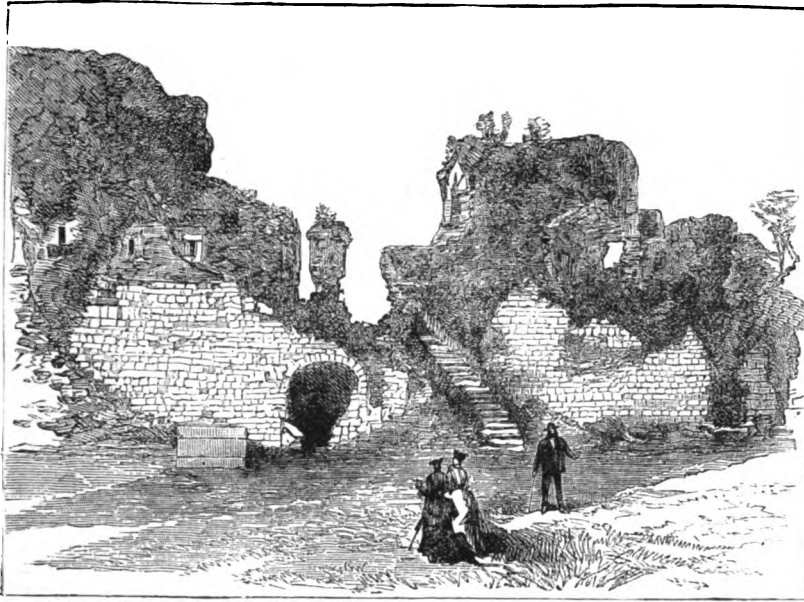
CHAPTER V.

"DID ye hear the gun then?"

said the keeper to Oliver, as they met, a few minutes later, at the entrance to the wood. "There's mischief here, forbye at the barber's. Tak' yon big stick, mon, and gang ye on wi' the lantern."

They went softly down the ride together, neither speaking again. But presently the keeper stumbled over some solid body lying in the grass, and Oliver, applying the lantern to it, discovered the corpse of a pig. The keeper whistled softly, and turned it over with his foot.

"Lawfu' spoil," he whispered; "lawfu' spoil. Ye shall taste Pogson's bacon yet afore ye die, Oliver!"



ROTHERHAY CASTLE.

Then they found the gun, which Mr. McNab, now in his element, seized as further spoil, and gave to Oliver to carry instead of the big stick. And now he turned aside for a few yards, to discover what other sport his bairn's tricks of that day might have brought him. Oliver followed close at his heels with the lantern.

"Whoo! Tu-whoo!" said

the owl overhead, in the tree, as Mr. McNab stepped forward in order to reconnoitre.

"Ay, ye may weel hoot at 'em," said the keeper, as the lantern revealed the prostrate forms of Mr. Pogson and Mr. Weekes; the latest arrival lying across the other, and seeming to embrace him with one arm, while the hand of the other was thrust into a tuft of primroses.

Oliver and McNab regarded this spectacle for a few moments in silence. Then Oliver, catching sight of the bottle slipping from the pig-dealer's pocket, turned his wistful eyes on the Scotchman.



GLASGOW.—A STREET IN THE NECROPOLIS.

"Mr. McNab," he said, "I'm an old man, and maybe as I won't be wood-cutting here much longer; but don't you—for my sake don't you" (here he shyly laid his wrinkled hand on the keeper's arm)—"let such sodden brutes as these come along and take the lives of innocent creatures—creatures as God above loves, and has made me for to love, too—and all for a few shillings, or maybe guineas, and to please the ladies in Lunnon as don't know what a wood be like, nor what creatures lives their lives here. I've known this tree for more nor fifty year, but the owls ha' known it belike for five hundred; and now, afore I'm dead, the warrant's out agen them. The the ladies want their feathers, but they don't know what they're doing—they don't *think* what they do, Mr. McNab. 'Tis fashion, I take it, only fashion, and it'll blow over in a bit if you'll but stop 'em now. I'm an old fool, maybe, but God knows I've none too many to care about, or for to care about me, but my old woman, and beside her there's none but these birds and beasts in the wood. And the peace of it, and the quiet of the life in it! Don't you let it be rooted up, Mr. McNab, nor the wild beast of the field devour it!"

The keeper slapped him on the back of his smock-frock, and then seized him by the hand. "Oliver, my auld lad," he said, "ye've just saved them out o' the hand of the Pheelistines! And ye shall never want for friends to care for ye, be they owls or be they McNabs!"

* * * * *

And this was the story that old Oliver used to tell, with many a kindly word of respect for his friend the keeper, till one day, as I said at the beginning, death came upon him painlessly, under that very tree, while the cuckoo sang in the distance, and the chiff-chaff's two notes echoed from the sunny end of the wood. How he came to know what happened to Mr. Pogson and the pigs is more than I can tell; probably the owls told it to him, or it may be that the conscience-stricken pig-dealer revealed to him alone the story, as to one who understood, as none else did, the mysteries of Truerne Wood.

However that may be, it is certain that the enemy never again invaded his paradise. The owls were never disturbed, and by some mysterious agency the placard disappeared almost at once from the barber's window. Mr. Pogson never passed through the wood again, and finding that distorted versions of his adventures were abroad in Highfield (where they are still told with relish by the Winter fireside), he removed to a village some miles away, a milder and more merciful man. Mr. Weekes, too, was not long in giving up his farm, and disappearing entirely from the neighborhood. In peace the owls and Oliver lived out their days under the grave but kindly guardianship of Mr. McNab, the keeper; and when I last passed through the wood it showed no signs of the presence of the Philistines.

THERE is no old life. Life is always new. The past has no life in it, and so it cannot belong to our life. We are what the past has made us; in that sense the past exists and will exist eternally, but we live only day by day; and as we cannot live the days that are coming, so we cannot live the days that are past. We were accountable for our past when it was our present, but our responsibility ceased when it became the past. We have enough to do in bearing the burdens of each day; it was never meant to add to it the burdens of days gone by. God takes into His keeping our past, just as He holds our future. He gives to each individual only the present, an ever-new, life.

LADY BOOK-LOVERS IN FRANCE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

THE biographer of Mrs. Aphra Behn refutes the vulgar error that "a Dutchman cannot love." Whether or not a lady can love books is a question that may not be so readily settled. M. Ernest Quentin Bauchart has contributed to the discussion of this problem by publishing a bibliography ("Les Femmes Bibliophiles"), in two quarto volumes, of books which have been in the libraries of famous beauties of old, queens and princesses of France. There can be no doubt that these ladies were possessors of exquisite printed books and manuscripts wonderfully bound, but it remains uncertain whether the owners, as a rule, were bibliophiles; whether their hearts were with their treasures. Incredible as it may seem to us now, literature was highly respected in the past, and was even fashionable. Poets were in favor at court, and fashion decided that the great must possess books, and not only books, but books produced in the utmost perfection of art, and bound with all the skill at the disposal of Clovis Eve, and Padeloup, and Duseuil. Therefore, as fashion gave her commands, we cannot hastily affirm that the ladies who obeyed were really book-lovers. In our more polite age, fashion has decreed that ladies shall smoke and bet and romp; but it would be premature to assert that all ladies who do their duty in these matters are born romps, or have an unaffected liking for cigarettes. History, however, maintains that many of the renowned dames whose books are now the most treasured of literary relics were actually inclined to study as well as to pleasure, like Marguerite de Valois and the Comtesse de Verrue, and even Madame de Pompadour. Probably books and arts were more to this lady's liking than the diversions by which she beguiled the tedium of Louis XV.; and many a time she would rather have been quiet with her plays and novels than engaged in the conscientiously conducted but distasteful revels.

Like a true Frenchman, M. Bauchart has only written about French lady book-lovers, or about women who, like Mary Stuart, were more than half French. Nor would it be easy to name, outside the ranks of crowned heads, like Elizabeth, any Englishwomen of distinction who had a passion for the material side of literature—for binding, and first editions, and large paper, and engravings in early "states." The practical sex, when studious, is like the same sex when fond of equestrian exercise. "A lady says, 'My h'eyes, he's an 'orse, and he must go,'" according to Leech's groom. In the same way, a studious girl or matron says, "This is a book," and reads it, if read she does, without caring about the date, or the state, or the publisher's name, or even very often about the author's. I remember, before the publication of a novel now celebrated, seeing a privately printed vellum-bound copy of it on large paper in the hands of a literary lady. She was holding it over the fire, and had already made the vellum covers curl wide open, like the shells of an afflicted oyster. When I asked what the volume was, she explained that "it is a book which a poor man has written, and he's had it printed to see whether some one won't be kind enough to publish it." I ventured, perhaps pedantically, to point out that the poor man could not be so very poor, or he would not have made so costly an experiment on Dutch paper. But the lady said she did not know how that might be, and she went on toasting the experiment. In all this there is a fine contempt for everything but the spiritual aspect of literature; there is an aversion to the mere coquetry

and display of morocco and red letters, and the toys which amuse the minds of men. Where ladies have caught "the bibliomania," I fancy they have taken this pretty fever from the other sex. But it must be owned that the books they have possessed, being rarer and more romantic, are even more highly prized by amateurs than examples from the libraries of Grolier, and Longepierre, and D'Hoyrn. M. Bauchart's book is a complete guide to the collector of these expensive relics. He begins his dream of fair women who have owned books with the pearl of the Valois, Marguerite d'Angoulême, the sister of Francis I. The remains of her library are chiefly devotional manuscripts. Indeed, it is to be noted that all these ladies, however frivolous, possessed the most devout and pious books, and whole collections of prayers copied out by the pen, and decorated with miniatures. Marguerite's library was bound in morocco, stamped with a crowned M in *interlacs* sown with daisies, or, at least, with conventional flowers which may have been meant for daisies.

The books of Diane de Poitiers are more numerous and more famous. When first a widow, she stamped her volumes with a laurel springing from a tomb, and the motto, "*Sola vivit in illo.*" But when she consoled herself with Henri II., she suppressed the tomb, and made the motto meaningless. Her crescent shone not only on her books, but on the palace-walls of France, in the Louvre, Fontainebleau and Anet, and her initial D is inextricably interlaced with the H of her royal lover. Indeed, Henri added the D to his own cipher, and this must have been so embarrassing for his wife Catherine, that people have good-naturedly tried to read the curves of the D's as C's. The D's, and the crescents, and the bows of his Diane, are impressed even on the covers of Henri's Book of Hours. Catherine's own cipher is a double C inlaced with an H, or double K's (Katherine) combined in the same manner. These, unlike the D.H., are surmounted with a crown—the one advantage which the wife possessed over the favorite. Among Diane's books are various treatises on medicines and on surgery, and plenty of poetry and Italian novels. Among the books exhibited at the British Museum in glass cases is Diane's copy of Bembo's "*History of Venice.*" An American collector, Mr. Barlow, of New York, is happy enough to possess her "*Singularitez de la France Antarctique*" (Antwerp, 1558).

Catherine de Médicis got together a splendid library of her own, and the Marshal Strozzi, dying in the French service, left a noble collection, on which she laid her hands. Brantôme says that Strozzi's son often expressed to him a candid opinion about this transaction. What with her own collection and what with the marshal's, Catherine possessed about four thousand volumes. On her death they were in peril of being seized by her creditors, but her almoner carried them to his own house, and De Thou had them placed in the royal library. Unluckily, it was thought wiser to strip the books of the coats with Catherine's compromising device, lest her creditors should single them out, and take them away in their pockets. Hence, books with her arms and cipher are exceedingly rare. At the sale of the collections of the Duchesse de Berry, a Book of Hours of Catherine's was sold for \$12,000.

Mary Stuart of Scotland was a lady book-lover whose taste was more than a mere following of the fashion. Some of her books, like the one of Marie Antoinette's, were the companions of her captivity, and still bear the sad complaints which she intrusted to these last friends of fallen royalty. Her note-book, in which she wrote her

Latin prose exercises when a girl, yet survives, bound in red morocco, with the arms of France. In a Book of Hours, now the property of the Czar, may be partly deciphered the quatrains which she composed in her sorrowful times; but many of them are mutilated by the binder's shears. The Queen used the volume as a kind of album; it contains the signatures of the "Countess of Schrewsbury" (as M. Bauchart has it), of Walsingham, of the Earl of Sussex, and of Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham. There is also the signature, "Your most unfortunate, ARBELLA SEYMOUR"; and "Fr. Bacon."

This remarkable manuscript was purchased in Paris, during the Revolution, by Peter Dubrowsky, who carried it to Russia. Another Book of Hours of the Queen's bears this inscription, in a sixteenth-century hand: "*Ce sont les Heures de Marie Setuart Renne. Marguerite de Blacuod de Rosay.*" In De Blacuod it is not very easy to recognize "Blackwood." Marguerite was probably the daughter of Adam Blackwood, who wrote a volume on Mary Stuart's sufferings (Edinburgh, 1587).

The famous Marguerite de Valois, the wife of Henri IV., had certainly a noble library, and many beautifully bound books, stamped with daisies, are attributed to her collection. They bear the motto, "*Expectata non eludet,*" which appears to refer, first, to the daisy ("Margarita"), which is punctual in the Spring, or, rather, is "the constellated flower that never sets"; and next, to the lady, who will "keep tryst." But is the lady Marguerite de Valois? Though the books have been sold at very high prices, as relics of the leman of La Mole, it seems impossible to demonstrate that they were ever on her shelves, or that they were bound by Clovis Eve from her own design. "No mention is made of them in any contemporary document, and the judicious are reduced to conjectures." Yet they form a most important collection, systematically bound—science and philosophy in citron morocco, the poets in green, and history and theology in red.

If Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV., was a bibliophile, she may be suspected of acting on the motive, "Love me, love my books." About her affection for Cardinal Mazarin there seems to be no doubt. The cardinal had a famous library, and his royal friend probably imitated his tastes. In her time, and on her volumes, the originality and taste of the skilled binder, Le Gascon, begin to declare themselves. The fashionable passion for lace, to which La Fontaine made such sacrifices, affected the art of book-decorations, and Le Gascon's beautiful patterns of gold points and dots are copies of the productions of Venice. The Queen-mother's books include many devotional treatises; for, whatever other fashions might come and go, piety was always constant before the Revolution. Anne of Austria seems to have been particularly fond of the lives and works of Ste. Thérèse, and St. François de Sales, and John of the Cross. But she was not unread in the old French poets, such as Coquilart; she condescended to Ariosto; she had that dubious character, Théophile de Viaud, beautifully bound; she owned the Rabelais of 1553; and, what is particularly interesting, M. de Lignerolles now possesses her copy of "*L'Eschole des Femmes, Comédie par J. B. P. Molière.*" Paris: Guillaume de Luyne, 1663." In 12^o, red morocco, gilt edges, and the Queen's arms on the covers. This relic is especially valuable when we remember that "*L'Ecole des Femmes*" and Arnolphe's sermon to Apnès, and his comic threats of future punishment, first made envy take the form of religious persecution. The devout Queen-mother was often appealed to by the enemies of Molière, yet Anne of Austria had not only seen his

comedy, but possessed this beautiful example of the first edition. M. Paul Lacroix supposes that this copy was offered to the Queen-mother by Molière himself.

The learned Marquise de Rambouillet, the parent of all the *Précieuses*, must have owned a good library, but nothing is chronicled save her celebrated book of prayers and meditations, written out and decorated by Jarry. It is bound in red morocco, *doublé* with green, and covered with V's in gold. The marquise had composed the prayers for her own use, and Jarry was so much struck with their beauty that he asked leave to introduce them into the Book of Hours which he had to copy, "for the prayers are often so silly," said he, "that I am ashamed to write them out." The daughter of the marquise, the fair Julie, heroine of that "long courting" by M. de Montausier, survives in those records as the possessor of "La Guirlande de Julie," the manuscript book of poems by eminent hands. But this manuscript seems to have been all the library of Julie; therein she could constantly read of her own perfections.

The "Guirlande" is still, with happier fate than attends most books, in the hands of the successors of the Duc and Duchesse de Montausier.

Like Julie, Madame de Maintenon was a *précieuse*, but she never had time to form a regular library. Her books, however, were bound by Duseuil, a binder immortal in the verse of Pope; or it might be more correct to say that Madame de Maintenon's own books are seldom distinguishable from those of her favorite foundation, St. Cyr.

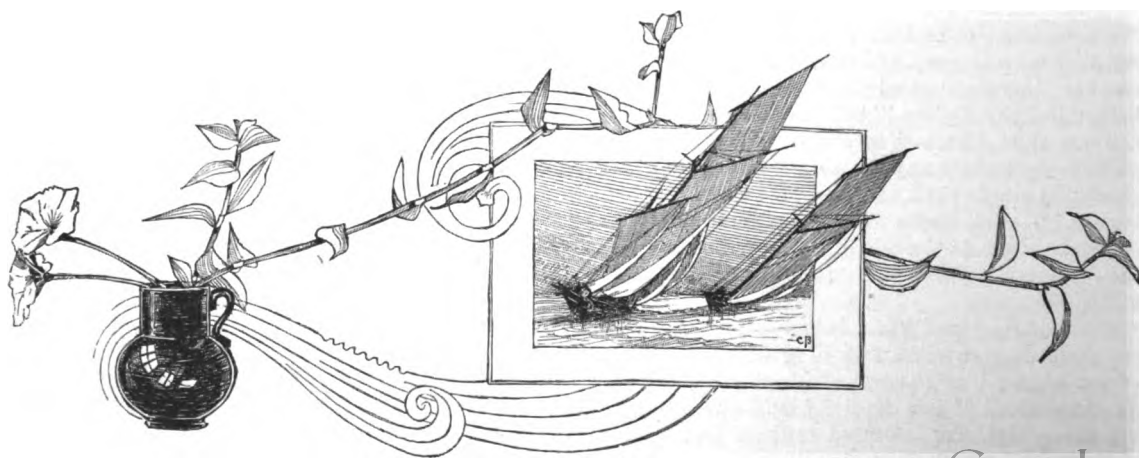
Of Madame de Montespan, ousted from the royal arms by Madame de Maintenon, who "married into the family where she had been governess," there survives one bookish relic of interest. This is "*Œuvres Diverses par un auteur de sept ans*," in quarto, red morocco, printed on vellum, and with the arms of the mother of the little Duc du Maine (1678): when Madame de Maintenon was still playing mother to the children of the King and of Madame de Montespan, she printed those "works" of her eldest pupil.

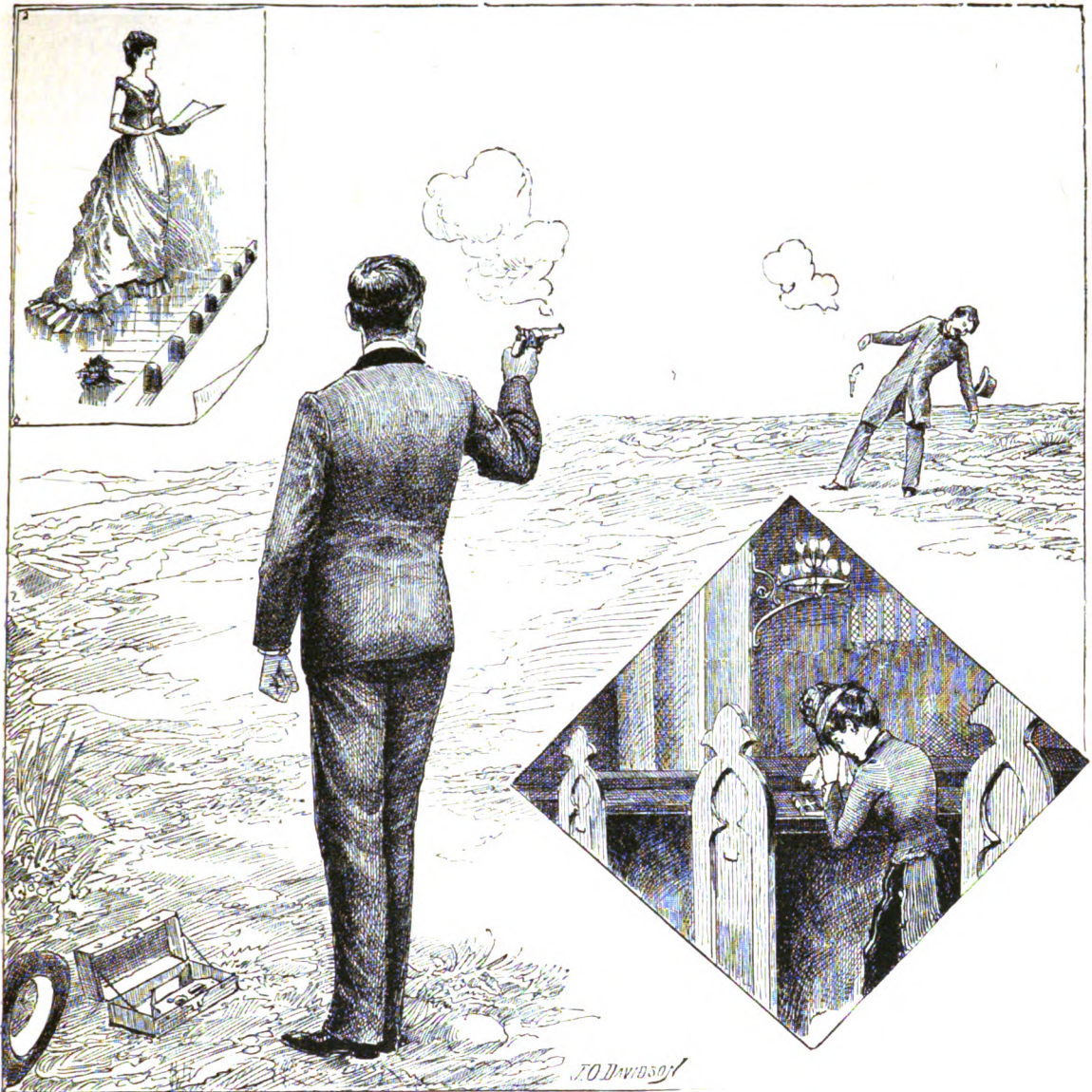
These ladies were only bibliophiles by accident, and were devoted, in the first place, to pleasure, piety or ambition. With the Comtesse de Verrue we come to a genuine and even fanatical collector. Madame de Verrue (1670-1736) got every kind of diversion out of life, and when she ceased to be young and fair, she turned to the joys of "shopping." In early years, "*pleine de cœur, elle le donna sans comptes*." In later life, she purchased, or obtained on credit, everything that caught her fancy, also *sans comptes*. "My aunt," says the Duc de Luynes, "was continually buying, and never balked her fancy."

Pictures, books, coins, jewels, engravings, gems (over 8,000), tapestries and furniture were all alike precious to Madame de Verrue. Her snuff-boxes defied computation; she had them in gold, in tortoise-shell, in porcelain, in lacquer, and in jasper, and she enjoyed the delicate fragrance of sixty different sorts of snuff. Without applauding the smoking of cigarettes in drawing-rooms, we may admit that it is less repulsive than steady applications to tobacco in Madame de Verrue's favorite manner.

The countess had a noble library, for old tastes survived in her commodious heart, and new tastes she anticipated. She possessed "The Romance of the Rose," and "Villon," in editions of Galliot du Pré (1529-1533), undeterred by the satire of Boileau. She had examples of the "Pleiade," though they were not admired in France till 1830. She was also in the most modern fashions of to-day, for she had the beautiful quarto of La Fontaine's "Contes," and Boucher's illustrated Molière (large paper). And, what I envy her more, she had Perrault's "Fairy Tales," in blue morocco—the blue rose of the folk-lorist, who is also a book-hunter. It must be confessed that Madame de Verrue had a large number of books such as are usually kept under lock and key, and which her heirs did not care to expose at the sale of her library. Once I myself (*moi chétif*) owned a novel in blue morocco, which had been in the collection of Madame de Verrue. In her old age this exemplary woman invented a peculiarly comfortable arm-chair, which, like her novels, was covered with citron and violet morocco; the nails were of silver. If Madame de Verrue has met the Baroness Bernstein, their conversation in the Elysian Fields must be of the most gallant and interesting description.

Another literary lady of pleasure, Madame de Pompadour, can only be spoken of with modified approval. Her great fault was that she did not check the decadence of taste and sense in the art of book-binding. In her time came in the habit of binding books (if binding it can be called) with flat backs, without the nerves and sinews that are the very essence of book-covers. Without these no binding can be permanent, none can secure the lasting existence of a volume. It is very deeply to be deplored that by far the most accomplished living English artist in book-binding has reverted to this old and most dangerous heresy. The most original and graceful tooling is of much less real value than permanence, and a book bound with a flat back, without *nerfs*, might almost as well not be bound at all. The practice was the herald of the French, and may open the way for the English, Revolution.





HAWORTH.—“SHE SANG AT THE FIRST CONCERT.” . . . “DIXON STOOD ERECT. HAWORTH THREW OUT HIS ARMS, THE WORLD GREW BLACK BEFORE HIM, AND HE FELL.” . . . “SHE SANK UPON HER KNEES IN SUPPLICATION.”

HAWORTH.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Haworth knew that he would gain the Conservatory prize for musical composition, he hurried exultantly to Lorraine. He found her with a new brightness in her eyes, a smile on her beautiful lips.

She handed him a letter. She, too, was to be a prize-student in the Conservatory, where her assiduous study had made her the first singer.

“My Malibran!” cried Haworth, and folded her in his arms. “My *Fidelio*, who led me from the prison of my doubt. But for you I should never have attempted the symphony which gives me my ‘honor’; but for your belief in it I should never have known my strength.”

For some time it had been a foregone conclusion that they would marry. The romance of their story interested those about them. Both poor, of the same nationality, unknown to each other till they met at a Gewandhaus

concert, Haworth had been conquered from the very first. After the one meeting, there could be no other woman in the world for him.

“Be a second Mozart,” she said. “No, no; not Mozart, for he was poor. Be a Wagner, with a charming villa and the favor of a king.”

So they resolved to conquer the world—he with his compositions, and she with a voice which should determine the market value of singers, and which had been already tried in Paris.

But as yet fortune was still to be beguiled. The Conservatory years were ended, and nothing else begun.

At first they looked blankly at each other. Haworth laughed and ran his long white fingers through his hair.

“There is one thing we must do, Lorraine,” said he; “we must marry.”

"But is that the first thing?" she asked. "I could not bear to hamper you. No; have your symphony at a concert. I will sing for you. We will earn a little money so. Then we will go home to America."

"Go home unmarried?"

"We must begin our careers unfettered. Have you lost your artistic impetus? If you care for me, as you say you do, you will work all the harder when I am still to be gained. As for me, I must find an *impresario*. I am told that I have a fortune in my voice. It must come out, and be placed to my credit in a safe banking institution."

"But your bank-account shall be opened as Lorraine Haworth's, not as Lorraine Dreer's," he said, in a tone of voice which prevented her saying a word more. She would not have acknowledged that she cared less for him now than she had when Haworth had been pointed out to her as the rising composer. Only, her career beckoned her. She saw herself, a queen of song, enjoying those luxuries she had never known, and upon which she consequently placed a fictitious value. She loved him, but was it not as well to be a little careful in the beginning?—each of them to try their wings before marriage? She had nothing to depend upon but her voice; he, nothing but his knowledge of counterpoint—she did not say his genius. Genius, with her, meant the ability to extract from the abundance of the world so much as could be taken in exchange for a quality made rare by the excellence conferred upon it by unremitting industry.

"Well," she said, "we will have the concert first, at any rate."

It took some three weeks to get up this concert. The amount of money realized was more than had been anticipated. More than that it got for the young contralto engagements for two other concerts.

"But you will not have time for them," said Haworth. "We start for home at once. Once there, we will be married."

She stepped before him.

"Now, Felix," she said, "can this be? Am I, or am I not, to have a career? If I am, then I must accept these engagements. I will thus have had a little prestige when I return to Germany in opera."

He smiled at her ambitious flight. She saw that she had put him into good humor. She raised her finger.

"Own," she said, blithely, "that a great part of your anxiety to go back to America is your desire to see Dixon?"

"Perhaps you are right," he returned, capturing her finger. "He is everything to me—my friend!"

"Everything?"

"You know what I would say. He is more than an elder brother to me. Did he not make it easy for me to come here? Does he not write that he is waiting to do what he can for me at home?—to found a conservatory of music, if I wish it? And then, perhaps I am anxious to reach America in order that you may know him. His tastes are as mine. You will appeal to him as soon as he sees you—as you did to me."

"Found a conservatory for you!" she said. "You see what money will do. But for his money advanced to you, we should not have met—you and I. And you think he will like me? Then let me take to him the notices of the praise I shall receive at these two concerts. If not for my own sake, let me sing at them for Dixon's sake!—for what he has done for you!"

He was in good humor again.

"For Dixon's sake then be it," he said.

"And still I am not jealous," she laughed.

In two weeks she sang at the first concert. Haworth, in the audience, was awed by the effect on her listeners of her voice and her beauty. Was this gifted being to belong solely to him?

Her success was instantaneous, and while he was excited over it, she was calm and cool.

"Have I not studied for years for just this?" she asked. She had the artist's appreciation—he, the lover's.

Two weeks later came the second and last concert. She packed her trunks the day before. Haworth and she were to sail the day after the concert.

"I wish to get home as much as you do, now," she said. "I know what I can do with an audience now. I want to sing in America. Then for Italy!"

"After our marriage," he added.

She nestled up to him, granting him his will at last.

On the morning of the day of the concert, she went to the hall for rehearsal.

In the midst of the rehearsal, Haworth rushed in upon the stage, where she stood surrounded by the orchestra.

"Lorraine," he cried, "Dixon is here!"

"Hush!" she said. "Now, Herr Schwartz"—to the leader of the orchestra, and sang a part of her *aria* over again.

Haworth frowningly paced the back of the stage. When the rehearsal was over she went to him, rolling up her music on the way.

"Now," she said, dryly, "you can tell me about your friend."

"I have only to say," he returned, curtly, "that he wished so much to see me, he has come to Germany. He is anxious to meet you."

"Bring him to the concert to-night."

"I will bring him to you this afternoon."

"My *modiste* will be with me. You must not forget my studies in Paris, where I learned the management of a *toilette*, as I did the management of my voice. The person of a singer bears no inconsiderable part in her success or failure. No, take your friend to the concert to-night."

Haworth was too much hurt to reply to this. And yet he must be contented. Dixon must not meet her and see a cloud between them.

That night he took his friend to the concert.

Captain Dixon had not been very enthusiastic over Haworth's love-affair, as he called it. He knew the impulsive nature of his friend, and he believed he had made a mistake in thinking of marriage before he had made any practical headway in his art. He blamed the woman more than he blamed the man. He contended that the woman is always to blame in these matters. He felt that Haworth owed him more than this. He had done much for him—was confident there was genius in him, and was desirous that cultivation should enlarge his ideas. And here it was to begin with a foolish marriage. Besides, Haworth had said not a word to him until he had settled the matter for himself, and Dixon was used to guiding his friend, thinking himself the stronger. He had flown to Germany as soon as he heard of the danger, and arrived only to find that he was too late.

He was thinking thus as he sat in the concert-room.

Haworth was silent. What would Dixon think of Lorraine? Her number came. There was a little hush before she entered upon the stage. Haworth looked at Dixon. All at once he saw him start; Lorraine was back of the foot-lights.

"Haworth," said Dixon, "why did you not tell me that she was a beauty?" Haworth was delighted.

And then Lorraine's remarkable voice poured forth in song. Dixon sat perfectly still. He began to wonder what this great woman had seen in Haworth, whose weaknesses he knew. In the applause which marked the finishing of the young singer's selection, he arose.

"That is enough music for me to-night," he said; "what follows would be tame."

Haworth led him to the green-room. Here he was rather taken aback by Dixon's cool greeting of Lorraine. She, on the other hand, was as affable as he could have wished.

"I know you very well, Captain Dixon," she said. "Felix carries you with him wherever he goes."

She drove them to Dixon's hotel, dropped the captain there, and then went on to Haworth's lodging, to do the like kindness to him.

"Well," he asked her, as they bowed along, "what do you think of Dixon?"

"How did I sing?" she said, without heeding his question.

"I asked you what you thought of Dixon," returned Haworth.

"Oh," she said, carelessly, "I should say that he is an agreeable man. It is not difficult to be agreeable when one is wealthy. Does he go home with us to-morrow?"

"I do not know," answered Haworth, coldly.

"It appears that he knows everything of you," she said, "and you know nothing of him. At any rate, we sail to-morrow."

But they did not.

In the early morning Haworth and his friend came to her. Dixon had arranged for a little tour of the Continent, with them for traveling-companions.

"But my trunks are already on ship-board," she said.

"I have had them brought ashore," said Haworth.

"Without consulting me?" she asked.

"I felt sure," he answered, "that you would enjoy the trip."

"I cannot afford it," she said.

There was an awkward silence. She knew, of course, that Dixon had intended to defray all the expenses of the tour, and it nettled her that her lover should permit such a thing.

"Dixon," said Haworth, "I must go and see about having Lorraine's trunks brought here," and he left the room.

Lorraine was furious. But Captain Dixon's manner was deprecatory in the extreme; he explained his position of elder-brotherliness—selfishness in desiring to have his brother and his brother's fiancée to make an uncomfortable journey pleasant for him—and his eyes dwelt on her. They talked for an hour, and her anger faded gradually away.

When Haworth came back with the trunks he found her radiant.

"I know Dixon would convince you that his wishes are right," he laughed.

Dixon thought that Haworth acted like a fool; he hated to have this gifted girl feel that he patronized her lover. And she saw her lover a weak man for the first time.

They traveled together for a month.

But there was something in Lorraine's attitude toward his friend that nettled Haworth. He determined that she should know Dixon's true worth, for her manner told him how much she resented a gentleness which she stigmatized under the name of patronage. Then, he feared that she was a little jealous of Dixon's regard for him; for he must confess that the captain paid little attention to her

when her intended husband was at hand. He decided that something must be done to bring Lorraine closer to Dixon, and to end this coolness between them. If he were only out of the way for awhile—Then he knew what to do.

They reached Paris. Dixon, going to his banker's, found a letter awaiting him. This letter informed him that a second fortune had come to him from a deceased relative. He handed the letter to Lorraine on the boulevard.

"What it is to be fortunate!" she said, when she gave it back to him.

"To be gifted as you and Haworth are is to be richer than money can make you," he returned, slowly.

"We may differ in that opinion, which is cant," said Lorraine.

"Always at opposites," laughed Haworth.

That night Haworth matured his plan. He would leave Lorraine and Dixon, and go back to Leipsic for a week or two, and negotiate for the sale of a book of exercises he had made, and some rather important compositions of his. Despite Lorraine's arguments to the contrary, he decided to start the following day.

"Very well," she said, an angered flush on her cheek.

It was the usual thing for him to go against her, and she had grown tired of it at last.

Dixon was in the room, and had remained silent during the controversy.

"Do not go," he now said, in an authoritative voice.

Lorraine looked at Haworth. Which would he accede to—her wish, or his friend's?

"Ah," merrily cried Haworth, knowing what was passing in her mind, "Dixon, you are afraid to be left here, and I not by to protect you from Lorraine."

"For my sake, do not go," almost pleaded Dixon.

Lorraine's eyes were still on him.

"For your sake I go," said Haworth.

He would have staid but that Lorraine put him to this test.

And so he went to Leipsic, leaving Lorraine and his friend in Paris.

Now, Dixon had feared to be left too much alone with her, for the simple reason that he had learned to regard her more than was good for him. He knew that this regard made him a traitor, that her love of money made him more dangerous still to the happiness of Haworth, with whom she was righteously angry for his constant neglect of her wishes. He had read her from the beginning, and read her correctly, because he had loved her from the first. And here he was alone with her, and here she was loving money and anxious to possess it, offended that Dixon's means assisted her lover to an unmanly degree, and angry with that lover for his studied opposition to her wishes. If he had dared to leave her alone in the bright city, Dixon would have left Paris in order to escape the impulse to betray his friend. But he could not leave her. Haworth had placed her in his charge. At least, he might be distant with her. He tried that. But—

"Have I offended you?" she asked.

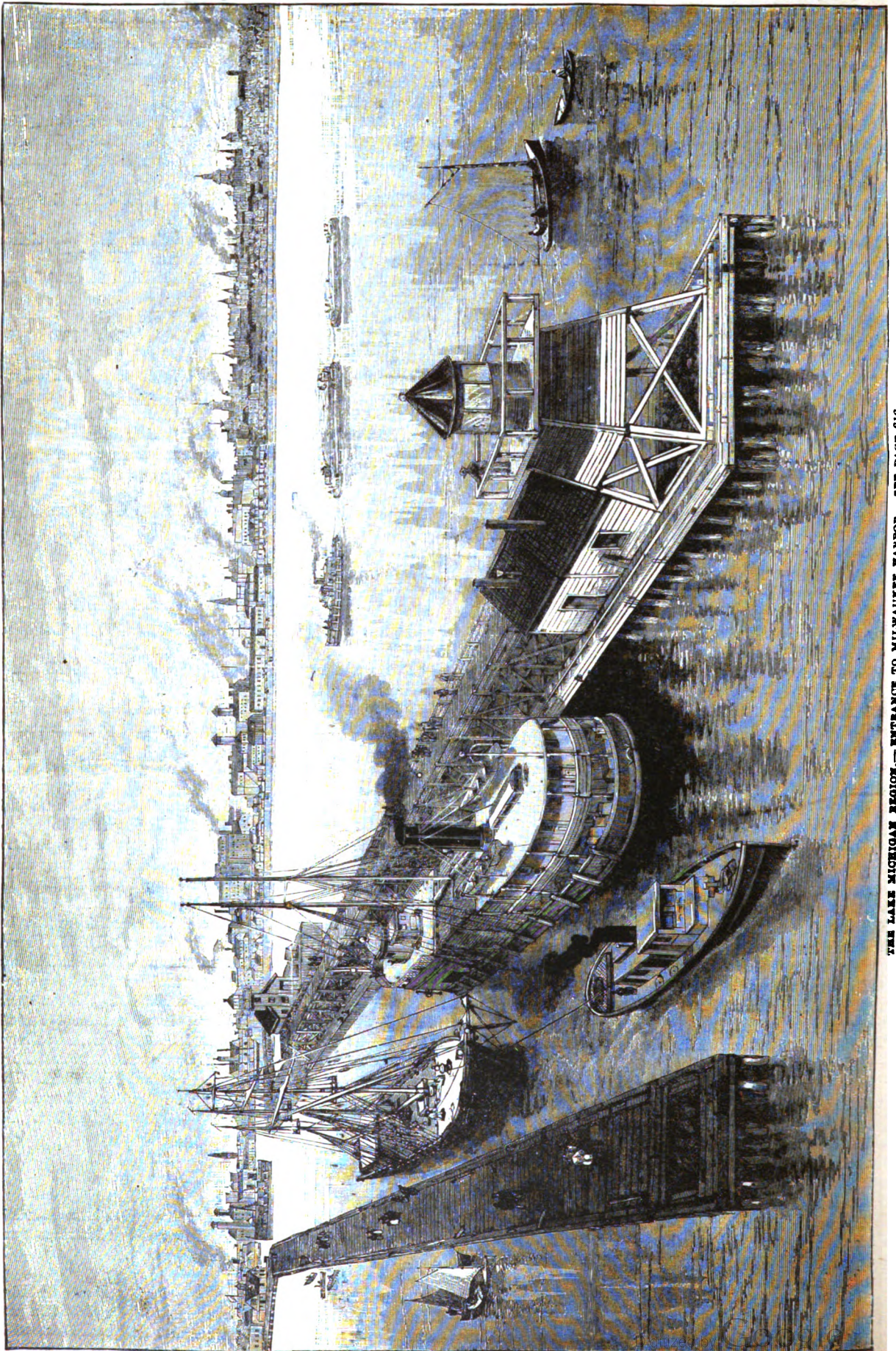
"Offended me?" he repeated.

Her eyes were misty.

"I am very lonesome," she said. "You have scarcely spoken to me for two days. Never mind what has gone before; let us begin our friendship now."

He gasped.

"Shall it be so?" she asked, coming closer to him, thinking all the time how contemptibly Haworth was treating her—had long treated her. "Shall it be so?"



THE LAKE MICHIGAN REGION.—ENTRANCE TO MILWAUKEE HARBOR.—SEE PAGE 610.

"It shall be so," answered Dixon, with almost a groan. She placed her hand on his.

Haworth was gone upward of a month. He looked eagerly for Lorraine and Dixon when he entered the station at Paris. They were not there. He flew to Lorraine's hotel; she had left that morning. He was more fortunate at the Continental, where Dixon was staying; here he found Lorraine and his friend—they had been married one hour. He looked from the one to the other. Lorraine frowned.

"You may blame yourself," she said. "You always placed me second in your regard. It was only natural that, under such provocation, you could not occupy the foremost place in mine." She weakened before his look. "Had you gone home when I wanted you to go, this would not have happened," she said, forgetting all about the two concerts, which had been the original deterrent. "Had you not gone to Leipsic, even—"

"Come with me," said Haworth to Dixon, quite ignoring Lorraine.

Dixon followed him to the street.

"I have wronged you, Haworth," he said—"bitterly wronged you. But I was helpless—I begged you to remain in Paris, for I loved her from the first night when I heard her sing, and I dreaded to be left alone with her. You may blame your weakness, your selfishness."

Haworth reached up and smote him on the mouth.

"You have pistols," he said. "Try to think that you are a Frenchman, with a Frenchman's idea of valor. I know a quiet place a few leagues away."

"I am a better shot than you," returned Dixon. "It would not be fair."

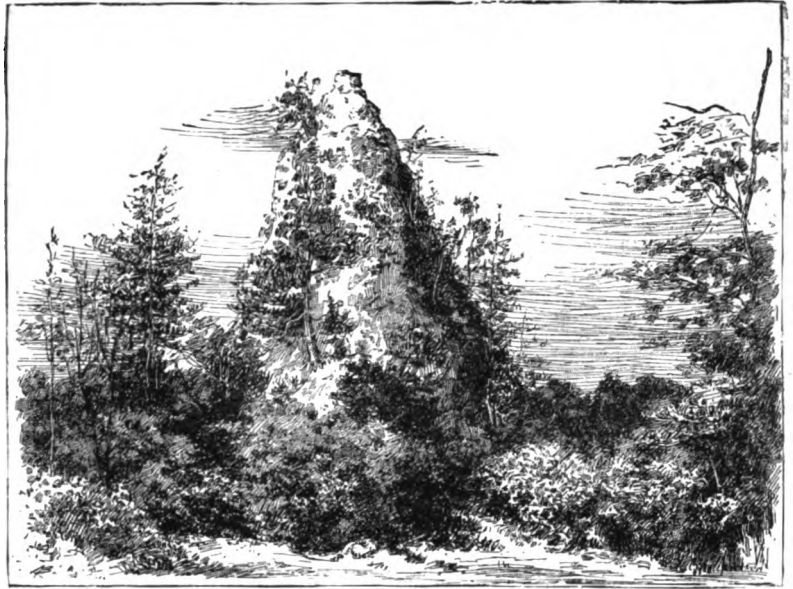
"All the same, I should try to kill you," retorted Haworth. "Go get your pistols! Or shall I hit you a second time?"

"Not a second time," said Dixon.

He re-entered the hotel, to come back with a leather case in his hand.

They went in silence to the railway-station. Haworth purchased two tickets. Dixon followed him into a carriage, and they were off.

In an hour or so the train slowed up at a way-side station. Here Haworth motioned Dixon to get off. They reached the platform, and the train went by. Dixon



THE LAKE MICHIGAN REGION.—SUGARLOAF HILL, MACKINAC.
SEE PAGE 616.

looked about him. It was a lonely spot; there was not a habitation in sight. There was a strip of wood a little way off; Haworth pointed in the direction of that.

Reaching the spot, he spoke for the first time since they had quitted Paris.

"If I am killed, you may be apprehended," he said. "If it is your fate to fall, I may be in like danger of arrest. Do as I do—destroy whatever papers you have about you; destroy the marking on your linen. It will be safer, thus, for the survivor—there will be an unknown body found, and time will be gained." He tore up Lorraine's last letter, which had been kept against his heart. He took a bundle of bank-notes from his pocket. "I sold in Leipsic all the things I have written," he said. "This will go toward the liquidation of my indebtedness to you, if it does not quite wipe out the obligation."

Dixon bowed and took the money.

"Hold!" he said. "What will become of Lorraine? For her sake I must retain some means of identification, should I die. She is my wife; she shall have the rights of my widow."

He wrote his name and address on one of the bank-notes.

Haworth's eyes were red as fire. He took a pistol and placed himself in position. Dixon did likewise.

Then they looked at each other, these friends whose love had once been proverbial.

"I will count three, aloud, and fire," said Haworth.

"I tell you that it is unfair," expostulated Dixon; "I am a far better shot than you."

"One!" counted Haworth.

"Remember, I shall not fire in the air," said Dixon.

"Two!" counted Haworth.

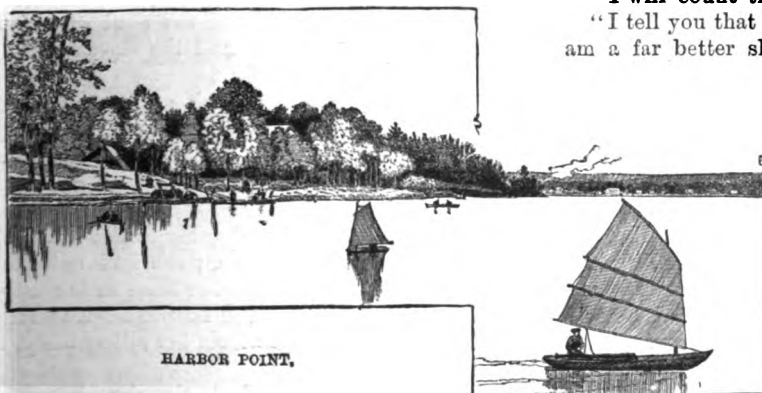
"There is yet time," said Dixon. "I act only on the defensive."

Haworth turned his head a little to the side.

"Three!"

There was a sharp detonation.

Dixon stood erect. Haworth



HARBOR POINT.

threw out his arms, the world grew black before him, and he fell.

Dixon did not look at the prostrate body; he put the pistols in their case again and moved on with hasty strides to the station below the one where he had left the train. When he reached his hotel, he found Lorraine awaiting him; he saw that she guessed at what had occurred.

"We must leave at once," he told her.

"You have killed him," she said; "and it is you who should have died—or me."

"He brought it on himself," he replied. "Go get on your wraps. I am thinking of you, if anything should happen to me."

He settled his hotel-bill, and had his luggage and that of his wife removed. Then he went back for Lorraine. She was not in the hotel; she was not to be found. To remain here meant to be apprehended for the murder of Haworth. He knew what the French detective system was, and the law that regulated duels would not be interpreted in his favor. And who knew but that Lorraine, shocked at what he had done, conscience-stricken over her responsibility in the affair, had gone to inform on him, all her feeling for him—a feeling, alas! in which his earthly possessions had played no inconsiderable part—withered, dead, when she knew that he had killed the man he had basely wronged—the man who had loved him with a devoted love, the man who had loved her and died for his love of her!

Then he could stay no longer; nor dared he leave an address behind him; he must get out of France as secretly as possible. But Lorraine! Lorraine! He left a large sum of money for her in the hotel. More dead than alive, he fled from Paris, two pictures before him—Lorraine accusing him of the murder of Haworth, and saying it would have been better if it had been he who had died; and Haworth, lying on his face in the strip of wood by the lonely station, as deeply wronged a man as there well could be.

* * * * *

There was, a few years ago, in one of the upper wards of the City of New York, an old church, which has since gone down to make room for a row of showy dwellings.

In the last year of its existence it was in the way of improved street-plans, and was offered for sale.

In the vicinity of the old church, and now in that of the ornate residences built on its site, stood, and stands, a hospital. One morning, in the last year of the church's existence, a woman went toward this hospital, apparently desirous to become a patient there; her ghastly face and attenuated, tottering form told the story of a mortal illness.

The air was balmy; there was a young growth of leaves on the old trees, which made the neighborhood sylvan.

Underneath one of these trees the woman rested, presumably waiting for courage to ascend the hospital-steps, for her eyes were wistfully fixed on the tall building.

As she stood there a wave of melody swept through the air. She turned her head with a quick, nervous start.

The sound came from the organ in the old church; the chords were rich, the modulations such as only a finished musician could effect.

The woman looked from the hospital to the church. Then, as drawn by a strong attraction, she moved toward the latter building. The door under the porch was open; she went into the cool, dim chamber, and seated herself in a pew. There was no one else in the church except the organist up in the old-fashioned organ-loft, whose green moreen curtains hid him from view.

And the music! The woman below crouched in the pew; the pain the beautiful tones inflicted upon her seemed greater than she could bear. She had not wept for years; now the scalding tears ran like rain down her face. For years she had had a fixed, stern purpose in her heart; now the new emotion told her how useless this purpose had been.

The organist must have played an hour, when she heard him close the lid of his instrument; she arose to her feet, and hastened from the church.

Yet she did not go to the hospital, but turned her steps in the direction of the city, and after walking for a few minutes, deflected into a wide avenue, and boarding a horse-car, went down into the thick of the metropolis.

The following morning she came the same way, at about the same hour.

She had thought of the music all the night before. Again she halted under the tree, hoping to hear the organ, as probably the player practiced daily at about this time. But there was no sound of music. She turned resolutely toward the hospital, when all at once she heard the organ. Quick as a flash she had retraced her steps and approached the church. The door was open, as on the previous day, and she entered and seated herself as before. She recognized the music; it was that of Bach. She had not heard such music since she studied in Germany and France, and had promised to astonish the world with her voice. What had become of all her dreams of fame, of all her old hopes? Where was her beauty, her youth? It had taken but a few years to make a wreck of all that she had been.

In the music she saw herself as she had been, and thought of the old student-days. She had heard a lecture on the very fugue the organist was playing. The fugue stopped; there was a little pause, and then the music she had heard the day before began.

A thin, flute-like tone cut through the air, the herald of a low, sweet melody which was so fraught with sorrow, yet withal so devoutly hopeful and peaceful, that the lonely listener put her hand up to her heart to still the pain there.

She was a musician, and she knew that the music was true music. And then there came through the tones a deep trouble; harsh chords ground their way in—the melody was broken by angry chromatic passages; it became louder, fuller, raging, accelerated—it was a storm, a battle, a stupendous cry of an agonized soul.

All at once it faltered, grew fainter, chords dropped out, the bass lightened, the chromatic passages slept away. Softer and softer it grew, wistful and low, till it was again the faint, thin voice of a single flute, and all was peace and hope.

The woman was weeping as though her heart would break. What she had listened to had been as the interpretation of her own soul—of the soul of any man or woman who had known war and the devastation following in the tracks of conflict.

The organist played his Bach again, and the woman dried her eyes. She sank into a reverie. The pushing in of the organ-stops and the closing of the lid aroused her. She went out into the air, and, as on the day before, moved cityward.

She no longer thought of going to the hospital. She was a stranger, poor and sick; she had not the wherewithal with which to pay for her keep in the city. And yet she would not go to the hospital. The music had turned her thoughts away from her ailing body, and she was almost glad again.

For a week she came daily to the church, with the ex-

ception of Sunday, when she knew there would be a service, and not the music alone.

At the end of that time she was weaker, and sometimes she could hardly reach her lodging after the music was over, for she was without car-fare now, and needs must walk.

The beginning of the second week the organist once again played the music which had so much affected her. The effect was not lessened by a third hearing. Again her old life came up before her. And this time hers was woven with another life, and she saw one who had loved her bending over her, carefully guarding her from harm and discomfort in an old German city, where she was young and alone, and filled with artistic fervor. She was alone and amongst strangers now, as she had been then, and there was no one to care for her. And what had she suffered in five short years! But no, the music said nothing of those years; it took her back to hopeful days, to days of love and gentleness. She sees a tall form, with lofty pale brow and long pale hands, directing a symphony which critics say will make him famous. Famous! The last she knew of him he was lying somewhere, cold and inert, under the pitiless sky. And it had all been her fault, and— Listen! the vortex of the organ! It is his life—the life of the man who had loved her!

For the first time in five years she sank upon her knees in supplication, the music governing her and sending adrift the heat and passion in her soul, and leading heaven down to her.

She arose from her prayer a new woman, as though she had gone through sacrificial fires, as though the Pentecostal Dove had visibly descended before her eyes.

"That music has saved my soul," she said. She could listen to no Bach after that. She plunged into the glare of the day outside and made her way toward. "That music has saved my soul!"

For three days it was thus. She lived in the music that affected her as no other music had ever done, and one by one she felt the old drearinesses leave her, till toward the last, in the miserable room she called her own, she raised her hand, crying, meekly: "Take and forgive, O Lord!"

* * * * *

Dixon had doubled his fortune. To rid himself of despair, he had taken to business activity. He built row after row of houses, to sell them with large advantage to himself.

He heard of the old church property. He went to view the place, to ascertain the feasibility of buying it for a building-site.

He drove there, one still morning, when everything was peaceful and quiet. He was at the back of the church when the organ began. He had avoided music for five years—hated, abhorred it. He came around to the front of the church, anxious to leave the place. A woman was going in. He fell back. It was the woman for whom he had searched ever since that day she had disappeared in Paris.

Dixon bounded up the church-steps. Lorraine was kneeling in a pew, her face the face of a saint who is also a martyr.

Dixon dared not approach her. He feared her in her purity.

The suffering that music gave him was intense, but he staid behind the church-wall till Lorraine came out. She looked neither to right nor left, going straight before her, a set expression on her face, almost as though she had dropped all thought of earth.

He followed her afar off, even to the dismal neighborhood where she lived. And he was her husband, with large wealth and a palatial home. But there was blood upon him!

He was near her the next day. He followed her all the way out to the church. Once she tottered and almost fell, but he dared not go to her. The organ was sounding. She went straight into the church, laboring up the stone steps.

Dixon approached the door and looked in. Lorraine was on her knees, a smile of ineffable tenderness upon her lips, her glorious eyes raised imploringly to Something which he felt that he could not see, while she could. He watched her—he stood it as long as he could. He loved her more dearly than ever, when he saw her suffering and frail condition. He thought of her struggles in these five years, when she had not heard from him. Had some unexplained accident kept her from him that day in Paris? Had she thought that he deserted her? He could stand it no longer.

He ran into the church. He reached the pew where she rested.

"Lorraine!"

She slowly turned her head. She recognized him. He caught her as she fell forward.

"Oh, Lorraine!—Lorraine!"

"Hush!" she said, softly; "a spirit is at the organ. Listen to the music!"

"My wife! I have searched for you."

"And I for you," she said. "I think I would have slain you for what you did. 'Blood for blood!' My thirst for revenge lasted till two weeks ago. I heard this music then. I have heard it often since, and it has taken all the wicked feeling from me. It has led me to Christ! Forgive me!"

"Forgive you!" he said, in an agonized tone. "It was I—I, false friend, but loving husband. Forgive me!"

"There is only one who can forgive us both," she said, dreamily, "and he you class among the dead. To me he will soon be a living thing. I shall see him face to face, the Lord beside us to help in his forgiveness of me. Listen to the music. It is the life of Felix—it is my life—"

"And mine," he said. "Oh, do not leave me out! I have suffered—do not leave me out!"

She leaned up in his arms till her eyes were opposed to his.

"I will not," she said, "my husband!" and clasped her hands around his neck. Heart to heart they rested there, the music eating into Dixon's soul, the crash and travail of the tones tearing him. Then the chords dropped one by one, the chromatic passages fainting, the bass lessening, till only a thin, flute-like tone breathed a tender melody of peace and hope.

Lorraine's hands unclasping, he looked at her. She was smiling still, lying there in his arms, but she had gone away from him.

He rocked her to and fro—his beautiful wife, through his love for whom he had done so much wrong.

He was dimly conscious that the music had stopped. He heard a shuffling step in the stone aisle. It was the organist leaving the church. The man came down the passage, feeling his way with a cane—a bowed form, a poor, prematurely old man, stone-blind, but with surpassing peace in his face.

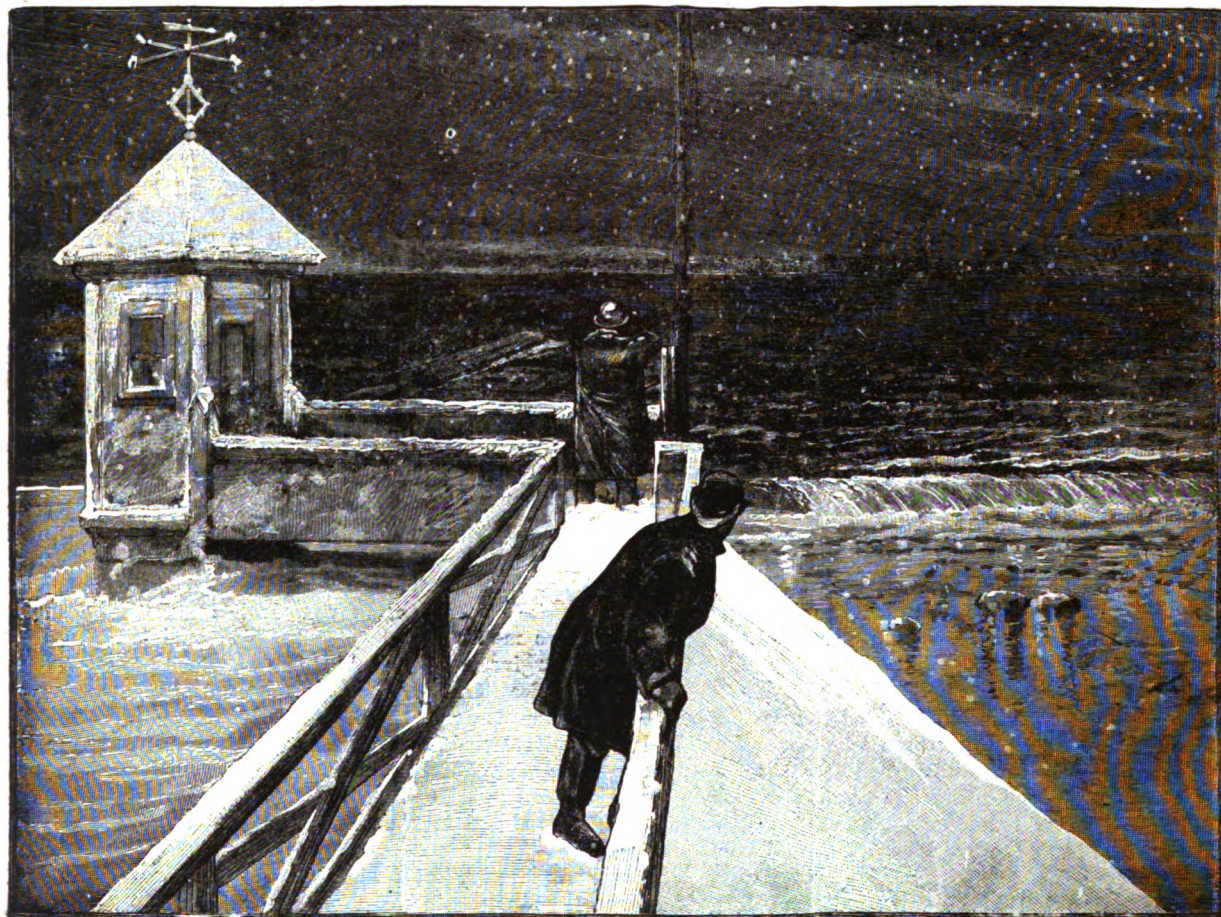
He came quite close to the pew where Lorraine was lying in her husband's arms. He was opposite a beautiful window depicting the raising of Lazarus—the Divine Man standing beside the dead, His eyes raised to heaven,

invoking the only help to life. Was it the ruby light from the glass that made that long, red mark across the organist's closed eyes?

Dixon caught up the limp body of Lorraine and held it before him, almost as though he would shield himself behind her dead form.

Here was the organist who had taught Lorraine forgiveness, and sent her soul to heaven searching for the man she had loved and wronged.

Haworth, not killed, but blinded by that pistol-shot over in Paris, felt his way to the door and went out into the calmness of the May day toward his humble home hard by; there to think forgivingly of Dixon and Lorraine, who, he supposed, were happy together somewhere in the world—and this forgiveness had taken agony to effect; and there, in the old church, sat Dixon, his wildly beating heart pressed to that of his wife, which would never beat again.



SIGNAL-SERVICE STATION, MILWAUKEE.

THE LAKE MICHIGAN REGION.

BY WILLIAM H. BALLOU.

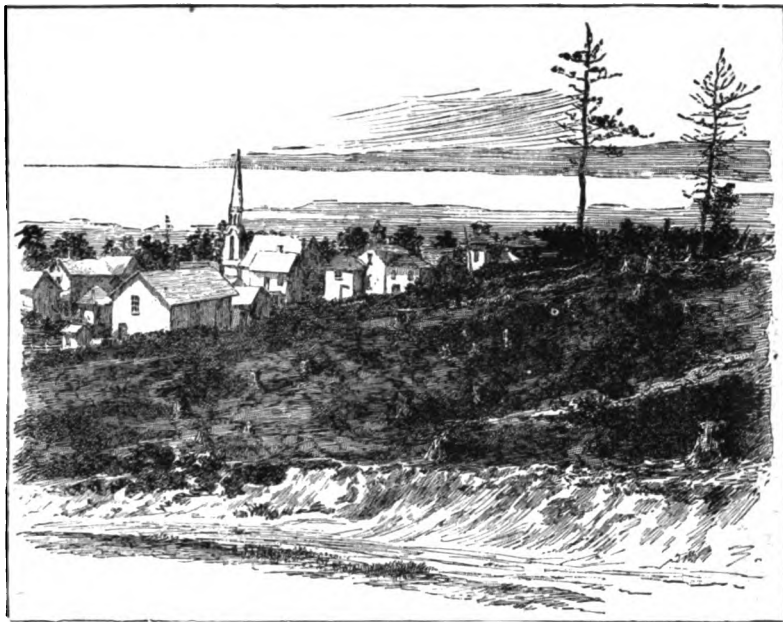
LAKE MICHIGAN is 300 miles long, 108 miles wide, 900 feet deep at one point, 690 feet of mean depth, 23,000 square miles in area, and has an elevation of 506 feet above the sea. It consequently contains about 3,500 cubic miles of water, or 5,400 cubic miles less than Lake Superior, 1,300 cubic miles more than Lake Huron, 3,400 cubic miles more than Lake Erie, and 2,900 cubic miles more than Lake Ontario. The Great Lakes comprising about 15,000 cubic miles of water, Lake Michigan must be allotted nearly one-fifth of the bulk, or 900 more cubic miles than Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario combined.

Lakes Michigan and Superior have precisely the same altitude above the sea. The former is the only one of the Great Lakes entirely within the United States, and stands as a barrier against the possibility of foreign iron-clads penetrating the continent west of the Straits of Mackinaw. The rim of Lake Michigan has an altitude of but twelve feet above the water-level at Chicago. In past

times the lake emptied some of its volume into the Mississippi River by a channel near Chicago, through the Calumet and Kankakee Rivers, and the old river-bed remains as a reminiscence of that event. It now empties some of its volume through the Illinois Canal, thence through the Illinois River into the Mississippi. It will be seen that, in an emergency, Lakes Superior and Michigan could be lowered, by means of the ancient and modern channels, so that the upper end of Lake Huron would be the head of navigation. While such an emergency may never arrive, still I am ambitious to be first on the ground with the suggestion, which may be utilized some day, and save such great cities as Chicago, Milwaukee and Duluth from bombardment.

It is natural that the Lake Michigan region should ever surpass in population and achievements the remainder of the Lakes. Its upper end lies in the centre of the Temperate Zone, and consequently its western lake-

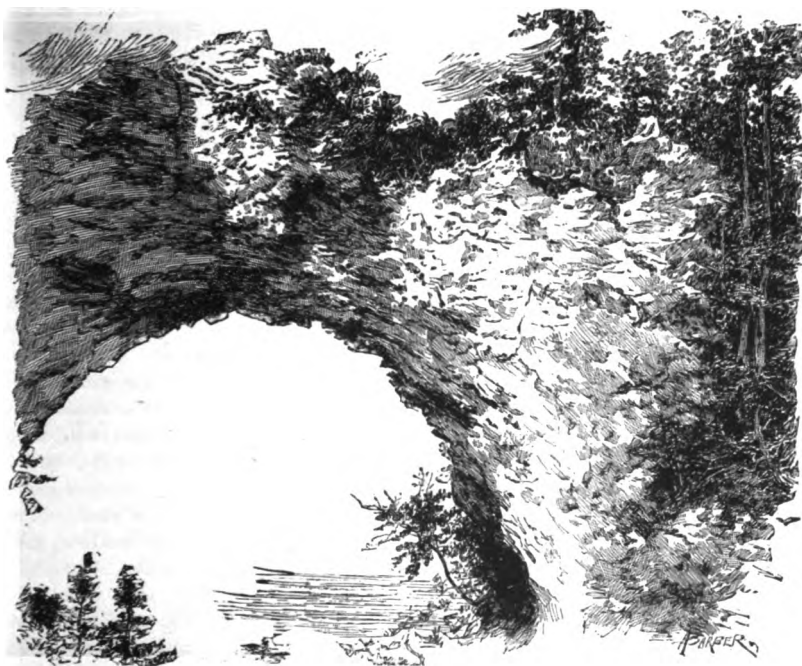
limit of the greatest productive area of the continent. All points east are removed to the extent of their respective distances, not only from the centre of the productive area, but from the head of navigation. All points north gradually emerge into the colder climes, and stand no very large competitive possibilities. This should account for the unprecedented development of Chicago, and effects can never be rightly explained except by the scientific method. Most great American cities are located on past great council-grounds of the North American Indians. In this respect Chicago is no exception. It was as natural that the aborigines should select such centres for council-grounds as for the conquerors. But for several fatalities Chicago might become the metropolis of America. The tendency of all enterprises is to manufacture on the ground of production. Just as, within the past few years, the cotton manufactories have largely removed from New England to the South, so Chicago's great industries, and consequently much population, is migrating to the centres of production. Gradually its stock-yards, with all their concomitant industries—such as canning and preserving factories—are folding their tents in the night, and stealing westward toward the ranch country. Kansas City, Omaha, etc., have absorbed the bulk of such industries at the expense of Chicago. Wholesale houses, which at one time reluctantly left the Atlantic coast for Chicago, have since found it necessary to push on in radiating lines still farther west, north-west and south-west. Manufacturers, beset by transportation problems, have found it necessary, after establishing immense plants at Chicago, to divide them and



PETOSKEY, FROM THE BLUFF.

remove to other and various new and growing centres of population, taking with them a quota of Chicago's population. The time is coming, and is even now in part here, when Chicago can hope to manufacture only for its immediate and dependent area. It will find its wings clipped on all sides; as it has already—a clipping process of constant duration. The tendency of the times is to concentrate all mechanical and artificial productions at each centre of population, as a means of economy in transportation and an aid in competition. It is for a like reason that the New York press, once the people's forum for the continent, has been shorn of its wings, and is circumscribed by such an area as it can reach by sunrise with its very last editions. The people want the latest

and best news at their door at rising-time. They want everything they wear, eat and use at the lowest possible cost, and hence it is that all productions of the brain and brawn must follow the productions of the soil and be generated in each centre of population. Chicago will continue ever to grow enormously, but this principle of production at population-centres will prevent it from rising to the proud position of the American metropolis. But the most startling condition which confronts Chicago is the New South, with its vast deposits of natural wealth and its growing development, which must soon exceed the wildest dreams ever indulged in by the West. The South will detract more and more from the prestige of the West, and ultimately establish great trade and industrial centres of its own, with no sympathy whatever with the West. It is attracting the great mass of capital, immigration and brains which



UNDER ARCH ROCK, MACKINAC.

formerly turned toward the West. Its climate gives it three crops to one of any other section of the continent. It offers more inducements to the surplus population and the surplus wealth of the world than any other area on the globe. When the hum of its wheels, the roar of its industries and the maelstrom of its full-developing energies break forth, the West and the North and the East will be drowned in the din. Between these two fires of competition—the West and the South—imperial New York city will ever stand as the financial arbiter and dictator, and largely control the operations of both.

The Lake Michigan region has the advantage over its rival lakes, as it runs north and south. Its northern end comprises a net-work of Summer resorts, which extend southward in succession on both sides of the lake. It is not until Milwaukee, on the west, and Grand Rapids, on the east, are reached that the smoke of vast industries can be seen overhanging its waters. Between these two cities, and comprising a shore-line of over 200 miles, there is an almost continuous population, which might be comprised under one municipal government were it not for the interruption of State lines. On that riparian area there are not less than 1,500,000 people. The rim in question is composed entirely of sand, with marshlands adjoining, which have been through the process of drainage wherever the domiciles of man have collected. There are no imposing shore-lines, except clay bluffs between Chicago and Milwaukee, and for such scenic features the traveler must examine the upper portion of the lake.

I remember, one day in January, to have arrived at the Straits of Mackinaw at the witching hour of four o'clock in the morning. I had retired early the evening previous in a comfortable Wagner car, constructed for the high northern latitudes. Instead of indulging in a beauty-nap in one of the little hotels of Mackinaw, I concluded to remain on the transfer-dock and watch the approach of the morning. There were several feet of snow on the ground and several feet of ice underneath the snow across the Straits. It was cold, but the air in this region is so rare that one can take a low temperature good-naturedly. The morning stars had sung their songs and gone down in the west, and in the north the Great Bear might have been visible but for crimson, vertical ribs of electrical energy, termed northern lights, and an immense mass of yellow which glowed in the east and blended with the aurora borealis. For a time I experienced the same sensations of sublimity that overpowered me a few days previously, when, lying on my back with Professor Smith on the Warner University, I beheld the progress of a great tailed comet across the Milky Way, which threatened, but never once molested, the myriads of nebulae. The sun showed an ellipse at last, and for an instant fifty square miles of snows overlying the waters were turned to a gorgeous purple, and as the ellipse increased to a half-zone, all the hues of the solar spectrum were visible, painted with geometrical exactitude over the vast expanse. The full sun no sooner burst upon the world than the big iron steamer shot like a rocket from the dock into its dynamite-cleared passage through the ice, and for twelve miles seemingly pursued its course through the field of snow, leaving a long trail of black, cylindrical volumes of smoke, which blended with a morning mist and caught the hues of rainbows. It was a picture from the brush of the great artist, Nature—the sun rising in the seemingly endless corridor of one of the channels; the Isle of Mackinac standing blue-robed in lofty pines across the straits of snow; the dazzling hues

of the orb of day resplendent on the dome and on the pine-clad earth beneath; the steamer winding through the field; the huts of fishermen upon the ice.

Again, in Summer, I stood in the same place, at the same hour; but this time, boarded the steamer and landed on the island. The Mackinac of to-day would not be recognized by Father Marquette as the scene where he gathered his Indian flock, two hundred years ago. "The whole island is a labyrinthine tangle of miniature mountains; wild precipices overhanging cliffs and crags; yawning caverns; strange rocky formations; tall, finger-like pillars of stone, hundreds of feet high; cataracts leaping from perpendicular walls of gray, moss-grown rock, far out into the lake below; shelving beaches of white stone gravel, with the never-ceasing melody of plashing waters; occasional storm-lashed billows, rivaling in the grandeur of their savagery the ocean at its maddest; a fort, dating back through more than a century of war and romance; cannon, looking out through high embrasures over the liquid highway they guard; grass-bordered parade-grounds; old Jesuit churches and mission-houses; glorious boating and bathing; six-pound brook-trout; Indian villages and birch-bark canoes; silver moonlight glinting on silver floods; mighty steam-ships, with their trails of smoke, moving like stately monarchs of the waves; fleets of tiny white-sailed yachts and pleasure-boats; around, over all, like an upper and a lower canopy, the boundless drapery of water and blue sky melting into one, along the far-off horizon."

The curiosity of this region is Arch Rock, a repetition of the Natural Bridge of Virginia, or *vice versa*. It stands on the water's edge like a huge bay-window, and towers perpendicularly for some 200 feet. The arch beneath the bridge is 149 feet high. The key-stone is but a yard wide, and inclines out over the water. It is safe to cross for those who have firm heads and stout hearts.

Petoskey lies to the south-east of Mackinaw, at the head of Little Traverse Bay. Ordinarily it is a small town, of nearly 4,000 inhabitants, but in the open season is one of the most picturesque resorts of the lake. Little Traverse Bay is six miles wide and nine miles long, with bold and hilly shores which rise in terraces to a height of over 200 feet. The village takes the form of an amphitheatre, and is visible for miles out at sea. It has exceptional advantages as a Summer resort, because of its convenience to many surrounding and interesting pleasure and fishing resorts.

Harbor Springs lies across the Little Traverse Bay, opposite Petoskey. It is doubtless the oldest Indian settlement-ground in the State. It is land-locked by a little bay within the big bay. It is the best of all the natural harbors of the Great Lakes, and is, fortunately, accessible as a harbor of refuge. The name of the place is doubtless derived from the presence of numerous cold springs which bubble up along the beach. The lake-bed in the vicinity is a favorite ground for the collection of agates, or agatized coral. The specimens are torn from the lake-bed by storms and washed ashore, where they are greedily sought by residents and visitants, and the local lapidaries have their hands full of business to keep up with the impatient demands of the fortunate discoverers. The agates are found in all colors—yellow, green, purple, red, black, crimson and rose; and there are various kinds of fossils, crystals, jaspers, agates and brachiopods. The brachiopod is rated the rarest. Across the bay at Harbor Point is an immense shallow, over which long rolls of tremendous surf come whirling in for miles. It is believed that no beach in the world pre-

sents such a surf spectacle. As a natural consequence, the bathing here is unsurpassed.

Charlevoix lies eighteen miles to the south-east of Petoskey. It was named for Pierre François Xavier Charlevoix, the traveler, and historian of Canada. Like other of these northern villages, it is a famous Summer resort. It is the centre of the hunting and grayling-fishing region, and is, consequently, in the eye of all true lovers of the sport.

Traverse City is a favorite resort of mine, but not for reasons which would appeal to the Summer tourist. It is situated at the foot of Grand Traverse Bay, the largest and most important indentation on the west coast of the lake. I prefer this place because the grandest ice-yachting in the world is possible and actual in Winter. It follows, also, that it is a good Summer yachting-ground. The outer peninsula, which separates the bay from the lake, is low, and not very broad. Consequently the bay has the full force of the lake winds without the large swells. In Winter the bay is smoothly frozen over. It is miles long and reasonably narrow. It lies due north and south. A yacht has, therefore, every advantage on the ice, and can send with the full force of the lake winds; whereas, on such a ground as the Hudson the wind comes down through the gaps in the hills in puffs, making the ice-yachtman's pleasure fraught with danger and disaster.

Traverse City may be called the southern limit, on the east side of the lake, of the Summer resorts. From that point south there are, however, some interesting harbors, notably Manistee, Ludington, Muskegon, Holland (a pure type of an antique Dutch town), Benton Harbor, Pentwater, South Haven and Michigan City. At the last-named city are prodigious sand-hills, the observed of all travelers.

The most important city on the west coast is Grand Rapids, although it lies twenty miles back from the lake, and, perhaps, cannot properly be termed a coast city. This rapidly growing centre has an advantage over every other city of which I know. It has only one idea, and sticks to it. That idea is the manufacture of furniture, and it has a monopoly in this industry which all the world recognizes. A Philadelphia lady married a Grand Rapids man, and going, as she supposed, into new country, purchased all of her luxurious household furniture in the City of Brotherly Love. She was somewhat chagrined to learn, when she reached Grand Rapids, that her fine furniture had been manufactured in the place, by the man she married, and that she had been made to pay transportation-charges on it both ways, and a profit to the dealer besides, which her husband divided. I have been greatly surprised to find Grand Rapids furniture wherever I have traveled. The region around Grand Rapids is a prolific spring country, and it is a gratifying as well as refreshing surprise to have pure spring-water served by the Hydraulic Company in that city. I speak this because, with the possible exception of Waukesha, Wis., I know of no city with spring-water. Certainly it is the only large city in the world so supplied.

The most notable Summer resort on the west side of Lake Michigan is the first one from the foot of the lake, Green Bay; though, of course, we must not forget Chicago's claims to that distinction. Green Bay City is 198 miles north of Chicago, and at the head of the bay of that name, located at the mouth of the Fox River. The bay itself is one of our principal inland yachting-grounds. Intrinsically, Green Bay aspires to a place as a manufacturing city; but it is well to keep this fact in the background, because the city has many unrivaled

attractions to Summer resorters, and should woo some big hotel-men. There is no place in the wide West which might be made more attractive for visitors. Green Bay is 120 miles long, and from 20 to 25 miles wide. It was an early post of the Jesuit missionaries, and relics are still turned up which recall their labors. Every inch of its bottom is visible from passing steamers, which seem likely, owing to the refraction and optical illusion, to strike on gigantic rocks at any moment, and no doubt they would, but for the great depth of the waters. There is a picturesque shore-line here of majestic rocks, unsurpassed by any other part of the lake, and unrivaled by even the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. The fishing and hunting in this vicinity is enlivened with a chance at more than a hundred species of lake-fish, including the lake-trout and the more gamy brook-trout; and of wild game there are deer in abundance, at proper times of the year; grouse, the fox, and even a stray bear. Green Bay is the favorite outing-ground of the lake-yachts, both steam and sail, which rendezvous here from every quarter of the Great Lake region.

Milwaukee is the most beautiful and picturesque feature of Lake Michigan. Its altitude above the water-line, and its position in a graceful curve of shore-line, give it a charming appearance from the lake. Milwaukee is a city of brick, and yellow brick at that; but with all its pristine beauty, its chief reputation the world over—the fact that it is known in every clime—is due entirely to its great manufactories of beer. The Best Company, here, has the largest establishment, I believe, in the world. It is well for Milwaukee that it makes the best beer in the world, even if it is by Best. The city does not drink more water than it manufactures of beer. The Bay View Rolling Mills also add to the celebrity of Milwaukee, as they have few rivals in size.

Lake Michigan, in one respect, is a species of Ægean Sea, at least in classicism. From Milwaukee to Chicago it is lined with celebrated seats of learning, and no university in the world ranks higher in its standards than that at Evanston. Not far south of Milwaukee is Racine, most famous for Jay Eye See, that wonderful horse, whose trotting days are past, it is feared, but whose record is immortal. Here is the seat of Racine College, whose buildings are located on a high plateau, above Lake Michigan. The college is the property of the Episcopalians, and is thoroughly identified with that Church.

At Lake Forest is another college, of Presbyterian ownership, and bearing the name of the Lake Forest University. To the north of this a few miles is the Lake Bluff Assembly Ground, a Methodist institution after the manner of Chautauqua. Much capital has been expended here, to beautify the grounds and make the place a desirable Summer resort. It has a system of water-works, and a long iron pier for the landing of steam-ships—doubtless the only pier of the kind on the lake.

Most prominent of all places on the lake, not even excepting Chicago, more beautiful than any American city, and perhaps unrivaled in the world, is Evanston, a suburb of the Western metropolis. The citizens who most largely control the interests of the great city reside in Evanston, and it is no exaggeration to say that the grounds on which stand the most magnificent of Chicago's buildings, besides many of the most prominent of its city blocks, are the property of the Northwestern University. This great institution has had a growth of interests only exceeded by Harvard. Its endowments amount to several millions, and it is the mos-

extensive real-estate owner in the West. Gradually it has grown to be the centre of Methodism on the continent.

In taking a retrospect of the North-western, the most conspicuous institution the West has developed, there are names visible which have won their immortality. The Woman's College produced Miss Frances Willard, the national head of temperance. The Medical College



RELIC OF THE EARLY FRENCH MISSIONS FOUND IN AN INDIAN GRAVE AT DE PERE, NEAR GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN.

has at its head Dr. Nathan S. Davis, distinguished in national clinics, and the President of the International Association. The College of Law points to its Booth. The Department of Science takes pride in Alexander Winchell, the great geologist; in the lamented Milner, who, as Assistant United States Fish Commissioner, discovered the habits, methods of propagation and haunts of the white-fish, the most important food-fish of the Great Lakes; in Oliver Marcy, LL.D., who made the department of science what it is, and during the dark period of the university's history, as Acting President, guarded its interest with consummate ability and tact.

When we reach Chicago we find that the intellectual features of the Lake region have been exhausted, and also the scenery. Chicago proper has no institution of any prominence whatever. It has no scenery, except such as is artificial and has been made in her parks. I have seen artificial effects in scenery produced by the mound-builders in the same region which bore such a striking resemblance to the effects produced in the parks by the landscape-gardeners that I ceased to feel informed as to the extent of the civilization and learning of the former. Future races, excavating on the site of Chicago, will place the inhabitants of that city in the same category with the mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley, if these effects are taken as types of progress. This is no reflection upon the artistic beauty of artificial Chicago scenery. It is simply a statement of fact. The mound-builders excelled in artistic effects of artificial scenery, and whether from design or accident, the landscape-gardeners have reproduced and extended the designs which characterized the ancient and wonderful mound-builders. Chicago has a belt-line of parks and boulevards, and one can drive a hundred miles on cement through mazes of artificial scenery. All railways enter the heart of the city, and their depots cluster around the Chamber of Commerce. It is mighty amazing to the traveler to be borne to the very heart of a

great city at a speed varying from thirty to fifty miles per hour. Chicago being planted on a marsh, on which it once had to raise itself fourteen feet to keep out of the mud, it could not well compel the railways to tunnel into the city, neither could it stop them at the limits, because the lexicon of that city contains no such name. And so, the Chicagoan sees a railway occupying every other street with supreme indifference, and if, perchance, one runs through his back yard—and no Chicago back yard is esteemed complete without one—he points to the passing trains and looks at his guests' amazement with pride. A river divides Chicago into three great divisions. The North Side comprises the aristocracy whose ancestors settled before the fire. The South Side comprises the aristocracy which has come up since the fire. The West comprises the struggling citizens, who hope and intend to become aristocracy in time. As a natural consequence, the brains of the city are located on the West Side, the society on the South Side, and the fashion on the North.

Business naturally ranks first in Chicago, and gives it its greatest reputation abroad. It is celebrated next in importance on account of its big buildings, and there is no denying that it has some of the most colossal in the world. Chicago's most remarkable works of architecture are located on the lake-front. They comprise Mr. Potter Palmer's castle on the North Side, and on the South Side the Pullman Building, the Hotel Richelieu, the Art Institute, the Studebaker Building and the Auditorium. Mr. Palmer's castle is the most conspicuous object seen by approaching vessels. It is a beautiful structure, and an ornament to the city. The Pullman Building is undoubtedly the most beautiful work of architecture in Chicago—and, indeed, is not surpassed on this continent for the gracefulness of its lines, with the possible exception of the Cathedral of New York. The Hotel Richelieu is not particularly noted for its architecture, but is one of the most prominent hotels in the country.

The Art Institute stands to represent the chief educational institution of Chicago, but it cannot be said to have exerted any very great influence on the tastes of city as yet, although that is doubtless its destiny in time; neither has it equaled the Calumet Club in its annual exhibitions of paintings. The Calumet Club is really the centre of all influential movements, both in

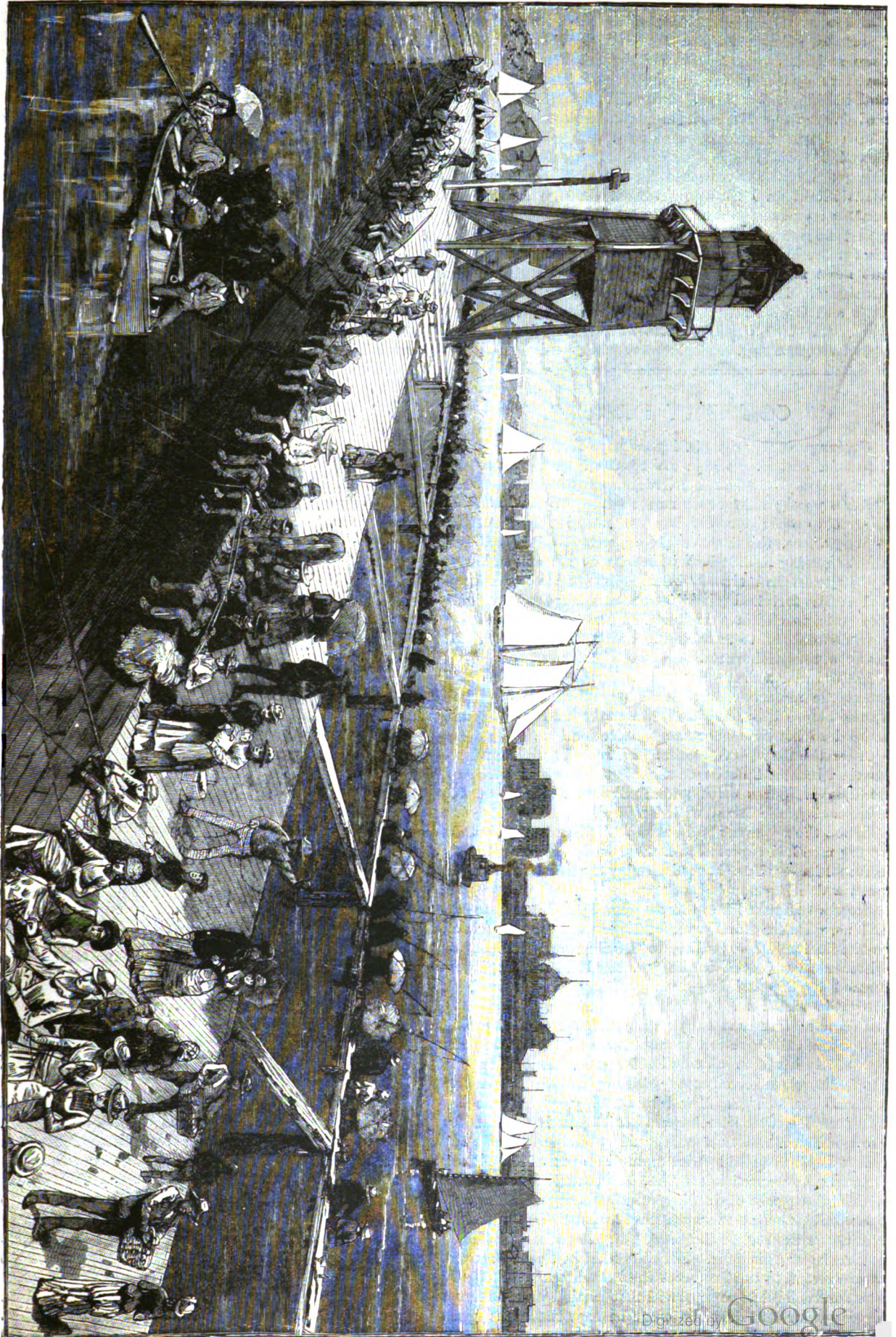


CURIOUS OLD RELIGIOUS MEDAL DUG UP AT DE PERE, WISCONSIN.

art and otherwise, which affects the intellectual advancement of the place.

The Auditorium was projected with the idea of giving Chicago a new advertisement, in shape of the largest and most magnificent opera-house in the world. Its auditorium is portable—that is, it can be graded in size to accommodate any audience of from 2,000 to 8,400 people.

Lake Michigan is environed by a number of railways,



THE BREAKWATER, CHICAGO.

by which any desirable point on it can be reached. The Chicago and North-western reaches the iron regions of Escanaba, Marquette, and the shore-line between Chicago and Milwaukee. The Michigan Central girdles the southern end of the lake parallel with the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern. The Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western extends from Milwaukee northward to Green Bay, and thence across to Lake Superior. The Grand Rapids and Indiana runs from Grand Rapids along the east shore to the Straits of Mackinaw. The West Michigan Railway runs from Chicago around the southern end of the lake to Muskegon, crosses the State, and terminates at Detroit. This latter road, which includes the Detroit, Lansing and Northern, now possesses the most magnificent cars and the fastest trains of the continent. It runs four fast express trains between Detroit and Grand Rapids, which average over fifty miles per hour. For a road of its size, its equipment and speed are amazing.

COUNTRY DANCES.

CLISTHENES, Tyrant of Sicyon (says Herodotus) had a beautiful daughter whom he resolved to marry to the most accomplished of the Greeks. Accordingly all the eligible young men of Greece resorted to the court of Sicyon, to offer for the hand of the lovely Agarista. Among these, the most distinguished was Hippoclidides, and the King decided to take him as his son-in-law.

Clisthenes had already invited the guests to the nuptial feast, and had slaughtered one hundred oxen to the gods, to obtain a blessing on the union, when Hippoclidides offered to exhibit the crown and climax of his many accomplishments.

He ordered a flute-player to play a dance tune, and when the musician obeyed, he (Hippoclidides) began to dance before the King and the court and guests, and danced to his own supreme satisfaction.

After the first bout, and he had rested awhile and recovered breath, he ordered a table to be introduced, and he danced figures on it, and finally set his head on the table and gesticulated with his legs.

When the applause had ceased, Clisthenes said—as the young man had reverted to his feet and stood expectantly before him—“You have danced very well, but I don't want a dancing son-in-law.”

How we should like to know what Herodotus does not tell us, whether the Tyrant of Sicyon was of a sour and puritanical mind, objecting to dancing on principle, or whether he objected to the peculiar kind of dance performed by Hippoclidides—notably that with his head on the table and his legs kicking in the air.

I do not think that such a thing existed at that period as puritanical objection to dancing, but that it was the sort of dance which offended Clisthenes. Lucian in one of his dialogues introduces a philosopher who reproaches a friend for being addicted to dancing, whereupon the other replies that dancing was of divine invention, for the goddess Rhæa first composed set dances about the infant Jupiter, to hide him from the eyes of his father, Saturn, who wanted to eat him. Moreover, Homer speaks with high respect of dancing, and declares that the grace and nimbleness of Meriones in the dance distinguished him above the rest of the heroes, in the contending hosts of Greeks and Trojans. He adds, that in Greece statues were erected to the honor of the best dancers, so highly was the art held in repute, and that Hesiod places on one footing valor and dancing, when he says that “the gods

have bestowed fortitude on some men, and on others a disposition for dancing.” Lastly, he puts the philosopher in mind that Socrates not only admired the salutary exercise in others, but learned it himself when he was an old man.

On hearing this defense of dancing, the morose philosopher in Lucian's dialogue professes himself a convert, and requests his friend to take him to the next subscription ball.

Steele, in the *Spectator*, declared that “no one ever was a good dancer that had not a good understanding,” and that it is an art whereby mechanically, so to speak, “a sense of good breeding and virtue are insensibly implanted in minds not capable of receiving it so well in any other rules.”

I cannot help thinking that the dancing commanded by the *Spectator*, learned in old age by Socrates, and that in which the Greeks won the honor of Athens, was something far removed from that which incurred the displeasure of Clisthenes, and lost Hippoclidides the hand of his beautiful mistress.

Here is a letter in the *Spectator*, given in Steele's article. It purports to be from a father, Philipaster:

“I am a widower with one daughter; she was by nature much inclined to be a romp, and I had no way of educating her, but commanding a young woman, whom I entertained to take care of her, to be watchful in her care and attendance about her. I am a man of business, and obliged to be much abroad. The neighbors have told me, that in my absence our maid has let in the spence servants in the neighborhood to junketings, while my girl play'd and romped even in the street. To tell you the plain truth, I caught her once, at eleven years old, at chuck-farthing, among the boys. This put me upon new thoughts about my child, and I determined to place her at a boarding-school. I took little notice of my girl from time to time, but saw her now and then in good health, out of harm's way, and was satisfied. But by much importunity, I was lately prevailed with to go to one of her balls. I cannot express to you the anxiety my silly heart was in, when I saw my romp, now fifteen, taken out. I could not have suffered more, had my whole fortune been at stake. My girl came on with the most becoming modesty I had ever seen, and casting a respectful eye, as if she feared me more than all the audience, I gave a nod, which, I think, gave her all the spirit she assumed upon it, but she rose properly to that dignity of aspect. My romp, now the most graceful person of her sex, assumed a majesty which commanded the highest respect. You, *Mr. Spectator*, will, better than I can tell you, imagine all the different beauties and changes of aspect in an accomplished young woman, setting forth all her beauties with a design to please no one so much as her father. My girl's lover can never know half the satisfaction that I did in her that day. I could not possibly have imagined that so great improvement could have been wrought by an art that I always held in itself ridiculous and contemptible. There is, I am convinced, no method like this, to give young women a sense of their own value and dignity; and I am sure there can be none so expeditious to communicate that value to others. For my part, my child has danced herself into my esteem, and I have as great an honor of her as ever I had for her mother, from whom she derived those latent good qualities which appeared in her countenance when she was dancing; for my girl showed in one quarter of an hour the innate principles of a modest virgin, a tender wife and generous friend, a kind mother and an indulgent mistress.”

It is a curious fact that the beautiful and graceful dance, the dance as a fine art, is extinct among us. It has been expelled by the intrusive waltz. And if in the waltz any of that charm of modesty, grace of action and dignity of posture can be found which delighted our forefathers and made them esteem dancing, then let it be shown. It was not waltzing which made Meriones to be esteemed among the heroes of the Trojan War; it was not waltzing, certainly, that Socrates acquired in his old age; and it most assuredly was not whilst waltzing that the correspondent of the *Spectator* admired in his daughter the modest virgin. It is possible that it was

a sort of waltz which Hippocrides performed, and which lost him the daughter of Clisthenes.

The dance is not properly the spinning around of two persons of opposite sex, hugging each other, and imitating the motions of a teetotum. The dance is an assemblage of graceful movements and figures, performed by a set number of persons. There is singular beauty in the dance proper. The eye is pleased by a display of graceful and changing outline, by bringing into play the muscles of well-molded limbs. But where many performers take part the enchantment is increased, just as part-singing is more lovely than solo-singing; for to the satisfaction derived from the graceful attitude of one performer is added that of beautiful grouping. A single well-proportioned figure is a goodly sight; several well-proportioned figures in shifting groups, now in clusters, now swinging loose in wreaths, now falling into-line or circles, whilst an individual, or a pair, focus the interest, is very beautiful. It is the change in a concert, from chorus to solo; and when, whilst the single dance, projected into prominence, attracts the delighted eye, the rest of the dancers keep rhythmic motion, subdued in simple change, the effect is exquisite. It is the accompaniment on a living instrument to a solo.

Æsthetically, the dance is, or may be, one of the most beautiful creations of man—an art, and an art of no mean order. In it each man and woman has to sustain a part, is one of many, a member of a company, enchained to it by laws which all must obey. And yet each has in his part a certain scope for individual expansion, for the exercise of liberty. It is a figure of the world of men, in which each has a part to perform in relation to all the rest. If the performer uses his freedom in excess, the dancers in the social ball are thrown into disorder, and the beauty and unity of the performance is lost.

Now all this beauty is taken from us. The waltz has invaded our ball-rooms and drives all other dances out of it. Next to the polka the waltz is the rudest and most elementary of step and figure dances; it has extirpated before it the lovely and intricate dances, highly artistic, and of elaborate organization, which were performed a century ago. How is it now in a ball? Even the quadrille and lancers, the sole remnant of an art beautiful to lookers-on, are set out; or, after having been entered on the list, are omitted, and a waltz substituted for them. "Valse, valse, toujours valse!" A book on dances, published in 1821, speaks of the introduction of the waltz as a new thing, and of the rarity of finding persons at a ball who could dance it: "The company at balls having no partners who are acquainted with waltzing or quadrilles, generally become spectators of each other in a promenade round the rooms, so that the waltz or quadrille ball ends in country dances, sometimes not one of these dances being performed throughout the evening." That was something over sixty years ago. Waltz and quadrille came in hand-in-hand, and displaced the old artistic and picturesque country dances; and then waltz prevailed and kicked quadrille out at the door. The country dance is the old English dance, the dance of our forefathers—the dance that worked such wonders in the heart of the old father in Steele's papers in the *Spectator*. The country dance has nothing to do with the country; it has no smack of rusticity about it. The designation is properly *contre-danse*, or counter-dance, and is given to all that class of dances which are performed by the gentlemen standing on one side and the ladies on the other, in lines. The quadrille—a square dance—does not belong to it, nor any of those figures where the performers stand in a circle. As a general rule, foreign dances

are circular or square. In Brittany is *La Boulangère*, and in the South of France *La Tapageuse*, which are set in lines; but, with only a few exceptions, most Continental dances are square or round; the specialty of the English dance was that it was counter. Probably all old dances in this country, with the exception of reels, were so set. A writer at the beginning of this century said: "An English country dance differs from any other known dance in form and construction, except *Écossaise* and quadrille country dances, as most others composed of a number of persons are either round, octagon, circular or angular. The pastoral dances on the stage approximate the nearest to English country dances, being formed longways."

The number of performers was unlimited, but could not consist of less than six. An English country dance was composed of the putting together of several figures, and it allowed of almost infinite variation, according to the number and arrangement of the figures introduced. Sir Roger de Coverley, which is not quite driven out, consists of seven figures. Some figures are quite elementary, as turning the partner, setting, leading down the middle. Others are more elaborate, as turn corners and swing corners; some are called short figures, as requiring in their performance a whole strain of short measure, or half a strain of long measure. Long figures, on the other hand, occupy a strain of eight bars in long measure—a strain being that part of an air which is terminated by a double bar, and usually consists in country dances of four, eight or sixteen single bars. Country-dance tunes usually consist of two strains, though they sometimes extend to three, four or five, and of eight bars each.

The names and character of the old country dances are quite forgotten.

The following is a list of some of the dances given in "The Complete Country Dancing-master," published near the beginning of last century:

Whitehall,	The Whirligig,
Ackroyd's Pad,	Amarillis,
Buttered Pease,	Sweet Kate,
Bravo and Florimel,	Granny's Delight,
Pope Joan,	Essex Buildings,
Have at thy Coat, Old Woman,	Lord Byron's Maggot,
The Battle of the Boyne,	Bellamers,
The Gossip's Frolic,	The Dumps,
The Intrigue,	Rub Her Down with Straw,
Prince and Princess,	Moll Peatley,
A Health to Betty,	Bobbing Joan,
	Cheerily and Merrily.

In Waylet's "Collection of Country Dances," published in 1749, we have these:

The Lass of Livingstone,	Bonny Lass,
Highland Liddle,	The Grasshopper,
Down the Burn, Davy,	The Pallet,
Eltham Assembly,	Jack Latin,
Cephalus and Procris,	Farinelle's Maggot,
Joy Go with Her,	Buttered Pease,
Duke of Monmouth's Jig,	The Star.

Some of these dances were simplicity itself, consisting of only a very few elementary figures. This is the description of "Sweet Kate": "Lead up all a double and back. That again. Set your right foot to your woman's, then your left, clasp your woman on her right hand, then on the left, wind your hands and hold up your finger, wind your hands again and hold up another finger of the other hand, then single; and all this again."

"Bobbing Joan" is no more than this: First couple dances between the second, which then take their places, dance down, hands and all round, first two men snap

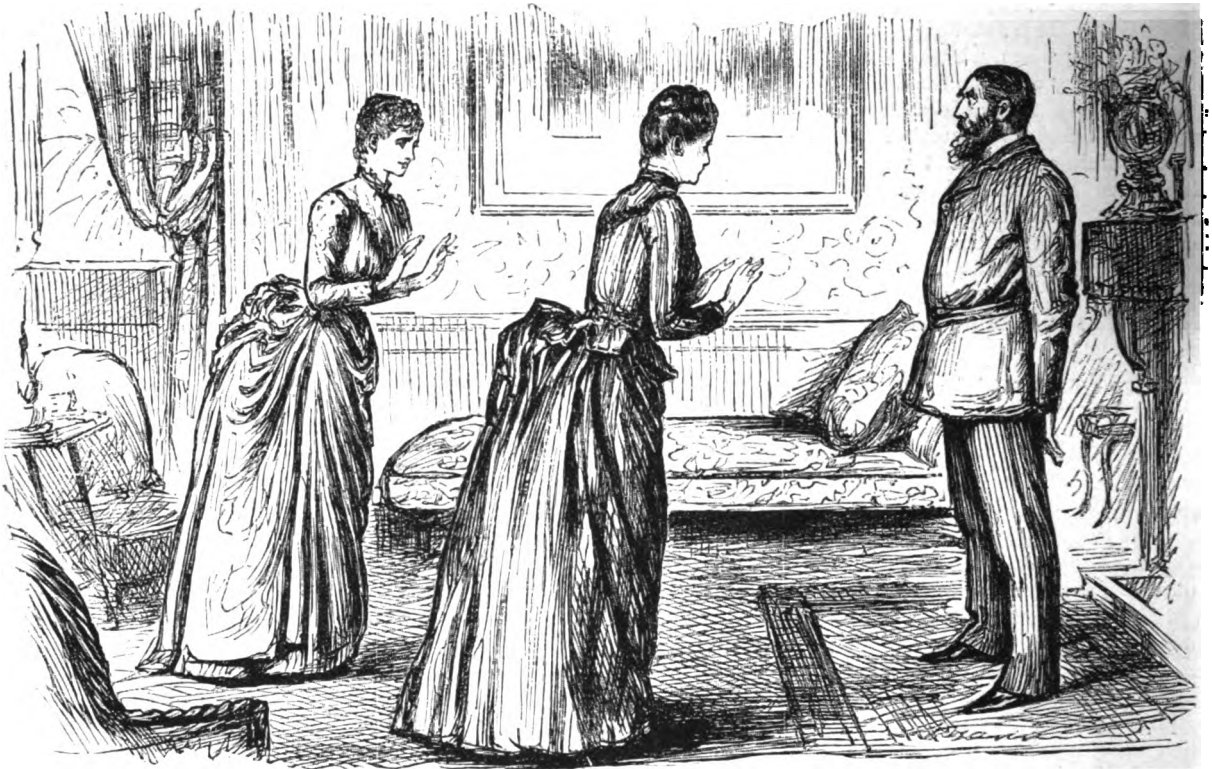
fingers and change places, first women do the same, these two changes to the last, and the rest follow.

The tune of "The Triumph" is still found in collections of dance music, but it is only here and there in country places that it can be performed. We saw some old villagers of sixty and seventy years of age dance it last Christmas, but no young people knew anything about it. It is a slight, easy, but graceful dance—graceful when not danced by old gaffers and grannies.

Very probably one reason of the disapproval which country dancing has encountered arises from the fact that it allows no opportunities of conversation and, consequently, of flirtation, as the partners stand opposite each other, and in the figures take part with other performers quite as much with their own proper *vis-à-vis*. But then, is a dance arranged simply to enable a young

ing," by Thomas Wilson, published about 1821 (there is no date on the title-page), the author insists on this being the national dance of the English, of its being in constant practice, of its being a general favorite "in every city and town throughout the United Kingdom;" as constituting "the principal amusement with the greater part of the inhabitants of this country." Not only so, but the English country dance was carried to all the foreign European courts, where it "was very popular, and became the most favorite species of dancing;" and yet it is gone—gone utterly.

The minuet was, no doubt, a tedious and overformal dance; it was only tolerable when those engaged wore hoops and powder and knee-breeches; but the English country dance is not stiff at all, and only so far formal as all complications of figures must be formal. It is at the



SOCIAL AGONIES.

(Exit awful bore, after protracted visit.)

"OH, WILLIAM! HOW UNGENIALLY YOU SAID 'HOW D'Y DO?' TO POOR PROFESSOR BLOKER!"

"YES, INDEED, PAPA! AND OH, HOW EFFUSIVELY YOU BADE HIM 'GOOD-BY'!"

pair to clasp each other and whisper into each other's ears? Are art, beauty, pleasure to the spectators to be left out of count altogether? The wall-fruit are deserving of commiseration, for they now see nothing that can gratify the eye in a ball-room; the waltz has been like the Norwegian rat—it has driven the native out altogether, and the native dance and the native rat were the more beautiful of the two.

It is not often we get a graceful dance on the stage either. Country dancing is banished thence also; the minuet and distorted antics that are without grace, and of scanty decency, have supplanted it.

It seems incredible that what was regarded as a necessary acquisition of every lady and gentleman sixty or seventy years ago should have gone, and gone utterly—so utterly that probably dancing-masters of the present day would not know how to teach the old country dances. In "The Complete System of Country Danc-

ing," by Thomas Wilson, published about 1821 (there is no date on the title-page), the author insists on this being the national dance of the English, of its being in constant practice, of its being a general favorite "in every city and town throughout the United Kingdom;" as constituting "the principal amusement with the greater part of the inhabitants of this country." Not only so, but the English country dance was carried to all the foreign European courts, where it "was very popular, and became the most favorite species of dancing;" and yet it is gone—gone utterly.

Why, in this age of revivals, when we fill our rooms with Chippendale furniture and rococo mirrors and inlaid Florentine cabinets, and use the subdued colors of our grandmothers, when our books are printed in old type with head and tail pieces of two centuries ago, when the edges are left in the rough—why should we allow the waltz, the foreign waltz, to monopolize our ball-rooms to the exclusion of all beautiful figure-dancing, and let an old native art disappear completely without an attempt to recover it? It will be in these delightful, graceful old national dances that our girls will, like the daughter of Philipater in the *Spectator*, dance themselves into our esteem, as it is pretty sure that in the approved fashion of waltzing they will dance themselves out of it.



WHERE THE TROUT HIDE.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNET.

Nor that he was an angel, or even that he looked very much like one; but the fact was, that circumstances made the quotation oddly apropos. But, really, he was a very presentable young man, as far as a strong, shapely form, a well-featured face and a pair of keen dark eyes go. Lettie Dallas thought so from the very moment she raised her head and saw him, to her astonishment, watching her as she weeded her geraniums, one fine Summer morning.

If she had not been so busily employed, she might have noticed him when first he stopped at the gate; but, as she was thinking of nothing but her weeds, she did not notice him; so he was obliged—not much against his will, I imagine—to stand and look at her until she had finished.

On her first recognition of his presence, the young lady blushed a little through her berry-brown skin; but the next moment she recovered herself sufficiently to bow and say "Good-morning!" a thought confusedly, but still with great politeness.

"I ask pardon for—for alarming you, Miss Dallas," he said, with the least suspicion of amusement in his face. "But I am the bearer of a note from your rector, Mr. Clavering. My name is Mal—verson."

It was rather odd, Lettie thought, in some surprise, that he was not so ready with his own name as he was with hers; for he certainly hesitated over it, and added the final syllables as if from a sudden recollection. But his manner was so perfectly thoroughbred that it set her at ease.

"Oh, I was not alarmed," she said, frankly; "only surprised a little. Pray walk in. Mr. Clavering's friends

are always welcome!" And she began to gather her light garden-tools together.

She was a decidedly piquant-looking girl, with a profusion of dark hair and a pair of large, brilliant black eyes. Really, there was more sparkle than prettiness in her face; but the gentleman's glance, as it took in her trim little figure and satirical little dark face, was full of admiration—which did not diminish when she led the way up the wide gravel-walk to the house.

He gave her the note when she had ushered him into the handsomely furnished parlor, and, as she read it, he watched her with an expression which had a kind of half-whimsical curiosity in it. The missive ran:

"DEAR MISS LETTIE: The bearer of this note is, I believe, a traveling artist, who is very desirous of making a stay of a few weeks at Amberside, for the purpose of sketching our fine scenery. I should be happy to receive him as a guest myself, but the state of Mrs. Clavering's health renders it impossible. May I recommend him to your hospitable hands? From my slight acquaintance with him, I should imagine any kindness will be gratefully regarded. Your sincere friend, MARCUS CLAVERING."

There was the faintest suspicion of a demure smile on her face when she folded the note and looked up at him; but if she had any inward misgivings, they were not displayed either in her tone or her words.

"We shall be very glad to accede to Mr. Clavering's request, I am sure," she said. "We country people are always glad to receive visitors. If you will excuse me a moment, I will tell mamma you are here."

The suspicion of a smile became a very decided one, as she crossed the hall to the family sitting-room, and she gave her shoulders a very dubious little shrug.

"Humph!" she ejaculated. "Recommended to our hospitable hands, is he? I wonder what Flo and Blanche will say?" And then she entered the room and explained her errand.

Flo and Blanche opened their aristocratic blue eyes when, after reading the note, their mother handed it to them, and Flo pushed her crayons aside with very emphatic irritation and impatience.

"The idea of such a thing!" she exclaimed. "What must we do, mamma? Just when the Norrises are coming, too?"

"We can't do anything but make the best of it," replied Mrs. Dallas, fretfully, settling herself in her invalid's chair. "We can't offend Mr. Clavering."

"But a traveling artist!" said Flo, scornfully.

Flo was the beauty of the family, and could afford to be scornful.

"I'll take care he don't distress the Norrises," put in Lettie, with the demure sharpness which was peculiar to her, and which was not a little dreaded by her elder sister. "And I don't think you need be alarmed. He might possibly be a passably well-conducted individual if he is a traveling artist, you know. One hears of such things occasionally."

Flo dropped her white eyelids contemptuously, and turned to her crayons again. Lettie always was too much for her when it came to words, even if she was the "ugly duckling" of the Dallas establishment, and the only refuge under her "impertinence," as they called it, was a magnificent disdain.

But, as their mother had said, they could not offend Mr. Clavering; so when Lettie suggested the propriety of some one's proceeding to receive the gentleman, to offer him some welcome, in default of an alternative Mrs. Dallas rose and went to the parlor prepared with even more than the usual amount of refined frostiness.

Mr. Clavering's *protégé* smiled the cool whimsical smile again, when Flo greeted him with the coldly well-bred inclination of her handsome blonde head, which Lettie most cordially detested; but he did not appear at all embarrassed, and set aside the snubbing in embryo in a quiet, non-recognizing style which was very amusing to one young lady at least. That young lady was Miss Lettie. As I have said before, Lettie was the "ugly duckling" of the Dallas family. Flo and Blanche had been beauties from their cradles—"real Dallas beauties," as their mother said, sighing over the brunette skin and *nez retroussé* of her youngest daughter. Tall, fair girls they were, with delicate, creamy skins and quantities of fashionably blonde hair; but Lettie was nothing of the kind. She was merely quick-witted and piquant-looking, though certainly her black eyes were magnificent, and had a trick of opening themselves wide under their lashes, which was as universally admired as either Flo's pink and white or Blanche's gold.

This little girl's chief characteristic was energy (she was a little girl—the sort of a girl people call *petite*, because it suits them better than our English "little") and this same characteristic was the cause of much righteous horror in the family circle.

"It is of no use talking to Lettie," Flo and Blanche would say, when she had horrified them by some new declaration of independence. "You may as well, at once, give her her own way, for if you don't she will be sure to take it."

To tell the truth, the opinions of the three sisters were not unfrequently at variance. Lettie made friends wherever she found people whom she liked, whether in society or out of it, frequently calling down upon herself great

indignation through her selections. Old Mr. Clavering was her prime minister and adviser, and she often made him the confidant of her half-comical distress.

"You see, Mr. Clavering," she would say, with a little sparkle in her eyes, on coming out of an aristocratic fracas, "I am naturally democratic. I am ashamed to confess I don't like the Browns, Joneses and Robinsons any less because they are Browns, Joneses and Robinsons, instead of Fitzgeralds and De Burghs. It's awful, of course, but it's true."

But, whatever was said upon the subject, it generally ended in the young lady carrying her point. Neither Flo nor Blanche cared to face the sharp little battery of satire which she was so well able to turn upon them. If the beauty had been given to her sisters, the brains had certainly been bestowed upon Lettie, and she made good use of them in a diplomatic style which was, now and then, very refreshing to observing people.

On this occasion she was rather refreshing to Mr. Malverson. Apart from two or three country-seats, and Mr. Clavering's rectory, Amberside could boast of scarcely more than a few cottages to give it the name of a village, and, accordingly, any sojourners were obliged to be entertained at the different private establishments. In this manner the gentleman had been thrown into Mr. Clavering's hands, and I have already shown you how he was transferred to the Dallases.

The first evening of his experience was really not particularly encouraging. Flo was frostily polite, Blanche was gracefully indifferent, and poor Mrs. Dallas's efforts at preserving a medium of traveling-artist patronage were, on the whole, slightly ludicrous.

But when Lettie made her appearance matters altered. She had been obliged to go out after introducing him in the morning, but when the tea-tray was brought in she followed it.

She was quite a pleasant surprise to Mr. Malverson, with her scarlet cheeks and sparkling eyes, and before she had been in the room ten minutes his face had again brightened wonderfully, and he found himself comparing her with her Juno-like sisters, with a result which was not at all favorable to the Junos.

There was not an atom of affectation about her, either in her trim, coquettishly pretty dress, or her brilliant little face, and it amused him to see how she exercised her power in the family circle. She took a chair at the table, and upset Flo's dignity entirely with her first candid speech to their guest.

She talked to him just as she would have talked to the Emperor Napoleon if she had chanced to meet him—with a pleasant essence of demureness in her little satirical speeches, and the most natural little air in the world ruling her desire to please. Once or twice Mr. Malverson found himself smiling, it was so evident that she had taken him under her protection.

"I hope you won't be disappointed in Amberside," she said, regardless of Blanche's look of horror at her familiarity. "I know all the prettiest views, and I will show you the Cairn Stones to-morrow."

His eyes met hers with a sudden pleasure which a less natural girl would have blushed under, but which only made her smile frankly and feel pleased that she had spoken.

"Thank you," he said. "I am much indebted to you, Miss Lettie, and I am quite sure that Amberside won't disappoint me."

His thorough ease of manner pleased Lettie. His cool, indifferent amusement at any attempt at patronage proved that he was not accustomed to it, but at the same

time his well-bred self-poise made him simply indifferent, and nothing more.

If he had been awkward and uncultured, Lettie would have defended and protected him, from principle; but as it was, she had taken one of her sudden likings to him, and her heart was in her work.

She left the room at about ten o'clock, and did not return again; but Malverson could hear her passing up and down stairs, and once he caught a glimpse of her in the hall, with a bunch of bright little keys dangling at her waist and a very business-like expression on her face.

As he was going up to his room to retire for the night he met her coming down, holding the same little bunch of keys in her hand, and she nodded her shining black braids gayly.

"Pleasant dreams!" she said, and ran down the stairs, jingling the keys merrily.

But at the bottom of the flight she hesitated a moment, and at last turned her bright face upward to him and spoke:

"If there is anything I can do for you while you are here, will you be sure to tell me of it, please?" she said, straightforwardly. "I always take care of Frank, when he is at home, and I like to do it."

She did not blush over it; she said it quite frankly and unceremoniously. But the face on which the lamp-light shone was so tempting and bright-looking, that Malverson wished frantically that he might have had the right to stoop and kiss it as he thanked her.

But when he turned into his room and shut the door, there was a touch of amused mischief in his eyes.

"Jove!" he said, laughing softly to himself. "This is likely to prove even more interesting than I imagined. What would my lady mother say, I wonder? Bravo, little Miss Lettie!"

The first thing he saw in the morning was little Miss Lettie again; and little Miss Lettie, on the way from the garden, in a bewitching working costume of brown holland, and a still more bewitching hat, with a bright-blue ribbon tied round it and fluttering in her crisp black hair, was even more sparkling than ever.

"Go into the breakfast-room," she said, rolling her gloves together. "Flo and Blanche are not up yet, and mamma always breakfasts up-stairs; but I will pour your coffee out for you, as you wish to take advantage of the morning coolness."

He saw her through the open door hang her blue-ribbed hat up in the hall, and then she came into the room with cheeks like scarlet roses.

"I met Mr. Clavering when I was out yesterday," she said, taking a seat behind the coffee-urn, "and he said I must give you the benefit of my experience. I don't sketch much myself, but Frank does, and I always went with him on his wandering expeditions."

"Frank," repeated Malverson—"is that the Frank you take care of?"

"Yes. I forgot—you didn't know. He is my brother, but he is in Berlin now, studying medicine."

Mr. Malverson took another muffin and smiled. This was a very charming little girl, he told himself for the twentieth time, as his glance took in her trim figure and big black eyes. Frank was a lucky fellow. One would not object to see such an irresistible, brilliant little face as that at the head of one's table, even for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and there were not many women who would stand such an inexorable test as that.

How she could laugh, to be sure, and how white her little even teeth looked against her red, red lips when

she did laugh! Her mouth and eyes were her best features, poor little, merry, "ugly duckling," and it took him some time to decide which were the most capricious in its power of expression. Once he decided that it was the mouth, but that was when he was not looking at the eyes; and before he rose from the table he had almost decided that her downy brown cheek, with the soft dusky red on it, was quite as lovely as her fairer sisters' cream and roses. Altogether, if ever a young lady served as *sauce piquante* to a gentleman's breakfast, Lettie Dallas did that morning.

When Flo entered the breakfast-room, the sight she saw from the opened window made her shrug her graceful shoulders again.

"Mamma!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "It is perfectly ridiculous. There is Lettie in the garden weeding the geraniums and talking to that man as if she had known him all her life. What would the Norrises say?"

Mrs. Dallas only sighed fretfully. She was not the strongest-minded woman in the world, and Lettie was too much for her as well as for other people.

The young offender in question made her appearance in the course of half an hour, bringing a letter, which she tossed on the table with a pleased face.

"It is from Munich, you see, mamma!" she exclaimed, drawing off her garden-gloves. "Frank left Berlin a month ago with that 'familiar' of his—Captain Pierre Malmaison. He says the captain is coming to America, and proposes to give us a call, and that we are to be sure to treat him well. You had better keep your *frisettes* in order, Flo and Blanche, in case of a surprise. He might come any time, you know, and he is only one remove from a peerage, and has a rent-roll of twenty thousand per annum besides."

Flo flushed a little. Captain Pierre Malmaison was a hero among the Dallases in virtue of Frank's enthusiastic praises and his own aristocracy. They had never seen him, but they had heard quite enough of him to convince them that he was *un bon parti* in all respects, and it is just probable that Miss Dallas had some private plans of her own on hand.

But there again an idea presented itself. The idea of the Norrises meeting Mr. Clavering's *protégé* had been bad enough; but how could they introduce a traveling artist, even if he was a presentable one, to Captain Malmaison?

"That is easily settled," said Lettie, with no inconsiderable spirit, when Flo had finished her hospitable speech. "The gentleman has enough good taste and discrimination to discover how welcome he is. He told me this morning that he expected to shorten his stay to a few days."

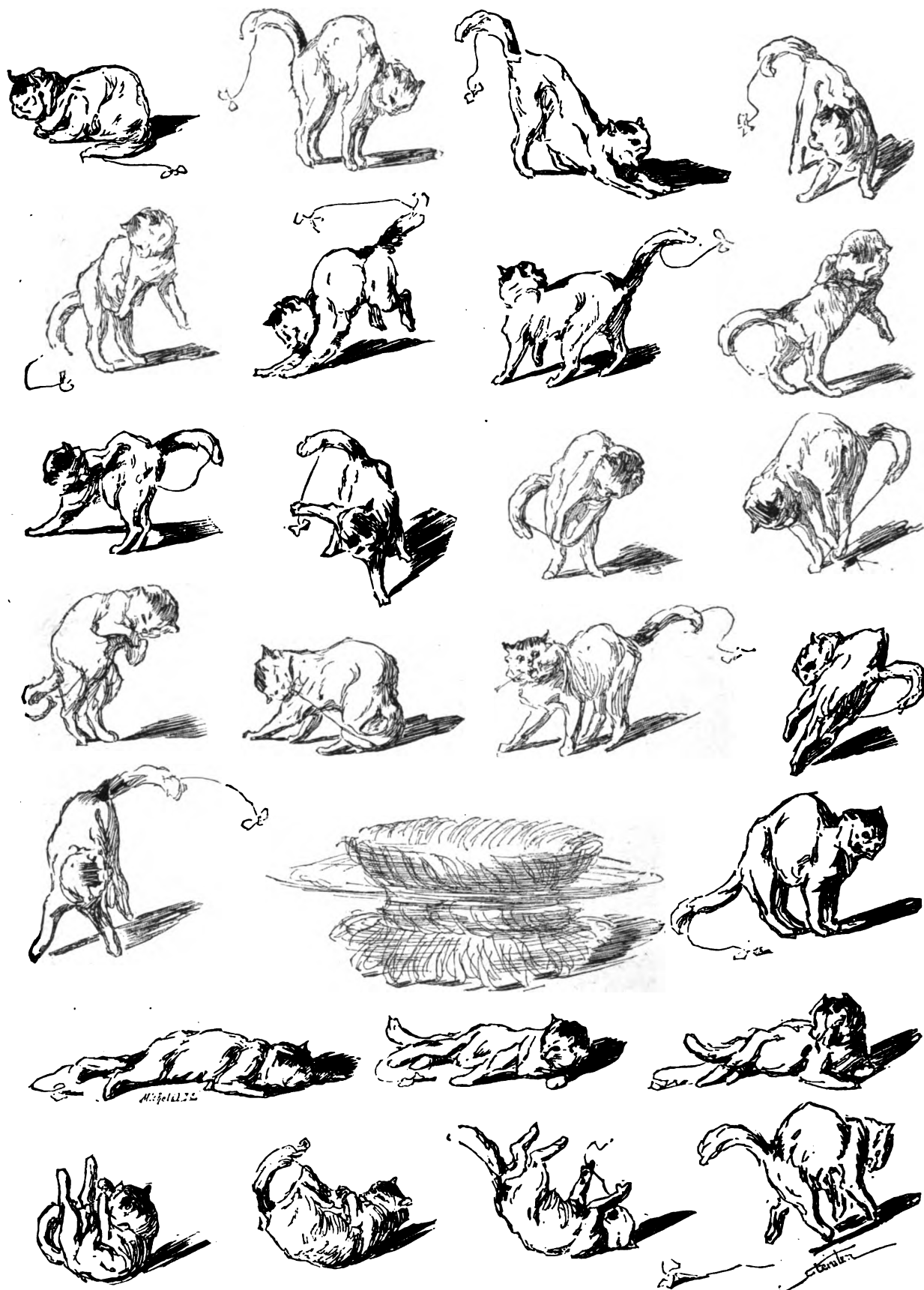
"I hope he will," put in Blanche, complacently. "The Norrises will be here on Friday."

A little quiet arching of Lettie's satirical eyebrows was the only answer.

Mr. Malverson did not appear to have made much progress in his sketching when he returned home. Lettie was in the kitchen, making a cake for one of Mr. Clavering's pensioners, when he came back, and he walked coolly up the garden-walk and stood before the window watching her for a moment, as she stood at the dresser with her hands in the flour and her sleeves rolled up.

She was slightly surprised to see him; for instead of a portfolio, he had a brace of birds in his hand and a gun over his shoulder, and he raised his hat, smilingly.

"May I lay my Nimrodian offering at your feet?" he said. "The pencil gave place to the gun this morning, Miss Lettie."



"But I thought you were going to sketch," said Lettie.

"So I was, but the birds tempted me so, I borrowed a gun from a good-natured individual, who was willing

round her pliant little waist; but the baking operations had brought out all the bright glow on her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes, that won an admiring glance from the gentleman as he handed her his spoils.



"ALL DOWN!"

to lend it me for a pecuniary consideration. Will you receive the fruits?"

"With many thanks," she answered. "Bring them into the kitchen, if you please. I can't come out."

Her plump, tapering arms were floured to the elbow, and there was a very sensible-looking white apron tied

"I have been unfortunate," he said, pointing to a rent in his sleeve. "I must thank your sweet-brier for that." She gave it a demure little glance of inspection.

"It can be mended," she said. "You will wait until I have finished my cake, I will come into the parlor and darn it for you." Digitized by Google

"A thousand thanks!" was his laughing reply. "My first speech was a mistake. I should have said I was fortunate."

"Frank was right," he said to himself, as he passed up the hall. "Little Miss Lettie is the dash of lemon in the Dallas negus."

She came into the parlor when her cake was baked, and mended his coat, as she had promised. It did not take her very long to do it; but if the truth was told, I think Mr. Malverson would not have been sorry if it had—the long, curling lashes drooped so darkly on the velvety cheeks, and the small brown fingers were so nimble.

The remainder of the day the visitor was absent. He was going to make up for lost time, he said, as he took his portfolio, so he did not reappear until tea-time, and then he found Blanche and Flo discussing the Norrises. They had just received a letter announcing that their friends would be with them the next day, and the subject was in full flow when he entered.

"Norrise, did you say?" he asked, quietly, at last. "Is it possible they are the Norrises of Clitheroe?"

Flo turned round and opened her blue eyes in a surprise which was anything but dignified; but she could not help it. What could a traveling Dick Tinto know of the Norrises?

"Mr. Norris's country-seat in Virginia is called Clitheroe, I believe," she answered.

"Ah!" said Mr. Malverson, coolly, "I believe I know them. Met them at Baden last year. The youngest was quite a belle; they used to call her Lalla Rookh, for the sake of her dark eyes."

Flo looked slightly puzzled, and condescended a well-bred survey of the handsome face and fine figure of her *incubus*. Who could he be? Not a *common* artist, at least. "Traveling artist" had always signified to her something like a sign-painter who would paint your portrait, be paid for it, and sit "below the salt." But persons of that kind did not often spend their Summers at Baden-Baden, and would certainly not know so much of Annie Norris. Could she possibly have been making herself slightly ridiculous?

Nothing but the indefatigable Lettie's coolness saved the sudden silence from being absurd. She went on talking, as she loitered over her chocolate, with the easiest air in the world; but, for all that, she was barely able to hide the flash of irresistible fun which would dance under her lashes when she met Mr. Malverson's quizzical eyes.

But when the young ladies retired for the night, the restrained curiosity broke forth.

"Who in the world is he?" said Flo. "Lettie, have you an idea?"

Lettie was at the mirror, "doing" her hair, and she shook the gypsy-veil over her shoulders.

"He is a 'traveling artist,' my dear," was her somewhat malicious reply. "Don't be too rash, Flo; traveling artists might go to Baden accidentally without being gentlemen; and, as to knowing Annie Norris, perhaps he painted her portrait."

"I don't believe him!" said Blanche, who didn't often say anything. "It's arrant nonsense. He know the Norrises, indeed!"

"Well, we shall find out to-morrow," said Flo, with a dubious expression. And she went to bed, and dreamed that Captain Malmaison had turned out to be an itinerant peddler, and had eloped with the Bride of Abydos to Baden-Baden.

And on the morrow they did find out.

Mr. Malverson was absent when the Norrises came, and accordingly the young ladies had an excellent opportunity to pursue their investigations. They were sitting together at the parlor-window when Flo broached the subject.

"By the way," she said to Annie Norris, "I believe we have an acquaintance of yours here—a Mr. Malverson, who met you at Baden last Summer."

"Malverson!" said Annie. "I don't remember him, I'm sure. Maude"—turning to her sister—"did we meet a Mr. Malverson at Baden?"

"We met Captain Malmaison," said Maude. "Why do you ask?"

"This gentleman's name is Malverson," said Flo, "and he is an—artist."

"Then we don't know him," answered Maude, decidedly. "We met no one of that name."

Blanche and Flo exchanged glances; but before they had time to speak, the door opened and the obnoxious guest made his entrance.

He came forward smiling, and with outstretched hand, and both the fair visitors rose with exclamations of pleasure.

"Captain Malmaison!" exclaimed pretty Annie, gayly. "Who in the world thought of meeting you? Why didn't you tell us, Blanche, or was it a surprise?"

The gentleman shook hands cordially, his handsome face as cool as ever, and then he turned to Flo.

"I must ask your pardon for my unintentional deception," he said, with just a touch of quiet satire in his low voice. "Mr. Clavering made a mistake—though a slight one. I am Pierre Malmaison."

Flo only bowed. She could do nothing more.

Maude and Annie had so much to say that it was fully half an hour before Pierre Malmaison found an opportunity of excusing himself to Lettie, but he managed it at last.

As they passed out of the room to go to dinner, he detained her a moment on his arm.

"Ought I to ask pardon?" he asked, mischievously. "You shall judge."

Lettie colored.

"I think you ought," she said, laughing in spite of herself. "But I think it possible you are excusable."

"Frank sent me," he explained, taking the tips of the pretty fingers he had drawn through his arm, and looking down into her brilliant face. "He told me to come and 'see Lettie.' I came to see Lettie, and behold the result! A friend of Mr. Clavering's had sent word to him that a young artist was coming to Amberside, and would be glad of his patronage, etc.; and because I chanced to carry a portfolio, and make some inquiries about the scenery, he arrived at the natural conclusion that I was his friend's *protégé*. Now, Miss Lettie, am I to blame for Mr. Clavering's mistakes, and the sudden spirit of mischief which prompted me to encourage them? Perhaps I may sometime explain to you that I had a deeper motive—if you will give me permission—but before we go to dinner, please to say you will forgive me."

Now, it is not a natural thing to suppose that she would say she *didn't* forgive him, so she looked up from under her black eyelashes, and laughed and said, "Yes!" And Captain Pierre Malmaison led her in to dinner, quite forgetting to release the little finger-tips until the last moment at the dining-room door.

Of course you know the end. Without such an end it would not have been necessary to write the story. Six months after the Norrises' visit, Frank came home to

hand over Lettie to Captain Malmaison, only one remove from a peerage, and with twenty thousand per annum besides.

Flo and Blanche acted as bridesmaids, and looked beautiful—"real Dallas beauties!" But to this day they have not forgotten the dreadful mistake they made when they entertained an Angel Unawares.

BRIGHT BITS FROM THE LETTERS OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

MACAULAY.

"The face, to resume my description, seen in front, is blank, and as it were badly lighted. There is nothing luminous in the eye, nothing impressive in the brow. The forehead is spacious, but it is scooped entirely away in the region where benevolence ought to be, while beyond rise reverence, firmness and self-esteem, like Alps on Alps."

LORD BROUGHAM.

"The whole visage is wild and *bizarre*, and slightly comical, but not stern or forbidding. Like his tongue and his mind, it is eminently Scotch—sharp, caustic, rugged, thistleish. The top of the head is as flat as if it had been finished with a plane. The brain-chamber is as spacious as is often allotted to any one mortal, and, as the world knows, the owner has furnished it very thoroughly. The face is large, massive, seamed all over with the deep furrows of age and thought and toil; the nose is fantastic and incredible in shape. There is much humor and benevolence about the lines of the mouth. His manner is warm, eager, earnest, cordial."

MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO.

"He is about thirty, has an adventurous disposition, some imagination, a turn for poetry—has voyaged a good deal about the world in the Austrian ship-of-war, for in one respect he much resembles that unfortunate but anonymous ancestor of his, the King of Bohemia, with the seven castles, who, according to Corporal Trim, had such a passion for navigation and sea affairs, 'with never a sea-port in all his dominions,' and ever and anon relieves his prose jog-trot by breaking into a canter of poetry. He adores bull-fights, rather regrets the Inquisition, and considers the Duke of Alva everything noble and chivalrous and the most abused of men. It would do your heart good to hear his invocations to that deeply injured shade, his denunciations of the ignorant and vulgar Protestants who have defamed him."

LINCOLN, GRANT AND FARRAGUT.

President Lincoln, Motley describes by saying: "He seemed to have a window in his breast." To Grant he pays a high tribute, by saying: "Grant has the look of a plain business man, which he is. I doubt if we have had any ideal so completely realized as that of the republican soldier in him. I cannot get over the impression he made upon me. I have got something like it from women sometimes, hardly ever from men—that of entire loss of self-hood in a great aim which made all the common influences which stir up other people as nothing to him." Of Farragut: "The old Admirable—*bona-fide* accident, let it stand—is full of hot, red blood, jolly, juicy, abundant, equal to anything, and an extra dividend of life left ready for payment after the largest expenditure. I don't know but he is as much the ideal seaman as Grant the ideal general, but the type is not so rare. He talks with everybody, merry, twinkling-eyed, up to everything,

fond of telling stories, tells them well; the gayest, heartiest, shrewdest old boy you ever saw in your life."

THE HOME OF THE BISMARCK FAMILY.

"I am there all day long. It is one of those houses where every one does what one likes. The show apartments where they receive formal company are on the front of the house. The living-rooms, however, are a *salon* and dining-room at the back, opening upon the garden. Here there are young and old, grandparents and children and dogs, all at once, eating, drinking, smoking, piano-playing and pistol-firing (in the garden), all going on at the same time. It is one of those establishments where every earthly thing that can be eaten or drunk is offered you; porter, soda-water, small beer, Champagne, Burgundy or claret, are about all the time, and everybody is smoking the best Havana cigars every minute. Last night we went to the theatre."

BISMARCK TO MOTLEY.

"Jack my dear: Where the devil are you, and what do you do that you never write a line to me? I am working from morn to night like a nigger, and you have nothing to do at all—you might as well tip me a line as well as looking at your feet tilted against the wall of God knows what a dreary color.

"Lazy old chap, what keeps you from thinking of your old friends? When just going to bed in this moment my eye met with yours on your portrait, and I curtailed the sweet restorer, sleep, in order to remind you of Auld Lang Syne. Why do you never come to Berlin? Let politics be hanged and come to see me. I promise that the Union Jack shall wave over our house, and conversation and the best old hook shall pour damnation upon the rebels. Do not forget old friends, neither their wives, as mine wishes nearly as ardently as myself to see you, or, at least, to see as quickly as possible a word of your handwriting."

Another, dated 1863: "Your battles are bloody, ours wordy; these chatterers really cannot govern Prussia. I must bring some opposition to bear against them; they have too little wit and too much self-complacency—stupid and audacious. Stupid, in all its meanings, is not the right word; considered individually these people are sometimes very clever, generally educated—the regulation German university culture; but of politics, beyond the interest of their own church-tower, they know as little as we knew as students, and even less; as far as external politics go they are also, taken separately, like children. In all other questions they become childish as soon as they stand together in *corpora*. In the mass, stupid; individually, intelligent."

THE Librarian of the Bodleian has just issued an elaborate and interesting report on the collection under his charge. The Bodleian succeeded the ancient University Library, which existed in the fourteenth century, but which was dispersed during the reign of Edward VI., when the superb collection of illuminated manuscripts was publicly burnt. The present library was got together by Thomas Bodley, Fellow of Merton, between 1598 and 1602. There are now upward of 500,000 volumes in the library, and the collection is enormously, but judiciously, increased every year. The only larger libraries in existence are the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, the Royal Library at Berlin, the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg and the Royal Library at Munich.

BLACK GAME.

THE blackcock is one of the handsomest of all the European game-birds, and it is a pity that it should, in quite recent years, have disappeared from so many parts. In his "wedding-dress"—as the Germans call it—of glossy black, shot with a deep bluish-steel color,



BIRKHUHN.

a cock-bird of two or three years old presents a splendid appearance, and is altogether more taking to the eye than his congener, the caper-caillie. He has also the merit of being incomparably better to eat, and the alternate layers of dark and white flesh would certainly have excited the enthusiasm of Brillat-Savarin, had he had the opportunity of making their acquaintance. However, the progress of agriculture and the inclosure of waste lands, have been the means, by depriving it of its stock of natural food, of exterminating the blackcock in all but one or two places, and of confining its range, as a general rule, to the extreme northern parts. Civilization does not suit its habits. It requires a combination of open wood, low but thick cover, and moorland plentifully furnished with ling and various kinds of berries.

That, however, black game was plentiful in Sussex—probably in Ashdown Forest—as late as the year 1820, we know from an account of a shooting expedition there given in Colonel Hamilton's Memoirs (1860). He tells us that "the first blackcock I ever shot was in Sussex, not more than five-and-thirty miles from London. In August, 1820, I went with a friend of mine to the late Lord Somerville's, who had a considerable estate in that county on which the black game was preserved. The tracts which come under the description of mere wastes are there very extensive, and occupy the northern side of the county. It is computed that these deserted tracts contain not less than 110,000 acres, some parts of which are as wild and picturesque as the moors of Scotland, and it is in this tract that the black game is found. On the first day that we went out I counted eleven blackcocks that were together, out of shot, and they took so long a flight that we could never find them again, and if we had not found some young birds, we should have been dissatisfied with our ill success. However, one old cock lay well to the dogs in some high and sedgy cover, and at my first shot I killed him, as mentioned above."

The antics of the blackcock in the pairing season are very curious. He chooses, as a sort of theatre for his exhibition, one of those open grassy patches which are often found on the outskirts of woods, and roosts on some convenient tree or stump immediately overhanging it. Long before daybreak he commences his peculiar call, as an invitation to the hens to repair to the spot. When the latter have assembled, probably to the number of ten or a dozen, he will descend from his perch and proceed to

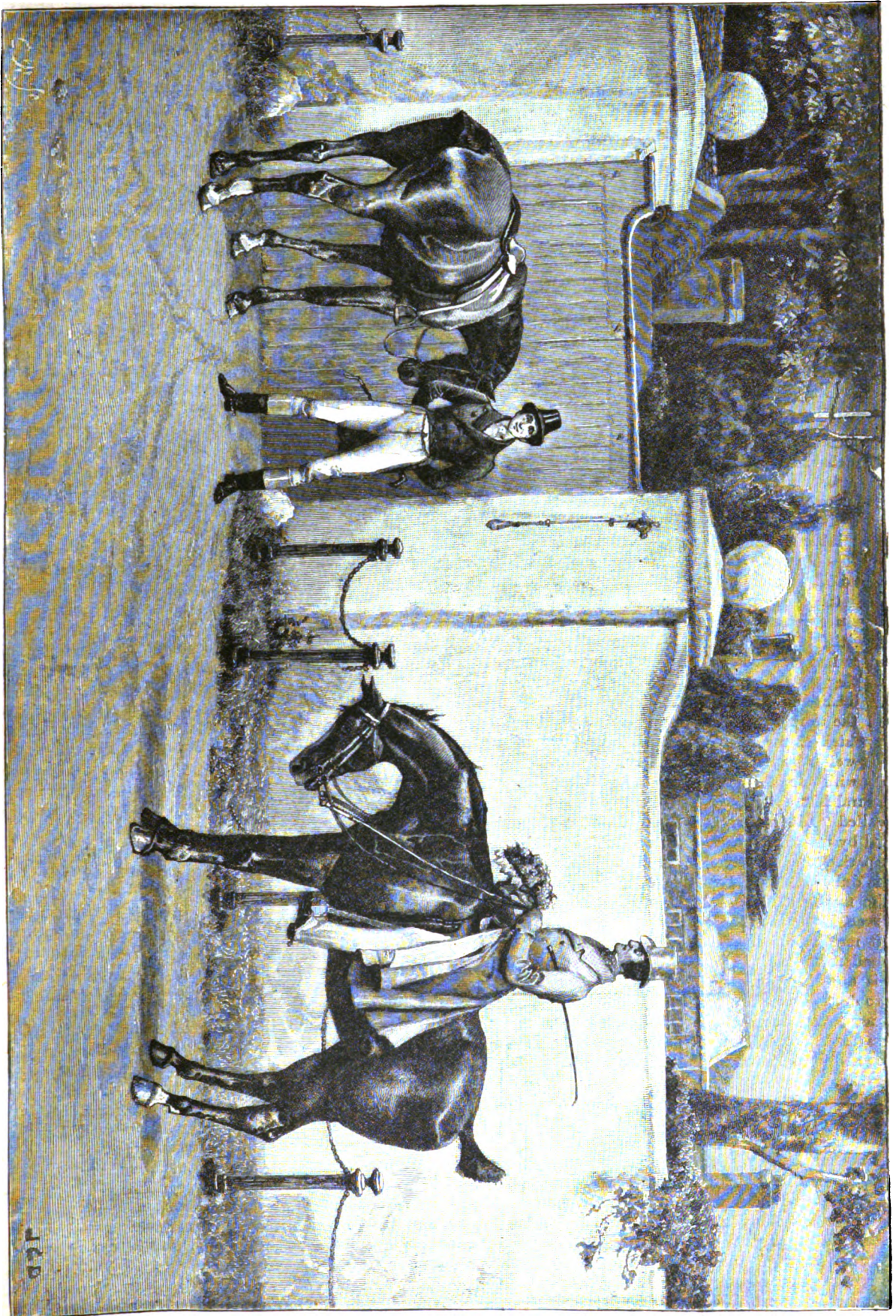
display his fascinations. His forked tail is spread out in the shape of a fan, the feathers on his neck stand erect, while his wings are opened to their full extent and trail on the ground. He then lowers his head until it is below the level of his body, and commences to perambulate, or dance round, the circle in the most eccentric manner. At intervals he springs from one side to the other, as if he were demented, flapping his wings and turning round, so to say, on his own axis, as if he were waltzing. Should any other cock-bird, of which one or two are usually attracted to the vicinity, intrude upon his circle, a battle royal ensues, and continues until one of the two is utterly vanquished, and has to seek refuge in ignominious flight.

In Austria and Bavaria, black game is much more common than in any part of the British Isles. The tourist in those countries, and more especially in the Tyrol, must often have noticed the frequency with which the forked feathers of the tail are used as a hat-decoration. If worn on the right side instead of the left, they are supposed to signify a sort of challenge, and to convey an intimation that the wearer is on the war-path, and ready to enter into mortal combat with some real or supposed enemy. The origin of this custom is said to be derived from the fact that when his satanic majesty—who, it seems, was in former days fond of shooting—appeared as a *Jäger*, he was invariably in the habit of wearing his cockade in this unaccustomed fashion. According to strict etiquette, a sportsman has no right to wear any feathers but those of a bird shot by himself; but of late years this rule has not been very strictly observed, and in most parts of South Germany the blackcock ornament has come to be looked upon as simply an accompaniment to, or part of, the ordinary shooting-costume. The birds, however, are said to be decreasing in numbers, notwithstanding careful and vigilant preservation, and if this be so, the German *Jäger* have only themselves to thank for the result. The game laws, which are strict enough in other respects, allow capercaillie and black game to be killed in the *Balzzeit*, or calling-time—or, as we should term it, the breeding-season. Advantage is taken of the enamored condition of



BLACKCOCK.

the cock-birds, when they are, of course, less watchful than usual, to waylay and circumvent them in every possible way. As a general rule, the sportsman is content, after discovering the spot where a bird is in the habit of calling, to conceal himself in the neighborhood, and to trust to chance for getting a shot. Sometimes, however,



HER BIRTHDAY.—FROM THE WATER-COLOR PAINTING BY J. C. DOLLMAN.

a screen is prepared, and although the first report of the gun at once disperses the assemblage, it is said that where the game is plentiful another cock-bird is sure to return to the place, and that in this way seven or eight are often obtained in a day. In some places a painted decoy, or a stuffed gray hen, is used; while in other localities the *Jäger* imitates the chuckle or call of the hen in so perfect a manner as infallibly to attract toward him any cocks which may be in the neighborhood. It is obvious, however, that all these methods are unfair to the game, and can only end, in course of time, by its entire extermination. Should the blackcock ever become extinct in Scotland—a thing which, fortunately, is not very likely to happen—it will only be owing to the same causes which have produced that result in most parts of England—namely, the inclosure of waste ground and the decrease in the number of open spaces.

LIFE UNDER A STONE.

BY LILIAN J. GOULD.

NATURAL history is a subject on which, in all its various branches, many books have been written. Nature, it has often been said, is itself a book; not, indeed, one that he who runs may read, but a magic volume to those who study it with care. Some pages there are which seem at first sight blank, but these are written in invisible ink, and need only the fire of enthusiasm and the light of understanding to bring out clear and well-defined the message that they bear. Other leaves are inscribed in characters so strange and mystic, that many a sage has studied them in vain, until, as time rolls on, there is found at last one wiser than the others, who translates the writing on the page aright. The book of Nature is never finished; daily the great Author adds fresh chapters to the work, yet there is never a dull page, and even those which at a glance may seem least interesting will always well repay a closer scrutiny.

It is with one of these apparently uninteresting pages of natural history that we propose to deal—with a chapter called "Life under a Stone." Now, a stone is regarded by most of us without interest; it is used in common parlance as the symbol of all that is worthless, all that is dull, hard or insensible. Yet, the geologists tell us, the mere pebble rolling at our feet may have a history reaching farther back than the history of man. The tale it may unfold is one to which wise men listen with awe and reverence.

It is not, however, with the stone itself that we have now to do, but with the life beneath it. Shakespeare has told us, in an often-quoted passage, that we may find "sermons in stones," but it was reserved for a writer of our own day to show us that there were also sermons under them.

"Did you never," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table," "in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges—and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick, or your foot, or your fingers, under its edge, and turned it over, as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, 'It's done brown enough by this time'? What a singular revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not

suspected until the sudden dismay and scattering of its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous or horny-shelled—turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like *Lépine* watches (Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, or a joint in a tavern-bedstead, but she always has one of her flat-pattern, live time-keepers to slide into it); black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, young larvæ, perhaps more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity! But no sooner is the stone turned and the wholesome light of day let upon this pressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them which enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine. Next year you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being."

The description is as graphic as are all word-pictures from the same pen, and the subsequent passage—the "sermon"—giving the meaning of the little parable, is too pretty to be left unquoted, though it has, perhaps, but little bearing on our subject. "The stone," our author goes on to say, "is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes which are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is who-soever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity. Then shall beauty—Divinity taking outlines and color—light upon the souls of men, as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings had the stone not been lifted."

The living creatures beneath the stone are, in the foregoing quotation, perhaps partly to serve the purpose of the allegory, painted in colors somewhat darker than need be, and it will be our task to try and point out that, as there is "good in everything," so there is beauty even in the commonplace; and to arouse, if possible, some interest in the life-history (not less curious than that of the hugest mammal) of the tiny beings which constitute this "community of creeping things."

Suppose, then, that during a ramble through wood and field we come upon a stone lying half buried in the grass or fern which has grown up round it, and turn it over, what kind of creatures shall we find beneath it? The stone may differ according to the district in which it is found; in one place it may be a bit of granite boulder, in another some other sort of stone, but the "little population" under it is always nearly the same. It may vary a little, for instance, if the stone does not lie quite flat, and there are crevices beneath roomy enough to accom-

modate beetles; we may find some of these hard-coated gentry, but even if the stone seems to lie so close that nothing living could squeeze between it and the ground, yet there will be creatures under it, and one thing we are certain to see, on turning the stone over, is a congregation of wood-lice.

Now, though the wood-louse is such a common and familiar object, most people know so little of its anatomy as to fall into the error of calling it an "insect." But an insect, to be properly so called, must have neither more nor less than six legs, a body divided into three distinct parts, and must breathe through a system of air-tubes dispersed over the body. The wood-louse clearly does not answer to this description, therefore it is not an insect. To what tribe, then, does it belong? Many of our readers will doubtless be surprised to learn that the crawling thing they have always considered as an insect is in reality a crustacean; that is to say, it belongs to the large family of crabs, and is a cousin, though a distant one, of the little creatures whose odd sideways movements in the rock-pools left by the retreating tide are the delight of children at the sea-side.

At least three species of wood-louse are common, yet few people, except naturalists, know how to distinguish them. First, and perhaps most generally known, is the "pill wood-louse," the scientific name of which is *Armadillo vulgaris*, in allusion to the odd likeness it bears, with its hard, shelly covering, to the armored quadruped so named. The pill wood-louse seems really clad in mail, for the horny surface of its carapace has the bluish gleam of steel, and is as polished as a knight's cuirass. Moreover, the armor of the wood-louse is even superior, in point of make, to a perfect suit of harness finished by the hand of the most skilled of ancient armorers. For it is so cleverly jointed that it not only does not interfere in the least with the free movements of its owner, but it actually enables the latter to roll himself into a ball, each segment fitting one into the other, and presenting a shining, impervious sphere to the attacks of every enemy. Its striking resemblance, when thus coiled up, to a pill has given to the wood-louse its English name, and it is said that in the earlier days of medicine they were actually used by druggists. How this may be we know not, but certain it is that they have been employed by many a school-boy in very unpleasant practical jokes.

The second species, the common wood-louse (*Porcellio scaber*), is devoid of this ability to roll itself up; and this constitutes one of the differences between it and the first named. The color is much the same as that of the pill wood-louse; but it is not nearly so polished, and is sometimes spotted with white. The chief mark, however, by which the two species may be distinguished is the projection in the common wood-louse of the abdominal appendages beyond the carapace. In the pill wood-louse these do not appear.

The third species is the land-slater (*Oniscus asellus*), and this kind also does not roll up. This wood-louse is known by its having eight joints in the antennæ, whereas the others have only seven. It has also two rows of yellow spots, and the same number of white spots along the back. All the species have seven pairs of legs, equally developed.

Wood-lice, like other crustaceans, breathe air by gills; but it is essential to their well-being that the air they breathe should be saturated with moisture. Accordingly, they never object to shelter under a stone, otherwise conveniently situated, on the score of its being too damp, though they occasionally prefer, as a refuge, a rotten log, or some other piece of decaying timber.

Damp and darkness are their delight, and the light of day is hateful to them; they will take advantage of any retreat to avoid it. Hence they are sometimes found in the galleried nests of the hill-ant (*Formica rufa*), where its hosts do not interfere with it, and, indeed, seldom take any notice of this uninvited guest.

Their food is chiefly of a vegetable nature, and as they are very sharp-toothed little creatures, they are rather destructive in gardens; and where they abound it is not easy to get rid of them. Fowls will eat them readily, and when wood-lice are too plentiful, the inhabitants of the hen-house may be let loose upon them with great effect; only that in a well-kept garden we are apt on such occasions to find—as the ancient Britons found when they called upon the Saxons to fight their battles for them—the invited more formidable enemies than those they were intended to drive out.

In the order *Isopoda*, to which wood-lice belong, the young are developed within a larval membrane, and when they are liberated by the bursting of the membrane, they nearly resemble the adult, with the exception of having only six pairs of legs instead of seven. The respiratory system is curious. The seat of the organs of respiration is the lower surface of the abdomen, these organs consisting of leaf-like branchiæ, or gills, protected by plates folding over them.

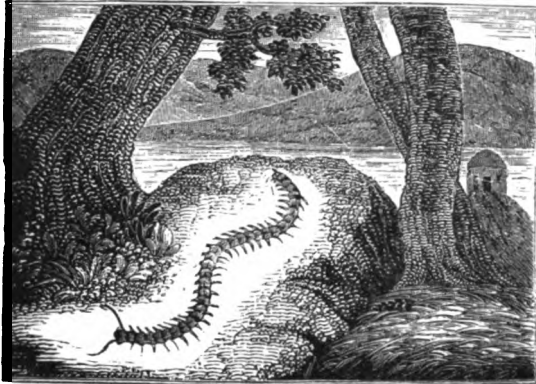
Wood-lice are not by any means the only creatures to be found under stones. Almost as common, perhaps, as these are the millepeds, strange little beings, and in appearance something between a hard-bodied caterpillar and a centipede. These are sometimes called "wire-worms," but quite erroneously, the real wire-worm being the larva of the click-beetle (*Elater*). Their bodies are perfectly cylindrical; they are generally from an inch to an inch and a half in length, and though they have not really a thousand legs, as their name implies, they have a goodly number—namely, from a hundred and sixty to two hundred. These feet look almost like a fringe of delicate white hairs, and as the milleped glides along, the movement of its many legs imparts a kind of rhythmic, wave-like motion to its whole body, which is pretty to watch.

Of the three species that are common, the first, and perhaps best known, is called *Julus sabulosus*; its color is dark grayish-brown, with two reddish lines running down the back. The common milleped (*Julus terrestris*) is the second species, a little smaller than the first, and distinguished from it by lacking the two reddish dorsal lines. The third species (*Glomeris marginata*) is sometimes called the "pill milleped," and is even mistaken for the pill wood-louse, from its habit of rolling itself up spherically. The other millepeds roll themselves also when touched or disturbed, but in a flat spiral, like a coil of wire. The pill milleped may really easily be known from the wood-louse, from the fact that its legs all originate on a single line in the middle of the under-surface of the body, so that when the creature is walking, the legs do not appear at all beyond the edge of its shelly covering. It is much shorter than *Julus sabulosus* and *Julus terrestris*, and has from seventeen to twenty-one pairs of legs.

The millepeds feed on decaying animal and vegetable substances, and seldom, if ever, attack living vegetation. Thus they are useful as scavengers, clearing away much refuse which would otherwise taint the air. They are nocturnal in their habits, as are most of the creatures which find a refuge under stones, and in order to see them in the day-time, we must search in such haunts as these. They come out with the bat and the owl, and in

the dusk of the evening may be found taking their walks abroad.

In the Spring the female milleped sets herself industriously to work to scoop out a hole in the earth, which she intends as a cradle for the reception of her future offspring. When the hole is finished, she makes haste to deposit therein sixty or seventy eggs, which remain about three weeks before they are hatched. When the young millepeds make their first appearance in the world, and prepare to enter upon their humble but useful career, they are entirely destitute of the many limbs which are



GEOPHILUS ELECTRICUS, THE PHOSPHORESCENT CENTIPED.

destined to adorn them when adult. Each also bears—as a newly hatched chicken sometimes does—the two halves of its egg-shell attached to its body by a filament. At a later period of their existence they are endowed with three pairs of feet, and are then enabled to disincumber themselves of the egg-shells. They might easily be mistaken at this time for the larvæ of some beetle. In the further stages of their development they gradually acquire additional segments and additional limbs, until they finally resemble in shape and size the parent form.

One rather unpleasant peculiarity of nearly all millepeds is their disagreeable odor, arising from an acrid fluid secreted from cutaneous glands on the dorsal surface of the body. The pores from which the secretion exudes are two on each segment, and have sometimes been mistaken for stigmas. The real stigmas are, however, placed in pairs close to the bases of the legs.

The millepeds belong to two families of the class *Myriapoda*, and we must now turn our attention from the *Julidæ* and *Glomeridæ* to the representatives of two other families (*Lithobiidæ* and *Geophilidæ*) of the same class, namely, the Centipeds.

The name of centiped is misleading, like that of milleped, and is commonly applied alike to the above-mentioned two families, the members of which differ in appearance considerably. The centiped is an inhabitant of most parts of the world, and in the tropics it grows to such a size as to be quite a formidable creature. All of the centipeds have foot-jaws, or maxillipeds, armed by perforated hooks communicating with poison-glands; hence their bite is always painful, and that of the large foreign species produces sometimes serious effects. The *Lithobiidæ* are pre-eminently dwellers under stones, and to this habit of life they owe their name, which is composed of two Greek words, the former signifying a stone, and the latter, to live.

Several species* of *Lithobius* are familiar, but the commonest is *Lithobius forficatus*, which must be known to

every one who has seen stones, flower-pots or old rubbish turned over or removed. It is a flat, segmented, shining, reddish-brown creature, from an inch to an inch and a half in length, with a pair of long-jointed *antennæ* rather redder than its body, and fifteen pairs of rather yellowish legs. These numerous limbs carry it very nimbly out of sight, if it be disturbed in its hiding-place, but it is a creature of a decidedly irritable disposition, and should it be captured, or otherwise interfered with, it does not hesitate to inflict a savage bite with its sharp curved nippers.

Most of the centipeds are chiefly carnivorous, and therefore need not be feared by gardeners; they prey upon insects, worms and other small animals, and are useful in a garden to keep these within reasonable numbers. One species of centiped, however, though it lives generally upon the larvæ of insects and other soft-bodied creatures, occasionally departs from the rule of flesh-eating to join the ranks of the vegetarians; it is not proof against the temptations of a ripe peach, apricot or plum, and may be sometimes found neatly coiled up in the heart of the fruit. Not infrequently, too, it takes advantage of the hole made by a greedy slug in the side of a fine strawberry, to sip the sweet juices. This little robber rejoices in a name almost as long as itself; it is called *Arihronomus longicornis*. The total length of this centiped varies from two and a half to three inches; its color is lightish yellow, the head inclining to a rusty hue; it has long hairy *antennæ*, and from fifty-one to fifty-five pairs of legs.

The female seems to be full of solicitude for her offspring, for after having laid from thirty to fifty eggs in a hole in the ground, she coils herself up round them, and remains in this attitude until the young hatch, a period of two or three weeks. The young of centipeds, like those of millepeds, do not exactly resemble their parents at first, but go on acquiring additional segments, or *somites*, and limbs, until the adult form is reached. This result takes, in the case of centipeds, a long time to attain, and the growing process is not completed until after a series of changes of skin, or "molts."

Centipeds are nocturnal creatures, but *Arihronomus longicornis* renders itself very conspicuous in the dark by a peculiar power of giving out a phosphorescent light, almost as strong as that of the glow-worm, in consequence of which it is liable to be mistaken at night for that more legitimate lantern-bearer. The luminous property is common to both sexes.

In writing of "Life under a Stone," we must not confine ourselves to describing merely one or two of the

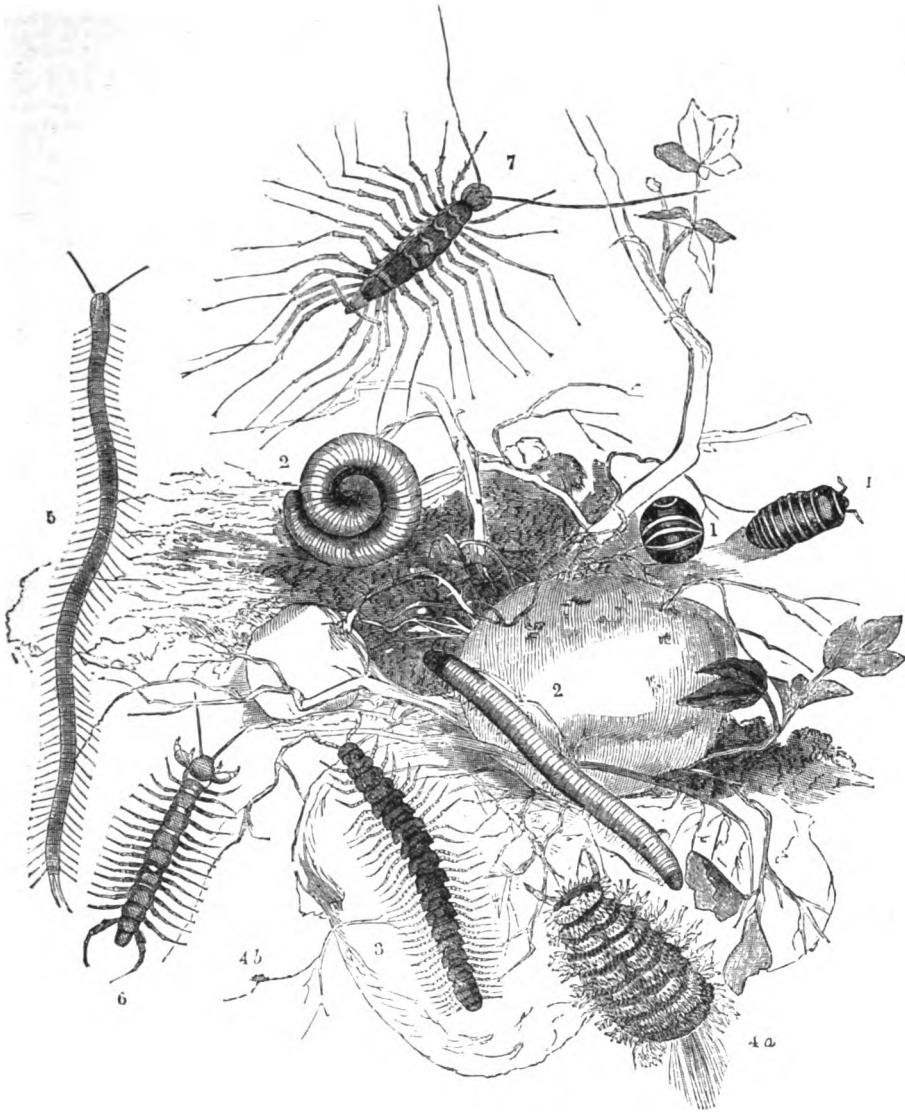


JULUS TERRESTRE.

creatures seen in such localities. We have thus spoken of wood-lice, millepeds and centipeds, but our history would be incomplete did we not now leave the subject of crustaceans and myriapods, and devote ourselves to the consideration also of the insects which may be found associating with them. Foremost among these is that of "Nature's flat-patterns," which of all others can adapt

itself to the tiniest crevice without risk of crushing a frame fearfully and wonderfully made. The earwig (*Forficula auricularia*) is as common under stones as it is in flower-beds, and though it cannot be denied that in the latter place it is harmful, though it is almost universally regarded with disfavor, not to say disgust, yet its history presents points of interest which the lover of Nature cannot choose but study. The place of the earwig in natural history was for long a vexed question, but, according to

its wings, and this it does most cleverly, using the formidable-looking forceps at the end of its tail to facilitate the process of packing. The wings are folded, unlike other insects, both longitudinally and transversely; they are very large and membranous, and it has been suggested that to their shape, which somewhat resembles a human ear, the insect owes its name, the word earwig being corrupted from "ear-wing." This is much more probable than is the ridiculous statement, invented to



1, *Glomeris marginata*; 2, *Julus terrestris*; 3, *Polydesmus complanatus*; 4, *Polyzonus*; 5, *Geophilus longicornis*; 6, *Lithobius forficatus*; 7, *Scutigera coleoptrata*.

GROUP OF CENTIPEDS.

the latest classification, a section of the *Orthoptera* has been raised to the rank of a distinct order, called *Euplexoptera*, on purpose for its reception.

The appearance of this insect is too well known to need description, but its habits are not so familiar to most people. Many are even ignorant of the fact that it has wings, of which it makes use at night. The structure of the wings is very beautiful, and the manner in which they are folded under the short *elytra* most curious. On alighting after a flight the earwig proceeds to stow away

account for the name, that the insect enters the ear, and thence penetrates to the brain of a person, causing madness. Any one with any knowledge of anatomy knows that even if an earwig got into the ear, it would find no passage to the brain.

The earwig is a vegetable feeder, and is apt to choose the petals of flowers as its especial diet; hence its destruction by gardeners. The female earwig lays her eggs in a cavity in the ground beneath a stone, and her care for her young is extraordinary, only finding a parallel in

that of a hen for her chickens. She watches over her eggs incessantly, collecting them if scattered, and moving them about from place to place in order to obtain for them a suitable degree of moisture. Some naturalists assert that she actually incubates her eggs by sitting on them, but the accuracy of this statement seems not to have been conclusively proved. Even after the young are hatched, the mother earwig remains a long time with them, and does not cease to tend them until they are able to shift for themselves. The young earwigs differ slightly from the adult form in all the three successive stages of their development, but the differences are not sufficiently striking to need description.

Other insects there are, such as some beetles and spiders, which are frequently found under a stone, and about these much that is interesting might be said; but they are generally only casual visitors, and not regular inhabitants of this retreat, therefore we need not enter upon their history here.

To those, however, who have been sufficiently interested in what some may think a dull chapter in natural history to wish to read farther in it, we may offer the advice to go out into field and wood, and see for themselves how much yet remains untold of "Life under a Stone."

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

An instructive article on quicksand, in a late issue of the *Mechanical News*, contains an interesting explanation of this matter, which is little understood. The difference between building-sand and true quicksand is most easily explained by comparing building-sand to road-metal, while the quicksand must be represented by fragments no larger than large buckshot, but shaped like very smooth potatoes. In a word, the quicksand is small and thoroughly water-worn, so that every fragment has been deprived of all its angles and fairly well polished. Its particles are very small as compared with those of the building-sand. The smaller the size and the more complete the rounding, the more nearly will the sand approach a liquid condition when it is moistened. The first glance at a fairly mounted sample of quicksand under a microscope is sufficient to show that the quickness of the sand is amply accounted for by the innumerable friction-wheels which the particles themselves furnish. Sharp sand, or building-sand, on the other hand, will show few round corners, many angles, corners, and a general condition like that of broken stone. Sea-sand is often unfit for building, even though perfectly deprived of its salt; the reason being that the particles have been worn and polished till they have no more binding powers than so many cobbles. . . . It is well to remember that quicksand, when dry, if very fine, shows the same properties as a liquid. In holding up the centres of large bridges it is sometimes put into cylinders with a plunger on top of it. It will, when thus confined, hold up the load like a column of water. When it is desired to strike the centres, a plug is drawn out of the side of the cylinders and the sand flows out like so much water. The advantage, of course, is that the sand does not need a packed piston, and does not leak out, though the work be prolonged for years. Quicksand, when dry and confined, forms an admirable foundation, and when wet, can be loaded over its whole surface and give a support if side openings can be avoided. While the word quicksand is usually applied to sand which is very fine, coarse sand is occasionally found which almost deserves the same name. It is rounded and polished, and the particles move with great ease in consequence. This whole class of sands is avoided by the builder, because of their lack of "sharpness." This latter term is strictly accurate, though it commonly means the friction, or grittiness, which is felt when the sand is rubbed in the palm of the hand, or between the thumb and finger. Sharp sand has a sharp, gritty feeling, owing to the angularity of the particles. This is absent in a marked degree in sands of the other class, even when the particles are large.

Some pleasant and novel information in regard to the changing colors of the chameleon is furnished by the late experiments of J. G. Wood, the well-known naturalist. "There is one popular error," he assures us, "regarding this reptile—namely, that it always alters its hue to that of the object on which it is standing. Now, I have made many careful experiments with the chameleon, extending over a space of several months, and have found that although it does sometimes accommodate itself to the hue of surrounding objects, it does not do so invariably. For example, it more than once made its escape, and gave me infinite trouble before I found it. After the first escapade I fastened a little streamer of scarlet braid to one of its hind feet; and it was fortunate that I did so, as had I not taken that precaution, it would certainly have been lost. It lived on a branch fastened to the back of my desk, so that it might always be in sight, and might be accustomed to my presence. Its normal color seemed to be a grayish black, as

it always retained that hue longer than any other. Toward evening, green was the prevailing hue, but, as a rule, it was seldom of the same color for two consecutive minutes. Yellow was another of the predominant hues, and always made its appearance in circular spots about as large as mustard-seeds, or in bands around the limbs, or in broken lines on the body and head—never extending over any considerable amount of surface. Lastly came a rich Vandyke brown, the effect of which, in juxtaposition with the other colors, especially the yellow, was very striking. I never saw any colors except these. On one occasion, when in the garden on a fine autumnal morning, I placed the chameleon on a little branch of a birch-tree, and then walked around the lawn. When I came to the tree, the chameleon had vanished, and for some time I thought it had escaped. After a time, however, I espied the scarlet streamer hanging from one of the topmost branches, and by its aid discovered the chameleon, which otherwise I should have overlooked. It had gathered itself into a sort of a bunch, while its sides were bright green, and a stripe of brown ran along its spine, the hues being exactly those of a withered birch-leaf. Excitement of any kind, especially that which was produced by the buzzing of a fly, invariably evoked the brown markings, and the proximity of scarlet always caused its body to be covered with yellow spots, while the legs were surrounded with rings of the same hue. It soon became accustomed to the scarlet streamer, and was not affected by its presence. Sometimes I put it down on the ground, so that it was obliged to pass over objects of different colors. As long as it remained on the grass it was mostly yellow and brown, but as soon as it came upon the gravel-path the hues faded into blackish gray. The change was so instantaneous, that as it walked from the grass to the gravel, or vice versa, the front part of the body would be of one color and the remainder of another. Sometimes the whole of one side would be green, and the other side black, while on some other occasions it would be striped with brown, like a zebra, and have its head covered with longitudinal streaks of the same hue. The strangest point in this frequent change of color is, that it is independent of the will of the animal. This fact was proved in an unexpected manner. In a fit of jealousy, my pet cat killed the chameleon. I laid it on my desk, and was surprised to find that for some time it continued to change color quite as often as it did during life. It is also evident that the change of color is not intended wholly for protective purposes, as the animal does not always assume the hue of surrounding objects. Moreover, it changed its colors after death, when it needed no protection.

ACCORDING to the Administration report of Java, commented upon in the *London Times*, portions of that island are being depopulated through tigers. In 1882 the population of a village in the south-west of Bantam Province was removed and transferred to an island off the coast, in consequence of the trouble caused to the people by them. These animals have now become an intolerable pest in parts of the same Province. The total population is about 600,000, and in 1887 sixty-one were killed by tigers. In consequence of the dread existing among the people, it has been proposed to deport the inhabitants of the villages most threatened to other parts of the country, where tigers are not so common, and where they can pursue their agricultural occupations with a greater degree of security. At present they fear to go anywhere near the borders of the forest. The people seem disinclined, or they lack the means and courage, to attack and destroy their enemy, although considerable rewards are offered by the Government for the destruction of beasts of prey. In 1888 the reward for killing a royal tiger was raised to 200 florins. It appears, also, that the immunity of the tiger is in part due to superstition, for it is considered wrong to kill one unless he attacks first, or otherwise does injury. Moreover, guns were always very rare in this particular district, and, since a rising a few years ago, have been taken away by the authorities altogether.

PROFESSOR CLEVELAND ABBE, in the *Forum*, comments upon the quiet assumption that the average man makes, that climate and other natural phenomena are unchangeable, and always will remain so. This assumption, Professor Abbe says, is warranted by the facts. While undoubtedly the averages and extremes of temperature, rain-fall, cloudiness, etc., differ largely from year to year, yet when epochs of any considerable duration are taken, it cannot be established that there has been any sensible change in the climate at any point of the earth's surface during the past 2,000 years. This conclusion, if true, gives no basis for the much-talked-of influence upon the climate of a country produced by the growth or destruction of forests, the building of railroads, or the cultivation of crops over a wide extent of prairie. Great climatic changes are admitted by Professor Abbe, during ages far distant in time, as demonstrated by geological records; but the general cause of all these, he maintains, is to be found simply in the progressive alteration in the distribution of mountains, tablelands, continents and oceans on the earth's surface.

In the *Revue Scientifique*, M. Lagrange gives some valuable instruction in regard to the proper methods of physical training of young children. As, in the writer's opinion, training previous to the age of fourteen should have for its object, not perfection of the muscular system, but the removal of obstacles to harmonious development, the only thing needful for such physical training is the provision of place and time in which children can engage, in each other's company, in out-of-door plays. Until the age of fourteen years, physical education should especially aim to remove from the child all influences that may be in the way of the free expansion and growth of the body. Everything artificial, as gymnasium classes and apparatus, the writer would reject, together with the complicated and violent motions which are involved in many sports.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Mrs. LYON-HUNTER—"How was it you didn't invite the baron to your house before he went away?" Mrs. Frank—"Because I was afraid my husband might be rude to him. You know he hates to have strangers ask him for money."

"What is a crank? A crank, my son, is a crooked affair, made to turn things with. Sometimes the crank will turn down either of seventy-five or eighty per cent. alcohol, and turn aghast at the mere mention of tonic beer with one per cent. or thereabout."

A TRAVELER'S TALE.

THERE was an old man of Guiana,
Who walked on the boundless savanna,
Till his trousers were torn,
By a buffalo's horn,
In a most inconvenient manner.

A GENTLEMAN, no longer young, and at no time remarkable for good looks, was talking to a little boy in the presence of his parents. "Come, my little man, tell me what you think of me—honestly, now." The child made no reply. "You won't tell me, then? Why not?" "Cause I should be spanked!"

BELINDA'S VAGARIES.

Short waists, long dresses, high hats and stiff frills are the newest "fads" of female French fashion in Paris.—*Daily Paper.*

BELINDA's hopes are very high.
Belinda's hat is higher,
Which gives her greater altitude
Than ladies need require.
Belinda's dress is very long,
When up and down she bounces;
I'm really quite afraid lest I
Should tread upon her flounces.

Belinda's waist is very short;
In vain I would exhort her
To lengthen it. Belinda won't,
Because her temper's shorter.
Belinda's frill is very stiff,
Belinda's will is stiffer;
And that's the reason she and I
Are apt so oft to differ.

SEE ROBERT'S JOKE.—Once when Peel was present at a meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum, somebody else noticed some expensive purchases (of pictures, I think) made by young Tomline, and added: "What would his grandfather (the bishop) say if he could look up?" Peel said, slyly: "I observe you don't say look down."

DECLARATION IN ASSUMPSIT.

John Doe vs. Susan Roe.

JOHN DOE complains of Susan Roe
That she, with scheming art,
Has stolen from the said John Doe
His valuable heart.

For this, to wit: that heretofore,
To wit, on April nine,
She called the said John Doe an oak
And styled herself the vine.

And later on the aforesaid day,
With malice all prepened,
The said defendant ate ice-cream
At plaintiff's great expense.

And then and there to said John Doe,
Said Susan Roe implied
That she would go in coverture
To be said plaintiff's bride.

And this to do she has refused,
And thus with cruel art
Has stolen from the said John Doe
His valuable heart.

And so he prays this county court
To do him justice meet;
Likewise for damages he prays,
Therefore he brings his suite.

"Oh, weren't you sorry for Miss Fingertyp? Her piano solo was positively terrible," said Miss Faultfinder to her friend. "There were some things to admire about it." "Well, I should like to know of one single thing to admire in her playing." "Her courage was certainly praiseworthy."

PRESIDENT HARRISON's new rule for catch-as-catch-can hand-shaking, "Get the first hold, and not let the other fellow get the grip on you" (says the New York Sun), displays the same sort of wisdom as is found in the famous couplet, an emanation from two minds:

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And four times he that gets the blow in fust."

DUTCH LULLABY.

WYNKEN, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afraid are we"—
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

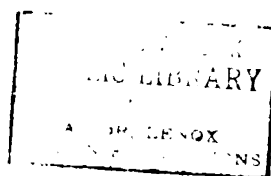
Eugene Field.

A SHELF OF NEW BOOKS.

- Airy, O. The English Restoration and Louis XIV. \$1.
New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
Alexander, William J., Ph.D. Introduction to the Poetry of
Robert Browning. \$1.10. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Blavatsky, H. P. The Secret Doctrine. Vol. II. \$10.
New York: C. T. Dillingham.
Brownell, W. C. French Traits. \$1.50.
New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Dyer, T. F. T. The Folk-lore of Plants. \$1.50.
New York: D. Appleton & Co.
Gosse, Edmund. History of Eighteenth Century Literature.
\$1.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.
Hunt, Leigh. Romances of Real Life. 2 vols. 75 cts. each.
Boston: Roberts Bros.
Levermore, C. H., and Dewey, D. R. Political History since
1815. \$1.25. Boston: Institute of Technology.
Moore, H. M. Sickness as a Profession. \$1.50.
New York: Phillips & Hunt.
Motley, John Lothrop. Correspondence. Edited by George
William Curtis. 2 vols. \$6. New York: Harper & Bros.
Ohnet, Georges. Dr. Rameau. Translated by Mrs. Cashel
Hoey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Ouida. Guilderoy. 25 cts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Romanes, G. J. Mental Evolution in Man. \$3.
New York: D. Appleton & Co.
Stockton, F. R. The Great War Syndicate. 25 cts.
New York: P. F. Collier.
Thompson, Maurice. The Story of Louisiana. \$1.50.
Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Todd, Charles B. The Story of Washington. \$1.75.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Washington, George. Writings of. Vol. I. Edited by W. Ford.
\$5. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Winchell, Alex. Shall we Teach Geology?
Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.



"THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING."—FROM THE PAINTING BY LUNA.





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WHISTLING FOR A BREEZE.

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FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY



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JUNE, 1889.

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THE PARNELL-"TIMES" COMMISSION.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D.

THE 18th day of April, 1887, was set down for the second reading of the "Crimes Act" in the British House of Commons.

On the morning of that day, all London was roused into excitement by the publication in the *Times* newspaper of what was claimed to be the fac-simile of a letter



written by Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish leader. This letter strongly compromised the writer, for it intimated in very plain terms that Mr. Burke, the Under-secretary for Ireland, who was murdered in Phoenix Park, had got no more than his deserts.

Notwithstanding the animosity with which Mr. Parnell was regarded by his political opponents, his character was untarnished and his personal record beyond reproach. The shock produced by this publication went swiftly over England, and lost none of its force in its journey to America. What could it mean? Surely, the *Times* (so people reasoned) would not have taken so serious and hazardous a step without the certainty that the ground was safe under them.

Prior to this *dénouement*, the *Times* had commenced a series of articles entitled "Parnellism and Crime." The object of these articles was to show that the terrible outrages committed in Ireland for years past were to be attributed directly or indirectly to the course Mr. Parnell and his associates had pursued. Further on, there came a statement that original letters of Parnell were in possession of the *Times*, fatally connecting him with certain acts of violence. Then came the explosion of the 18th of April, when the fac-simile of one of these extraordinary letters was published.

On its publication, Mr. Parnell, from his seat in the House of Commons, declared that the letters, and, indeed, all letters of a similar character, were forgeries, and he demanded an investigation of the subject by the House. This was refused; but, after much discussion and much wrangling, a Commission was appointed to investigate the charges contained in the articles entitled "Parnellism and Crime," and all facts relating thereto. Three well-known and eminent judges of the English Bench were named as Commissioners, to wit: Sir James Hannen, to be President of the Commission, with Judges Smith and Day as associates. A stronger Commission from a legal point of view and a more impartial one could not well have been named. The Commission did not sit as a law court, but it was given similar powers in many respects—namely, to compel the attendance of witnesses, and to punish for contempt of court. The report of their labors, with their opinion, was to be made to the House of Commons. In regard to the admission of evidence and to the course of procedure, the Commission was not confined to the ordinary legal rules, but they enjoyed a large limit of discretion. The first meeting was on the 17th of September, 1888. Its only object was to settle upon preliminary arrangements. It then adjourned to the 22d of October.

On that day there was one of the most remarkable gatherings of barristers and solicitors that ever appeared for prosecution and defense in any proceeding legal or otherwise. The *Times* was represented by Sir Richard Webster, the present Attorney-general; Sir Henry James, a former Attorney-general, and by four other well-known and distinguished barristers. For Mr. Parnell and his associates appeared Sir Charles Russell, who had also filled the office of Attorney-general; Mr. Lockwood, and six additional eminent barristers. Out of the number on either side seven or eight were Members of Parliament. The solicitor for the *Times* was Mr. Joseph Soames, an able man and intensely respectable. To him had been confided the entire charge of preparing the intricate and voluminous case for that journal, together with the extraordinary brief which was to instruct the Attorney-general as to what he might rely upon by way of evidence and so forth. The person who acted for Mr. Parnell was

George Lewis, one of the keenest, the sharpest and

the best-trained of London solicitors. The legal ability employed was pretty evenly balanced, except that Sir Charles Russell, counsel for the Parnellites, was more than a match for any one of his opponents. Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-general, is what is termed a strong man, of sound, legal acquirements, but heavy and uninteresting in debate or argument, compared with his more adroit and quick-witted and learned adversary. In fact, the Attorney-general is, in my judgment, inferior in legal ability and acumen to Sir Henry James, who consented to act as his junior in this matter. As to the solicitors, I put Mr. George Lewis quite in advance of Soames. For the remainder, as I have said, the forces were very evenly balanced.

I have considered it necessary to give this brief statement as to the inception of the Commission, the character of the judges, and the marshaling of the array of counsel, in order to make intelligible and, if I can do so, interesting an account of what is to follow.

It had been decided that the *Times* should be considered as the plaintiff in the proceedings, and should go on to sustain the charges. The first four meetings were dull, and devoid of exciting or sensational interest, the time being taken up by the Attorney-general in formulating charges, and in discussion with Sir Charles Russell as to what documents were to be produced, and when. Here came the first sharp encounter. Sir Charles Russell insisted on having the incriminating letters (seven in all) produced, so that the question of their genuineness might be at once brought to the test. In reply, the Attorney-general said, sharply, he proposed to lead up to those letters by a series of evidence, and he declared he should claim the right to manage his side of the case in his own way. The judges decided in his favor; but it was arranged then and there that these letters, together with any important correspondence connected with them, should be placed in a box, and given into the custody of the Commission. From that time, this little box, with its mysterious contents, became an object of intense interest to all who had taken any thought of the proceedings.

The plan of the Attorney-general was now apparent. It was his object to commence far back—for a period of at least ten years—and prove by living witnesses, imported from Ireland, the commission of outrages which had been published, from time to time, in the journals of the day, and which were perfectly familiar to all who read the newspapers. Sir James Hannen (the President) was evidently dismayed at the enormous work threatened. But he would not interfere with the course the Attorney-general had decided upon.

The Commission continued to hold meetings, only interrupted by the Christmas holidays, until sixty-two sessions were concluded, when the *Times* finished the evidence on its part, thus bringing the first act of this more than extraordinary drama to a close. I say extraordinary "drama," because, in the history of all judicial investigations, or arbitrations, or court trials, there have never, so far as I am aware, been anything to compare in dramatic effect with this first act of the Drama of the Parnell-*Times* Commission. To use the words of a Greek poet: "In it all things were confounded. Pleasure and pain, grief and joy, seriousness and mirth, were mingled in a confused mass, revolving up and down in a choral dance, and ever changing places as in the sport of eternity." There were farce and comedy, melodrama and tragedy, one swiftly succeeding the other, producing merriment, laughter, sympathy, tears.

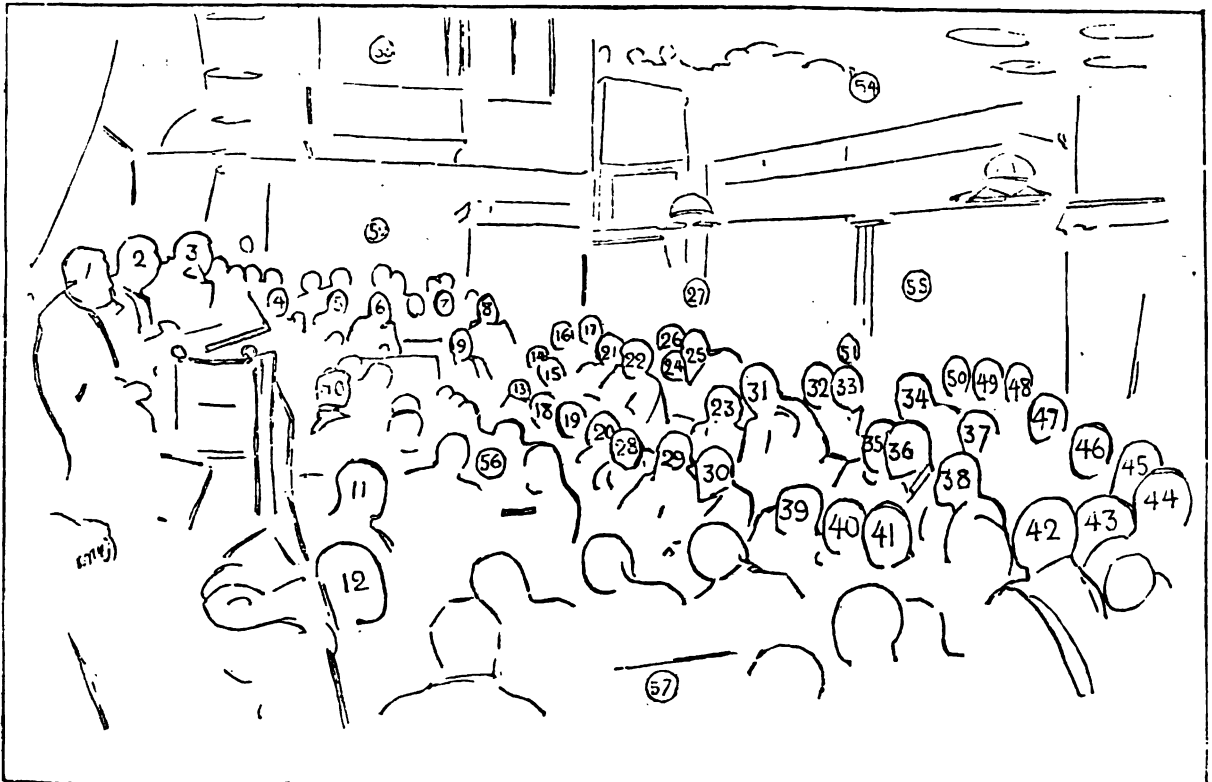
The Commission was held in No. 1 of the Probate

Court, which is at the western extremity of the fine series of Law Buildings in the Strand. The room itself is comparatively small, about the size of a school-room in a large New England country-school district. The walls, however, are high, and the ventilation good. There is a very small gallery, where ladies are admitted only by ticket. The judges sit at one end, at an elevation of at least six feet from the centre of the court-room, which is occupied by the barristers and solicitors, and which puts one in mind of the pit in a theatre. Directly opposite, long rows of benches rise gradually to the end of the room, bringing the top bench to the height of the judges' seats across the chasm. Three or four of these rows were given up to reporters, who congregated in great numbers. The last row—on which only eight persons can sit—is reserved for those who are fortunate enough to get an order for the "Body of the Court," and for which application must be made from an influential quarter. There was also a small place fenced off for Members of Parliament. On interesting days people of distinction would find their way, somehow, "within the bar," through the influence of perhaps a leading barrister, or by force of their personal and intensely aristocratic position. In this way, on crowded days, you would see noble titled ladies of distinction, who had secured an entrance within the sa-

cred precincts, or who had pushed in with little fear of consequences.

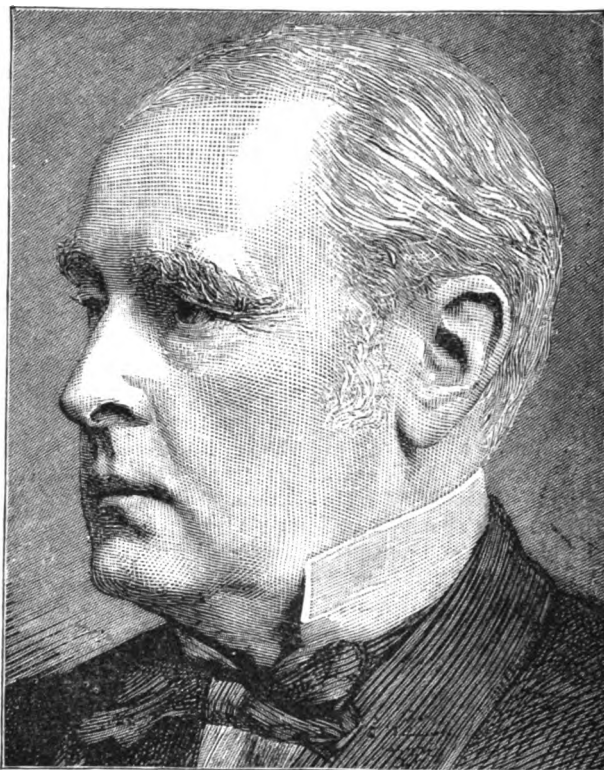
Through the courtesy of Sir James Hannen, I had frequent opportunity to obtain a seat within the "Body of the Court," an admirable point for seeing and hearing everything. On other occasions of extraordinary interest I got within the bar itself, through the favor of a distinguished barrister.

In regard to the Commission, the first thing that excited my attention was the extraordinary interest manifested by the common people. Crowds from time to time congregated around the outside of the building, where nothing could either be seen or heard. At four o'clock, when the Commission adjourned for the day, the crowd would become so great that it impeded the way, and taxed the police seriously to keep an opening clear for those who emerged from the court-room into the street. The most curious sight was, perhaps, that of the poor, ignorant and, strange to say, stupid Irish peasants, imported by the *Times* in large numbers to go upon the witness-stand. These poor creatures appeared to be dazed. They crowded the corridors, an object of curiosity to all. Evidently they would have felt much more at their ease on landing in America. They had been brought away from home,



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|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Mr. Justice Day. | 15. Mr. Atkinson, Q.C. | 28. Mr. George Lewis, Solicitor to Mr. Parnell. | 43. Mr. Sexton, M.P., Lord Mayor of Dublin. |
| 2. Sir James Hannen, the President. | 16. Mr. Wheeler, Q.C. | 29. Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P. | 44. Mr. Quin, M.P. |
| 3. Mr. Justice A. L. Smith. | 17. Sir W. Phillimore, Q.C. | 30. Mr. Michael Davitt. | 45. Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P. |
| 4. Lord Castlereagh. | 18. Mr. Buckle, the Editor of the <i>Times</i> . | 31. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., Counsel for Mr. Parnell. | 46. Mr. H. Campbell, M.P., Private Secretary, to Mr. Parnell. |
| 5. Captain Plunkett, R.M., Chief of the Irish Constabulary. | 19. Mr. Macdonald, the Manager of the <i>Times</i> . | 32. Mr. T. Harrington, M.P. | 47. Mr. Ruegg. |
| 6. Richard Pigott | 20. Mr. Sommes, the Solicitor to the <i>Times</i> . | 33. Mr. Asquith, M.P. | 48. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. |
| 7. Mr. Callan. | 21. Mr. Murphy, Q.C. | 34. Mr. A. O'Connor, M.P. | 49. Mr. Dillon, M.P. |
| 8. Chief Superintendent of Police. | 22. The Attorney-general, Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., M.P. | 35. Mr. Reid, Q.C., M.P. | 50. Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P. |
| 9. Chief Usher. | 23. Sir Henry James, Q.C., M.P. | 36. Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., M.P. | 51. "Toby, V.P." |
| 10. Mr. Cunyngame, Secretary. | 24. Mr. Graham. | 37. Mr. Lionel Hart. | 52. "Specials." |
| 11. Usher. | 25. Mr. Ronan. | 38. Mr. Lewis's Chief Clerk. | 53. Ladies' Gallery. |
| 12. Mr. H. D. Labouchère, M.P. | 26. Mr. Murphy, Jr. | 39. Mr. Biggar, M.P. | 54. Public Gallery. |
| 13. Mr. Beecham. | 27. Mr. E. O. Houston. | 40. Mr. Matthew Harris. | 55. Press and Witnesses. |
| 14. Mr. Shannon, Dublin Solicitor to the <i>Times</i> . | | 41. Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P. | 56. Clerks, Short-handlers and writers, etc. |
| | | 42. Mr. Redmond, M.P. | 57. Reporters and Special Artists. |

they could scarcely comprehend wherefore, and they wore a troubled look, as if doubtful of their reception on their return, although promised "police protection." There was one consolation: they knew their expenses had been paid, and that they were living comfortably in London and were well fed without cost to themselves. I will say here in bulk, that I was greatly disappointed at the appearance and conduct of these witnesses on the stand. They were not only ignorant, which was to be expected, but they gave no exhibition of native Irish humor, which would naturally be looked for under such circumstances. Perhaps the peculiarity of their situation, and the mystery surrounding it, accounted for this. I am speaking of the rank and file. The real *dramatis personæ* who, in giving testimony, lent to these scenes sensational effect I will at once proceed to exhibit, premising that, meanwhile, Sir Henry James occupied nearly four days in reading from the newspapers what he conceived to be damaging speeches on the part of Mr. Parnell and his associates,



SIR JAMES HANNEN, PRESIDENT OF THE COMMISSION.

which were neutralized by speeches of the same gentlemen of an entirely opposite character, read by Mr. Lockwood on the Parnellite side. All this was excessively dull and uninteresting, and efforts were made on the part of Sir Charles Russell to have the newspaper passages marked on both sides, and put in the hands of the Commission, which course was favored by the judges. But the Attorney-general insisted on the reading, and Sir James Hannen would not interfere.

The witnesses on the part of the *Times* may be divided into the following classes:

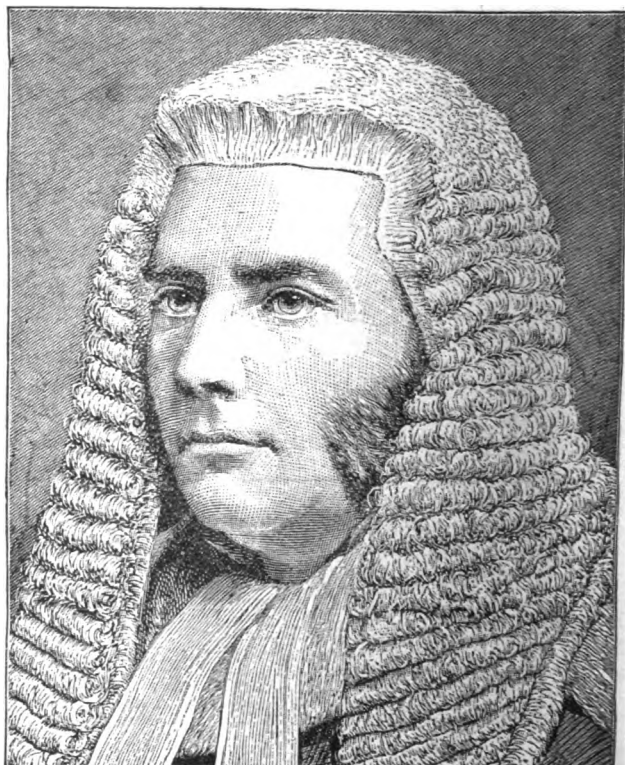
1st. The ordinary ignorant and stupid peasants who had been brought from home to give evidence of boycotting, and of various acts of personal violence and injury inflicted on themselves in consequence of having paid their rent. One or two of this class testified through an interpreter, as they only spoke Irish.

2d. Persons who had been sentenced to prison for being connected with outrages, and who had turned informers.

3d. "Land-grabbers," so called, meaning those who



JUSTICE DAY.



JUSTICE SMITH.



A SITTING OF THE COURT DURING THE PARNELL COMMISSION INQUIRY.—(SEE KEY ON PAGE 648.)

had leased farms from which tenants had been evicted by agents or landlords.

4th. Members of the Irish constabulary force, about one hundred in number.

5th. District-inspectors, land-agents, landlords and local magistrates.

6th. Women whose husbands, fathers or brothers had been murdered at one period or another, and who had themselves been persecuted.

7th. Men who claimed to have been "Fenians," and who avowed they had turned traitors to the cause.

8th. Witnesses direct from the *Times* office, including its solicitor and manager.

9th. RICHARD PIGOTT.

This list includes 340 witnesses, all of whom were produced and examined on the part of the *Times*.

We may add the occasional appearance of a witness brought from Dublin, and tenderly cared for by the *Times*, but when upon the stand would swear point-blank that he had only been humbugging that journal, and who seemed content to accept prison-quarters in London for the very fun of the thing. Patrick Molloy was in this category. He answered when in the witness-box, "No," to almost every question put to him by the Attorney-general, notwithstanding he had previously made a sworn statement absolutely at variance with his present assertion. In the most impudent manner Molloy declared that his object was to make a fool of the *Times*, and to trap it, and that he made the "statement" to one of the *Times* "agents" accordingly, and for which he was well paid. Another witness, described as a journalist, and who was neatly dressed, but with a demeanor of intense audacity which nothing could shake, was put upon the stand, and flatly negatived what it was expected would be his testimony. "Have you not made a statement to the contrary?" asked the Attorney-general. "It is one thing to make a statement, another thing to swear to it. A police-agent came to me. I knew just what he wanted, and I filled him full," was the unblushing reply. He said he had had for weeks "a good time in London," and all expenses paid. "This is really shocking," said the President, and thereupon our journalist was committed to prison for contempt of court, which sentence he took with entire composure.

These incidents served to throw some variety into the proceedings, which had been almost exclusively taken up with evidence as to outrages in various counties, and which, as we have said, had been published in detail in the newspapers at the time of their occurrence.

It was curious to see the change of demeanor of the witnesses when turned over to the cross-fire of Sir Charles Russell. In the direct examination everything flowed smoothly under the careful questioning of the Attorney-general, but they had soon learned how much was to be dreaded under the keen and searching inquisition of Sir Charles. The ordinary peasant displayed various qualities. He became densely stupid, or very deaf, or utterly forgetful, and in this way laughter would be provoked, much to his astonishment.

"Did you hear a shot that night?" was asked of one witness. "Sure, I don't know what I heard, sir, for I was fast asleep." Another witness testified that moonlighters cut off the lobe of his right ear with a pair of scissors. "What sort of scissors did they use?" was the question. "I don't think they were good ones," was the innocent reply, which provoked great laughter. Another witness testified that he had the choice given him of being shot or have his ears cut off; he preferred

to be shot, and a charge was fired into his thigh. He was stubborn in maintaining that "it did not hurt him much." "It was only pigeon-shot," he said, and he "picked them all out himself."

Of a very different character was the evidence of Lady Mount Morres, whose husband, ten years before, had been brutally murdered. None of the people would assist even in lifting the coffin upon the hearse on the day of the burial. Sir Charles Russell commenced a mild cross-examination, when the lady fainted and was borne out of the court-room, and further questioning was at once waived. This was the great sensation of the week.

Captain O'Shea, a former Member of Parliament, and once a strong friend and ally of Mr. Parnell, came into court to prove certain plans and proceedings of the Land League. It seems that he and Parnell had quarreled, and were now enemies. His evidence seemed to be of little importance to the main issue. He declared that the facsimiles of the letters produced appeared to be genuine, but he was careful to add, "I am really no judge in the matter; I am not an expert." Several women were, after this, introduced to give evidence of the murder of some members of their family. The testimony of these persons was generally delivered in an ordinary, matter-of-fact way singular to witness. To this there was one notable exception which threw over the scene a touching romance. It was the appearance in the witness-box of Miss Nora Fitzmaurice, whose father was murdered at Lixnow. She was an admirable type of an Irish peasant girl; her form was fine, her complexion bright and ruddy, her manner modest, and her voice, which was modulated to suit every expression of feeling, was rich and full. She spoke with distinctness in the brogue of her own district, which lent a charm to everything she said. In seeing and in hearing her, one might be reminded of descriptive passages in some of Moore's "Irish Melodies." The account of her father's murder was very touching. It was given with entire simplicity, and it was only by the intonation of her voice that any feeling was exhibited. The testimony of the constables, district-inspectors, magistrates, land-agents and landlords, of which there were many, was marked with great and persistent sameness, and excited no extraordinary attention.

As the proceedings went on, affairs began to grow decidedly warm between the Attorney-general and Sir Charles Russell; not that there was any such violent encounters as may be witnessed in some of our courts at home; nevertheless, when the Attorney-general asked Sir Charles to produce certain documents, the latter replied that "it was the most audacious request he had ever listened to under any circumstances." It was very seldom, however, that the Court thought proper to interfere. The passages between Sir Charles Russell and Sir James Hannen, the President, were more frequent. In England the most respectful conduct, in manner and speech, is exacted by the Court from the counsel engaged, while a very large latitude is permitted to the same counsel in the cross-examination of witnesses. The first serious encounter was the objection of Sir Charles to certain hearsay evidence which, if admitted, he declared, "This ceases to be in any sense a judicial investigation." The President calmly replied: "That was not a proper observation to make." Shortly after, Sir Charles asked: "Are we to have evidence of these notices without the originals?" The President said that it was not necessary to produce them, and asked Sir Charles to be kind enough to make his objection in the proper way. "I have, my lord," he answered. "I do not think you

have," retorted the President. "I am sorry your lordship should differ from me," said Sir Charles. "I have endeavored to restrain myself." "I do not think you have restrained yourself; on the contrary, I think you have expressed yourself in a most disrespectful manner." "Not intentionally disrespectful, my lord, but firmly and earnestly, and I shall continue to do so." "Very well, then, I accept that," said the President; "and as some one must have the last word, I think that it is desirable that I should have it." Thus ended the collision.

I will mention one other, to give an idea of the jealousy with which the judges enforce respect. Sir Charles was pressing the Court to allow him to put Mr. Parnell and his secretary in the witness-box, toward the close of the *Times* case. [This was subsequently granted.] The President said an affidavit should be made. Sir Charles shrugged his shoulders. "Gestures of this kind are surely not seemly," said the President, with quiet dignity.

The proceedings were occasionally varied by the bringing before the Court parties who, either on one side or the other, had published objectionable articles, referring sometimes to the conduct of the judges, or criticising unfairly the proceedings. These occasions were always interesting. Nothing could exceed the impartiality and forbearance of the President in dealing with these contempt cases. The parties, on making a proper apology, were let off with a reprimand. The strongest case was that of Mr. Edward Harrington, M.P., who was called up for an article in the *Kerry Sentinel*, of which he was the owner, in which the writer spoke of the manifest prejudices of the judges, and declared the "Commission to be the creature of the Government and of the *Times* conspirators." Mr. Harrington, disregarding the advice of his counsel, avowed in open court that he accepted to the fullest extent the responsibility of the article, and thereupon he was fined £500. But Mr. Harrington has never paid the money, nor does any attempt appear to have been made to enforce payment.

The proceedings were beginning to assume an uninterrupted sameness when, at the commencement of the forty-fourth sitting, a fresh element of excitement was introduced, which once more filled the gallery and the court-room with attentive listeners. For there came on the witness-stand the most remarkable man in the case up to this time; he called himself Henri Le Caron. His real name was Thomas W. Beach, and he was an Englishman. He was a little, spare man, with a marked assumption of a military air. He wore a tightly buttoned frock-coat, and stood up very straight, with his arms folded, or with one hand thrust in his breast. This man's imperturbability never for a moment forsook him during the six days of his direct and cross examination. He appeared to have carefully prepared himself, having notes before him which the President would not allow him to touch, and he left the stand with the same calm audacity as when he entered it. He at once stated his real name, but explained that during the Civil War in America he entered the United States Army, and rose to the rank of major under the name of Le Caron, which he had ever since borne. He stated that in 1868 he had joined the Fenian organization in America, as military organizer, for the express purpose of betraying it to the British Government. He went on for nearly four days to give the movements of the Fenians in the United States. He claimed to have had several interviews with Mr. Parnell, who was then in America—though in this respect his testimony was not of great consequence. Toward the close of the third day of the examination in chief, after

the witness had claimed to disclose all the Fenian secrets, while producing a large number of official Fenian documents, containing minute particulars regarding the association and its connection with its correspondents in Ireland, the Attorney-general suddenly stopped, and gave the witness into the hands of Sir Charles Russell.

Sir Charles first treated himself to two or three extra pinches of snuff—a habit with that general when about to set to work in earnest—and commenced. It happened that during those three days many incidents in the life of the major had been cabled from America, greatly to the assistance of the defense. Sir Charles began by examining the witness with great minuteness about his antecedents, and about the way he came into communication with the Government, but nothing could shake his cool demeanor, his perfect *aplomb* and his self-satisfied air. He declared that, in what he had done, he looked upon himself in the light of a military spy in the English service. He stated as a fact that he had volunteered his testimony, because he believed the Government was in the case, and that he saw what he considered a "lame presentation of the prosecution." Roars of laughter followed this cool criticism of the Attorney-general's five days' opening, in which that gentleman heartily joined, while the judges made an unsuccessful effort to restrain themselves. Le Caron was proceeding in the same strain, when the President checked him severely, saying it was not his duty to make speeches, but to answer questions.

"Mr. Beach," said Sir Charles, addressing the witness by his real name, "when you joined the Fenian organization you took an oath of allegiance and obedience?" "Yes." "You of course took this oath intending not to observe it?" "Decidedly." "To learn all about the organization?" "Yes." "With the view of disclosing it?" "Certainly." "You did all you could to get into its confidence?" "All that in my limited power I could do, I did." "With a view of betraying the confidence?" "Yes." "And you did, as far as you could, betray confidence?" "I did to every extent that laid in my power."

It was impossible for any one to listen to this man without the most intense disgust, which was heightened by his air of impudent, conscious assurance that he was really doing a very smart thing. He was repeatedly reprimanded by the President. But he took everything coolly. He exhibited not the least discomfiture at reproof or rebuff. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing he did was, during his direct examination, to write something on a slip of paper and send it to Sir Richard Webster, who, without looking at it, immediately handed it to the Secretary of the Commission, to be given to the Court. A "caution" followed, but the major maintained the same undisturbed demeanor throughout. At last he was allowed to leave the stand, whereupon he bowed with ex-cruciating dignity to the judges, and thanked them for their forbearance toward his mistakes of conduct—the result, he assured them, of his ignorance of the court rules. He quitted the court-room, confidently believing he had come off with flying colors.

Strange to say and ludicrous as it appears, the major, through his intense vanity and love of notoriety, came, to a certain extent, to grief after all. One of the reporters of the London edition of the New York *Herald* ferreted out his abode, and somehow got inside its sacred precincts. The major was induced to give a full account of his life and adventures for the columns of that journal. The reporter hurried to the publication-office, and by midnight all was in type. Half an hour later, down came Le Caron with one of his solicitors, to say that his narrative must on no account be printed. He was told

it was now too late to prevent it; that it was already in type and going to press. The next morning it appeared, to the amazement of the *Times* people. It was then that Le Caron wrote to the *Herald* that the statement printed was inaccurate and untrue, and, as he was advised, was libelous. He declared he should hold that journal responsible, etc. The *Herald* published the letter, with the comment that, as all of the yesterday edition had been exhausted, they had reprinted Le Caron's original narrative in that day's issue! Nothing more has been heard of the major.

We come now to the intense strain of the proceedings. Thus far the Court, the counsel and the spectators had listened to every species and every variety of testimony. I have endeavored to give some idea of it in its continually changing phases. But what had been put in evidence was either not new or was unimportant. "The letters—the letters!

When are they coming to the letters?" was on everybody's tongue inside and outside the court-room—all over London—all over England. All knew that the case



MR. PARNELL DENYING IN THE WITNESS-BOX THAT HE WROTE, OR AUTHORIZED TO BE WRITTEN, ANY OF THE INCRIMINATING LETTERS.

would turn on the "incriminating letters." "When will they be reached?"

It was evident that the Attorney-general approached the decisive issue with reluctance. He had accumulated a mass of testimony which would in a sense be useless if he could not show the genuineness of these epistles.

The time had come. It could be no longer delayed. At the fiftieth session, amid suppressed excitement, Joseph Soames stepped into the witness-box. He is a stout gentleman, of hardly medium height, apparently fifty years old. He exhibited—strange to say, trained solicitor as he is—considerable nervousness at first, owing, perhaps, to the fact that he was called on unexpectedly during the day. He, however, soon recovered his equanimity.

And now, for the first time, the letters themselves—not their fac-similes—were produced from the famous box. They had been most tenderly placed

within transparent sheets of gelatine, fastened together at the edges to form a bag. Mr. Soames identified the letters, and said they had been submitted to experts, who



FIGOTT CONFESSING TO MESSRS. G. A. SALA AND HENRY LABOUCHERE, AT THE LATTER'S HOUSE, THAT HE WAS THE FORGER OF THE LETTERS.

had given it as their opinion that they were genuine. "Where did you obtain the letters?" asked the Attorney-general. Mr. Soames said that the letters were received by Mr. Macdonald, the manager of the *Times*, from Mr. Houston, the Secretary of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Society, and Mr. Houston received the letters from Mr. Pigott. Here were still three removes from the fountain-head. The cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell was conducted in an unusually severe tone and manner, but Mr. Soames bore it with entire equanimity. Its burden was: "What steps did you take to prove the authenticity of the letters?" Pigott, being present, was directed to leave the room. Mr. Soames was asked, Had he cross-examined Pigott about the letters? "No." Had he cross-examined Houston? "No." He had only conferred with experts, because Mr. Macdonald had told him he was under pledge of secrecy not to divulge the source whence the letters were obtained.

This forced Mr. Macdonald on the stand. His direct evidence was brief. Mr. Houston had brought to him some letters. He had submitted them to Mr. Soames. They were examined and pronounced genuine by experts, and he bought the letters from Houston. Houston finally told him he received the letters from Pigott; that he had been released from further concealment of the name. Mr. Macdonald was not what is called a good witness. He talked too much. His temper was irascible, and, canny Scotchman as he was, it gave way under the fire of the cross-examination. On the second day he sheltered himself, when asked about certain articles in



JOHN WALTER, PROPRIETOR OF THE LONDON "TIMES."

the *Times*, under a general *non mi ricordo*.

Affairs were evidently approaching a crisis. The courtroom became densely packed on the morning of the fifty-second day. The Attorney-general made a last and ineffectual effort to stop further investigation as to the source whence the letters were obtained. He proceeded to call an expert to testify as to their genuineness.

Here, for the first time, the Court expressed its displeasure at the conduct of the *Times* leader. Sir Charles Russell had insisted that, following in due course, Houston and Pigott should be examined, so as to reach the source of the letters, and he closed his objection by declaring that he could not and he would not cross-examine any expert till those persons had been on the stand. The Presi-

dent expressed a strong opinion in favor of the stand taken by Sir Charles. The Attorney-general fell back on his old argument, thus far successful, and claimed the right to conduct the case in his own way. "I regret the resolution you have arrived at, Mr. Attorney," said Sir James Hannen, with severity, and that settled all discussion.

Houston was called. He had a long rigmarole story to tell of his transactions with Pigott, and how by degrees a bargain was concluded; that the letters came in batches; and that, all told, he (Houston) had paid out nearly \$15,000, in different sums, for the entire lot, for which he had been reimbursed by Mr. Macdonald, to whom he had delivered the letters.

So great and so intense was the desire to see Pigott on



THE "TIMES" OFFICE, IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE, LONDON.



MR. MACDONALD, MANAGER OF THE "TIMES."

the stand, the testimony of Houston did not excite the interest its importance demanded. Houston was, however, subjected to a most minute and searching cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell, who extracted from him a full account of his negotiations with Pigott for the letters; how the money had been paid for them, what reason had been given by Pigott why they came at slow intervals, and how he came to put himself in communication with Mr. Macdonald, manager of the *Times*. With the appearance of great relief, Houston left the witness-stand.

At last the fountain-head was reached; what was to flow from it?

"Richard Pigott," said the Attorney-general. After a slight delay, a short, stoutly built man, with a bald head, immensely long, flowing white beard, a ruddy complexion, and nose inclining toward a pug, came forward with much deliberation, placed a well-brushed hat on one of the library-shelves, and entered the witness-box. His appearance was certainly not against him. You would, I think, naturally say, "Here is a respectable-looking man whom it would be hard to suspect of anything criminal." He looked to be about sixty, although he put himself down at fifty-four. He was well dressed, not in the height of the mode, but his clothes were of formal and intensely respectable cut, such as might be worn by a Dissenting clergyman. His manner was calm and collected—not audacious or assuming; and when the Attorney-general was about to begin his questioning, Pigott put his eye-glass in position, as much as to say, "I am ready, and pray proceed." The former dealt very carefully, not to say gingerly, with this witness. He asked him about his acquaintance with Houston. It seems they had at one time been engaged in literary work together. Then Pigott said he had explained to Houston that an old Fenian friend had said to him that a man named Davis told him (the Fenian) he knew of letters that would hang Parnell and some of his associates. Davis, as he went on to say, was in Switzerland. Thereupon Houston paid Pigott's expenses to Lausanne on two occasions, to see this Davis, who told him the letters had been found by one Murphy, then in Paris, in a room where Byrne or Kelly had been arrested, and that they could be had at a price. Pigott hastens to Paris, and by sheer accident encounters Murphy; but Murphy could not sell or surrender the letters except by consent of a man named Breslin, who lived in New York! Away went Pigott to America. He stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel, saw Breslin, and received a letter from him to Murphy, authorizing their surrender; and was back to Paris in a trice. The sale was concluded, and the letters were delivered by Pigott to Houston, to be handed over to the *Times*. Mixed with this was a long story of how Mr. Labouchère, M.P., and Mr. George Lewis tried to get him (Pigott) in a trap, and how he escaped.

Even during the kind and favoring direct examination there gradually but decidedly crept over those who were listening an utter distrust of the witness, with marked incredulity as to the strange story he was telling about the way he got possession of the letters.

How did Sir Charles Russell, the most famous cross-examiner in all England, begin with this witness at this crucial point? In the quietest manner possible.

When Pigott turned to receive the cross-fire, there was a marked change in his demeanor. His coolness did not exactly forsake him, but his eye-glass dropped out of place, and, if I may so express it, there was an expression on his face such as one of the brute creation exhibits in the presence of a deadly and more powerful enemy.

Still, on the first day, I may say that he bore himself bravely. I have said that Sir Charles began with the witness in the most quiet manner. In a matter-of-fact way he put a sheet of foolscap into the witness's hands, and blandly asked him to write the words—"likelihood," "livelihood," "Richard Pigott," "proselytism," "hesitancy" with a small "h," "Patrick Egan," "P. Egan." Apparently Pigott did not comprehend what this was leading to. But every one in the court-room understood it. The witness undertook to write the words on the ledge of the witness-box while standing, but the President interfered and told him to sit at a table and write the words in his usual manner. It seems that in the Parnell letters the word hesitancy was spelled hesitency, and it was in the last way that Pigott wrote the word when in the witness-box. Sir Charles Russell made no reference to this at the time, but went on to other subjects, and specially to Pigott's communications to the Catholic Archbishop Walsh, which Pigott swore were made under the seal of the confessional, and which he would not reveal. Sir Charles still pushed him, and Pigott, considerably worried, fenced with him to the end of the sitting. The next day, after a searching fire about the spelling of the word hesitancy, Sir Charles suddenly produced the correspondence between Pigott and the Archbishop, in no sense confidential, and which the latter had put into the hands of the defense as an act of justice. In the correspondence Pigott had written to the Archbishop that he was convinced the charges made against Mr. Parnell by the *Times* were false, and that he had nothing to do with their preparation! Here Pigott collapsed—utterly, hopelessly collapsed—though possibly he was not himself quite conscious of it. His cool demeanor forsook him. His face, before so sleek and ruddy, was drawn into a lengthened visage, pale, cadaverous. In fact, despite all of these villainous circumstances, his appearance was so pitiable that my sympathies were roused. I felt sorry for him. Not so with Sir Charles Russell. He took Pigott over his past career, and was merciless in pushing him to the wall. To quote from an English journal, "Sir Charles continued to play with him as an overfed cat tortures a quivering mouse." Let me give a single instance of this. When Pigott appeared to be utterly broken up, Sir Charles exclaimed: "Now, Mr. Pigott, pull yourself together. Do you feel ashamed of yourself?" "I do not." "You do not?" "I do not, and it is scandalous to be so questioned." Here the President remarked: "But, witness, we are the judges, irrespective of counsel." Pigott then denied that he had forged the letters, and added; "if I had done so, I should not be here." "Not if you could help it," said Sir Charles. "Why could I not help it?" replied Pigott. "You will hear presently, I think, Mr. Pigott," was the answer.

This was Friday. The Commission, as usual, adjourned over to the following Tuesday. What were all the movements of this "unhappy man," as the President afterward spoke of him, will never be fully ascertained. It would seem that he wandered about the streets aimlessly. At last he called on Mr. Labouchère, and stated that he desired to make a full confession. The former would not receive it alone. He sent for Mr. Augustus Sala, and in their joint presence it was reduced to writing and signed by Pigott. The next day, on consultation, the document was returned to Pigott, who was still at his hotel. It seems he afterward made efforts to borrow small sums of money. He was at his hotel on Monday. After that, all traces of him disappeared till he was heard of, through a letter to Mr. Soames, at a hotel in Madrid.

A request was sent to the police there for his arrest. On the entrance of the officer for that purpose, Pigott asked permission to go into his bedroom for his overcoat. Once there, he drew a revolver and shot himself through the head. He was dead.

It is needless to add more. The first act of the drama is complete. We might speak of the consternation exhibited on all sides when Pigott did not answer to his name when called. We might detail how Mr. Parnell and his secretary were allowed, out of the ordinary course, to go upon the stand, when they pronounced all the letters produced to be forgeries. Other witnesses were examined on other points. But it was a work of supererogation. Outside the court-room, in the streets, the excitement was tremendous, for the "low-down people" were on the side of the defendants in the proceedings. Shouts rent the air when it was known that Pigott had not appeared to answer to his name—in fact, that he had fled. An excited cabman gave voice to this feeling by shouting at the top of his lungs, from his perch on his "hansom": "Parnell up!—down with Pigott!"

And so the curtain fell upon the first act of the drama.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

BY S. A. WLISS.

"ALICIA," said Miss Septimia Minks, entering the room on tiptoe and carefully closing the door after her; "what do you think? I've made a discovery!"

"Not about Kate, I hope, or that good-for-nothing Mike," sharply responded Miss Minks, as she looked up from her darning.

"No, no; it has nothing to do with the servants. It is about up-stairs—our lodgers—the Dormer girls, whom we considered such nice ladies. Well, I'm very much afraid that there's something wrong about them."

Miss Minks dropped her hands, one of which was incased in a brown stocking, into her lap, and straightening herself into a rigid attitude, stared stonily at her sister.

"Not right? and in my house! Septimia—"

"Oh, you're mistaken again. I don't allude to anything of that kind; although if I were in Grace Dormer's place, I would scarcely permit Dr. Langley, or any man, to walk home with me every other night from church and concerts."

"Then," interrupted Miss Minks, impatiently, "what is it that you've discovered that isn't right?"

Miss Septimia drew a chair close in front of her sister's.

"Listen," she said, in low, impressive tones, "and I will tell you exactly how it occurred. I was in the closet of the vacant room, examining where the plaster has fallen from the wall. Those girls were in their own room, on the other side of the partition, and I could not avoid overhearing some remarks—"

"Well!" said Miss Minks, eagerly.

"My attention was first attracted by the youngest, Gracie, calling out to her sister, 'Louise, do keep that desk shut! I've been nervous about it ever since I've had the diamond bracelet there.'"

"Diamond bracelet!" exclaimed Miss Minks; "where in the world could—"

"Hush! don't interrupt me, I beg, Alicia. Miss Louise replied, 'Nonsense, Gracie; who could find it there?' And Gracie returned, 'Somebody might come in and get a glimpse of it. Miss Minks and her sister have such prying eyes; they somehow manage to find out everything.'"

"She said that, did she?" again broke in Miss Minks, vindictively.

"Yes; and for a moment I was so shocked that I didn't catch what followed. But next, I distinctly heard Gracie say, 'I've no idea of its real value, but I will take whatever Mr. Tillery offers. We must have more money before Christmas.' And on that Louise replied, in her slow, grave way, 'Suppose Cousin Parsons should ever chance to see it. She would never forgive you.' 'Oh!' said Gracie, 'but she could never trace it to me. Even Mr. Tillery don't know me except as Miss Alice Calderwood.'"

"Good gracious!" gasped Miss Minks.

"And then," resumed Miss Septimia, with keen impressiveness, "this is what I heard Louise reply: '*If ever she does chance to see that diamond bracelet, she will recognize it as hers, and suspect you, Gracie, for you were there when the bracelet was missed.*' And just then I heard Katie coming to look for me, and had to leave the closet. But the question is now, Alicia, what are we to do about this?"

"Do? Why, give them notice at once! My goodness gracious, Septimia, I am sure that I shall not have another night's rest while they remain here, for fear of a visit from the police. And yet, who could have suspected such nice-looking girls of anything so dreadful?—and they a clergyman's daughters, if one may believe them."

"Dr. Langley ought to know of it!" said Miss Septimia, decisively.

"Certainly, as he is our relative, and it was through us that he made their acquaintance, when the eldest sister was sick. And yet, how to put him upon his guard I really don't know. In fact, I doubt whether he would believe a word against them, even from us, and with the evidence which we have from their own lips. I can see that he is infatuated with that artful, frisky Gracie."

The immediate result of Miss Septimia's "discovery" was, that the Misses Dormer next day received from Miss Minks a formal intimation that their "apartments would be required at the end of the current month." This paper was delivered by Katie, Miss Minks's maid of-all-work, just as the young ladies were about to start on a day's visit to New York, distant an hour's ride by rail.

"What can it mean?" said Gracie, standing with her hat on, and a rather dismayed expression on her pretty, piquante face. "We must have offended them in some way; and did you notice, Louise, how distant they were to us last evening, and how grave Dr. Langley looked as we passed them in the hall? Surely"—with a blush creeping up even to the brown curls above her eyes—"it cannot be on account of the little attentions he has paid us of late."

"There is no time now to inquire about it," Louise said, "if we would be in time for the train."

And then the two hurried to the station, followed by Mike, the Misses Minks's scapegrace odd-boy, bearing a valise and a parcel. The distance was too short to justify, in Louise's opinion, the expenditure of fifty cents on hack-hire, so they went on foot, and arrived, rather breathlessly, before the expected train made its appearance. Suddenly Gracie exclaimed:

"Oh, Louise, how unfortunate! I have forgotten"—here she lowered her voice—"the diamond bracelet!"

"Have you really? What a pity! Are you sure it is not in the valise?"

"Quite sure. I placed the box under my pillow,

that it might not get misplaced; and that note of Miss Minks's caused me to entirely forget it."

Gracie turned, in her dismay, to see Dr. Langley standing beside her, and Mike staring with a suddenly aroused interest on his freckled face.

"Can I help you in any way, Miss Grace?" the young doctor inquired, gravely. "Did I hear you say that you had lost something of value—a diamond bracelet?"

Grace crimsoned to the roots of her hair, and even the sedate Louise flushed.

"Oh, no," she said, hastily, "nothing of value—that is, we have only forgotten something; but it makes no difference—and there is the train coming!"

Dr. Langley, after assisting them into a car, walked away with a thoughtful, puzzled look on his face.

He had listened with suppressed indignation to Miss Septimia's version of the diamond bracelet; and quietly remarked that there was, no doubt, something in the matter which that lady did not understand. But the unexpected corroboration of her story which he had just heard from the sisters themselves—Gracie's impulsive words, Louise's denial, and the embarrassment of both when he had purposely mentioned the diamond bracelet—rather puzzled him. As he walked away from the depot, and thought the matter over, it suddenly occurred to him that he had

sometime previous heard from his friend Lassiter an odd account of a diamond bracelet being lost in a peculiar way by a relative of his own, a lady whom he designated only as Miss P——;—an initial which agreed with the "Cousin Parsons" of Miss Minks's account. He now recalled the nearly forgotten story. Miss P——, a lady past her first youth, but still romantically inclined, had made the acquaintance of a handsome and dashing young stranger at a Summer resort not far from New York. On her return to her home in the city, her admirer, who represented himself as an aristocratic Southern planter, had visited her, and one evening proposed a walk in

the park close by; but advised her to leave her bracelet and watch, both set with diamonds, in the rose-vase upon the mantel-piece, where they would, of course, be secure until her return. It was not safe, he represented, to wear diamonds in the park, where ruffians might be at any time lurking—and only a week ago a lady had been robbed of her ear-rings in presence of her escort, who had not been able to resist the villain. So the articles had been deposited in the vase by the

gentleman himself, Miss P—— seeing it done; but on her return they were missing—nor had the dashing Southerner ever since made his appearance at the house, though the police had been put on his track by the lady's friends. This was the story, as the doctor had heard it from his jovial friend, Harry Lassiter; and he now decided to go direct to that gentleman's office in New York, and ascertain whether there was any connection between Miss P—— and those pretty, lady-like sisters in whom—especially the laughing-eyed and piquante Gracie—he was beginning to feel an unusual degree of interest.

The Misses Dormer's business in New York, connected with their employment of embroidering and painting artistic trifles for a dealer in such goods, unexpectedly detained them until next day; and it was late in the afternoon when they returned home.

"They appear to be in good spirits, and have no doubt sold that bracelet," Miss Minks remarked, as she peeped at them ascending the front steps. "It is a comfort to know that we shall be rid of them in ten days."

But in a few moments Gracie came down-stairs, flushed and excited. Something incomprehensible had occurred, she said. Their room had been entered in their absence, and a little parcel, which she had left under her pillow, had been stolen."

"Was it anything of value?" Miss Minks inquired.

The girl hesitated.

"I—I don't know. It might have been to me. But it

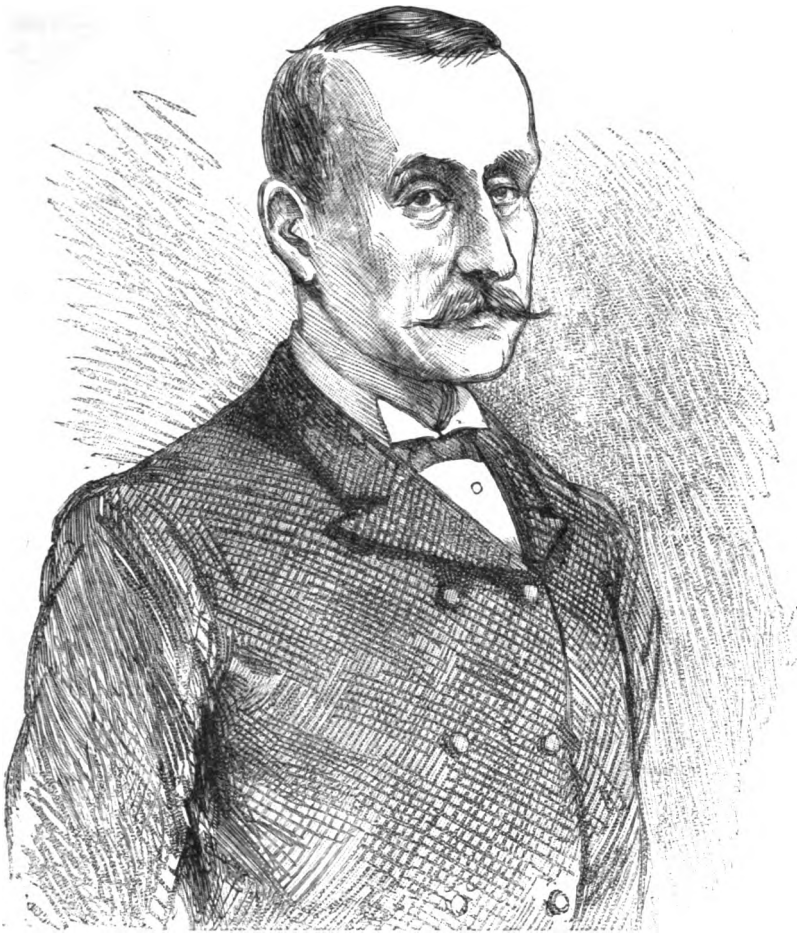


RICHARD PIGOTT.—(FROM THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN AT MADRID AFTER HIS SUICIDE.)—SEE PAGE 641.

is strange that ~~that~~ should have been taken, and nothing else."

Mike was out, but Katie was summoned; and on being informed of the burglary, instantly clasped her hands over her heart and gasped:

"Oh, mum, sure, it must be Mike! Wasn't it him as says to me yesterday, when he come from carrying the leddies' valise, 'Katie, Miss Gracie's forgot her dimint bracelet she left under her piller in her bed-room? I hard her say so.' An' I jist tuck it for one o' his jokes, mum, an' didn't moind it a bit. But, after supper, I see him lookin' in the box o' odd keys on the top closet-shelf; and, oh,



MAJOR HENRI LE CARON (THOMAS W. BEACH), THE FENIAN SPY.

mum, it's jist gone to the Jew pawnshop he is, to sell the coat Mither Smith guv him; an' I'm consaitin' he's got thim dimints along, if it's thim Miss Gracie's missin'."

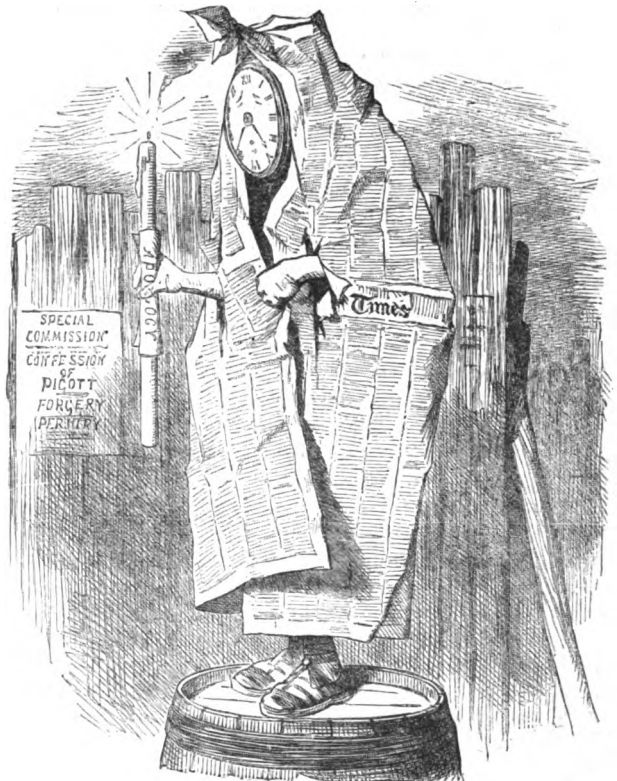
The two girls looked at each other, and Gracie broke into a loud laugh.

"Poor Mike! how very disappointed he will be when he opens the box! Diamonds, indeed! Why, he could never get a cent for the parcel. Still, it is valuable to me, and I don't wish to lose it."

"Gracie, I begin to think we had better follow Mike, and get it back before he throws it away, as he probably will do," said



ATTORNEY-GENERAL SIR RICHARD WEBSTER READING THE LONDON "TIMES'S" APOLOGY FOR PUBLISHING THE LETTERS.



"PUNCH'S" CARTOON OF THE LONDON "TIMES" DOING PENANCE.

Louise, rather anxiously. "Where is this pawnshop, Katie? It is dreadful to have to go to such a place, but it must be done."

As the two girls left the house, Miss Minks said:

"A clumsy attempt to blind us. As if what is so valuable to them would not be of value to Mike!"

"I don't believe that Mike has taken that bracelet away with him," said Miss Septimia. "It was only yesterday that he gave me warning, saying he was going to live in New York; and he knows that it would be safer to dispose of it there. The box is no doubt at this moment hidden somewhere on the premises; and, Katie, you had better go at once and make a thorough search of his room and effects. I don't wish to call in the police if it can be helped. And here is the doctor, just in time to advise us what to do!"

The doctor had just arrived from New York, and to him the two ladies explained the situation. They had scarcely concluded, when Bridget rushed in, breathless.

"Oh, mum, it's found the box, I have under Mike's pillow! It's Miss Gracie's box, an' her name on it! An' sure, I'm wishin' the dimints is safe in it, mum!"

Mike had opened the square, shallow pasteboard-box, and again tied it up in a tangle of awkward knots; but it felt full and heavy, as Miss Minks gave it an experimental shake. On the enveloping paper was written Grace Dormer's name.

"Very probably the boy has removed the bracelet, and put something else in its place," Miss Minks said, as she, with unscrupulous eagerness, tore off the string. "I must satisfy myself whether the jewelry is here or not."

Her sister looked over her shoulder as she lifted the lid. There was revealed a quantity of neatly written manuscript, on the first page of which was inscribed:

"The Diamond Bracelet, by Alice Calderwood."

Miss Minks read this aloud, then stared blankly, while Miss Septimia gave expression to her feelings in the simple exclamation:

"Well! did any one ever?"

Dr. Langley laughed, cheerily.

"This explains to me the only mystery that remained in regard to this matter," he said. "Miss Grace Dormer has simply written a story founded upon the loss by her relative, Miss Parsons, of a diamond bracelet. My friend Lassiter informed me to-day that the lost article has been recovered from a jeweler, to whom it was sold by the man who purloined it."

"How should Harry Lassiter know?" inquired Miss Minks, curiously.

"He is, like the Misses Dormer, related to the Parsons family. He was very glad to hear from me where these young ladies, whom he formerly knew, are to be found; and if you choose, will tell you all about them, when he comes to see them to-morrow."

"There they are now, coming up the steps!" Miss Minks said, hastily. "Here, Katie! you can carry the box up-stairs, and tell them that you found it in Mike's room. No wonder that he left it under his pillow when he discovered what it was. And mind, Katie! don't say a word to the young ladies except what I have told you."

And it is doubtful whether, to this very day, Dr. Langley's wife—née Miss Grace Dormer—knows anything of the troubles which her little manuscript caused in the minds of those estimable ladies, the Misses Minks.

DEATH.

BY GEORGE MORINE.

RAISE the pillow, smooth the bed;
Gently turn that reverend head;
Shade the lamp, nor let its glimmer
Vex those eyes that still grow dimmer—
Dim, and dark, and dead.

Softly speak, and lightly tread,
Move like shadows round the bed;
Let stillness fill the chambers wholly,
Brooding like a spirit holy—
Waiting for the dead.

Under breath let prayer be said;
Children kneeling round the bed;
Stifle tears, and stifle sorrow,
They will find their place to-morrow—
Weeping for the dead.

Life is fleeting; Life has fled!
Drop the curtain round the bed;
Through its clay-encumbered portal
Wanders forth a soul immortal—
Dust retains the dead.

Bend the knee, and bow the head;
Let the last farewell be said;
So leave the chamber of the dead.

HISTORIC SAPPHIRES AND RUBIES.

BY M. A. PUGH.

Few objects have more legends and historical associations connected with them than precious stones. To treat of all would fill a volume.

The Sapphire, an old sect of Jewish Rabbis, adopted twelve precious stones to represent the signs of the zodiac. These are supposed to have been the sardine, topaz, carbuncle, emerald, sapphire, diamond, ligure, agate, amethyst, beryl, onyx, jasper—the precious stones of the breast-plate of the Jewish high-priest. The early Christians used these stones as the symbols of Christian ideas and virtues.

The sapphire was the accepted type or symbol of heaven, virtue, truth and constancy, symbolizing in ancient gem-lore these noble virtues. It is not strange that the sapphire was considered the stone most worthy of honor, the most precious amongst the precious stones known to the ancients. They endowed it with the precious office of preserving the virtue of its wearer. For this, above all other considerations, it was considered the proper stone for a bishop's ring. Burnham says that the oldest ecclesiastical jewel now known is one with a sapphire setting.

Ceylon has furnished the world with many of the finest sapphires, as well as many of the finest specimens of other precious stones. The star sapphire, or asteria, as mineralogists now call it, is described as a sapphire in which "the light reflected upon it forms a star of six rays extremely beautiful and remarkable."

Added to the other magical virtues of the sapphire was its power of attracting love and admiration for its wearer. Helen, whose beauty and fascinations wrought such misery in her little world and called down the wrath of the gods upon unhappy Troy, wore a fateful sapphire.

There is a still older legend that says the Ten Commandments were engraved on sapphire. We can easily understand how such a legend could have grown out of

the old-time reverence for the sapphire. The old Persians believed that the world rested on an immense sapphire, and that the beautiful blue of the sky was a reflection from this sapphire.

The history of gems includes a number of celebrated sapphires. One, in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, is a beautiful Indian sapphire. In the British Museum is one, supposed to represent a statue of Buddha. A rose made of sapphire, once the setting of a ring worn by the saintly King, Edward the Confessor, now forms the centre of the crown of England. Tradition credits this stone with the power of working miracles.

Another sapphire in the English crown was the setting in a ring worn by Queen Elizabeth; it was taken from the dead Queen's hand, and sent to James by some courtier in waiting, as a token that his hour of succession had come.

Among the precious stones in the Hope collection is the famous sapphire of Louis XIV. This sapphire is unique—a sapphire with a line of topaz running across. It is said that this singular stone suggested one of Mme. de Genlis's stories. The most celebrated of ancient sapphire gems is the signet of Constantius II. Another sapphire, called by Louis Dieulefait "The Marvel," is in the Strozzi cabinet at Rome. It is a profile of a youthful Hercules, made by Cirins, one of the ancient gem-engravers mentioned by Pliny.

A strange, romantic story is told of a famous sapphire. It was found by a poor Bengalese, who made and sold wooden spoons for a living. The story fails to supply one link. It does not tell how this beautiful sapphire found its way to Europe, or whether the poor vender of wooden spoons became rich from the proceeds of his happy discovery, but goes on to say that it was bought by a worthy dealer in gems at Rome. Later, it became the property of a German prince, who sold it to a jeweler in Paris. It formed, afterward, a part of the riches of the Museum of Natural History in Paris. Connoisseurs say that this sapphire was without blemish or fault of any kind.

The ruby ranked first among the "Five Precious Fragments" known in ancient pharmacy as useful in healing sickness. Its potency extended to all manner of diseases. The color of the true Oriental ruby is described by a famous connoisseur as "the perfect red of the painter's palette without any mixture of violet or orange." In some of the stained-glass windows of our cathedrals we find this perfect red when the sun lights up the windows. A ruby of this perfect red, "the color of the centre of the solar spectrum," the color of "pigeon's blood," is considered one of the most valuable of the precious stones.

Amongst the ancients the ruby was more highly esteemed than even the diamond. The marvelous ring of King Solomon, which, as tradition tells us, enabled him to search into deep and hidden things, and to penetrate into the mysteries and secrets concealed from mortal eyes, was set with rubies. In Holy Scriptures we see how much he made of rubies as figures of precious, valuable things. A perfect wife is described by him as having a "price above rubies"; and he says of wisdom, "She is more precious than rubies."

The King of Burmah delights greatly in his title of "King of the Rubies." This title was conferred upon him on account of the number and beauty of the rubies found near Mandalay, the capital of Burmah. The *lychnis*, or ruby of the ancients, the carbuncle, and other stones, were the basis of many superstitions, on account of their luminous appearance by the light of the lamp.

A remarkable *lychnis*, or lamp-stone, was the one worn by the goddess Astarte, which was said to have lighted up the whole interior of her temple.

The ancient engravers turned these superstitions about precious stones to good account; they illustrated and embellished stones with many of these legends and stories. The Greeks, especially, used and adapted these stories. Gems of this kind are extremely rare in rubies, because they were too highly valued as ornamental stones; engravers were not willing to cut them. But they are occasionally to be met with. King, one of the best authorities on gems, gives several examples—a head of Hercules, and a head of Thetis, of the *cinque-cento* period; he also describes a pink ruby, used by an ancient king as a signet. This ring was engraved with the motto, "Rubies are the source of prosperity." Another of the same color bore the inscription, "Splendor and prosperity."

There is a curious legend about a ruby, or *lychnis*, of which there are several versions. Heraclea had been very kind to a sick stork. The stork, as is well known to all familiar with ancient lore, is a bird that never forgets a kindness. In return for Heraclea's good services, he one day came back to Heraclea, and brought a beautiful *lychnis* which he dropped into her lap. This stone was so marvelously luminous that it lighted up her room at night.

Amongst the many virtues that the ruby was supposed to typify was that of gratitude. This legend would naturally form a favorite subject for gems, given in remembrance of past kindness.

The credulous, during the sixteenth century, had many marvelous tales to tell of the brilliancy of a ruby that illuminated the chapel of Lady Hildegarde, the wife of Theodore, Count of Holland.

As late as the eighteenth century, a ruby, worn by Catharine of Aragon, was clothed with many superstitions. Amongst these was a belief that it could indicate coming misfortunes by a change of color.

Another famous ruby is the one found at the sacking of Pekin by the French. It was a large ruby cut into the figure of a Chinese idol. This ruby was afterward the property of the Duke of Brunswick. The ruby in the Golden Fleece, part of the French regalia, bears the form of a dragon. This is said to be the finest ruby in Europe.

The exquisite gem known to connoisseurs as the Devonshire ruby is called "The Paragon." It is engraved with the figures of Venus and Cupid. A ruby recently engraved bears the head of Louis XII. The Queen of England owns a fine ruby, engraved with the head of Henry II. of France.

The famous ruby of the royal crown of England has an eventful history. It was given by Pedro, King of Castile, to Edward, Prince of Wales, called the "Black Prince." It was afterward worn by Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is said that seventy-five brilliant diamonds form the Maltese cross of which this historic ruby is the centre.

The rubies known amongst celebrated stones as the "Three Brothers" were worn by Charles the Bold, and were lost on the battle-field of Grandson.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury asked of Garrick, the great actor: "How is it that you gentlemen of the stage can affect your audience so much?" "Oh, well," said Garrick, "we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while too many in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary."

*"IN GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES."*



"MY DAILY HORSEBACK EXERCISE IS MUCH MORE PLEASANT NOW THAT I AM PRIVILEGED TO RIDE BESIDE HER CARRIAGE, AND TO EXCHANGE A FEW WORDS WITH ITS OCCUPANTS."

A ROMANCE OF NICE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

NICE, December 6th.

DEAR WALTER: You, being my friend no less than my physician, will be pleased to learn that I am at last established for the season on the Riviera. I cannot say that I feel very hopeful respecting the effect of my sojourn on my general health. I consulted two eminent physicians, the one an American and the other French, before quitting Paris. Neither gave me more than a ray of hope. The opinion of both, in regard to the state of my lungs, perfectly coincided with your own. Remember that this consultation was held at your request. I was perfectly satisfied with your treatment of my case, and had no idea of questioning the justice of your verdict. Now I trust that you are content, since the big-wigs of the profession have fully indorsed your opinion. You know, of course, all that they say, and what they recommend. An immediate removal to a milder climate. It is done. Then all possible precautions with regard to catching cold, avoidance of fatigue or excitement, gentle exercise, nourishing food, etc. You know the whole formula already by heart. And all for the purpose of delaying the inevitable crisis as long as possible. For I am doomed; I know that very well. I have not watched the slow passage to the grave of my two sisters and brother—all carried off by the same fatal malady—not to comprehend the purport of my own symptoms. Consumption sometimes pardons, but never

in such a case as mine. Fortunately, I am the last survivor of my family. I shall leave behind me no passionate regrets, and, perhaps, but one deep and sincere grief—your own. Now I have closed this chapter of my experience, and will trouble you no more about it, I mean to live as long as I can, and to enjoy my brief remnant of existence as much as possible.

I am established in a hotel on the Promenade des Anglais. The windows of my sitting-room look out upon the Mediterranean and the lovely mountains of the Esterel. Truly the French writers did well to call this country the Azure Land. The vivid blue of the sky, deep and warm as the tint of the American heavens at mid-summer, glows above a sea of molten sapphire and hills of lapis lazuli, over which the shadows of the passing clouds flit in deeper tints of blue. The sun goes down, not sinking out of sight, but melting away in a horizon that is one sheet of gold. The price of one Jacqueminot rose at this season at home suffices to fill my room with mignonette and orange-blossoms and great branches of deliciously perfumed geranium. But you have spent a Winter yourself at Nice, so I will spare you all continuation of my raptures.

There are very few people here at present. The rooms next to mine are occupied by an English lady and her daughter, I understand. I fear that the poor girl is, like

myself, consumptive. I know too well the tone of the slight cough that I heard last evening on the balcony adjoining my own. I was tempted to go out and beg her to return in-doors, for the evening breeze was growing chilly. But I refrained, not having any right to interfere in the affairs of a stranger.

The English valet that you recommended to me has turned out a perfect treasure. Wilson is indefatigable in looking after my comfort and in supplying my wants. Yesterday, on hearing me declare that I must see about hiring a piano as soon as I felt strong enough to go out, he disappeared for an hour, and in the afternoon a finely toned instrument was installed in my sitting-room. I have sent to Paris for my collection of music, and for my box of water-colors. For when it rains at Nice, one must combat *ennui* by all possible methods in-doors

December 12th.

I was right—the young girl who is my next-door neighbor is an invalid, like myself. I was leaning over the balcony yesterday afternoon when I saw a carriage stop before the door of the hotel. An elderly lady came out, tenderly supporting the steps of a fragile girl whom she assisted to get into the vehicle. The maid followed, with a supply of cushions and wraps. The young invalid is beautiful and very graceful. She appears to be about seventeen years old. Her hair is very fine and very fair, her eyes blue and large and lustrous, and her complexion brilliant, with the peculiar vividness of coloring derived from her malady. Her slender figure, though bent by weakness, is delicately proportioned. I shall wait at the window for their return.

December 15th.

Wilson has found out for me all about the mother and daughter that interested me so deeply. They are not English, as I at first supposed, but Americans. The mother is Mrs. Lyfford, of Baltimore. The young lady, Miss Rose Lyfford, is her youngest and only unmarried child. She has brought her to Europe to pass the Winter on the Riviera, in the hopes of saving the life of this most idolized of her daughters. I have not attempted to make their acquaintance. My state of health might alarm Mrs. Lyfford, and she is already, as I can see, most unhappy about her daughter. However, it is a pleasure for me to watch their departure for their daily drives. Positively, I must tell Wilson to try to find for me a quiet horse with a gentle action. A little horseback exercise daily would do me a world of good.

December 20th.

I am feeling much better in this delicious atmosphere. My daily rides, too, have benefited me greatly. I seldom fail to pass Mrs. Lyfford's carriage. Already a self-acquaintance has sprung up between Miss Lyfford and myself. Our eyes meet with some degree of recognition in the glance. And the other night I went to the piano to try over a nocturne by Chopin. But I was not in the mood for music, so I gave up the attempt before I had half finished the piece. The strain was taken up and completed in the next room. I responded by a passage from "Faust," but to that there was no reply. The young musician prefers, I think, the school of Wagner to that of Gounod.

December 23d.

I have made the acquaintance of Mrs. and Miss Lyfford. We have many mutual friends in Washington and Baltimore, and are already on the footing of old friends. My illness has, I think, proved a passport to the sympathies of Mrs. Lyfford. She sees in my symptoms a reflex of those of Rose, and she treats me with an almost maternal tenderness. My daily horseback exercise is much

more pleasant now that I am privileged to ride beside her carriage, and to exchange a few words, from time to time, with its occupants. We have visited many of the lovely scenes in the environs of Nice. Yesterday we ventured as far as the cemetery, and Rose deposited a cluster of violets and roses on the tomb of Gambetta.

December 26th.

Thanks for your Christmas greeting which reached me on Christmas Eve, so well had you timed the date of its departure. I spent Christmas Day with the Lyffords. The weather was stormy, so we did not venture upon going to church. Mrs. Lyfford read aloud the service of the day to Rose and myself, and afterward a selection of poems in praise of Christmas from the works of the best English and American poets. I do not think that I was ever before so fully penetrated with the spirit of the season.

I am learning a lesson of strength of mind and cheerfulness from Miss Lyfford. She is, I find, a sincere and practical Christian. She is fully aware of the state of her health, and of her own slight hold upon existence, but she neither rebels nor repines, nor is she supinely and mournfully resigned. She maintains her bright gaiety, and her interest in the people and things about her, and is keenly alive to the delights of a fine sunset, an exquisite strain of music, or a noble poem. She revels in the profusion and beauty of the flowers for which Nice is famous. Life seems to maintain its hold upon her now by its most delicate and artistic elements merely.

I have obtained permission from Mrs. Lyfford to attempt a portrait of Rose in water-colors. Never did Carlo Dolce himself rejoice in a fairer or more ethereal-looking model.

I close this section of my diary and send it off, that it may remind you of me at the commencement of the New Year.

Your friend and patient,

RAYMOND LISLE.

To DR. WALTER WYNDHAM, New York city.

January 15th.

I am ashamed to say how many of your letters to me remain unanswered. Neither have I put pen to the diary that I meant to have kept so faithfully. The fact is, dear old friend, I have been very happy, and individuals, like nations, require misfortunes to make their history interesting. But I have various matters to impart to you now, so I will neglect my epistolary duties no longer. In the first place, I am better—really and radically better. My cough has nearly disappeared; I suffer no longer from night-sweats and attacks of fever, and I am rapidly regaining my strength. Yesterday I ventured on foot as far as the end of the Promenade des Anglais, and returned home, none the worse for my exertion. Wilson surveyed me with a beaming smile when he brought me my breakfast this morning, and so far departed from the traditional reserve of a British servant as to congratulate me on my improved looks. Secondly, I have a deeper cause for happiness than even my returning health. Rose and I are engaged. "Somewhat precipitate," you will doubtless remark, you model of prudence. But remember that other lovers may venture on delay, and that we cannot. Those that have a life-time to spend together may linger and hesitate on the threshold of their bliss. But we must hasten to drink the cup of our happiness lest it be snatched from us untasted.

Rose, too, is improving daily in health and strength. I think that happiness has proved the best possible medicine for both of us. It was a long time before I could persuade Mrs. Lyfford to listen to my offers for her daughter's hand, and, above all, to my prayers, for

a speedy marriage. But she yielded at last, on seeing how entirely our lives were bound up in our mutual attachment. I bless now the wealth that I scorned so lately for its uselessness. It will enable me to create a paradise for Rose on these exquisite shores. As we are condemned to pass our lives in a Southern climate, we are determined to fix our residence at Nice. Like our first parents, we shall be prisoners in a prison that is an Eden, and our guardian spirit will be an angel—Love.

January 20th.

Rose and I have just returned from exploring the delicious heights of Cimiez in search of our future home. We have found it at last—a beautiful villa, set in a vast garden, and all overgrown with climbing roses. The garden is filled with orange-trees and roses, and its heliotropes and fuchsias are unparalleled on the Riviera. Mrs. Lyfford will see to all the arrangements respecting furniture, servants, etc. As soon as our marriage takes place, Rose and I will go to reside in our new home. We are neither of us inclined to tax our nearly regained strength by the fatigues of a wedding-journey. Yet we are now so well that we are growing audacious. We actually talk about the future, and make plans as to what we shall do in the years to come. For instance, we are making arrangements for having you pass next Winter with us. We have chosen your room already. It is on the second floor, with a deep bay-window opening on a balcony from which you can enjoy a superb view of the Mediterranean. Mrs. Lyfford has promised to live with us always. The dear mother listens to our plans and projects usually with a smile. But sometimes she sighs deeply, and turns away when our pictures of the future are drawn on the most roseate of tints. I can see that her anxiety for Rose still continues. She evidently does not wholly believe in our bright visions. Do I?

Rose has requested me not to give her the diamond engagement-ring that I had chosen for her, but in its stead to bestow upon one of the poor fishermen that lost their little all in the storm that devastated the coast last week a new boat and set of nets. That is, I think, a betrothal gift that will bring a blessing on our engagement.

The life that we lead is very quiet and peaceful. We spend our days together, always driving out in the afternoon if the weather is pleasant, and devoting our time in-doors, if it rains, to music or drawing. In the evening Mrs. Lyfford reads aloud to us, while Rose busies herself with her embroidery. I have finished Rose's portrait. She has changed so greatly for the better that I was obliged to lay aside my first sketch when it was nearly completed, and to make a fresh beginning. Our wedding-day is fixed for the 10th of February. The ceremony will take place in our rooms at this hotel, and we shall then depart for the Villa Rosa, as I have christened our future home.

Rose sends you her love. She says that you must positively come to Nice next Winter, and help Mrs. Lyfford to take care of us. With best wishes for the New Year,

Your friend, sincerely,

RAYMOND LISLE.

January 23d.

All is over for me, dear friend—love and hope and life itself. The day after I closed my last letter to you, a terrible storm descended on the Riviera. Winter made its appearance there in all its chilling desolation. The flowers were smothered in snow, and the blue crests of the Esterel Mountains were white as those of the Alps. The wind swept icy and pitiless through the orange-

groves. That night I awoke, oppressed with faintness, and struggling for breath. I had barely time to summon Wilson, when I was attacked with a hemorrhage, more prolonged and violent than any from which I have ever suffered before. It was a long time before the bleeding could be checked, and the attack has left me lower than I have ever been. All the worst symptoms of my malady have reappeared. I have rallied somewhat, but I recognize that my doom is sealed. I am dying, and the end is not far off. Adieu to all thoughts of marriage and of happiness. Rose will recover, and I must leave her. She will love again some day—she will make the happiness of some man more fortunate than I. That is as I would have it. I would not for worlds bear with me the pure affection of her young heart into my grave. And yet it is hard to go out alone into the Unknown—I had just dreamed so fair a dream of happy love and fond companionship.

January 27th.

Pity and pardon my selfishness, dear friend. I have regained all my resignation, my peace of mind—I could almost say my happiness. I am not to be parted from my Rose, after all.

I would not permit Wilson to warn Mrs. Lyfford or her daughter of my relapse. I did not wish to alarm them, and I desired to break to Rose myself the evil tidings. Yesterday evening I found myself strong enough to pay my customary visit to the Lyffords. I entered the familiar drawing-room with a faltering step. The lamp was not lighted, and the room was only illuminated by the rays of the full moon, splendid in silver lustre, as the moonlight ever shines in this favored region. The white dress of Rose was dimly discernible amid the shadows. She greeted me silently, and the little hand that she placed in mine was cold and trembling. I do not know how I commenced or how I concluded my recital. "Live and be happy, Rose!" I cried, when I had ended. "While life lasts I shall love you, but thereafter try to forget me, or only remember me as one who barely touched the surface of your existence, and then vanished forever into the darkness of oblivion." In my feeble state the pain of that hour stung me to an outburst of almost womanly emotion. I bowed my face upon my clasped hands and I wept such bitter tears as a man may shed in a moment of despair. The touch of a soft hand on my shoulder recalled me to myself. I looked up, and beheld Rose standing beside me. The moonlight fell full upon her face, which was irradiated with a smile. She extended toward me a handkerchief—it was stained with blood. "Ah, Raymond, Raymond!" she murmured, "I accused Fate of trying to separate us, and behold! the link that unites us is stronger than ever. My dearest, I, too, am dying. Yesterday that fatal symptom reappeared. I was so wretched at the thought that I was about to leave you; and now, were it not for poor mamma, I could rejoice in this new and final sentence. You see that we belong to each other now and forever." I clasped her to my heart, and rained kisses on her shining hair. She is mine now—mine on earth, and in eternity.

January 30th.

Mrs. Lyfford has consented to our prayer that our wedding-day shall not be deferred. It seems to me as though my claim upon Rose in heaven will be weakened if the Church has not blessed our union upon earth. Alas! poor mother—she suffers, and she tries to hide her suffering. All illusions about Rose and myself are at an end. She knows now that she must soon lose us both—both her dear children, as she calls us. I would fain console her, but what consolation can any human power afford?

Meantime, she seems cheered at times by witnessing our peace and our content. We neither of us suffer from anything except excessive weakness. We pass the greater part of the day together, my easy-chair drawn close beside Rose's sofa, and her hand resting in mine. Sometimes Mrs. Lyfford reads aloud to us—not, as she used to do, scenes from Shakespeare, or passages from our favorite poets, but chapters from the Bible. Generally, however, the hours go by in a sort of reposeful calm. We are nearing the end of a troubled voyage, and our barks are drifting very gently toward the unknown shore.

February 5th.

We profited, Rose and I, by an unusually lovely day to undertake an excursion to the heights of Cimiez. When we last went there, it was to select our future home. This new expedition was undertaken for a similar purpose; it was to choose a site in the exquisite little foreign cemetery for the tomb in which we shall repose together. The spot was so lovely, the view so enchanting, and the trees and flowers so beautiful in their freshness, that I found it hard to indicate a preference. It was Rose that made the final decision. She has selected a site that commands a view over the valley of the Paillon, and from which the roof of the Villa Rosa is distinctly visible. I have given orders to have a small chapel in white marble erected there. Two niches within will contain the busts of Rose and myself, executed by a young American sculptor of great talent, who modeled that of Rose last Winter, during a visit of a month that she made to Florence. He will arrive in Nice to-morrow, to begin mine; but I fear that he will be compelled to finish it from a photograph.

February 7th.

I made my will yesterday, as befits a man who is about to be married. You must not decline to accept the legacy that I leave you, Walter. There is no one living that has any claim upon my fortune. Mrs. Lyfford is wealthy, and will inherit all Rose's estate, which is no inconsiderable amount. I have appointed Wilson the guardian of our grave at Cimiez, and have taken care that the income attached to the office shall remunerate him for being forced to live so far from his native land. Also, I bequeath to you the portrait that I first painted of my darling Rose. It is the one that now resembles my beloved the most. And I want you, my dear friend,

to realize from it all the charm and preciousness of the treasure that I am taking with me to the Unknown.

February 11th.

We were married yesterday. Rose was the loveliest, if the most fragile-looking, of brides. Her wedding-dress had been ordered in Paris, and she appeared in bridal array. Her veil was confined by a wreath of orange-blossoms, and the folds of her dress were caught back and looped with clusters of the same fragrant flowers. All who were present wept. Rose and I were calm and smiling, as befits those who are perfectly happy. As for myself, I was dazzled by the brilliancy of Rose's beauty, the lustre of her eyes, the vivid tints of her complexion,

the gloss and sheen of her rich golden hair. When she retired after the ceremony, to change her dress, Mrs. Lyfford, on removing her rich toilet of white satin, could not restrain her tears. She knew too well what would be the next occasion on which she would array her darling in that glistening white garment. As for myself, I have grown so accustomed to the thought that we are going out of the world hand in hand together that I can scarcely comprehend the sorrow of our dear mother.

We are very happy, dear old friend. Rose takes the pen from my hand to sign her new name for the first time, and to call herself

Your friend, truly,
ROSE LISLE.

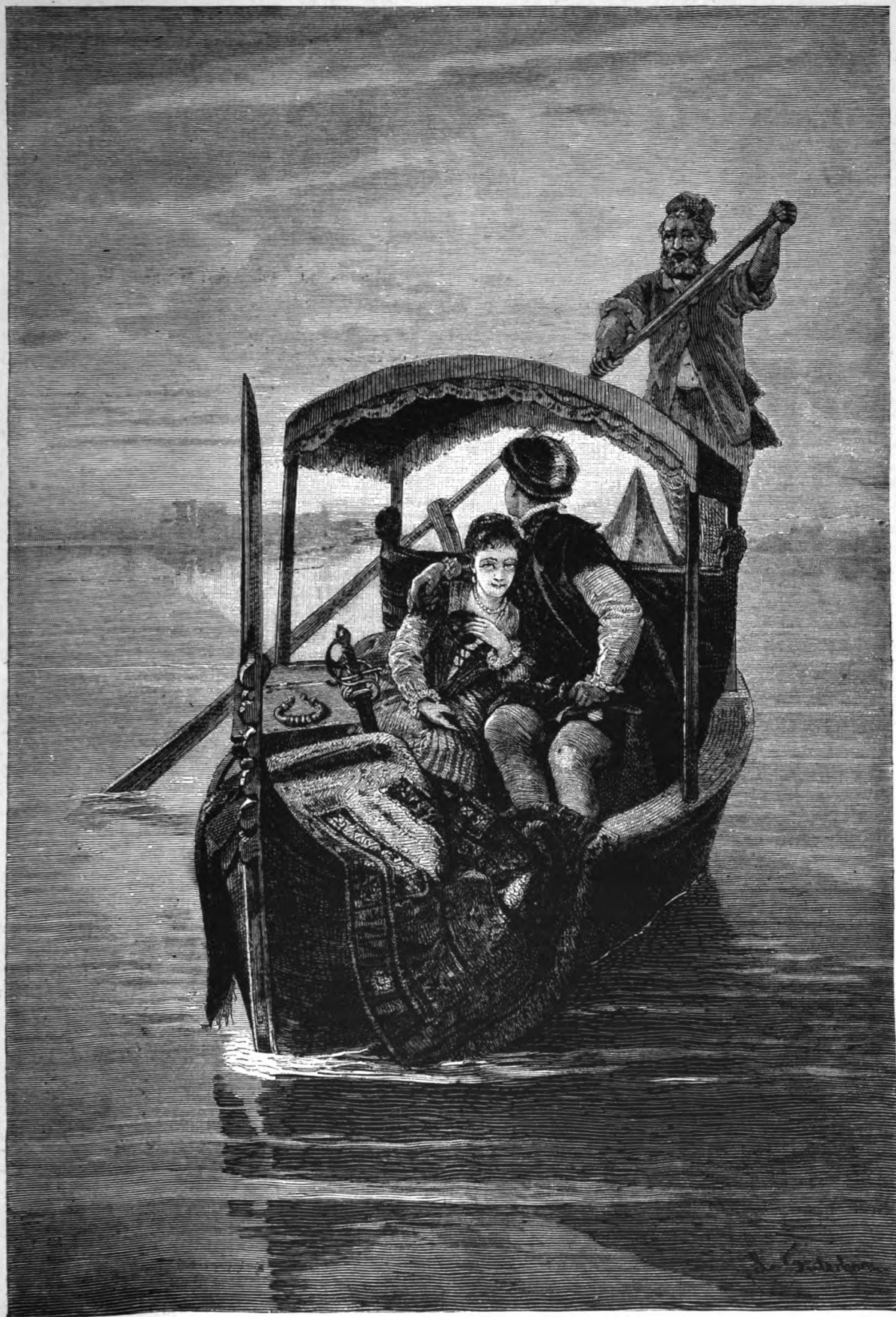
NICE, March 13th.

DEAR DR. WYNDHAM :
In fulfillment of one of my beloved Raymond's last request, I hasten to inform you of his death, which took place this morning at six o'clock. As he wrote you, he was married to

my daughter Rose on the 10th of last month. There was no perceptible change in the condition of either himself or his wife till last night, when he was suddenly attacked with a violent hemorrhage, from the effects of which he sank rapidly. Rose, on learning of his danger, left her bed and insisted upon tending him and watching over him to the very end. The strength that the dear child displayed was marvelous. Raymond's last words, his last glance, his last breath, were for her. When all was over, she bent over to kiss him, and then sank down on the pillows beside him. I raised her in my arms and found that she had fainted. She never regained consciousness, but died a few hours later, not having survived her husband for a single day. I cannot comprehend how I can write these things to you, but I seem



BIANCA CAPELLO.—FROM A RECENT BUST BY AN ITALIAN PRINCESS.



bewildered, and am as yet unable to realize my loss. I do not know which of the two was the dearest to me—the son that was mine for a few weeks only, or the daughter that was my own from the hour of her birth. I write beside the couch on which they repose, side by side and hand in hand, linked in a union more exquisite and enduring than any earthly wedlock could ever be. Whenever a great wave of grief comes surging up in my heart, I look upon the celestial beauty and peacefulness of their features, and my sorrow sinks into silence. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided." I shall cause these words to be engraved upon the marble slab that will shut in the door-way of the little chapel wherein they are to find their final repose. They are to be laid there to-morrow. Twenty-four hours longer, and I shall see them no more in this world. Farewell. I can write no more.

Your friend, in sympathy and in mourning,

ELIZABETH LYFFORD.

BIANCA CAPELLO.

SHE remains a finished picture of the brilliant and cruel sixteenth century in Italy, with its pomp and its furies, this Bianca Capello, whose haughty presentment has been given us by a woman's hand—the hand of an Italian princess.

Was not hers a career to tempt a Shakespeare? She was born doubly guarded by the customs of her city and by the origin of her parents in that proud City of Venice. She was the daughter of the proudest aristocracy, allied to the Morosini, niece of the Patriarch of Aquileia. Yet it was not even a glorious general—an Othello, triumphing in the conquest of Candia—who won the heart of this Desdemona. Pietro Buenaventuri is only a Florentine merchant—one of the bold apprentices employed by his maternal uncle, Salvati, the silversmith. Did Pietro see Bianca in the festivities of St. George, on the Piazza, or when the Doge wed the Adriatic?—or has he surprised her while she flung to the air on the terrace the golden locks of her hair, brilliant with all the tints of Giorgione? He attracted her attention; he spoke his Tuscan words so well framed to express love. And the two—the patrician girl and the apprentice—fled one day far from Venice, with the family jewels snatched from the strong-box of the Capello.

Venice, outraged in its patrician blood by this outrageous bravado, cast into prison the uncle of the bold youth, and officers were dispatched to assassinate Pietro.

At Florence reigned Duke Francis de Medicis—a duke of yesterday, who could not trace back his genealogical tree far before he came upon the merchant stock from which they sprung. He saw the daughter of the Venetian nobles, was captivated by her, and Bianca soon became all but Duchess. Then Pietro Buenaventuri learned how dangerous it is to handle these exquisite, gilded, highly wrought and fatal arms. He died suddenly, as soon as his wife saw that he was in her way.

Free, then, to win and please the stern and sombre Medicis, Bianca Capello became the bright, merry, insinuating Herodias of this sad ruler. She seemed for a moment about to fall before the hatred of Duchess Jane of Austria, wife of Francis. But the cold and haughty Austrian was but ill-equipped for a contest with this specious serpent, daughter of crafty Venice, true sister of the women that glow on the canvas of Titian. All the artifices that an Italian woman of that day could employ are resorted to. And death, always

so closely linked to love in that epic age, came to remove the rival and assure the triumph of Bianca.

A brilliant and rapid triumph, worthy of an age where life seems to have throbbed with more ardor, and flamed fiercer and higher. Philip II. consecrated, by his approbation, the marriage between Duke Francis and Bianca Capello. Venice, the politic, implacable to the weak, bent at once before victory, and threw its most august lustre around it.

The Pregadi, in a deliberation held June 16th, 1579, declared the eloping maiden of yesterday, and queen of to-day, to be truly worthy of Venice, and the prodigal child received the official title of "True and Special Daughter of the Republic." The austere city deputed two ambassadors and ninety nobles to attend the marriage and adopt the bride in the name of St. Mark. It was the 12th of October, 1579, a year so cruel to Tuscany. But the famine that ravaged the country was forgotten in the wedding festivities, and the State expended, in spite of the famine, three hundred thousand ducats.

The minister whom the new Duchess imposed on Florence was not one to lighten the distress. Vittorio Capello, her brother, became the favorite of the Duke, wielded the whole power, and abused it freely, with his Venetian rapacity and greed, for he ruled Tuscany like a conquered country.

But the dazzling fortune of Bianca closed in a mystery of intrigue and sombre doubt, not uncommon in those days, when poison lurked beneath the perfumed glove or the luscious fruit; when the jeweled dirk, worked by a master, could strike none the less surely and effectively.

Ferdinand de Medicis was the sole heir of his brother Francis, and was dreaded by Bianca, whose schemes and desperate efforts failed to defeat his influence. The Duke was taken ill after an entertainment at Cajano, and Bianca soon showed the same symptoms. Banerolent and prudent chroniclers called it intermittent fever. Soon after, Ferdinand, become Duke, followed to the grave the remains of his brother and sister-in-law.

The whole life of love, splendor and death gives Bianca Capello the fatal charms of her sex. And one allied to the Colonna princes, who filled Italy of the Renaissance with the name, presents her to us captivating and commanding, helmeted in gold, like an Amazon, with her sensual profile and her large, enchantress eyes.

THE ART OF SEWING.

THE useful art of sewing has been known from a very remote period, as is shown by the fact that bone needles have been found among the oldest remains of the Swiss lake-dwellings, and in the caves of France and Great Britain, which were frequented by man during the Reindeer Age. Some of these early needles were perforated in the middle, which was the thickest part, and others were pierced at the larger end. A French cavern has yielded needles much superior to those of the ancient Gauls, and also to the ivory needles of the modern Esquimaux, special skill having been applied to the boring of the eyes, which must have been done with a fine flint drill. The Swiss lake-dwellers used linen thread or bark-fibre for sewing, and made garments from woven fabrics of linen and bark, as well as from the skins of animals. The cave-people employed a thread made from split tendons, and perhaps strings of gut; and the fineness of some of their needles has suggested the probability that they performed some more delicate work than the sewing of skins.

UP AND DOWN THE FAMOUS SAGUENAY.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

I WAS standing within the grim, gaunt walls of the Citadel at Quebec, gossiping with "one of the Camp-bells," when the Governor-general, the Marquis of Lorne, emerged from behind a flaming *portière* hanging in an open door-way attached to the swell quarters, and with him a noble specimen of deer-hound, the pet of the Princess Louise. His Excellency was attired in a homespun suit of the Knickerbocker persuasion, which showed off his capacious calves, while a soft felt hat, adorned with artificial flies, on the back of his head, placed his handsome face and yellow hair in pre-Raphaelite relief.

Yes, he was going a-fishing to La Bonne Ste. Anne, a dreamy little village on the River St. Lawrence, possessing a spring of wondrous healing qualities, and fishing-grounds worthy the flies of a Governor-general.

Would I come?

I had to confess to "no clothes," and since "my wife, the Princess," was to be of the party, the absence of regulation garments placed me absolutely beyond the pale.

At this moment Her Royal Highness emerged from "quarters," and we repaired to a corner bastion, ascending some steps to a coigne of espial.

"This," said the Princess, "is one of the loveliest views in the world, and my especial favorite. I sit here for hours."

And it was indeed a lovely prospect—sheer beneath us, the quaint old city, with its picturesque corners and chimneys and gables, in red, blue, yellow and green; Dufferin Terrace; French nurse-maids shrieking to their piquant-looking charges; while in the kiosks overhanging the river were several pairs of lovers, if arm around waist means anything, and solitary parties engaged in reading, but reaping the harvest of unquiet eyes the while; shipping of every sort, size, shape and description dotted the water, the puffy little Government steamer, that was to carry the vice-regal party to La Bonne Ste. Anne, being very fussy and noisy and self-asserting; over against us frowned Point Levi; to our left, the lordly St. Lawrence stretched away, fringed by whitest of villages, the Falls of Montmorenci standing out in subdued grandeur, the Island of Orleans glowing in richest color.

"Here I spend the most of my time," said Victoria's daughter.

We were joined by ladies and gentlemen of the staff, and after a good deal of laughing and chaffing, they entered vice-regal carriages and made a peaceful sortie from the fortress, the guard turning out, the drums beating and the colors flying—in fact, with all the honors of peace.

I leaned over the bastion, watching the vehicles spin down the steep hill, and, growing small by degrees and beautifully less, pull up at the dock, where a gang-plank, adorned with bunting, was laid down, and over which Lorne and "Loo," and the suite and the dog, presently passed—the dog's chain becoming hopelessly involved in the legs of an aid-de-camp, and flatly flooring him. The fussy little steamer became more fussy than ever; whistle after whistle stole faintly up to me, as she slowly backed into the river, and almost into an Allan-liner seeking its dock at Point Levi. Then a salute from the Allan, and with the vice-regal flag at the fore, away puffed the steamer, bearing Lorne and his artistic wife to the happy fishing-grounds, taking with them my benison from the bastion.

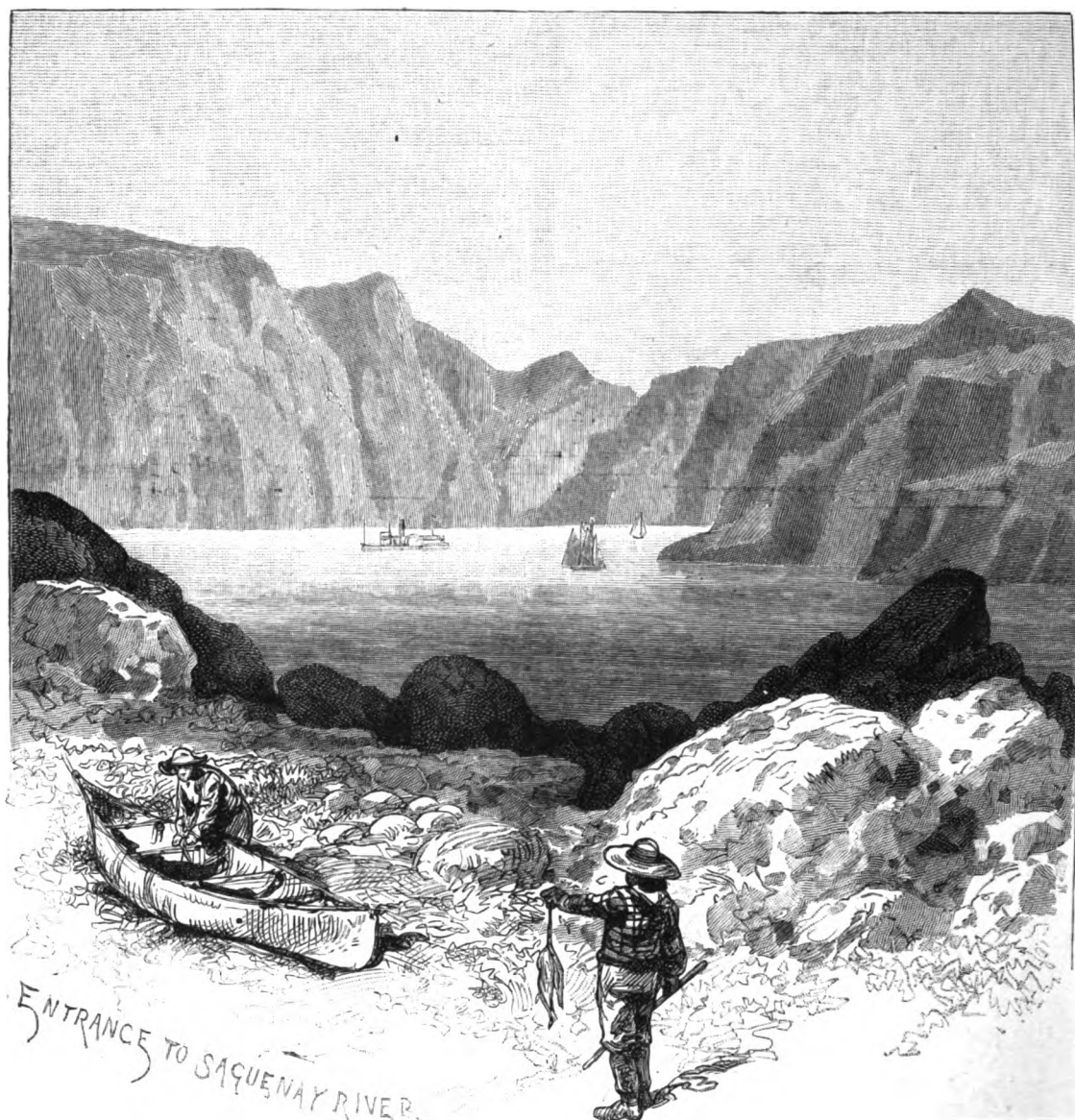
I wandered about Quebec, visited the Plains of Abraham, thought over the glorious death of poor General Wolfe and the unbearable facetiousness of *Punch*, who once upon a time asked, "In what way do the English Volunteers resemble General Wolfe?" "Because, the last thing General Wolfe did was to die for his country, and it's about the *last thing* the Volunteers would do."

I took a dusty ride out to the Montmorenci Falls, passing through French villages, their cottage-gardens flaming with gorgeous poppies. I did churches and picture-galleries, and the Princess Louise Tidal Basin, the largest on this continent; and, above all, I purchased my ticket for a trip up and down the famous Saguenay River, of which I had heard so much and so yearned to behold.

This excursion takes two days and two nights. You can stop off at a dozen places, if you so desire, and are provided with a ticket a cloth yard-stick long; but I am not a fisherman or a pedestrian, and being simply a tourist, resolved upon sticking to the ship.

It was a delicious morning in August, and eight of the clock, when I stepped on board the small and somewhat fusty steamer that was to do the Saguenay. We had several passengers. The English tourist established himself at once, by his outlandish garb, his thick-soled boots and his audacious pipe. The French clergy spoke through their black garments and broad-brimmed hats. The Down-easter's chin-whisker gave him away, while New York and Boston advertised neat-fitting, well-cut Summer grays and faultless shoes and stockings. We had a freckled bride and a 300-pound groom. We had two professors from Cambridge, England, who wore pith helmets and bore rusty knapsacks on their back and lusty sticks in their hand. We had a lanky lad just gazetted to an English regiment, who *would* show his papers to every one on board, and to every fresh arrival *en route*. We had a pudgy German, who consumed all the beer on the boat, and a Frenchman attached to a farm, who, later on, endeavored to wipe out Sedan, Metz and the surrender of Paris on the pudgy German's pudgy frame. We had a very prim party of ladies from Philadelphia, and some very charming Boston people. Once the hawsters attaching us to Quebec were swung off, the ice began to break up, and ere we came abreast of the Falls of Montmorenci everybody chatted to everybody else and made life worth living. I may mention that one of the Cambridge professors seemed to be the possessor of the single word "Yes," which he pronounced "Yoss," and chuckled it forth with great vigor and cheerfulness on every possible opportunity.

Nine miles below Quebec we passed the Island of Orleans. It is twenty miles long and six miles broad in its widest part. Over seven thousand people reside in its numerous villages, and from behind tree-tops peep church-spires, and bells were ringing, summoning the faithful to prayers as we steamed merrily past. The Cambridge professor's "Yoss," upon being informed that a Protestant church adorned the island, had the Thirty-nine Articles wrapped up in it. Jacques Cartier, in 1535, christened the island the "Isle of Bacchus," on account of the luxuriance of the wild-grape vines. The soil is wondrously fertile, and rises to an altitude of 350 feet above the river. It is indeed a most enchanting spot, and one where a hermit of a lively disposition could have a very good time without



having *too* good a time. The boats bringing their fruits and vegetables to the Quebec market from this island are almost Venetian or Mexican in their bloom. A ferry plies between the city and the island, and the imagination of the youthful British officer was inflamed to concert pitch by descriptions of the beauty of the female natives and their love for a naughty dance imported from Paris, known as the Can-can.

"By Jove," and he vainly endeavored to twist the down on his upper lip, "if I can get away from the regiment"—here he produced his papers—"I will kick up a shine there. Just gazetted, you see. Here is the letter from the Horse Guards," etc., etc.

After passing the Isle of Orleans, we sighted Cape Tourmente, rising 2,000 feet out of the St. Lawrence. A votive chapel stands on its summit, bringing the pilgrim nearer to heaven. This chapel has replaced an enormous cross, erected in 1816. As on the Danube, stations and crosses are to be seen all along this portion of the St. Lawrence, and also on the Saguenay. The quarantine-station for Quebec is at Grosse Isle. Two luckless vessels were in *durance vile*. The Irish famine of 1848-49, and its consequent enforced immigration, drove thousands of Ireland's starving children to Canada. The foul con-

dition of the emigrant-ships preyed upon constitutions worn away by starvation, and, God help them! over 6,000 died, and were buried at this picturesque place.

There are many islands here of remarkable scenic beauty, and sportsmen are sure of a big bag in the season. We did not feel that we were in the noble St. Lawrence till now, for heretofore it was a small yet dignified river; but at this point it suddenly widened to a sea, its shores being almost invisible from the steamer's deck. Later on we hugged the shore, passing Baie St. Paul and Isle aux Coudres, remarkable for the richness of its iron-mines. The scenery to Murray Bay is one continuous panorama of the wildest scenery, and it seemed hard that the stomach should say to the eye, "Come in and survey the dining-table. That superb scenery is all very well in its way, but dinner is dinner."

And a good dinner, too, and a merry one, the various nationalities indulging in various liquids—all leading to the untying of jaws and to general geniality.

Murray Bay, at whose pier we tied up, is a very fashionable watering-place, with a decided Scotch flavor about it. The menkind who came down to meet the boat were, for the most part, sandy-haired, high cheek-boned, and attired in suits with a suspicion of Clan Some-

thing-or-other; while the ladies wore the Tam o' Shanter as only Scottish women can. Murray Bay was muchly favored by Lord and Lady Dufferin, and some very tasteful cottages were erected along the beach with lightning-like rapidity, because the Governor-general rented a fishing-lodge thereby for a Summer dwelling. The prince of diplomats found his hand forced, and was compelled to shift his quarters.

"How is it that Lord Dufferin was so popular?" I asked of one who ought to know.

"Well, he kept the Civil Service swimming in Champagne," was the reply. *Quién sabe?*

The ladies from Philadelphia, becoming desirous of acquiring Tam o'



Shanters, were very energetic in their demands for a prolonged stoppage of the boat, to go a-shopping, but the captain turned an ungallant ear to their pleadings, and sent his steamer along at full speed, emulating Tam's steed on that memorable ride. Softening a little, later on, he descended from his perch to inform them that he would stop about twenty-five minutes at Tadoussac, and that they could buy all the Tam o' Shan- ters in the place. But no! The fair ones from the Quaker City would have none but those of Murray Bay, and pouted and turned their backs in scorn upon the sun-kissed navigator, who shrugged his brawny shoulders, and sought consolation in cracking his finger-joints one by one, with detonations resembling those emitted by toy-pistols.

We drew near to the Pilgrims, a remarkable group of very high rocks, visible from a great distance. They are usually centres of attraction for the mirage, which performs the most fantastic tricks with them. Towers, pagodas, castled crags, Titanic organs, all in beauteous coloring, owe their origin to the refraction of the sun's rays playing upon rocks sparsely covered with vegetation. To us they were big brown rocks, and nothing more, the mirage being *in nubibus*.

At this point we steamed across the river for Rivière du Loup, a low-lying, outstretched town, where connection is made with the Intercolonial Railway, and where tourists to or from the Atlantic States or Provinces, *via* Halifax or St. John, take leave of the Saguenay boat. We lost but one passenger, but we took in a stock of—was it a hundred years back?—spinning-wheels; yea, the spinning-wheels of our great-grandmothers! The front deck was piled up with these quaint articles of ancient fashion, painted a very gorgeous yellow, and it was easy to picture the housewife's satisfaction on receipt of one in her out-of-the-world, out-of-date home, away in the back-woods, or at the back of God-speed.

A very pretty girl, who had already tackled a jingling piano, the glory of the state-room, suggested the spinning-wheel song from "Martha," and was good enough to give it to us by the pale moonlight in an admirable contralto, her dainty little foot working the treddle coyly, coquettishly and victoriously. Her young man, from Ottawa, in a very explosive-patterned tweed and English mutton-chop whiskers to match, rendered her all that earnest, tender and assiduous assistance which the time of gentle dalliance demands, and his anxiety lest the tiny foot should slip from off the treddle was almost painful to witness. "Here," thought I, "even here, on this shabby little boat, gliding over this noble river, has the rosy archer been hard at work. Here has he fired one of his heaviest arrows—ay, up to the feather—into the heart of this honest youth, till for him this trip on the Saguenay shall prove one of alternating heaven and purgatory, for she of the contralto is a coquette."

Was I in the right? Yea, verily; for the unfledged warrior who had just received his permit to fight for St. George and Merrie England, after reading the Horse Guards documents to her in martial and vigorous tones, proceeded to improve the acquaintanceship, and ere half the trip had been spun over had earned the fiercest hatred and bitterest scorn from the gentleman of the mutton-chop whiskers.

"I don't believe that cad is in the army," he growled, to me. "I think he is a counter-jumper from Montreal."

Cacouna is another fashionable resort on the St. Lawrence. It stands on a *bijou* bay, backed by rock-ribbed

hills crowned by pine-trees. The St. Lawrence Hall is voted a first-class hotel, and the bathing delicious. Seaside cottages—not those of Newport or Long Branch—dot the silver beach, and they say that the sunset effects are as rich and luminous as those witnessed off the coast of Norway.

Two hours from Rivière du Loup, and steering nearly straight across the river, brought us to Tadoussac, a village at the mouth of the Saguenay. It was to this place that Lord Dufferin was driven from Murray Bay, and here he built himself a plain but capacious villa. The moment His Excellency had the first stone laid, one Sir Roderick Cameron, a knight, deemed it advisable to become his "nèebor," and his knightship accordingly nestled beside the Governor-general. Sir Roderick rented Lord Dufferin's villa, after the noble earl had repaired to foreign parts. Tadoussac was from an early period the capital of the French settlements, and one of their chief trading-posts. A great white hotel flings its shadow over the little two-hundred-year-old chapel of the Jesuits, which stands at the foot of its lawn, still preserved in all the simplicity of its time. Here are the ruins of a Jesuit establishment, and on this spot once stood the first stone-and-mortar building ever erected in America—the home of Father Marquette, the explorer of the River Mississippi. A clump of pines, black and still as death, mark where the bardy and heroic father held vigil, while Indians whooped and wildest denizens of the forest swarmed around the dreary settlement.

Tadoussac is a celebrated rendezvous for the disciples of old Izaak Walton, who repair hither from all parts of the world. Three French priests of our party were bound for the salmon-fishing, but had resolved upon doing the Saguenay and returning next day. And one of them, who spoke English with perfect fluency, amused himself by narrating *fishing stories* to the Cambridge professors, whose "Yosses" of ecstasy ran at a rapid regularity all over the boat. I have killed some big fish myself, in the Tay, the Dee, at Galway, and, farther still, in Norway, but the salmon landed by *friends* of the worthy *padré*—he never was the hero of his own story—were simply wonderful fish, and I would very much like to have seen them, even the smallest thereof. It was night ere we left Tadoussac, and consequently the beauties of the Saguenay were to be unveiled on the following morning. The warrior and the young lady of the spinning-wheel attempted duets, whereupon the gentleman from Ottawa absented himself, to indulge in mewings and miaulings from a contiguous but dark corner, which, to say the least of it, was not "correct form." A backwoodsman, with a voice like an ungreased hand-saw passing through a pine-knot, gave *his* version of "The heart bowed down with weight of woe," a performance that sent us, one by one, stealing silently to our state-rooms.

When next I beheld the sunlight, we were anchored in a place called "Ha-Ha Bay," having passed Capes Trinity and Eternity during the dark watches of the night, and sixty miles from the confluence of the Saguenay and the St. Lawrence. The origin of this strange name, "Ha-Ha Bay," was asked for by every passenger, male and female, as they emerged from their state-rooms. The explanation is as follows: Certain daring mariners, having resolved upon exploring the Saguenay, felt their way with exceeding caution. The water was exceeding deep, and the banks were rocky and precipitous; and the Indians were hostile, good shots, and their arrows were poisoned. Day after day passed without the anchor finding bottom, but the explorers held on their way. At last, upon one fine morning such as we were now

enjoying, the anchor caught, held fast, and such was the joy of the mariners that, like the merrie monks in the ballad,

"They laughed, Ha! Ha!"

Hence the bay was named Ha-Ha!

Personally, I do not pin absolute faith to this legend; but on the Saguenay I did not dare to doubt it.

Pretty little maids, their drapery in no wise concealing their nut-brown legs, came to the boat, offering to sell very well-put-together bouquets of mountain-flowers. I found one of the Philadelphia ladies much exercised over the fact that none of those flower-girls spoke English, and I had to drive a bargain in French for the stock in trade. When this class of bouquet had been disposed of, lo! the nut-brown maids reappeared, and with confections in lilies of a verity most æsthetic. And I presume the young ladies had never heard of Oscar. The lilies were soon all aboard, and again did the three little maids from school tackle us with pyrotechnics in broom and grass. As the steamer went upon her way, scarcely a person was minus a floral souvenir from Ha-Ha Bay. And a queer little bay it is—a dent into the great gray rocks; the pine-tree roots hanging in richest fringe over the river, that seems full to overflowing. There is no high-water mark, and the blue-brown water seems as though it were welling up as in a lock, the walls on either side being sheer.

Ha-Ha Bay causes the fishermen to utter "Ha! Ha!" and the landlord of the inn to do likewise. The salmon hooked about the region is a most excellent fish, and always dies game.

We were now fairly afloat on the placid bosom of the Saguenay, whose original name was Chicoutimi, an Indian word, signifying deep water; while its present name is a corruption of Saint-Jean Nez. Large vessels ascend as far as Chicoutimi, sixty-five miles from the mouth.

The Saguenay is nearly a straight river, with grim, gaunt, grand precipices on either side for almost its entire length, and wears a peculiarly stern, sombre and impressive aspect. It is as if the mountain-range had been cleft asunder, leaving a horrid gulf, sixty miles in length and 4,000 feet in depth, through the gray mica schist, and still looking fresh and new. One thousand five hundred feet of this is a perpendicular cliff, often too steep and solid for the hemlock or dwarf oak to find root, in which case, being covered with lichens and mosses, their fresh-looking fractures appear in shape and color like painted fans, and are called the picture rocks. But those parts that are more slanting are thickly covered with stunted trees, spruce and maple and birch, growing wherever they can find crevices to extract nourishment; and the bare roots of the oak, grasping the rock, have a resemblance to gigantic claws, and to which Mr. Rider Haggard's attention should be immediately drawn, with a view to locating "He," "She" or "It" in a cleft of Cape Eternity.

The bases of these cliffs lie far under water, to an unknown depth. Jules Verne's electric submarine ship could have disported herself enormously in these fathomless waters. For many miles from the mouth of the Saguenay, no soundings have been obtained with 2,000 feet of line; and for the entire distance of sixty miles, the largest ships can sail without any obstruction from banks or shoals, and, on reaching the extremity of Ha-Ha Bay, can drop their anchor in thirty fathoms. Think of this, ye gallant captains of ocean greyhounds, who have to fritter about Sandy Hook till the tide enables you to cross the bar!

One London man, who was gazing over the bulwarks into the depths, suddenly turned to me and drawled:

"Two thousand feet deep! a mile and a hawf! Just an eighteen-penny cab-fare, by Jove!"

The view of the Saguenay is singular in many respects. Hour after hour as you sail along, precipice after precipice unfolds itself to view, as a moving panorama; and you sometimes forget the size and height of the objects you are contemplating, until reminded by seeing a ship of a thousand tons lying like a small pinnacle under the towering cliff to which she is moored; for even in these remote and desolate regions, industry is at work, and although you cannot clearly discern them, the steam-saw-mill has penetrated to the tributary streams which leap into the silent Saguenay.

The water was as smooth as a plate, with never a ripple, only a sort of glaze.

"Is that a man swimming across?" was asked of the captain.

"No; a seal!"

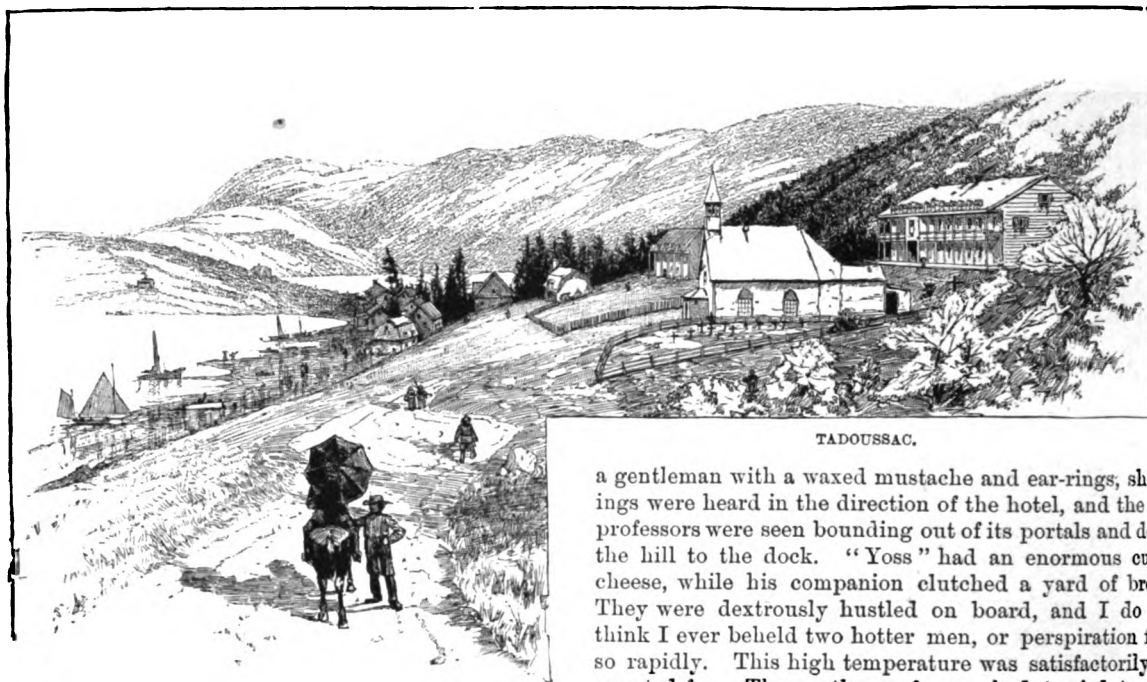
Instantly all eyes were focused on the black head silently dividing the glassy waters, and the vexation of the warrior, that no rifle was on hand, knew no bounds.

One feature of the Saguenay strikes you most forcibly, and that is the total absence of beach or shore or shingle or strand. Save in a few places, where mountain-orrents, rushing through gloomy ravines, have washed down the *débris* of the hills, and formed a ledge of alluvial land at the mouth, no coves nor creeks nor projecting rocks are seen, in which a boat could find shelter, or any footing be obtained. The characteristic is a steep wall of rock rising abruptly from the water; a dark and desolate region, where all is cold and gloomy—the waters hidden with driving mist, the water black as ink and cold as ice.

As the boat draws near to Chicoutimi, which is the head of navigation, the country opens up a little, and tiny farm-houses, white as snow, are dotted over the green, undulating meadow-lands, green as any in the Emerald Isle. An air of French neatness, if not coquetry, pervades this place, which is of considerable importance, as may be inferred when I mention that it swallowed up all our spinning-wheels. It is needless to say that the entire community was on the dock—the ladies in gayest caps, one a genuine Normandy, with earrings to match, and there were several pairs of genuine *sabots*. There was much excitement, shrill exclamings, kissings by men with men, and other indications of gladness and welcome. Our professor had deserted us at Ha-Ha Bay, to walk across country, and pick us up at the expiration of our two hours' stay. The German was received by one of his compatriots on a buckboard, and they took the Frenchman with them. The warrior demanded the best place wherein to obtain a B & S. I attached myself to the fortunes of the French clergymen, the ladies from Philadelphia timidly following suit, since a Catholic clergyman was with them an ascertained abomination, and a French one! Oh!

We proceeded up a gentle acclivity to a new and, what promises in time to be, a very handsome and imposing Catholic church. From thence we inspected the exterior of a convent, and later, a college built of stone, which is the show place of Chicoutimi.

In an evil moment I purchased some choke-cherries, a small red berry—for the party. This seemingly tempting fruit dries the mouth till thirst becomes almost unbearable and liquid refreshment a necessity. I recommend these cherries to those saloons where free lunches are provided. Salt herring, onion, pickled tripe, corned



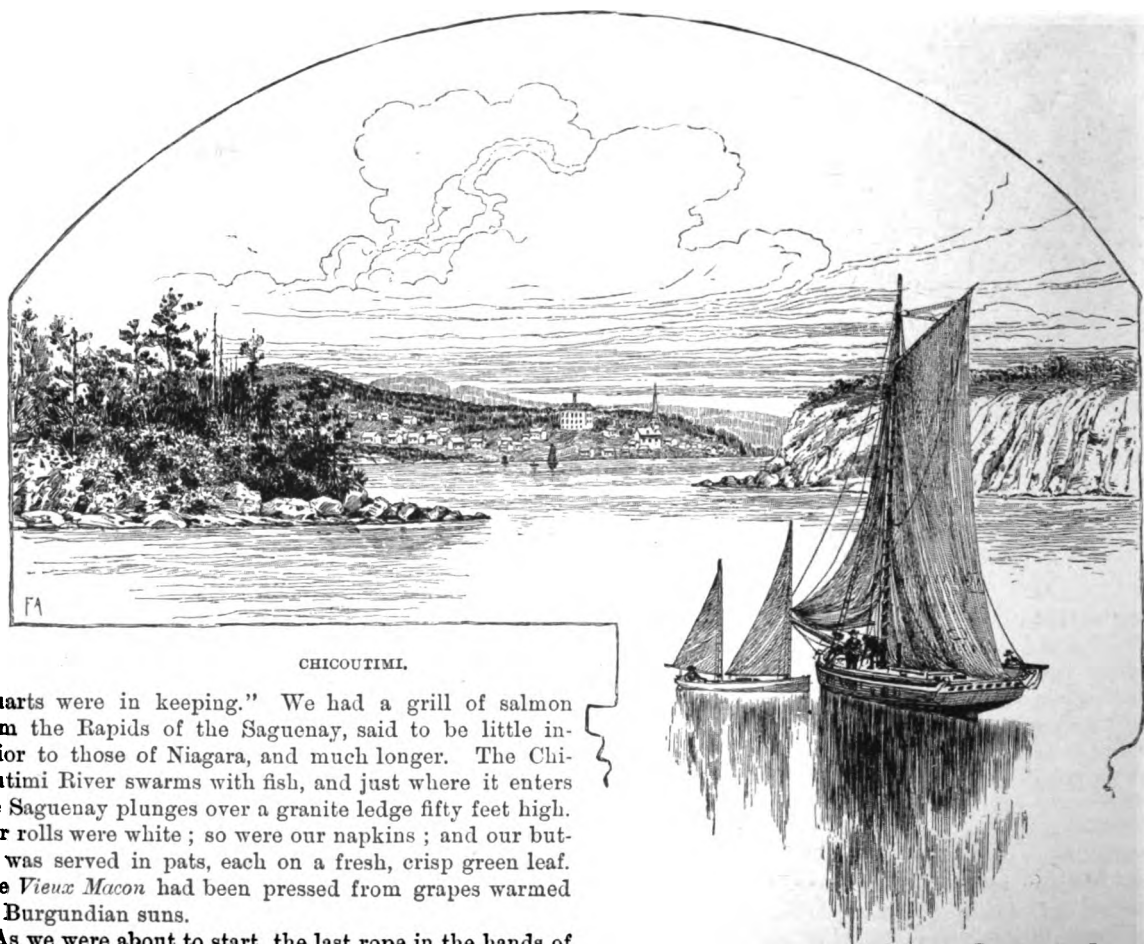
TADOUSSAC.

beef and other thirst-begetting viands are left nowhere, when the choke-cherry smilingly puts in an appearance. I had never tasted this fruit until now. Again?—never!

We lunched at a very neat little hotel, mine host's bow being worthy of the Count of Versailles when "the

a gentleman with a waxed mustache and ear-rings, shoutings were heard in the direction of the hotel, and the two professors were seen bounding out of its portals and down the hill to the dock. "Yoss" had an enormous cut of cheese, while his companion clutched a yard of bread. They were dextrously hustled on board, and I do not think I ever beheld two hotter men, or perspiration flow so rapidly. This high temperature was satisfactorily accounted for. The worthy professors had tarried to collect specimens—chunks of rock—and time had pressed them. To run a couple of miles on a Summer's day, weighted with rock, is an undertaking calculated to induce perspiration.

Apropos of rocks, we were surprised to see one of the



CHICOUTIMI.

Stuarts were in keeping." We had a grill of salmon from the Rapids of the Saguenay, said to be little inferior to those of Niagara, and much longer. The Chicoutimi River swarms with fish, and just where it enters the Saguenay plunges over a granite ledge fifty feet high. Our rolls were white; so were our napkins; and our butter was served in pats, each on a fresh, crisp green leaf. The *Vieux Macon* had been pressed from grapes warmed by Burgundian suns.

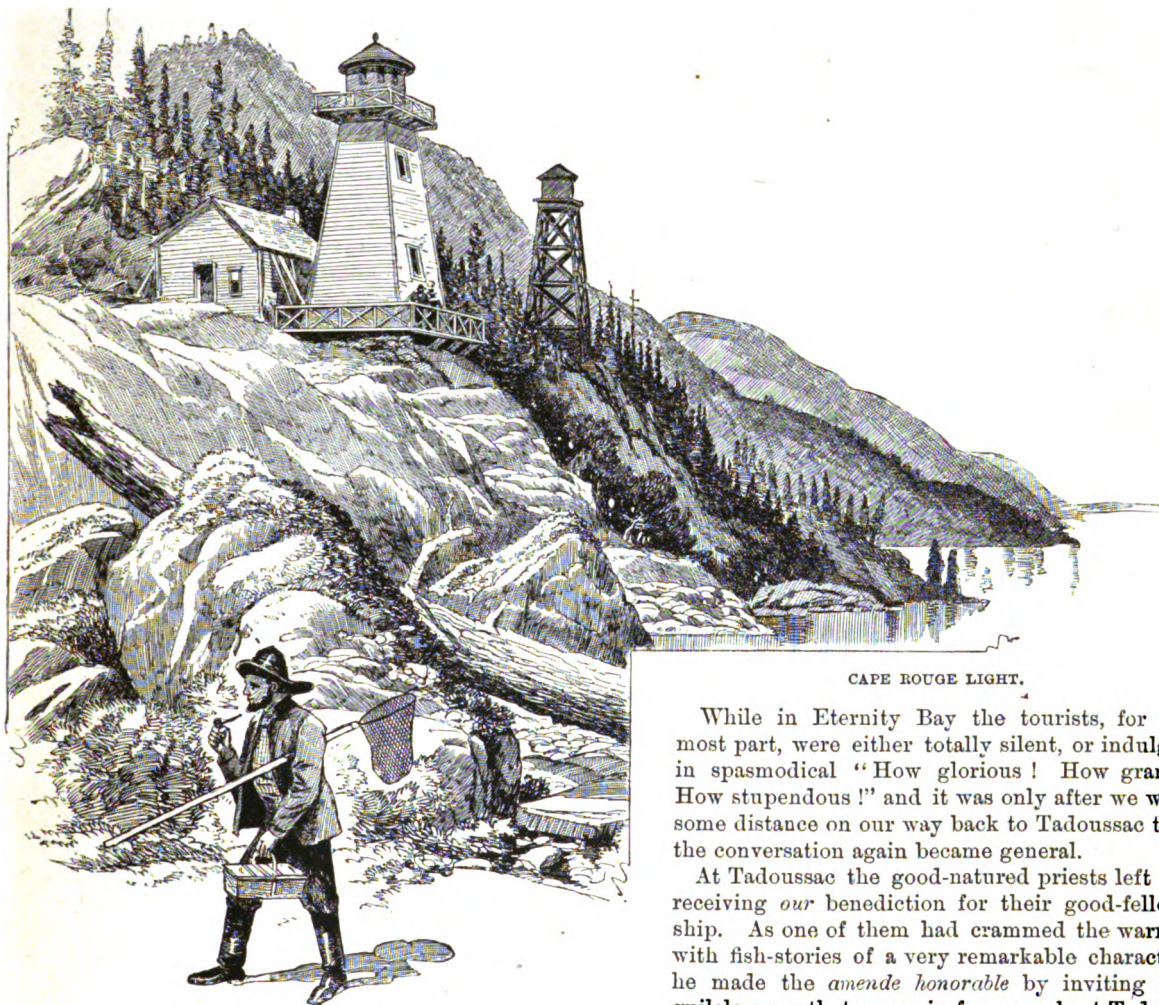
As we were about to start, the last rope in the hands of

deck-hands, by order of the captain, bring on board several armfuls of small stones, and found, on inquiry, that they were for the amusement and edification of the passengers while passing beneath Cape Eternity, the vessel being run literally within stone's-throw of the awful, towering wall.

We had glided by the two monster promontories in the dark watches of the night, and were now on tiptoe of expectation as we spun into Eternity Bay, and were confronted by Capes Trinity and Eternity standing forth in awful and stupendous majesty. "I doubt," says Bayard Taylor, "whether a sublimer picture of the wilderness is to be found on this continent."

After the first "Ohs!" of astonishment had subsided, a

fortunes of the poor fishermen in their most picturesque fleet. The Saguenay Virgin can be seen for miles, and, in certain lights, she stands out against the sky clear-cut as a cameo, and white as the driven snow. Half way up this steep is a cave, utterly inaccessible from either above or below, and having an orifice probably forty feet in diameter. Here is another "stable tip" for Mr. Rider Haggard. Le Tableau is another of Nature's caprices. It is a lofty plateau of dark-colored granite, 600 feet high and 300 wide, smooth as though cut by the hand of art, and terminating abruptly in a single perpendicular rock fully nine hundred feet in height. Cape Trinity is thus named on account of three distinct peaks with which its crest is adorned.



CAPE ROUGE LIGHT.

While in Eternity Bay the tourists, for the most part, were either totally silent, or indulged in spasmodical "How glorious! How grand! How stupendous!" and it was only after we were some distance on our way back to Tadoussac that the conversation again became general.

At Tadoussac the good-natured priests left us, receiving *our* benediction for their good-fellowship. As one of them had crammed the warrior with fish-stories of a very remarkable character, he made the *amende honorable* by inviting the guileless youth to remain for a week at Tadoussac, where he would be guaranteed best board and

such fishing free gratis for nothing. The warrior, pith helmet, Horse Guards, papers and all, disappeared with the three gentlemen in black, and from a glum and woful expression on the faces of the Philadelphia dames, it is fair to assume that they considered the young gentleman as on the high-road to perdition. I met him subsequently in New York. He had fed well, lodged well, and had caught fish to his heart's content. He had an official letter from the Horse Guards, which he was desirous of reading to me, but I bade him an abrupt farewell.

We steamed up the St. Lawrence at night, and reached Quebec at seven o'clock upon as fine a morning as that on which we had started, after a trip delightful, refreshing, novel and unique.

momentary silence fell upon all of us, as each gazed up at the Titan walls rising sheer two thousand feet. Sheer, I say, for when the captain ran in close enough to enable us to fling stones at this stronghold of Nature, we felt as though the promontory were falling upon us, while fully realizing its immense, bewildering height.

The steamer's whistle sounded. In our condition of tension this sound appeared unearthly, eerie. Some of the women started and screamed.

Statue Point, so called from having a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin placed on its pinnacle, is one thousand feet high. I know of no grander site for a religious statue than this, save, perhaps, that at Marseilles, France, where a colossal Virgin keeps watch over the

THE PAPER-MAKER.

BY CARMEN SYLVA.

Those pieces of rags be quick and bring!
The dusty old shreds are just the thing—

For pulp, for pulp, to record life's wrong,
For pulp, for pulp, for a poet's song.

It comes out smooth, and glossy, and thin,
From rollers, and wheels, and cylinder's din,

For lords and ladies their notes to indite;
For pretty poets, who scrawl by night,

And newspaper scribblers who bluster and blow;
For little love-letters where compliments grow;

And stories in which the afflictions of men
Are wretchedly told by an unskilled pen

On just such rags as once wiped away
The tears whereat thou weapest to-day!

MUSIC AND MEDICINE.

BY T. F. THISELTON DYER.

GEORGE ELIOT, in one of her earlier works, has given a powerful description of a girl taking refuge in music from her own passion. "Caterina," runs the narrative, went away and sat down to the harpsichord in the sitting-room. "It seemed as if playing massive chords, producing volumes of sound, would be the easiest way of passing the long, feverish moments before twelve o'clock. Handel's 'Messiah' stood open on the desk at the chorus 'All we like sheep,' and Caterina threw herself at once into the impetuous intricacies of that magnificent fugue. In her happier moments she could never have played it so well; for now all the passion that made her misery was hurled by a convulsive effort into her music, just as pain gives new force to the clutch of the sinking wrestler, and as terror gives far-sounding intensity to the shriek of the feeble." This is no exaggerated conception of the power of music at times on the human mind; for, as Herbert Spencer remarks, "it arouses dormant sentiments of which we had not conceived the possibility, and do not know the meaning," or, as Richter says, "tells us of things we have not seen and shall not see." Mr. Darwin, too, has remarked, in his "Descent of Man," how "music arouses in us various emotions, but not the more terrible ones of horror, fear, rage, etc. It awakens the gentler feelings of tenderness and love, which readily pass into devotion. In the Chinese annals it is said, 'Music hath the power of making heaven descend upon earth.' It likewise stirs up in us the sense of triumph and the glorious ardor for war." Indeed, amongst the most primitive races we find the same ideas very strongly represented in their social habits; music being regarded as an enchanting influence whereby even evil deities are overpowered and temporarily deprived of their sway over mortals. Hence, it is not very surprising that, in semi-civilized countries where it is commonly believed that sickness is produced by evil spirits, one of the ordinary methods of driving these away from the patient should be by the effect of music. As Mr. Buckle, moreover, has pointed out, we may expect to find this form of superstition in greater force in those communities where medical knowledge happens to be most backward, or where disease is most abundant. In countries, therefore, where both these conditions are fulfilled, the superstition is supreme.

It has been stated that idiots appear to most advantage when under the influence of music, and that there are

very few cases which are unaffected thereby. Thus we are told how a new life is infused into these unfortunate persons by the harmony of sweet sounds: "All exhibit pleasure; some move their bodies in time to the air which is played, others sing after their own fashion; some, even of the most torpid, when looking on for some time as some of their less apathetic companions dance, suddenly become animated, start up, and dance in their own way. Mr. Plott, in his 'History of Staffordshire,' relates the case of an idiot who, chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck; the clock being spoiled by accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire." Indeed, in mental cases, music from the earliest period has been considered highly efficacious, and it is recorded how both Pythagoras and Xenocrates cured maniacs by melodious sounds. Coming down to modern times, much has been written on the subject, and experiments of various kinds made with more or less success. Music, as a remedy for insanity, is alluded to by Shakespeare in "Richard II." (Act V., Sc. 5), where the King says:

"This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For though it help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad."

And again referring to music as soothing the spirits and inducing sleep, we may quote the touching passage in "2d Henry IV." (Act IV., Sc. 4), where the King says:

"Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favorable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
Warwick. Call for music in the other room."

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," has given an elaborate account of the medical qualities of music, and speaking of its influence on the mind, says: "Besides that excellent power it hath to expel many other diseases, it is a sovereign remedy against despair and melancholy, and will drive away the devil himself." M. Burette was of opinion, too, that music has the power of affecting the whole nervous system so "as to give a temporary relief in certain diseases, and even a temporary cure." Among some of the well-known modern instances of music as a cure for mental complaints may be mentioned the remarkable case of Farinelli on Philip of Spain. It is related that this monarch was in such a deplorable state of despondency that he even refused to be shaved or to appear in public. Accordingly, when all other remedies failed, the Queen resolved to try the effects of music, and arranged for Farinelli to sing in a room adjoining the King's chamber.

At the Queen's request he sang two of his best airs, which so overpowered the King that he ordered Farinelli to be brought into his presence, when he promised to grant him any reasonable request he might make. In the most respectful manner Farinelli begged of the King to allow himself to be shaved and attended by his domestics, to which he assented. Before many days had passed, the voice of Farinelli accomplished what no medicine had succeeded in doing—the restoration of the King's health.

We are also told of a woman who was once prevented starving herself to death by the intervention of music. It seems that for many months she had been laid up with an illness which threw her into such a desponding state that she conceived the notion of starving herself to death. She was, however, prevented upon to see a representation

of a musical piece entitled the "Serva Padrona." At its conclusion she found herself decidedly better, and quickly renouncing her melancholy resolution, was entirely restored to health by witnessing one or two more representations of the same composition.

Perhaps few maladies have been more closely connected with music than that which, in the fifteenth century, under the name of *tarantism*, made its first appearance in Apulia, and thence spread over the other provinces of Italy, where, during the two following centuries, it prevailed as a great epidemic. This strange disorder was popularly supposed to be caused by the bite of the tarantula (*Lycosa tarantula*), a species of ground-spider common in Apulia; but this explanation has long been discarded by medical science as throwing no light upon the nature of the disease in question, especially as the bite of the said insect does not produce the alarming effects once attributed to it. Anyhow, the fear of this insect was so general from the highly superstitious and exaggerated reports spread about it, that, as Professor Hecker remarks, "its bite was, in all probability, much oftener imagined, or the sting of some other kind of insect mistaken for it, than actually received." The earliest account of this disease is in a work of one Nicholas Perotti, a man of learning, born in 1430, who, writing of it, says: "Hic majorum nostrorum temporibus in Italia visus non fuit, nunc frequens in Apulia visitur." According to Perotti, those who suffered from the mischievous effects of this venomous spider usually fell into a stage of melancholy—a condition which, in many cases, was "united with so great a sensibility to music that at the very first tones of their favorite melodies they sprang up, shouting for joy, and danced on without intermission until they sank to the ground exhausted and almost lifeless." Thus a case is recorded of a young man in a secluded village in the kingdom of Naples, who, when seized with a violent attack of tarantism, danced during a paroxysm of his disorder "with astonishing vehemence, and violently leaped like a madman, keeping time, however, with the music that was played for him. But as soon as it ceased he fell to the ground in a state of syncope, from which he recovered when the musicians recommenced." On this account, the influence of music as a medical agency was considered so infallible that a class of songs and tunes was composed, designated "tarantella," to be specially employed in the cure of those suffering from this epidemic. These, it may be remembered, have lingered long after the extinction of the malady, and may still be heard in the wilder districts of Italy.

There were different kinds of tarantella, so arranged "as to represent even the idiosyncrasies of the mind as expressed in the countenance." Thus, as Professor Hecker tells us, one kind of tune was called "Panno Torso," a lively, impassioned style of music; another, known as "Panno Verde," was suited to the milder excitement of the senses; whereas a sixth had the appropriate designation of "Spallata," as if it were only fit to be played to dancers who were lame in the shoulder. For those, again, who loved water, love-songs were selected, "which were sung to corresponding music, such persons delighting to hear of gushing springs and rushing cascades and springs." Slow music had the curious effect of making the tarantate feel as if they were being crushed; false notes simply tortured them; while if they disliked any particular melody, they generally "indicated their displeasure by violent gestures expressive of aversion." Among further peculiarities of this enchanting influence is the startling fact that persons who

throughout life had never manifested any taste for music now acquired "an extremely refined sense of hearing, as if they had been initiated into the profoundest secrets of the musical art." Nor was this all, for even the deaf and the hard of hearing were, for the time, equally under the same mesmeric influence, listening with an enthusiastic eagerness to the inspiring strains. In short, "against the effects of tarantism neither youth nor age afforded any protection, so that even old men of ninety threw aside their crutches at the sound of the tarantella, and, as if some magic potion, restorative of youth and vigor, were flowing through their veins, joined the most extravagant dancers." We even read, too, of a philosophic bishop, Jo. Baptist Quinzato, Bishop of Ialongo, who allowed himself by way of a joke to be bitten by a tarantula, but could obtain a cure only through the influence of the tarantella, compelled to dance under its power as fast and furiously as the peasantry. Dr. Martinus Kähler, a Swedish physician, who visited Apulia in the year 1756, for the purpose of investigating the history of this complaint, came to the conclusion that it was a peculiar form of hypochondria with hysteria, to which "the inhabitants of the Island of Taranto are especially subject on account of their mode of living, and from their food consisting entirely of green vegetables, oysters etc. Be this as it may, the complaint is, according to medical opinion, curable by means of music and dancing."

Lastly, it should be noticed that music has been stated to produce undue excitement bordering on madness. Thus Butler, in his "Principles of Music," tells an old story of the power of music over the human mind. It appears that a musician of Eneus, King of Denmark—who reigned about the year 1130—having given out that he was able by his art to drive men "into what affections he listed, even into anger and fury, and being required by the King to put his skill into practice, played so upon his harp that his auditors began first to be moved, and at last he sent the King into such a frantic mood that in a rage he fell upon his most trusty friends, and, for lack of weapon, slew some of them with his fist, which, when he came to himself, he did much lament."

In modern times, it may be remembered what a wonderful effect, amounting almost to inspiration, music had upon Philpot Curran, who, at the latter part of the last century, gained an eminent reputation at the Bar. Thus it is related how, on the day before making any important speech, he was in the habit of assisting his imagination by running carelessly for hours over the strings of his violoncello, this being the manner in which he prepared himself for many of his most important cases. In truth, the beneficial effects of music have been universally acknowledged in medical treatment; and, after all, this is not surprising when we recollect that "no other is so capable of easily moving a man to tears of grief, of exciting him in a moment to cheerfulness, of inspiring him with courage, and of making him forget his real or imaginary troubles and anxieties." It was, indeed, on account of its wondrous influence in soothing the ills to which flesh is heir that made Luther speak of music as "one of the most beautiful and glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy."

AN AGED ELOPER.

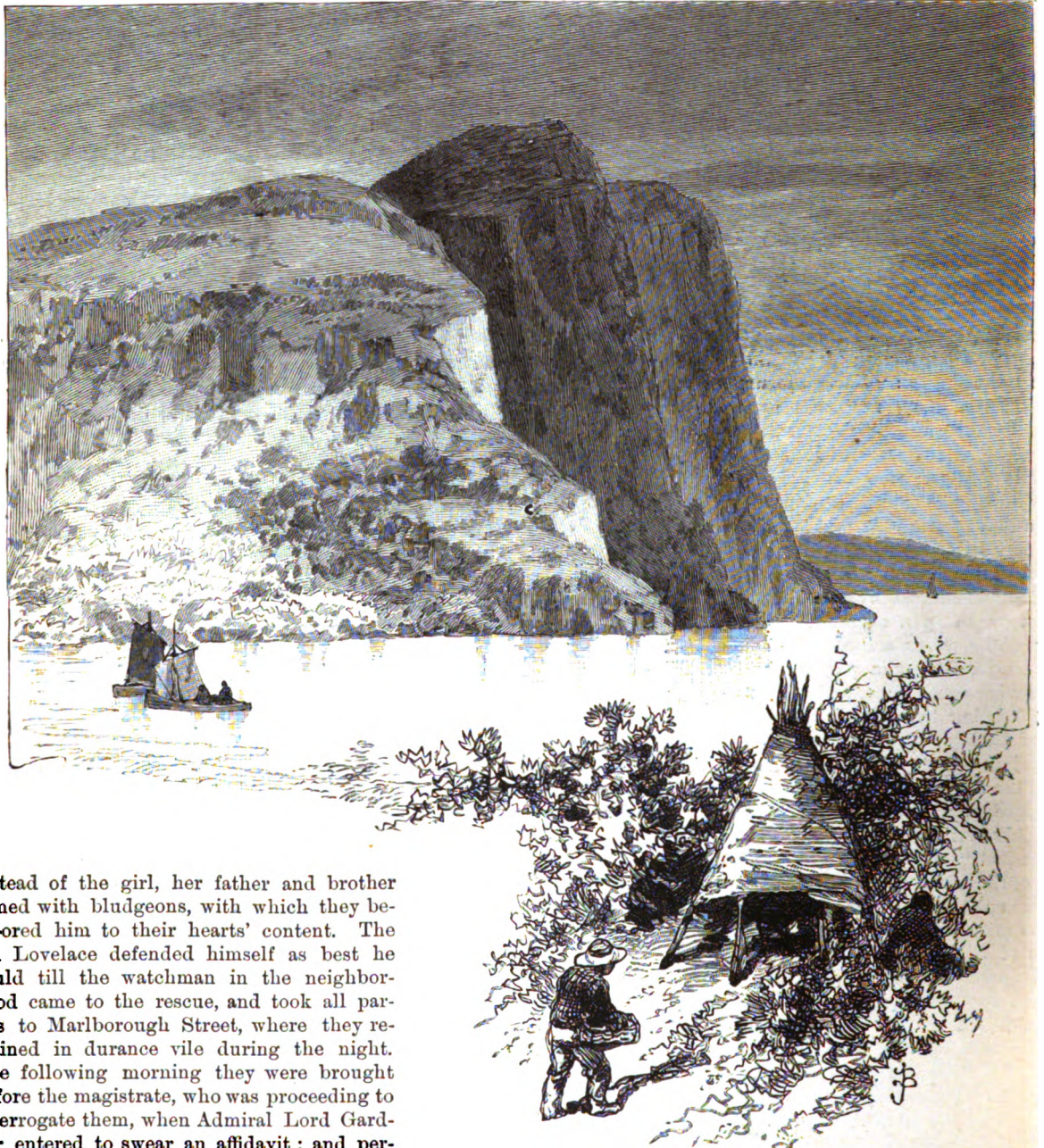
THERE is a good story (which reads like a scene from one of the Restoration dramatists) of a love-adventure of which Sir Richard Strachan was the hero, but on this occasion that gallant officer employed none of the dilatory

tactics imputed to him in the well-known quatrain. The admiral, in his sixty-first year, had fallen desperately in love with the daughter of a man who kept a china-shop in South Audley Street, and was determined to elope with her.

She appeared to agree to this proposal ; but the admiral, on arriving at the place of rendezvous, discovered,

THE MS. OF OUR "MUTUAL FRIEND."

THE original manuscript of Dickens's story, "Our Mutual Friend," is in the possession of Mr. G. W. Childs, who is reported to have refused \$6,000 for it. The story of this MS. is remarkable. "Our Mutual Friend" was reviewed in the *London Times* at length and in laudatory



instead of the girl, her father and brother armed with bludgeons, with which they belabored him to their hearts' content. The old Lovelace defended himself as best he could till the watchman in the neighborhood came to the rescue, and took all parties to Marlborough Street, where they remained in durance vile during the night. The following morning they were brought before the magistrate, who was proceeding to interrogate them, when Admiral Lord Gardner entered to swear an affidavit ; and perceiving Sir Richard in a miserable plight, and surrounded by a motley crew, exclaimed, in true melodramatic style : "What do I see ? Dicky Strachan a prisoner, and his colors struck ! Impossible—impossible !"

The admiral wisely declined to give evidence against his assailants, and nothing further was heard of the affair.

THE doom of eternity and the fortunes of life cannot be placed in competition.

UP AND DOWN THE FAMOUS SAGUENAY.—CAPE TRINITY.—SEE PAGE 663.

terms by Mr. Dallas, who had previously informed Dickens that he had undertaken to do justice to "the new book" in that journal. Dickens so highly appreciated the value of the service which Mr. Dallas had rendered him that he presented him with the MS., which the enthusiastic critic received with great effusion. Within a short time, however, the MS. was sold to Mr. Childs for the sum of \$1,250.



"GIVE ME A PENCIL, QUICK!" THEN, TAKING UP THE OBNOXIOUS APPEAL, BESSIE PROCEEDED TO RECONSTRUCT IT.
"LISTEN TO THIS."

"NUMBER 25."

BY F. E. H. RAYMOND.

"WELL, if I'm not sick and tired of this business!" exclaimed Katharine Wickware, as she tossed an open letter upon the table.

Ada Farrington looked up inquiringly.

"I was just envying your letters, Katrine. I had only one, and that from Uncle Mark, exhorting me to prudence."

She made a funny little grimace, and lazily stretched her long figure out upon the low couch.

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"I do hate economy!" interjected Lou Harned; "but it's to be my fate, I suppose. Heigh-ho! for a rich husband!"

"Lou, for shame!"

"No, for credit! I'm only saying, in honest English, what we—or our mammās—are all after."

"Oh, hush!" drawled Ada. "What is the letter, Kate, which has so disgusted you?"

"Another appeal for 'ten cents and a little trouble.'"

"Humph! no wonder you sniff. How many of those valuable documents have we, collectively, received during this last month? I've had a dozen, at least."

Bessie Webster, sitting on the floor buttoning her boots, suddenly gave a little shriek of delight, and sprang up to hobble across the carpet in one shod and one unshod foot.

"Oh, girls, I've the brightest idea!"

"That's refreshing—and novel."

"Listen! You know what an inveterate match-maker old Lady Berlin is, and how she tries to manage us? Well, let us write some of these begging things, only asking for husbands, and send them to somebody, or bodies, requesting the recipients to apply to her. If only one man would do so, it would pay her off nicely for her meddlesomeness."

Ada sat up, and Katharine ceased humming, to listen.

"Give me a pencil, quick, one of you!"

None forthcoming, Bessie coolly searched her cousin Lou's pocket and found one; then taking up the obnoxious "appeal," proceeded to reconstruct it.

"Listen to this:

"NUMBER 1.

"In behalf of twenty-five old maids (now resident at the 'Grand American'), the recipient is asked to introduce one marriageable young man to the Hon. Mrs. Berlin, Room 410, Grand American Hotel, Westerly Sands, N. J., with as little delay as possible; also, to make one copy of this letter, affixing to it the next higher number, and forward it to a friend, who in turn is asked to do likewise.

"Whoever receives the circular numbered '25' is requested to close the matter by presenting it in person to Madame Berlin, and thus joining the other twenty-four young men placed at her disposal.

"Any one declining to aid in this charitable scheme is requested to return his circular with ten cents to the lady named, as this is the only way in which she can know that the chain has been broken; and any 'missing link' involves a serious disappointment to one of the twenty-five spinsters."

"Capital! but you'll not dare send it."

"Won't I?"

"It's too much trouble."

"Oh, Ada! you're positively, vulgarly lazy."

"Who is bold enough to copy it?"

"I, said the sparrow, because I can write left-hand—a thorough disguise."

"And to whom shall we send it?"

"To one of the 'Outing Club,' camping down there on 'The Fork.' I know some of their names, for I saw them in the local paper."

So Bessie, the mischievous, procured material and made a neat transcript of the original, addressing it plainly to

"RHINELANDER MEEKS,

"(OUTING CLUB CAMP),

"WESTERLY SANDS, N. J."

Lou deposited the missive in the hotel mail-box.

It had not been an exciting Summer. The "resort" was an irreproachable place, but insufferably dull. On account of the dullness, mammas with freshly graduated daughters chose it as a spot where the latter could rest and grow strong before their *débuts*.

The monotony was varied only by weekly visits of husbands and other male relatives, for the remoteness of "The Sands" from the great railway lines kept the village isolated. It was for that reason selected by the "Outing Club" as their season's head-quarters.

* * * * *

"Good-morning, Miss Farrington. And—ah! Bessie, dear! You have been taking a long walk, I see, you look so fresh."

"Oh, yes. There is nothing else to do."

"Indeed? How I pity you! But I, an old lady of seventy, find the days all too short to accomplish my desires."

"You are always so busy in good works," said Katharine, admiringly; "but we are not allowed any such opportunity yet."

Lou smiled and nudged Bessie's elbow. Madame Berlin's eyes were quite bright enough to observe the gesture and gave a satisfied twinkle.

"By the way, your mammas have promised me your aid for my Hospital Fair in September, and I thought it would help that forward, as well as pass your tiresome evenings, if we should have a rehearsal or two of 'The Princess' while we are here together."

"But there are not enough of us for the parts—in 'our set,' I mean."

The old lady's lip curled a trifle scornfully; to the cosmopolitan, school-girlish airs were amusing.

"Well, my lassies, I think sweet Charity can string together on the golden thread of 'the Laureate's' verse numberless 'sets,' as pearls on a neck-lace. I believe there are at least *twenty-five* young women at our hotel, though the *prime* honor is for you. Stately Katharine is to be the *Princess Ida*, Bessie shall be *Lady Psyche*, and Ada, *Lady Blanche*. The other parts will be assigned to-day. Can you be ready to rehearse by Thursday evening?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll engage the ball-room; and, many thanks."

"Where will you find a *Prince*, or *Florian*, or *Cyril*?"

"Oh, I'll provide them, though I may have to draw upon some other 'set' to assume those rôles. Good-morning, again, and a pleasant walk."

"Girls, that old head is full of villainy!" cried Marie Soulé, watching the little bent figure hobbling away. "I noticed that significant 'twenty-five'! Did you ever hear anything about your 'progressive matrimony' scheme?"

"Not a word."

"Then, depend upon it, the silence is ominous."

"Your career should be that of a female detective," pouted Bessie.

"Maybe; but—I feel it in my bones—there's mutiny afoot. I wish it were time to rehearse. Then we 'should see what we should see!'"

"I'm rather sorry we did it," admitted Ada; "especially as the thing has fallen so flat. I *did* hope it would make some fun."

"I'm the chief sufferer," added Kate, "for it was my last egg-shell paper and postage-stamp Bessie used, and she never pays her debts."

* * * * *

Certainly Madame Berlin was a veteran in the art of managing entertainments. Even for a rehearsal, the ball-room had been wonderfully disguised as a college-hall, and the classic robes of the fair young students made it all seem a Tennysonian dream.

At the appropriate time there entered three stately figures, clad in

—"Academic silks, in hue

The lilac, with a silken hood to each,

And zoned with gold,"

each person bearing on the breast a glittering, mystic number.

But what were these? and these? and still these—more? Whence did they come?

And, spite of flowing robe and hooded head, why did they march in rank and file, with clanging boot-heel, to

that spot where, "at a board, by tome and paper, sat" the *Princess Ida*?

Back fell the hoods; and there—above the silk-draped shoulders—rose into plain view the close-cropped heads, the bronzed and mustached faces of the brave "Outing Club"!

Alas, poor Katharine! Her Attic pallor was suddenly drenched in a rush of crimson color; but with ready self-possession—the native gift of an American girl—she rose, and calmly addressed the three Head Interlopers:

"We give you welcome; not without redound
Of use and glory to yourself ye come,
The first fruits of the stranger."

The farce went on—was ended. What mingled sensations of mirth and shame were in the breasts of the fair conspirators is of no moment here; only, if they had sought to punish a dear old lady whose own happy romance had caused her to hold Love the one good, and whose desire was to see other hearts made glad for life—they found the tables dexterously turned, and she herself the castigator.

For there was an unmistakable ring of triumph in her voice as, the rehearsal over, she advanced, and laying her hand affectionately upon the arm of the *Prince*—whose breast bore the significant number "25"—she presented him to the *Princess* as, "My nephew and adopted son, Vivian Colwell, *President* of the 'Outing Club.'"

Alas! for plotting Bessie! She, already, was doing penance under the brilliant sarcasm—if honest admiration—of *Cyril*; and though all the audience were loud in praises of the charming "medley," and prophesied great results when it should be properly brought out in a city theatre, she stole away, disturbed, perplexed, and inwardly resolved that never again would she originate a practical joke.

How do things get into the papers? Who can tell? But they always do. Though names were suppressed, a few months later, when a bevy of *débutantes* appeared in "society," they found themselves, already, rather unpleasantly famous.

Still, "The Princess" was the entertainment of the season, and the Hospital Fund netted a handsome addition from its production.

And the *Prince*?

From that hour wherein the mimic *Ida* received him with such womanly modesty and composure, he loved her; but his suit was hard to win.

That she had, even in jest, allowed herself to be offered up a subject for masculine and matrimonial protection was humiliating to the proud girl; but under the trial she had borne herself as American royalty should.

Madame Berlin watched, and nodded her head approvingly.

It was the one dream of her old-young heart to have this pure girl and her many Vivian established in her empty house, as happy bride and groom.

"Ah! well; I can afford to wait yet a bit! As the *Prince* loved *Ida*, so my boy loves this woman. Good things come slow. But *he will win*."

He did.

When a year and a day had passed, there floated down the broad church-aisle, upon her husband's arm, a creature fairer than a dream, wearing most regally the crown of womanhood his hand had set upon her; with him to

—"walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end."

THE VULTURE AND THE DOVE.

BY BENJAMIN G. SMITH.

Dedicated to "Pearl Rivers."

THE VULTURE.

VULTURES only fly for carrion;
From afar they scent the slain.
Ah, they count a field as barren
If it beareth only grain.

In their flight from far horizon,
Over desert, over town,
Always seeking tainted carcass;
Only that can bring them down.

Searching sands of sad Sahara,
Where the camel meets his doom,
Rash they greedily, feasting, gouging,
In the track of fierce simoom.

THE DOVE.

Since the Dove bore branch of olive
O'er the earth's receding wave;
Since on Jordan seen descending
Over Him who came to save—

He hath been accepted emblem
Of abiding peace and love;
All men's hearts incline to mercy
When they hear the cooling dove.

Ah, I think a bird so gentle
Was most surely heaven-born,
And at times he comes in plumage
That would laugh our art to scorn.

Rich and rare and radiant raiment,
Wings of deep cerulean dye,
Crest and breast of silver burnished,
Flight as though a flame fled by.

Who could doubt, to see his livery,
He was sent from heaven to roam,
And to seek in tropics sylvan
Where to make an earthly home?

Not for him the feast of vultures,
Where the dead forgotten lie,
He on flashing wings of sapphire
Keeps his path across the sky—

Soon to reach the shadowed woodland
Where his mate has made her nest;
There he coos how well he loves her,
There till dawn they sweetly rest.

Set before them fragrant balsam,
Peach of gold and purple hue,
Nuts, and fruit of feathery palm-tree,
Berries wet with morning dew.

Human hearts can ne'er be tempted
When they live and beat from love;
Feasts unclean bring down the vulture,
Feasts of innocence, the dove.

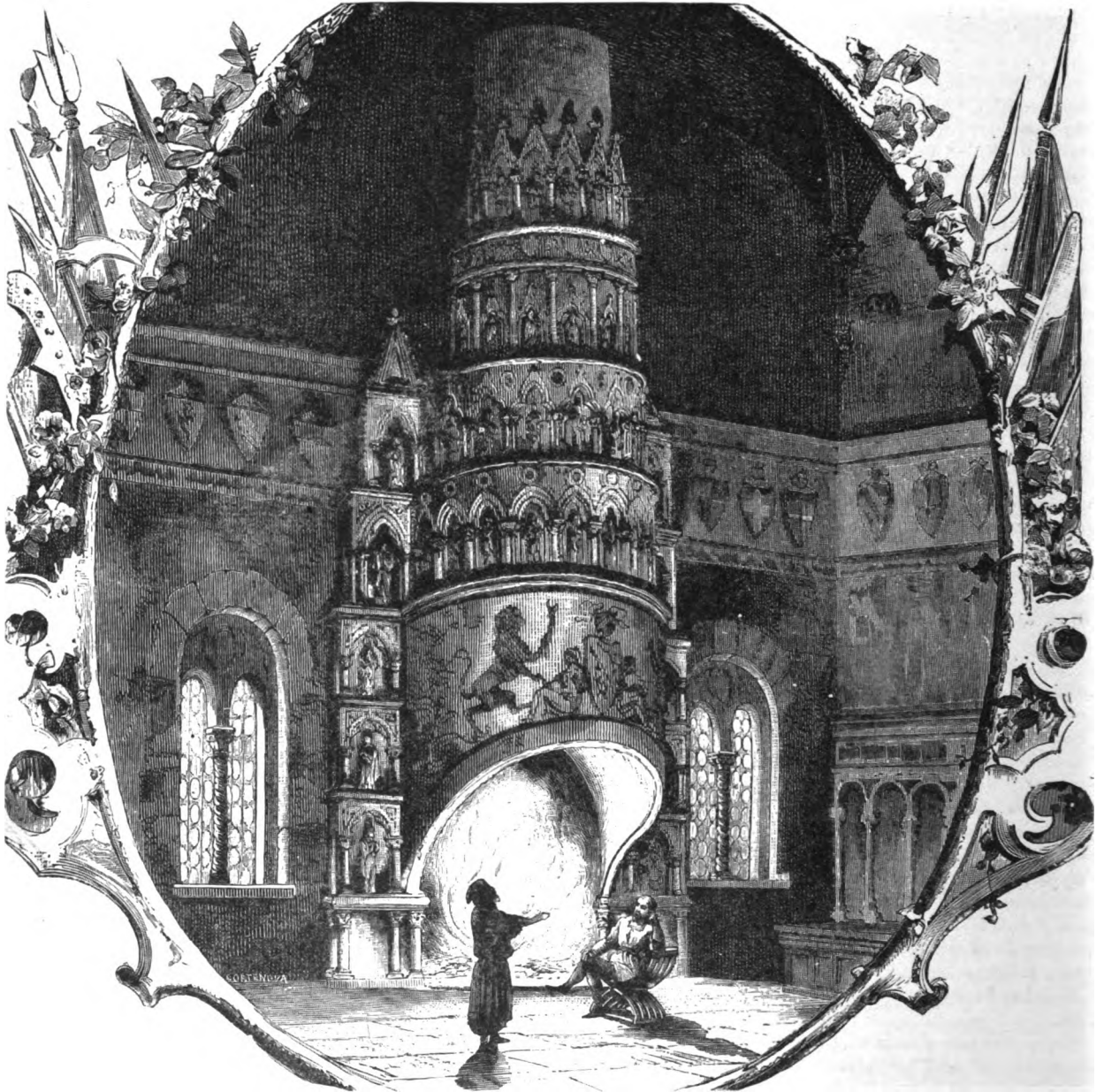
BISHOP SVEDBERG (the father of the famous Swedenborg) was greatly interested in America, and wrote a work on the Swedish Colony on the Delaware. Once, when he was at the Swedish Court, he introduced his son-in-law, Jonas Ungen, to the Princess Ulrika Eleonora. "What living has he?" asked the Princess. "He is my assistant." "Assistant, do you say?" "Yes, your Highness, he has the misfortune to be my son-in-law, otherwise he would have had a living long ago, for he is an able man." The Princess offered him a living. "Let him first preach before your Highness, and try his quality," said the Bishop.

A PICTURESQUE OUTLAW.

A STUDY OF FIRE-PLACES AND CHIMNEYS.

By JOEL BENTON.

SITTING in my library by a crackling open fire against the chimney, on a cold, snowy day—which had somehow slipped from its place in the calendar, to wintrify November—my mind ran upon modern and ancient houses. three of which are joined, in the chimneys, the old-style brick oven ; for, while the main structure of this residence was built in the latter part of the eighteenth century, the various additions to the primitive upright



OLD ITALIAN CHIMNEY-PIECE AT LA BOCCA DI MONSELICE.

I got to thinking of the many changes which in a generation and a half of time have come over them. No change has been more revolutionary or pathetic than that which abolished so suddenly the spacious open fire-place. Hardly a house built in the country now for thirty years has this antique feature ; whereas, fifty years ago no country-house could have been built without several specimens of it. In my own house there are seven, to

are themselves old enough to preserve the fashion which, when they arose, had not yet become antiquated. The ovens were admirable baking-vaults, and nothing in the way of a modern stove or range has ever equaled them. When the fire-place went, they were, of course, disused. So many ovens were not common in one house, but so many fire-places were occasionally found. In one house, not many miles from mine, there are fourteen fire-places.

What was it that drove this picturesque servitor away? Benjamin Franklin had a slight hand in it, though unintentionally; for it was he who drew the fire away from the chimney into the room itself. But he had the good sense to leave it open. The Franklin stove was really an iron fire-place, which sometimes stood imbedded in the brick, and sometimes was far enough out to support a horizontal or perpendicular pipe. The advent of smelting-furnaces, which drew so heavily upon our forests, and the apparition of the locomotive, with its sinuous train, which made additional demands upon our woodlands, and which brought the anthracite coal within everybody's reach, finished the revolution. The close stove came as a necessity, and the fire-place in all existing houses was bricked up, while in those to be built it was not even introduced. Inventors, when they saw that the fire could go on out of sight and be harnessed to their notion, vied with each other in making new and improved stoves; and for a long time no one would have gone back to a fire-place for heating the room, any more than he would have gone in an old-fashioned chaise, or on horse-back, for a journey, with the railroad at his side. In fact, we have gone on, where the house is large and the purse ample, to cellar furnaces, by which the house is heated from hard coal directly, or by steam-pipes and radiators. All these nicer things

have been canonized as modern improvements, and became so common long ago that we have already forgotten the first wonder of them, as we have forgotten utterly the wonder of the so common lucifer match.

I remember well, in early childhood, when the fire-place in my grandmother's room was closed for the arrival of a Franklin stove, and what a rapture of joy its performance created in the household group. It was thought fully as marvelous a contrivance then as the telephone was a few years since. "What will they do next?" was the purport of various exclamations over it. It doesn't seem so much of a change now, nor was it any change in principle. It was simply an exalted fire-place, which got its eulogy, in part, from its economy with the

wood-pile. Twenty years ago this particular Franklin went, with one other like it, to the stove-dealer for old iron, while, very recently, if they had been kept, the two would easily have sold for fifty dollars each, instead of being sold together for something like five dollars.

This revival of a relish for the old household furniture, which has arisen within a few years, and which promotes an eager search for old spinning-wheels and reels, for candlesticks and snuffers, and a multitude of the banished *lares* and *penates*, will do no little good if it calls attention once more, as it is just now doing, to the fire-place, where the andirons, shovel and tongs and bel-

lows can be practically displayed. For nothing, really, that dispenses heat is better for health and comfort than the fire-place of old-fashion style and dimensions. For the milder six months it is unequaled; and in the coldest weather it should still be mainly employed, adding to it, if you choose—for the halls and rooms in which it cannot be placed—a register from the furnace. How many pneumonias and modern diseases its absence so long has added to the bills of mortality it would not be easy to tell, except by a making of statistics which are not now tabulated. There is no doubt, though, that the human constitution in these degenerate days has met with a loss from want of the pure air which our modern ornamental stoves compel us to burn up or



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LOG-CABIN FIRE-PLACE.

drive away. Mr. Putnam, in his book of "The Open Fire-place," calls our attention to the fact that the sun, which supplies us with natural heat, does it by direct radiation. "If we would accept the lesson, and endeavor to heat our houses on the same principle, these houses might be as healthy as the open fields. We should be prompted to respect more the open fire-place, as furnishing the best substitute for the life and health-giving rays of the sun, and to discard all such systems of heating as are opposed in principle to that employed by nature."

The fire-place, when it began its career, was put in the middle of the one room which constituted the inner space of man's primitive habitation. A roof, directly above it, was the outlet for

part of which went through it, the greater part circulating around the room, to which the inmates became gradually accustomed. The Esquimaux still live in smoke-filled huts, and do not suffer from the inconvenience or annoyance that would drive a civilized human being out-of-doors. When the fire-place went to the side of the room, it might have been an improvement; but it went there without a chimney as an accessory. It seems strange to read that neither the Greeks nor Romans knew anything about a chimney. No traces of such a fixture have been discovered in any ancient ruins. Those of Pompeii and Herculaneum show us that for the purposes of cooking and warmth their inhabitants were supplied with pans, or small portable furnaces, containing live coals. It was one of the accomplishments of a perfect cook, in the age when these utensils were employed, as Sospiter says, "to know which way the wind blows." And Vitruvius is quoted as saying—with reference to these expedients—that "there should be only plain cornices in rooms where there are to be fires and lights, as more elaborate ornaments would soon be filled with soot." It must be that fires among the Greeks were sometimes made outside of the house, from which heated coals were brought in to do the work of cookery and warmth. For how otherwise are we to understand the saying of Anacharsis, that the Greeks kept the smoke without, and brought only the fire into their houses?

The chimney, then, in any form, is not so very much older than the printing-press. In Venice and in England chimneys were first used in the fourteenth century. Leland, speaking of Bolton Castle, says: "One thynge I much notyd in the hawle of Bolton, how chimeneys were conveyed by tunnells made on the sydes of the walls betwyxt the lights in the hawle, and by this means, and by no covers, is the smoke of the harthe in the hawle wonder strangely conveyed." But it took centuries to make them generally used. They were at first only in the possession of houses owned by the great and wealthy. In the time of Queen Elizabeth a family's visitors were often sent out at night, especially the ladies, to enjoy the comfort and convenience of rooms equipped with them.

In our cotemporary thought, the fire-place always presumes a chimney; and it was, for a long time, the one puzzle of the builder and perplexity of the owner, and frequently sufferer by it, to make it work freely. A good deal of domestic irritation and loss of temper were occasioned in the generations of our grandfathers by smoky chimneys, and for which there are a number of causes. The smoky chimney may occur from imperfections in the flue, from being built too narrow, from a rough inside, from openings which bring in side draughts of cold air, and, finally, from "too large an opening at the fire-place on the east." Count Rumford made a thorough study of all these defects, and brought the fire-place to perfection. His rules for building the fire-place and chimney, formulated so long ago, are still valid, and have not been improved upon since his time.

My grandfather, who built the house in which I reside, used to quote Count Rumford often, and evidently studied his directions so well, that the seven fire-places he and my father after him constructed have no fault. Give them plenty of dry wood, and no stove gives forth a more lively and spirited draught than they do. I notice that the one in my library was not built its present size in the outset. It was originally much larger than it is at present—a fact I discovered when I unbricked its closure a few years ago. It had stood, dumb and fireless—except as a chance spark from the

stove-pipe passed above it—for sixty years. I had never seen its interior until I opened it; and, soon after that event, an elderly neighbor called and recounted the days when he had sat over it as the walnuts and wine went round. The old half-century soot was not yet off its back and sides. The staples where the crane hung—which had been long ago removed to the garret—were awaiting its return; and, between them, what a story might have been told of hot punch and jollity, when in a past generation the two were not deemed unlawful or discreditable companions. I have never heard it suggested, but I am sure a warmer home zest and greater hilarity prevailed when the fire-place was universal than has ever been known since. It would not be difficult to believe that our manners have changed not a little with this backward change in our houses, which brings us together around a solemn black stove or a hole in the floor, where it is a sheer effort to raise a laugh, and where no whole family circle can be long tied together. Solemnly, as to some symbol of death, we go one by one up to these devices, whose warmth may reach the hands and feet, but which never lights the face or warms the heart.

Your true fireside, except in old houses, and as yet in only a few of the very newest fashion, is no longer found. It was the cheery ingleside of old, and with the poets, Burns would have found it hard to imagine or gather together his "Cotter's Saturday Night" group, or to hint of the cozy circle under the cotter's roof, if he must have done it around a modern stove or register. But when Burns lived, the cotter came home from his day's toil to delectable things, among which were

"His wee-bit ingle, blinken bonillie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's smile."

There is no true fire-place, either, without wood. Soft coal does not fill its place, and is but a subterfuge, while the false wood and imitation, with baked clay and gas-jets, is a fraud and an abomination. It is offering a stone for bread to put in fixtures like these, and never through them, or the like of them, will the banished *lars* and *penates* of old be coaxed or hoodwinked back.

With the fire-place you have company in your room, though all the guests go out, if the fire go not out, too. Such a fire as this affords is more alive than Ariel in the cloven pine. The flames send up pictures, and almost spell words on the chimney's back. What kaleidoscopic changes are seen! Never more than one moment is the fire just the same, and never twice exactly alike. I believe that fortunes were once read as a Winter evening's amusement by the merry group which surrounded this fire, from the subsiding flames or coals, or from the pyrotechnic figures which the burning soot would sometimes print on the back of the chimney. The rules of this art, or necromancy, I do not pretend to remember; but they were given to amuse children, and not infrequently amused and occupied, I am told, the children of larger growth.

Only a child or a fool, says the proverb, can properly make a fire. There are many ways to do it with a fire-place, and there is a considerable lore connected with the exploit. There are rules for the fore-stick and back-log that are as particular and detailed as those of the parliamentary manuals. When the fire falls down, much skill may go into practice or to waste in picking it up deftly. There are differences of opinion in those who sit around it, so that he who looks is often at variance with the person who presumes to handle the

tongs. In some fire-places there is an iron bench fitted against the chimney-back, where in others the back-log goes. If you fail to cross the sticks properly, you smother the expectant flame. If you have too many ashes on the bottom, or too few when you start the morning fire, the effect of your work is varied.

Wishing to test what effect a brightly blazing fire on the hearth might have upon fresh eyes, I called two little girls who had stepped to the door on an errand one evening, and asked them to walk in my library and look at the burning fire. They were about ten years of age, and, as I suspected, had never seen such a sight before. They viewed it for some time with open-eyed wonder, and did not look much at other anachronisms and oddities in the room. It was only this strange way of conducting a fire that interested them, when one suddenly said to the other: "Isn't it perfectly beautiful?" To which rapture the other readily and warmly assented.

When a very old brick house was torn up for repairs in my neighborhood a few years ago, a strange-shaped hook was discovered, the use of which no one of the workmen could imagine. They asked one passer-by after another on the street if he knew what it could be, and all failed to tell. Finally an old man approached, who recognized it at once. It was not a crane-hook, which a good many young people now have probably never seen, but it was a hook by which a huge log was drawn up to the large fire-place for a Winter day's use.

I remember, as a small boy, going to meeting in a country-house where meetings were held Sunday evenings, no church being near. It was Summer, and when the room was full the fire-board of an old fire-place would be taken down, and several children, myself among the number, were seated, not unwillingly, on a little bench placed where the back-log would be if it were to be used for a fire. There was always a struggle between us to see who should secure the three or four coveted seats on that bench, for it did not hold all the applicants. I am afraid, if our elders had known how much more we thought of the seat than we did of the sermon, the fire-board would have closed it against us, and we should not have been permitted to look up at the stars, or heavenward, through the capacious chimney.

The return of the fire-place recalls, in fact, many memories, and unlocks the doors of a distant past. Its re-establishment would banish some of our modern diseases, and implant the old vigor in our race which could once withstand the lancet and the heroic treatment that in the close-stove generation began to be fatal. For the fire-place gives you with its warmth the out-of-doors advantage. You feel, under its influence, on neighborly relations with the free air. It gives perfect ventilation, and, as the sun does, "heats the surrounding air and objects by convection and radiation," instead of stifling your lungs and burning up the oxygen that perfect air supplies. "It is a provision of nature," says Mr. Putnam, "that there shall be a wide difference between the temperature of our bodies and that of the air about us, and we find that the greater the difference, within certain reasonable limits, the more energetic and vigorous is the action of all our animal functions. Air entering our lungs at a low temperature, near freezing-point, does, as we have said, twice as much work in purifying the blood as the same amount of air entering at the temperature of our bodies; and, in Winter, with the warm rays of the sun striking us, we feel twice as vigorous as

we do during the Summer when the air is hot and suffocating."

To show how radiation of heat operates, he says that "when a room is warmed by an open fire the walls are warmer than the air, because radiant heat has the remarkable property of passing through the air without raising its temperature. Thus the occupant breathes air refreshingly cool, while the walls, being comparatively highly heated, do not absorb his animal heat with inconvenient rapidity." In countries where the very cold weather of our latitude is not felt, the fire-place still has sway. In Persia it is said to be constructed on the most perfect principles, production of warmth and economy of fuel being amply provided for. The different styles in which fire-places can be made, with hoods and sculpturesque accessories, and ornamented jambs, picturesque tiles and mantels, give ample scope for æsthetic considerations to rule in their structure. The spot around the hearth is not only for joy—the true and only ingleside—but it naturally becomes the best feature of beauty in the house. No doubt the finically neat house-keeper will shudder at the possible accident of smoke and ashes in the room, but neither of these intruders need to escape at all in a well-constructed fire-place, though their casual entrance is no great disaster, and is a thousand times more to be welcomed than the moist clamminess on the furniture and walls, and the thick air full of disease-germs, which a close stove or register tends to promote.

A valued friend of mine, whose example of the open fire has made it fashionable once more in his neighborhood, tells a pretty fable of the temptation of a Cinderella in her cottage, which should go down to posterity with the Oriental tales of Scheherazade. She was very happy in her simple home, where the wood-smoke went through the chimney and performed those gyrations which Thoreau's verse describes, until it "unfurled its venturous wreath," and hung

"As some refulgent cloud in the upper sky."

But one day the prince came, as he always does when the time is ripe and fit, where there is a pretty maiden. The Summer leaves were beginning to fall, and the evening tea-kettle sang its drowsy tune on the old fire-place crane. Narcissa, sweet as the flower she was named after, stood in the cottage-door and looked pensively at the little brook, filling with leaves, and the forest near it. Presently, out of the forest her wooer came. He had a palace and thousands of broad acres, and he was stalwart and noble, too. All the girls, and the mothers of them, in that land were in a conspiracy to place the maly-leaf, or whatever it is that makes a lover captive, upon his eyes. But the one look of Narcissa broke every charm. In his rapture over the figure in the cottage-door, he was nearly beside himself, and pleading with her and her mother, took her, in due time, after the marriage had been fitly celebrated, to the fine palace which he owned. Nothing could be more kind and deferential than was his treatment of her. Pomp and splendor, and all that wealth and love could bring, were at her command. Still, there was one yearning want, one pathetic regret in her heart. The rooms of magnificent outlay, the upholstery, the pictures and the music, so different from her old environment, palled upon her cloyed taste. She missed the cottage-hearth, the roomy fire-place and the singing tea-kettle on the antique crane at night. In the stifled, hot air of those deep rooms the roses went from her cheeks; and so, one day, the prince, who was a philosopher, like Aurelius, studied the situation carefully.

till he found the cause of all this change. As a result, the little cottage was reproduced in exact form, with its broad fire-place and all the open rafters in sight, and made to open into one of the best rooms in the spacious mansion he had before considered perfect. It was in that little room, soon after, while the tea-kettle sang on the crane and the fire crackled on the hearth, that the voice of a new prince made the rafters vocal and the inher-

the tea had been thrown in and stirred, and the comforting concoction was cooling; we had eaten our salt beef and damper and had lighted our pipes, and so we began to talk till it was time to turn in.

My brother and I had been out all day after some straying cattle, but had not found them. About an hour before night-fall, we had met a man on the same errand as ourselves, and who had been equally unsuccessful—



A PICTURESQUE OUTLAW.—THE GREAT CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE HALL OF MARRIAGES OF THE TOWN-HALL OF ANTWERP.
SEE PAGE 676.

itance secure. No house in the prince's country forever after was built without a fire-place. It will be well when this can be said of our own country, too.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH KANGAROOS.

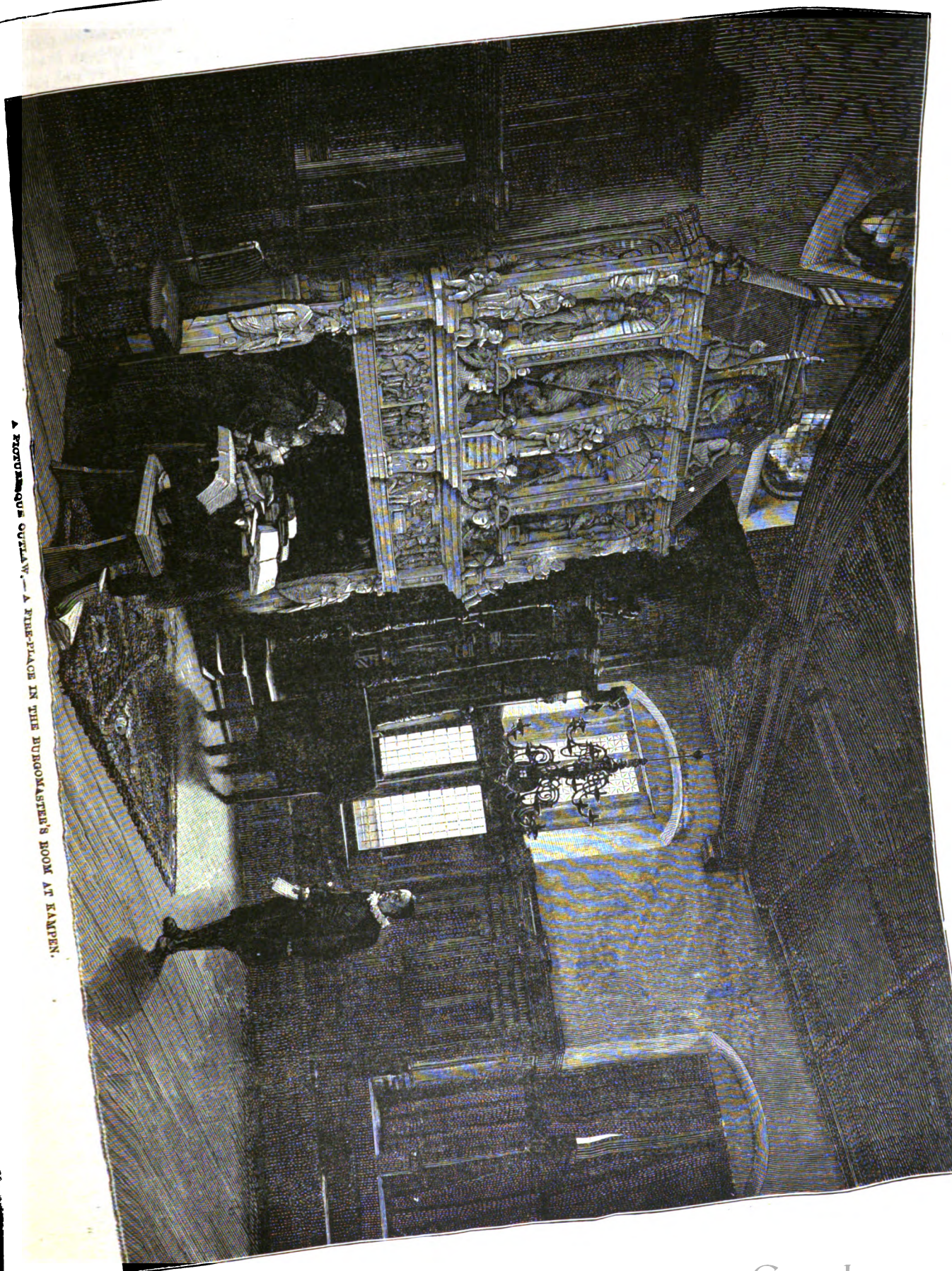
WE were all seated round the fire that night after a hard day's ride. The air was clear and soft, and we could hear, in the distance, the cry of the "laughing jackass" making his evening "salutation to the moon." The hut of saplings was made, the "billy" had boiled,

queer, weird-looking little fellow he was, with a sharp, thin face and piercing black eyes, and one leg much shorter than the other. Of course we asked him to come and share our camping-ground and supper, and he accepted gladly.

When we came to dismount, he proved to be no lame that we could not conceive how he managed to ride at all; but he did it, though it remains to us a mystery to this day. As we puffed away in peace, the wood-fire leaping and crackling pleasantly and throwing shadows all around us as we sat, our visitor began to talk.

With a quick glance first at one and then at the other, he said:

A PICTURESQUE OUTLAW.—A FIRE-PLACE IN THE BURGOMASTER'S ROOM AT KAMPER.



"Do you care for a bit of a yarn, mates? I saw you looking at my leg as I got down. I'll just tell you how it happened, if you like."

"All right; fire away, old man," I said, lazily, propping myself comfortably against a big acacia that grew close to our hut; so he began:

"I never hunted kangaroos but once, but it was once too often for me. I came out to Queensland when I was a lad of eighteen, and went up-country to a cousin of my mother's, and I hadn't been there a month before there was a kangaroo-hunt. Of course I said I'd go; my cousin said I shouldn't. I wasn't much of a rider, let me tell you, and he was afraid I should come to grief. You see, he had been an old bean of my mother's twenty years before, and he thought he ought to look after me a bit for her sake; but I didn't see it in that light at all. Well, I flared up and vowed I would go, and he flared up and vowed that he would lock me up. I wish to goodness he had! But in the end he didn't. He said he left it to my common sense to obey him—common sense indeed! I hadn't an atom of that commodity in those days, and so off I went. We started about an hour before daybreak, as we had a distance to go. There were six of us, and we had as many dogs as we could collect, all powerful, swift animals, the very thing for the job; you know the sort well enough. I was riding an old bay station-horse called 'Bob,' which I had ridden regularly ever since I came out.

"We jogged along quietly enough through the cool, misty country, first passing through a narrow strip of bush, where we had hard work to keep the dogs from hunting on their own account; then we came to a rocky torrent-bed that reminded me of Wales. The stream was almost dry, and on its banks grew trees of all sizes and forms; the most conspicuous being the leichhardt and acacias, mixed with native figs and plum-trees. We scrambled up this rough torrent-bed with difficulty, and at the top came again to the open country, where the riding was easy and pleasant.

"At last, just as the day was breaking, we came suddenly on to a small level plain, and there, in the dim light of the early morning, we could see a dozen or more kangaroos quietly feeding. I can tell you that my heart thumped under my waistcoat when I spied them, and I thought my old cousin was a consummate ass! Of course the kangaroos soon found us out, and then the fun began. The animals scattered in different directions, and we did the same, each selecting his own kangaroo and following it at full speed. A man named Lister and I rode close together; we had chosen a "grand old man," an enormous beast, dark-red in color, and quite six feet high. My word! how he did fly over the ground, using his big tail as a rudder, while behind came our three great dogs—one a Scotch hound, called Oscar, famous for holding on to the kangaroo's throat if he could once get at him.

"Well, away we went, and at first the ground was fairly open and the riding easy, but presently the scene changed, and we got into the bush, where it was rather a different thing. How I stuck on as long as I did, I cannot tell—holes, huge logs, overhanging boughs at every turn, and away went that old Bob as if he were possessed, crashing and stumbling, leaping in the air, ducking his old head under a bough; down he went on his nose, and I thought it was all over with me; but no, up he got again, and we were at it as hard as ever. I declare my back feels quite chilly even now when I think about it! Fortunately that run was short, though sharp. The 'old man' was large and heavy, and our dogs were good. He was run down at last, but not before he had cost us

one of our best kangaroo hounds, which grieved me very much. Rushing alongside the animal, he seized him by the throat, was swung round and round, and before we could come up with them, the kangaroo's powerful hind claw was up, and in a few minutes the poor dog was dead. But there was no time to stop. On we went till we came to a big water-hole, and there the kangaroo stopped, backed right into the water, with his back against a tree, just like a stag, and there waited to meet the foe.

"I declare, mates, that I did feel a mean sort of a cuss when I saw that poor old fellow looking with calm solemnity out of his large eyes, and waiting for those dogs like an old soldier determined to die hard. And die hard he did, I can tell you. He had waded in so far that only his head and fore legs were above water, and for nearly an hour he kept the dogs at bay, striking them tremendous blows when they approached, and dashing the water over them till they were nearly drowned. Oscar, the great Scotch hound, finished him at last, and I was really glad when the brave old kangaroo's battle for life was ended."

"Well, but you didn't come to any harm, seemingly."

"Wait a bit and you'll see. We were on our way home when the catastrophe happened. We cut off the kangaroo's tail for soup, and brought it along with us, and were jogging quietly along, chatting about our day's hunting, when suddenly we sighted a 'blue flyer,' and before we knew where we were, dogs, horses and men were going full tilt again through that horrible bush! The other ride was nothing at all to this! Old Bob's metal was up; he got the bit in his teeth, and went like mad. I lost all control of him, and soon saw that it was all up with me. The thick grass hid all the dangerous places over which we had to pass, and over which that kangaroo kept sailing along, always getting farther and farther away. All the rest is one confused dream. I remember throwing my arms round Bob's neck; then feeling a fearful crash—a shock—a sudden darkness, and then nothing more.

"When I came to myself, I was in my own bed at the station, and the doctor had just set my thigh. It was badly broken, and so was the ankle of the same leg. How I ever lived I cannot tell. Poor old Bob was killed on the spot; he fell over a great log, concealed in the grass, and broke his neck.

"I've been a cripple ever since, and precious little use to anybody; and would you believe it, that good old cousin of mine nursed me like a brick for months, and never so much as said a word about that ride, and he has treated me like his son ever since? Now, mates, I'm as sleepy as an owl. Let's put ourselves between those blankets; and you take my advice, unless you particularly want to break some of your bones, don't go kangaroo-hunting."

THIS description of Wordsworth a quaint old lakeman gives: "He was not a man as folks could crack wi', nor not a man as could crack wi' folks. But there was another thing as kep' folks off, he had a ter'ble girt-deep voice. I've knoan folks, village lads and lasses, coming over by the old road, above which runs from Grasmere to Rydal, flayt a'most to death there by Wishing Gate, to hear the girt voice a-groanin' and mutterm' and thunderin' of a still evening; and he had a way of standin' quite still by the rock there in t' path under Rydal, and folks could hear sounds like a wild beast coming from the rock."

THE QUESTION "WHITHER?"

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

I.

WHEN we have thrown off this old suit,
So much in need of mending,
To sink among the naked mute,
Is that, think you, our ending?
We follow many, more we lead,
And you, who sadly turf us,
Believe not that all living seed
Must flower above the surface.

II.

Sensation is a gracious gift,
But were it cramped to station,
The prayer to have it cast adrift
Would spout from all sensation.
Enough if we have winked to sun,
Have sped the plow a season,
There is a soil for labor done,
Endureth fixed as reason.

III.

Then let our trust be firm in good,
Though we be of the fasting;
Our questions are a mortal brood;
Our work is everlasting.
We children of beneficence
Are in its being sharers;
And whither vainer sounds than whence
For word with such wayfarers.

"ONE OF GOUPIL'S."

BY HERBERT HALL WINSLOW.

CHAPTER I.

No ONE would have doubted that the young man who sat waiting in a Venetian drawing-room, overlooking the Grand Canal, was an American. Something about him also suggested the artist. His face was an expressive one, and his eyes were of that magnetic sort which can hardly fail to fascinate. His easy attitude revealed familiarity with the surroundings, but a tinge of nervousness was in his demeanor.

He had lounged toward a tall window, and then, impatiently, turned away, when a young girl entered the long apartment and advanced swiftly across the tessellated floor, holding out both hands to him, with a brilliant smile of welcome.

"Francesca! I thought I should never see you again."

"Ah, how foolish!" laughed the girl; "it has only been a week."

"Only a week!" repeated the young man, passionately; "it has seemed an age."

A stir of ample drapery announced the coming of a stately figure, somewhat ruffled by a hasty entrance. The young man relinquished the slender fingers of the young lady, who cast down her eyes and retreated several steps distant. The lady bestowed a glance of severe displeasure upon both.

"Such haste, Francesca! I am quite out of breath."

"Pardon, *maman*, but I knew my American cousin had been waiting some time for us."

"A relationship so slender"—remarked the elder lady, stabbing with a smile—"that even a romantic girl hesitates before giving it a name! But come, let us not be personal," she added, motioning both to be seated, and herself dropping stiffly upon a satin cushion. "They say the *Redentore* this year will be grandly celebrated. The Duke di Buenvento has offered us his own gondola. There will be quite a party, and after the *festa* we shall go out to the Lido to see the sun rise."

"Oh, yes, and it will be charming!" cried Francesca, with cheeks glowing. "I have been away so much, I have never yet seen the beautiful sight. Shall you be there, signore?"

The young man glanced toward the motionless lips of the mother before replying.

"No, it is not likely; I shall have work to do."

"Work on a *festa* day?" cried the girl, astonished.

"*Cara mia*, you must permit Signor Allerton to be his own judge of the proprieties. Artists are unlike other people, and they prefer to go their own way." The lady smiled again, a chilling and admonitory smile.

The conversation that followed was formal, and not without embarrassment to the younger two at least. It was not to be long endured, and Allerton rose to make his *adieu*, the mother coldly polite, the daughter restrained and spiritless.

The young man would not admit to himself, as he hailed a passing gondola, that he had expected an invitation to join the party at the *Redentore*, yet the lack of it rankled deeply. He was at loss to understand the change which had been suddenly made manifest in the treatment of him at the hands of this family. For three months he had been cordially received at the home of the Count Guardi as a welcome guest. The countess, as well as her daughter, had made no secret of liking the young artist, and had never objected to the remote relationship claimed, through a branch of the Guardi house which, thoroughly Americanized, flourished in New York, and were by marriage connected with the Allertons. The count, a little, wiry, punctilious man, whose *hauteur* was immense, had unbent surprisingly before the genial ways of the American, who made himself so easily at home and was always modest and agreeable, even while apparently considering himself equal to the best. The acquaintance had begun most fortuitously, Allerton having been introduced and vouched for by the count's nephew, with whom he had studied in Paris.

Francesca showed a decided fancy for his society from the first. She allowed him to talk sentimental nonsense to her when barely beyond her parents' hearing; and the nonsense had become a very sweet necessity to both of them. It was not strange that the young artist, despite the fact that fame and fortune seemed long deferred and his most ambitious works were unsalable, found Venice most enjoyable in the company of the bewitching Italian signorina.

But now something had happened. The countess had changed completely in her attitude toward him; the count was invisible on the occasion of his previous visit; Francesca was restrained from any accustomed exhibition of friendliness; she had not been at liberty to invite him for the following day, but, instead, had been compelled to accept the attendance of his most hated rival, the Duke de Buenvento, who was to enjoy the presence denied to himself.

Arrived at his lonely lodgings, he climbed to the bare room under the eaves which served him for both *atelier* and sleeping-apartment combined. From the narrow windows the compensation appeared in the loveliness of the view stretching away to the Adriatic or to the mighty Alps. Beyond the public gardens, richly green with foliage, lay the placid lagoon skimmed by fisher-craft; and in the distance San Lazzaro glowed like a crimson gem in the sunshine. Allerton bestowed no glance upon the feast of form and color spread out before him; he moved nervously to and fro, his shapely hands thrust in his pockets, his eyes roving from one object to another, seeing nothing.

At length he paused before an easel, and removing the protecting cloth, gazed earnestly upon the unfinished portrait which suggested, rather than reproduced, the fresh young loveliness of Francesca. But even that could not tempt him to take up his brush and palette again that day. A trifle can make or mar the happiness of youth; but it was no small perplexity which now stared him in the face. He had a disagreeable prospect to encounter, a difficult problem to solve. The prospect was starvation; and the problem, how to avoid it.

He had struggled against this for five years, and he was now twenty-seven. There had been little enough ever since the heavy losses sustained by his father in a Western city, and whose subsequent death had left his mother and sisters with a barely possible support for a few years to come; but if it had been careful economy in Munich and privation in Paris, it was now absolute poverty in Venice. He had painted most industriously, but his sales had barely sufficed to bring sufficient funds for the payment of rent, as well as other expenses of meagre living.

"Has the countess suddenly discovered my poverty?" he asked himself, grimly, referring to the other misfortune, and wondering which could be called the greater—the loss of

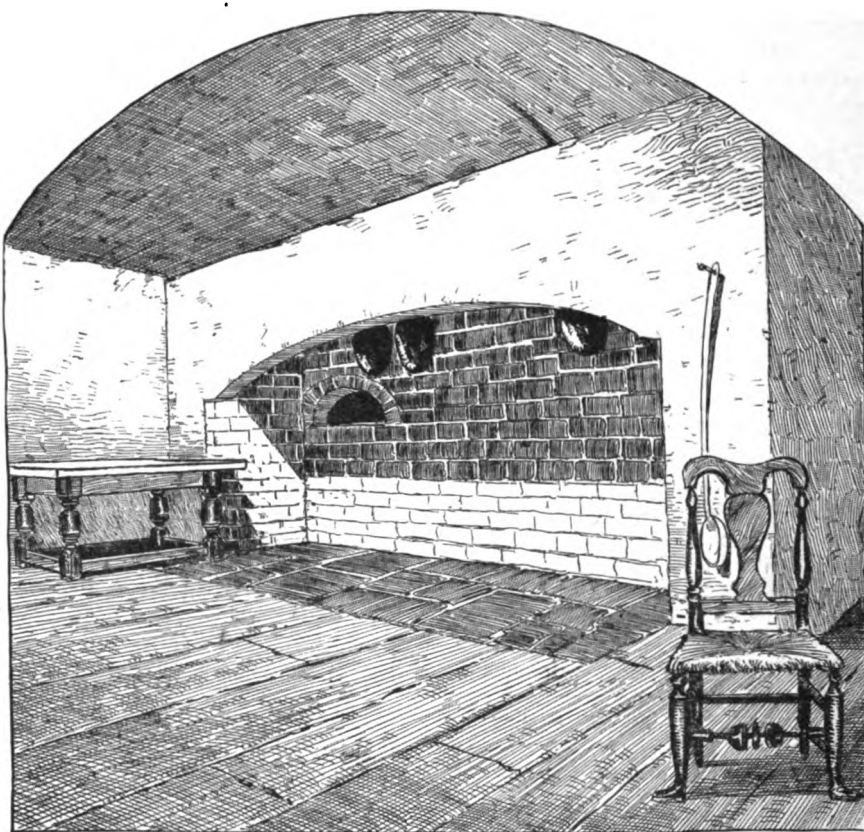
money or the defection of friends—and finally surmising that the two events were logically connected. "It ought not to be that, for although the Guardis live in the gloomy splendor of a *palazzo*, Heaven knows that the count has hardly a *lira* to bestow upon a beggar."

He smiled satirically as he recalled numerous make-shifts by which the family had endeavored to conceal their poverty from guests, but which had overreached the mark, and rendered only too patent their painful lack of desirable funds. Allerton had always regarded these revelations as sacred from even the humorous comments of friendship, but he was in no tender mood at this moment, and he remembered how the count had more than once borrowed a few *lire* of him, on pretext of making change with the gondolier, and had not retained the fact in his patrician memory at any more convenient time.

The young man had discovered, during the chill days of Spring, that little attempt was made to render the frescoed apartments comfortable in temperature; and the *menu* of the family dinner, served in extreme state by an ancient Italian, was far from sumptuous, and not particularly appetizing. Yet it represented a Dives feast compared with his own dinner on this particular evening, which consisted of nothing, pure and simple. Indeed, speaking with exact truth, Edgar Allerton had tasted no food since early morning, and could not have given any satisfactory account of the previous day's rations. For the first time since his complete surrender to art, a willing captive in flowery chains, he was ready to give up, pronounce himself a failure, and return to his American home, where a doting mother and two sisters adored him as a superior being who had already

conquered every adversity, and was on the high-road to fame and subsequent fortune.

But this confession and willingness came too late. Nothing could be more remote than any possibility of returning to his own country at this time. He could sell nothing for a sufficient sum to pay even his passage. He paced the floor trying to meet the situation bravely. No earthly being was aware of his exigency, and he knew of no one before whom he was willing to

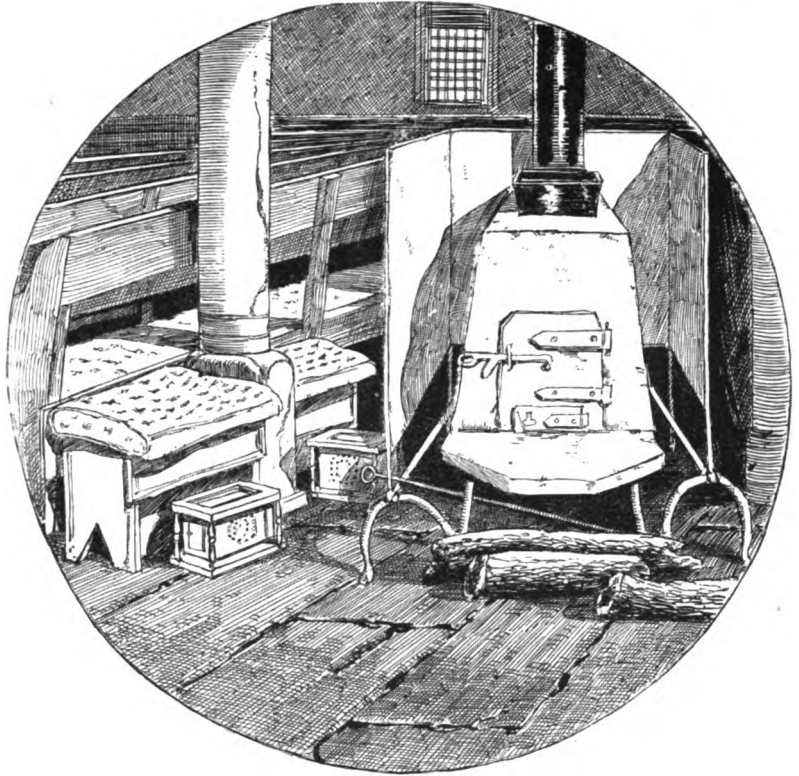


A PICTURESQUE OUTLAW.—KITCHEN FIRE-PLACE IN THE OLD BOWNE MANSION, FLUSHING, L. I.—SEE PAGE 676.

confess himself a beggar. There were numbers of rich Americans of his acquaintance who were throwing money recklessly around among the grasping Venetians, who laughed while they fleeced them; a tithe of the amount wasted daily would have been a munificent loan, indeed, for Allerton; but certain experiences in the line of two or three attempts to borrow of wealthy relatives even a trifling sum for a short time had given him a horror of any similar attempt to save himself from destitution. The world was full of charity—oh, yes! but one must do something quite out of the common to awaken the dormant impulse. Possibly if the impecunious and struggling artist were to throw himself from St. Mark's, or into the Grand Canal, he might, if resuscitated, attract attention and substantial sympathy, but it was too hazardous an experiment in either case. No, he would sit down and wait for that which should be in store for him.

The room grew dim and ghostly, but merry voices and strains of music floated up through the open windows—Venice was gay with the joys of a Summer night. The young man thought, with a pang, of Francesca and the Duke di Buenvento—odious, profligate dandy that he was—at this very moment, perhaps, sitting in the same gondola, looking at the same scene, talking and laughing together; while the count and countess, ostensibly taking part in the conversation, were really saying, secretly, disagreeable things to each other in their charming marital way.

Even these thoughts did not prevent Allerton from succumbing to the exhaustion and falling asleep in his chair. As he slept, a disquieting dream took possession of his mental faculties. The Evil One came and bargained with him—not for his soul, but for his body. In despair, the sleeper was about to sign the fatal compact, when suddenly a tremendous peal of thunder was heard, and the tempter vanished, greatly to his relief. The thunder continued, however, constantly growing louder. Allerton started and opened his eyes. Some one was knocking violently upon his door. Trembling absurdly, he groped his way across the room, half expecting to encounter the unwelcome visitant of his dream. Three times he attempted to light his lamp and failed, while the knocking continued, more vigorous than before. At last he succeeded, and holding the light before him, he threw open the door, his dry lips refusing to utter a word of interrogation. The form upon which the light flared bore no resemblance to the Prince of Darkness—only a plain, rather stout man, in a gray suit, stood upon the threshold.



A PICTURESQUE OUTLAW.—OLD WOOD-STOVE AND FOOT-WARMER IN THE QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE, FLUSHING, L. I.

"*Per Baccho!* your ears are like the dead, signore," he declared, gruffly. "I have worn out my knuckles, and was about to assure Madame Teresa, who was positive of your presence, that her lodger was no longer of the living."

Allerton essayed to speak, but merely stood silent, the lamp yet in his hand. The stranger, without invitation, walked past him into the room.

"You are Signor Allerton, the American artist," said—rather than questioned—the intruder.

Allerton bowed his head.

"I represent Goupil."

These three words sufficed to dispel every vestige of dream-cobwebs from the young man's brain. They electrified him. He was transformed with a vague hope; a new light flamed in his eyes.

"The—the great picture-dealer?"

"Si, signore."

"And—you desire to look at my work?"

"We have already seen it," said the stranger. "Sit, signore; we will talk business, as you call it. I, myself, never talk business standing."

Allerton placed the only chair for his visitor, who sat down and began rolling a cigarette with great coolness. The painter seemed to live an eternity of mingled hope and fear during the moments of suspense, while the man in gray calmly blew thin rings of smoke in dexterous fashion, and with one hand played with presumable coins in his pocket.

"Listen to me, signore," he said, slowly. "I make you one proposition. If it suit you, well. If not"—he shrugged his ample shoulders—"we waste no time arguing. I, myself, as agent of the great M. Goupil, say one thing always. Behind my proposition stands M. Goupil, ready to fulfill every condition—no more, no less."



A PICTURESQUE OUTLAW.—AN OLD ENGLISH KITCHEN CHIMNEY.

"And your proposition?"

"This: we will buy all the worthy pictures Signor Allerton shall paint in twenty years—beginning this day."

"Yes!"

"On the sole condition that Signor Allerton shall paint no pictures to sell to any other dealer or person, for any consideration whatever, during these twenty years."

"Yes!"

"We will pay to Signor Allerton a sum amounting, in American money, to one thousand dollars for the first year, fifteen hundred for the second year, and two thousand dollars yearly thereafter, until the contract shall expire by limitation. And of the first year's payment we will advance one-half—"

"Payable—"

"To-night."

The visitor drew forth a bag of gold and deposited it on the table.

"I await the signor's answer. It must be immediate."

He held out a written contract, with an indifferent air, and took another whiff of his cigarette.

The artist stretched out a trembling hand with feverish haste. He seized the document and held it toward the light.

"I accept!"

The next moment his signature appeared in bold characters on the fateful page.

CHAPTER II.

VENICE was ringing with the name of a rare genius—a new painter, whom sentimental young ladies compared to Raphael or Michael Angelo, or any other artist with a halo around his name which they could conveniently recollect. These young ladies were of course Americans, but his studio was thronged during reception-hours with visitors of every sort, among the more or less cultivated sojourners in the city of the sea. Would-be purchasers came with check-books or bags of gold in hand and offered munificent sums for the pictures which leaned fascinatingly against the easels. Rich dowagers called to arrange for portraits of their daughters, and titled ladies, young and sometimes beautiful, personally solicited the favor of a sitting. The artist and his work had become a craze with the fashionable Venetian world. Critics praised his boldness and originality, although they had something in reserve about his *technique* and atmosphere in landscape work; but all the American residents were unanimous in their opinion of his wonderful genius. From abroad came the story that one of his paintings had been a feature of the London Academy for the peculiar treatment of the subject, and several of his small Venetian scenes had appeared in the Paris Salon. The handsome artist became a lion at every social gathering of importance. Hardly a painter in Venice who did not envy the astonishing American, who had evidently leaped at one bound into the temple of fame amid a shower of gold.

But soon a strange story was retailed in the *salons* of the city. Lady Ashburton had been refused when she attempted to patronize the new artist by a munificent order; and other noble visitors had felt themselves decidedly snubbed by Allerton's quiet rebuff, however persistent their offers of really absurd sums for the smallest specimen from his brush. Fibbs, the wealthy Chicagoan, who had never known what it was to be thwarted in anything, was obliged to confess himself

unable to buy the merest daub in the young man's studio; and as for the painting which had elicited his wife's admiration, neither that nor any duplicate was to be had for love nor money!

The plea of previous engagements and lack of time could hardly suffice to account for this wholesale turning away of titled and moneyed purchasers; and eccentricity would scarcely be allowed to outweigh all considerations of extravagant remuneration.

Rumors from Paris became rife to the effect that the pictures in the Salon had been marked "Sold" from the first, and that numerous others were now on exhibition at Goupil's, and for sale at prices far less than had been offered the artist in his own studio. Edgar Allerton was the mystery of the hour, and notoriety is not infrequently an important adjunct to fame.

"*Santissima!*" cried the Count Guardì, lingering opposite the countess at their grim dinner of state in the moldy *palazzo*; "the signore should be rolling in gold by this time, and yet they say he lives like an ancho-ret! Why did I refuse him when he asked for Francesca, a year ago? I felt sure he was of the poorest, then, and I was ungracious enough, yes! You gave me bad counsel, madame."

"Bad counsel, indeed!" retorted the lady, spearing the last bit of macaroni on her plate. "If Venice were stricken with a plague, or the lagoons were to become swamps, you would say it was my bad counsel!"

"*Santa Maria!* it is bad enough, and we growing poorer every day! But it is not yet hopeless: if he were to ask me again, Francesca should marry him."

"He is too proud to ask again; and Francesca loves him, too, I fear," sighed the countess. "You remember how she cried a year ago; and she grows paler all the time, and will smile on no one."

"That is neither here nor there. A girl's tears are soon dried. But I have an idea. I shall go to the *atelier*, and forgive Signore Allerton for his impertinence, and invite him to dine with us—and you shall do the rest."

The countess became animated.

"Go, by all means!" she entreated. "He must be enormously rich. And it is such a sweet thing to gratify one's daughter!"

"Yes, so easy a thing!"

"But the duke!" suggested the lady, regretfully.

"The duke, madame, has far less property than I imagined, and he is a spendthrift. He would make us no allowance, and would require a dowry. These Americans know nothing of dowries—the best of them are barbarians; but, *Santa Maria!* what long purses they have!"

The count's attitude was positively airy as he threw his shabby cloak over one shoulder and descended the steps. As he entered the gondola he had quite the bearing of a monarch whose possessions were illimitable, and yet he was possibly without a *centime* in his purse. He smiled benignly on the stalwart gondolier, and leaning back, gave himself up to the serene enjoyment of anticipations of a future spent in the company of a grateful and generous son-in-law.

"He is only an American; we will teach him to respect an ancient and noble family. I shall be very condescending. I shall wind him around my little finger!"

The count laughed aloud in the excess of his joy.

Allerton sat in his studio, alone. He now occupied comfortable, and even stylish, apartments; but it was hardly with the air of a contented man that he threw

himself into an easy seat and rested his head on his slender hand. He rose suddenly, and going to one corner of the inner room, lifted the heavy curtain concealing a life-size portrait, and gazed long and earnestly. It was the glowing beauty of the Italian girl, long since faithfully completed from memory, in moments stolen from slumber and needed rest.

It seemed as though a more propitious time could not have been chosen by the Count Guardì for his visit of proposed reconciliation.

Yet Allerton's cheeks paled when his servant announced the noble visitor, and he received him with no sign of joy, but only with the calm politeness which he accorded to every stranger.

The count was proficient in all the polished phraseology and cajolery of his race; he flattered judiciously, and intimated delicately the desire of the countess to again receive the distinguished artist at the *palazzo* as an intimate friend and welcome guest.

Allerton listened, without exhibiting any emotion during the proffering of these excessive courtesies, but when the count came to an end, and awaited his reply, he asked a question, the bluntness of which startled the wily nobleman out of his chair.

"Am I to understand that you now sanction my suit for your daughter's hand, and that you desire to apologize for having turned me away with such scant ceremony a year ago?"

The count fairly tottered back into his seat—he was the most immensely shocked and grieved that the little misunderstanding, long buried in the past, should be retained in the memory of the eminent painter. But if Signor Allerton, who was so delightfully peculiar, insisted upon a direct answer, he would say that his objections to the proposed alliance had been mainly overcome. His daughter—the dearest one—had manifested a decided preference for the American cousin, and he felt it his duty to promote the precious child's happiness before everything else. To be sure, the Guardì family were of most noble and ancient lineage, and serious people might deem it a *mésalliance*; but in the case of a gentleman like Signor Allerton, having such extraordinary fame and such stupendous riches—"

"Stop!" said the young man, with nervous authority; "I love your daughter, and, thank Heaven, she loves me, and has been true to me all these months, although we have spoken but once since you dismissed me from your door. Do not interrupt me—I shall be brief. You think me rich now, but you are mistaken. My paintings hang in the homes of the great; but my income is small. I am bound to paint for Goupil, and Goupil only, for nineteen years to come. Yet I can offer Francesca a true heart and a comfortable home, though an humble one; and she is ready to accept these conditions. As you wish only for the happiness of your daughter, you will not refuse to make us both happy. I swear to protect and cherish her as long as life shall last; and when the time is over and I shall be freed from this contract—then I shall be rich indeed, as well as famous."

The artist held out his hand, and, for the first time during the interview, his face was lit with a smile. It was also the last.

The count sprang to his feet. It was not far; but he towered as high as possible in his rage. For an instant he was speechless, but motion was left him. With all his might he struck the outstretched hand with the palm of his own.

"*Santissime Vergine Maria!*" he cried, with bursting passion. "Beggar! do you mock me?—me, a Guardì,

whose ancestors came of kings? Do you ask for my daughter—you who have sold yourself to Goupil—you, a mere slave, a dauber in cheap paints? Nineteen years! You talk of wealth—in nineteen years! Ha, it is good, it is most laughable!"

He wrapped his cloak about a breast filled with fury, and strode contemptuously out of the studio.

Allerton remained standing, motionless and colorless, the hand the count had struck, hanging as it had fallen, by his side. Then the *portière* was pushed apart, and through the same door-way rushed a woman, heavily veiled beneath the shawl which was thrown over her head, Venetian fashion, and with a suppressed cry flung herself suddenly into the artist's arms.

"Francesca!"

"I heard it all—all!" she sobbed. "I was determined to see you, and I bribed the maid at Madame Vincent's. But I was so frightened to see my father. He brushed by me, too angry to notice me. Oh, Edgardo! what shall we do?"

She threw off her disguise and looked into the face of her lover with pleading, tearful eyes.

The artist, with soothing words, endeavored to reassure the trembling girl, and gently placed her in his easy-chair. Then he advanced into the ante-room, to order his servant to admit no visitors until permitted.

The man looked the perfection of innocence, and, before his employer could speak, begged humbly for the privilege of going out to lunch with a neighbor servant at the corner *café*. Allerton was delighted to dismiss him and secure the outer door. He returned to Francesca in perplexity of mind concerning the mode of extricating her from this most embarrassing situation. He would have been still less at ease if he had known that the discreet valet was even then hastening to the *palazzo* of Count Guardì, with the laudable intention of selling his bit of information for as many *guido* as he could secure.

In the studio the lovers exchanged protestations of constancy after the manner of lovers in distress. Francesca clung to his arm when Allerton would have led her to the door, saying that he would conduct her safely to her home.

"If you send me away I shall never see you again," she moaned, sadly. "I dreamed, only last night—that you were dead."

"Ah, Francesca, I would take you far away, to my home over the sea—but alas! I am bound. I am not free to act my own pleasure. How could I ask you to share the pittance—"

"It would be wealth with you," cried the girl, and then she sobbed against his shoulder.

"We will not be parted," he said, with set face. "I will arrange at once—"

"Hark!" she whispered, shuddering; "a step at the door!"

Allerton sprang forward, but too late. A key turned outside and the door was thrown open. Before him stood the count, his swarthy little face aflame with fierce passion.

"Beggar of an *Americano!* give me my child!"

Allerton interposed himself between the count and Francesca, who crouched, terror-stricken, against the wall; but alertly dodging him, the Italian seized his daughter and compelled her, half fainting, to go with him from the room.

Allerton took a step forward, but was suddenly confronted by the Duke di Buenvento, who stood, smiling evilly, vastly pleased with this melodramatic episode.

He lingered behind, still smiling under his black mustache, to fling a parting shot.

"It is known to us that the *Americanos* are savages," he sneered, "but the Signor Allerton must learn that it is dangerous to kidnap a noble signorina in Venice."

cast headlong from the ante-room, and the door barred behind him.

The little affair was discussed in the fashionable *salons* the next evening. People wondered what would come of it; they believed a duel would follow; some hoped it



"COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD,
FOR THE BLACK BAT, NIGHT, HAS FLOWN."

He blew a cloud of smoke from his *cigaretto* into the artist's face, and turned mockingly on his heel; and now, Allerton, thoroughly aroused, seized him by the collar. A moment's struggle ensued, but the artist had not been a Harvard rower for nothing; the duke's stiletto fell ringing upon the floor, while the duke himself was

would not be prevented—they liked sensational events which did not affect themselves. But there was no duel; singularly enough, the duke did not even challenge the American. Nor did it appear that he hired any Italian *bravo* to waylay Allerton and assassinate him in the dark. The nobleman left for Paris very soon after, and it was



"ONE OF GOUPIL'S."—"HE CAME UPON AN UNEXPECTED SIGHT. BESIDE ALLERTON SAT FRANCESCA, QUIETLY WEeping AFTER A GREAT EMOTION HAD PASSED, BUT STILL FRANCESCA."

Edgar Allerton himself began to realize more fully the latter fact as the months came and went. He had fancied that all comprised in the contract was visible from the very first; he believed nothing more remained to be developed. But as time wore on, every day, now, revealed some fresh horror of servitude; some self-abnegation to be practiced; some bartered birthright; power dependent on riches, lost; and joy to be purchased by wealth, impossible of attainment. He knew now that if he were to win the fame of a Titian or a Correggio, his lot would not be changed an iota; he would still be a slave—one of Goupil's.

"Such a lucky dog!" declared an admiring fellow-artist, who had happened over from Florence, one day. They had sailed across the six miles of lagoon to Torcello, to study its ancient basilica and mosaics, its Greek Church of Santa Fosca, and to enjoy the variety of

rumored that Francesca had been sent to a distant convent.

For a time, Allerton was more than ever an object of interest. Again his studio was thronged with admirers who would gladly have been purchasers. But the artist shrank from a meddlesome curiosity concerning his affairs, and no longer frequented places of social resort. He was a genius and a success; but who cares for a lion who will not come out of his lair?

As the months rolled on, people remembered only that he was morbidly sensitive; he painted furiously; he would sell no pictures, and if you wanted any you must go to Goupil's; for he was simply a workman—one of Goupil's—no more, no less.

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form and color revealed in the wonderful beauty of the ever-changing scenery in all directions.

"Yes, I mean it," he continued, earnestly. "Here you are, secure in the certainty of good fare and lodging, and without a care in the world! You are entirely free from the necessity of painting 'pot-boilers'—that degradation of art which poverty forces upon the struggling artist. Do you suppose I prefer to paint the miserable daubs I produce with such rapidity? But one must live, and one can't worship at one's chosen shrine when the stomach and purse are both empty! I tell you, necessity may be a very good mistress, at times, to spur a lazy lover; but the most favorable condition for work, either in literature or art, is absolute freedom from that carking care which

reduces both body and soul to a state of absolute incompetency."

"Do not use the word 'freedom' when talking to me!" bitterly replied Allerton, his brow contracted with pain. "What have I to do with freedom? I, too, believed like you, and I sold myself for that narrow ease which seemed so essential. But see what I have lost! Look at this unequaled view of the Alps, nothing save the lagoon intervening, the plain reaching to their base, and gaze away to the towering snows of Tofana, Antelao and Pelmo! What a picture I would paint! But can I afford to give away such work as I long to do, on such themes, with all my other pieces during a year, for the paltry sum I receive? No; I must hold all such efforts in reserve till the twenty years are over—I shall need fine subjects then, in order to make my fortune in a hurry;" and he laughed mockingly.

"But your fame will already have been assured," said his friend. "All you will have to do will be to gather in the shekels easily."

Allerton laughed again, without mirth.

"Meanwhile I lose everything that would render life a blessing—even my promised bride," he added, in a low voice of pain.

"Ah, I have not heard—perhaps you would prefer not to say more," delicately suggested the younger man, in sympathetic tones.

Allerton, for the first time, related the story of his love and loss. It was briefly told, and his friend realized the powerlessness of any platitudes he might utter to comfort the artist in his desolation.

They started homeward over the still lagoon. It was too still; they felt oppressed in the breathless, brooding atmosphere. Great masses of cloud rose steadily up from the eastern horizon; the color of the lagoon changed to a delicate green. Suddenly a low, rushing sound, like the whir of invisible wings, smote the ear with a sense of the coming storm. The wary gondolier recognized the not unfamiliar sound, and hastened away to the nearest port.

"The hurricane is upon us," calmly stated Allerton; "but it has no terrors for me."

The next instant, however, he uttered an exclamation of intense emotion.

"Good heavens! Do you see that gondola?"

Mayburn turned in the direction indicated by his companion's staring eyes. The gondola came rapidly nearer, and, caught in a whirling wind, was thrown violently around within a short distance of their own boat. A young girl's face, blanched with sudden fright, appeared to Mayburn to be the object upon which Allerton's gaze was riveted. At that moment she encountered that gaze and threw out her hands beseechingly.

Allerton suddenly became transformed. He sprang to his feet, and breasted the fury of sea and sky like a veritable spirit of the storm. The hurricane tore white foam out of the black lagoon, and tossed the spray high in air.

"Francesca!"

But he cried out in vain; the gondolier pushed rapidly away along shore, out of the narrow line of the storm, and vanished among the smooth waters of the canal.

Their own boat was held back by the changing current of the wind, and swept around to enter the city at a later moment. The clouds were riven, and sailed hurrying off in broken ranks, growing brightly crimson in the sunset's gleam.

Allerton had sunk back, pale and nerveless, into his seat.

"It is—your Francesca!" said Mayburn, his own heart throbbing violently in sympathy; "but those who were with her—were they her mother and—"

"The Duke di Buenvento," said Allerton, rigid and hopeless.

The ensuing morning Mayburn found his friend feverish and altogether out of sorts, and insisted upon taking him off among the beautiful gardens which are to be found even in the Sea City. They strolled down the cool promenades, hardly seeing, yet sensitive to the loveliness around them. Afterward they lingered aimlessly in the vicinity of a church with a venerable *façade*, where a sudden stir in front attracted their attention.

A small procession came out and down the marble steps; it was a white flutter of bridal elegance; but it was hardly a gay scene, if one obtained a good glimpse of the bride's face, which revealed hopeless indifference, if not despair, behind the filmy veil.

Mayburn seized his friend's arm and endeavored to lead him away, but not too soon to prevent the glance of mutual recognition. The bride was hurried away, half fainting; and Mayburn could not tell how he managed to force Allerton back to his apartments. When he had him there, he devoted himself to his mental and physical restoration to a normal condition. To achieve this, however, was beyond his power, except to a superficial extent. Allerton would never again be the Allerton of the past.

"If I could throw myself body and soul into my art, do you see, I might almost forget and be satisfied, despite everything; but how can I paint except mechanically—as a mere machine? If I could bargain away my pictures for the highest price to the most desirable purchaser—don't you know there is a zest in all that? But I am deprived of everything save this dreary, monotonous wielding of the brush. Everything goes, as fast as I can produce it, into one rapacious maw—swallowed up by one indiscriminating house! I have lost my individuality. I have left myself nothing except the power to suffer."

A note which found its way surreptitiously to Allerton's studio, one day, not long after the wedding in church, did not tend to lessen the intensity of his emotion. It had neither the conventional beginning nor ending, but the artist needed nothing more than the simple words he perused with eager eyes:

"Do not think cruelly of me. I was compelled by my parents. The duke had recently fallen heir to a large fortune, and so there was no more peace for me. And it was the only mode of escape from the gloomy convent. Forgive and—no, do not quite forget."

Then a burst of feeling was visible in a little penciled line across the foot of the page:

"Why did you not save me from this?"

Why, indeed? Allerton could have torn his hair and raved like a madman when he thought of it. But it would be in vain—everything was in vain. He did not know how many years he could endure it. He would bear it all as long as human nature could hold out. Perhaps there was a different kind of endurance, of which he had learned nothing. But it did not come to his aid in the time of sorest distress.

Three years longer Allerton struggled on under his double burden. He made his family at home as happy as they could well be in his absence, sending them entertaining letters and generous remittances of money. He had never been communicative, and consequently sought no solace of sympathy at their hands.

It is not many months ago that Mayburn received a letter from Allerton, revealing such despairing pain as only a nature like his could experience. The letter was written from the Italian Riviera, where he had gone to gather new themes for future pictures. But the concluding sentences seemed ominous :

"I have begged to be released from the fatal contract, but without effect. I must go on as I have begun—or not at all. If you never hear from me again, consider it all for the best, and when you return home, go and comfort my mother. She must never know how it has been with me."

Mayburn sprang up when he read the last words, and rushed across the Florentine street as though he would prevent the horror he fancied must have already occurred. He felt impelled to fly to his friend and hold him back from the self-destruction so strongly suggested in the words. He fumed and fretted over the hours which must intervene before he could seize the hand of

the despairing artist and bid him live on—for some one, for something, if not for himself. Would it be too late? He shuddered at the thought.

Hurrying by the next train, Mayburn suddenly found himself among the heart-rending horrors caused by the quivering earth. His journey was finished in a slow-going vehicle procured with difficulty.

Searching amid the ruins of Cervo, he came upon an unexpected sight. It was his friend—pale, haggard, and yet with a gleam of joy irradiating his sunken features. No wonder, for beside him sat Francesca, quietly weeping after a great emotion had passed, but still Francesca.

Allerton grasped Mayburn's hand.

"The earthquake!" he cried, tremulously; "it has buried the duke, but it has *saved* me!"

In those words was comprised a world of meaning, and it did not seem sacrilegious when he took Francesca's hand hopefully in his own.

JOHN BROWN AND HIS MEN,

BEFORE AND AFTER THE RAID ON HARPER'S FERRY, OCTOBER 16TH, 17TH, 18TH, 1859.

BY RICHARD J. HINTON, ONE OF THEIR COMRADES.

"JOHN BROWN was almost six feet high, and slender rather than stout. His body, though not broad in the shoulders, told of unusual strength. The muscles and sinews seemed to be woven with threads of iron. The hair, which had grown gray with years, stood up in a dense mass above the high forehead, which retreated somewhat in its upper part. Two deep furrows, telling of thought and cares, ran down between the bushy eyebrows to the strong, curved (Roman) nose. The large, clear eyes seemed to change color from the intensity of the fire that glowed in them—sometimes they appeared light-blue; sometimes, dark-gray; sometimes, black. When he hastened on with a rapid and remarkably energetic gait, making room for no one that he met, his head would be slightly bent forward and his eyes cast down, as though he were lost in serious thought. But his eyes seemed to pierce to the uttermost depths when he fixed them on a face; and if the enemy was near, they turned restlessly hither and thither, as though no point of the horizon should escape them for even a single moment.

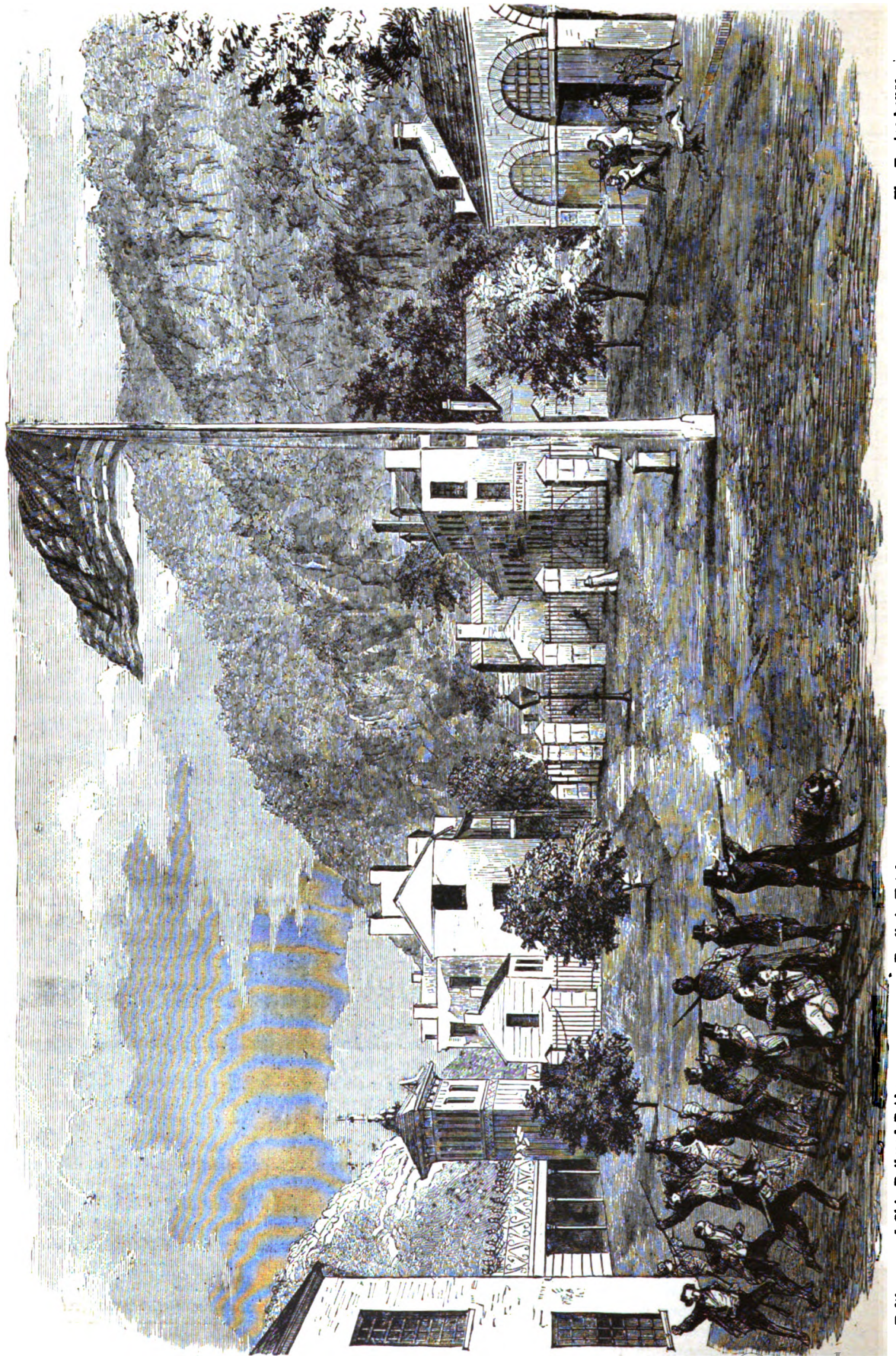
"The man had led a busy and agitated life, but he had never come into public notice. Finding pleasure in his calling, he devoted himself to it quietly but with great activity. He was no dreamer, and not even an enthusiast, in the ordinary sense of the word. An American through and through, nature had formed him for vigorous work, and the vicissitudes of his life had developed his natural inclination to a high degree. The man of flesh and blood led such a life as thousands and thousands of Americans left to shift for themselves, almost from the cradle, still lead to-day; but the man whom God had chosen as a mortal vessel for his immortal spirit led alongside of this life another, of which very few outside of his family circle knew anything, and they had only a faint idea of it. . . . The Brown whom neighbors and friends had known for half a century had bravely tossed about on the stormy sea of American life, but the waters had gone as they had come. That which was to make of him a figure in the world's history lay unnoticed and mostly unknown in the quiet depths of his soul. The deed of his life sprang from a spirit as

guileless, as pure, as true and as unselfish as that of a child; but it was performed by a man whose every fibre had been steeled by the stern discipline of life, and whose inner being was so absolutely ruled by the categorical imperative that his will could neither be broken nor bent. Tender and soft as a girl who nestles in her mother's lap, and yet every inch a man; as ignorant of the power of actual facts as a hermit in the desert, and at the same time wonderfully fitted by nature and training to seize the best chance at first sight under the most difficult circumstances, and to accomplish the most with the smallest means; illogical as a child, and yet following his own path as steadily as the sun; with a horror of fighting, and yet offering up himself and his family in an insane war against the whole nation; so tender-hearted that he stakes and loses his own life and the lives of his followers, of his sons-in-law and sons, merely to save a few strangers from their anxiety lest the train with their relatives should not arrive at the right time, and at the same time so terribly stern that he unconditionally approves a horrible five-fold murder; never excited to revenge even by the worst injustice exercised toward himself and toward those dearest to him, but goaded on to such a rage by the wrong done to the negro slaves that he recklessly transgresses all positive law and only recognizes as binding what he considers to be God's command—such is the portrait of the first man who died by the hand of the executioner for a political crime in the United States."*

These words form a salient portion of a notable judgment of the remarkable personality of the individual who was not only the "first man who died by the hand of the executioner for a political crime in the United States," but the only man so tried, convicted and executed until the executions at Chicago, in November, 1887.

The judgment given of John Brown has been made by a learned and able German author, whose great work on

* JOHN BROWN. By Dr. Hermann von Holst, Professor at the University of Freiburg, in Baden. Edited by Frank Preston Stearns. Boston: Cupples & Hurd, 1889.



The Engine-house.

Foulke's Hotel.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Bridge.

THE BATTLE-GROUND AT HARPER'S FERRY.—FROM THE CONTEMPORANEOUS PICTURE BY THE SPECIAL ARTIST OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

our "Constitutional History" has already been accepted as standard in character, and perhaps surpassing De Toqueville's "Democracy in America" in permanent literature. The American edition and translation is appropriately edited by a son of George L. Stearns, of Boston, whose money it was that furnished nearly all of the arms and other means with which John Brown operated in Kansas, Missouri and Virginia. It was to his elder son that the old Puritan sent his famous autobiographical sketch—a paper which Mr. Emerson afterward declared to be as positive a contribution to American literature as was that of Benjamin Franklin.

The morning of the 17th of October, 1859, was one of startling excitement throughout the United States. Telegrams from Virginia, Maryland and Southern Pennsylvania were printed in all the newspapers, announcing the commencement of a slave insurrection in Virginia. The point of attack was the United States Arsenal and town of Harper's Ferry. The lowest estimate of the attacking force was 600; it run from that figure up to 6,000 men. How great was the alarm can be seen by the following head-lines to some of the current dispatches:

"HARPER'S FERRY.

"Fearful and Exciting Intelligence! Negro Insurrection at Harper's Ferry! Extensive Negro Conspiracy in Virginia and Maryland! Seizure of the United States Arsenal by the Insurrectionists! Arms Taken and Sent into the Interior! The Bridge Fortified and Defended by Cannon! Trains Fired into and Stopped! Several Persons Killed! Telegraph Wires Cut! Contributions Levied on the Citizens! Troops Dispatched against the Insurgents from Washington and Baltimore!"

Such were the first announcements of the famous Harper's Ferry raid. It was soon known that the leader of the raid was Captain John Brown, of Kansas, a prominent Free State fighter. Briefly stated, these were the facts: At 10 p.m. on Sunday night, October 16th, 1859, a party of twenty-three armed men—seventeen of them

white and six of them colored—moved from a little farm near Sandy Hook, Md., five miles above Harper's Ferry, where they had been living (most of them concealed), and entered Harper's Ferry. They seized the railroad bridge; temporarily delayed a train; cut the telegraph-wires; captured the United States Arsenal and other buildings, including Hall's Rifle-works; took watchmen, workmen and citizens prisoners; sent an armed party into the adjoining district to bring in slave recruits, and to capture prominent men to hold as hostages; commenced the

fighting, which lasted until noon of Tuesday, the 18th, when the principals were captured in the United States Engine-house, from which, under John Brown, they had conducted for over thirty hours a defense, remarkable for steadiness and courage, against attacking parties of citizens, State militia and United States marines, sent from Washington, under command of Lieutenant J. B. Green. Colonel Robert E. Lee—then of General Scott's staff—accompanied as aid by Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, was in general command.

During the fighting, five citizens were killed and ten reported wounded. Ten were kept as prisoners in the engine-house. Of the assailing party, eleven were slain, seven in all were captured, two of them—John Brown and Aaron D. Stevens—being badly wounded, and six escaped, two being recaptured. All of

the captured—five whites and two colored—were tried and executed. Two of the men who escaped served in the Union Army and died in the service. Owen Brown, the last survivor, died recently at the age of sixty-four. Besides eleven of the original party killed during the fighting, it is known that six slaves who joined them were slain. Subsequent inquiry leads to the belief that more than that number were killed. This raid was conducted by men who had been trained to a hatred of slavery as an American institution by the violence exercised in Kansas from 1854, in the effort to make that Territory a Slave



JOHN BROWN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN HIS FIFTY-NINTH YEAR.

State. John Brown himself had, as will be shown, conceived and steadily maintained the idea of attacking slavery for thirty years before he made a movement. Of the Harper's Ferry party, five were of his own family or related thereto; ten of them were trained in the Kansas struggle, one was a Canadian, and the other the grandson of a leading New England abolitionist. These were the white men. The six colored men were all fugitive slaves—one being from Canada, one from Massachusetts, three from Ohio, and one from New York. All were originally from Virginia or North Carolina. Of the whites, eleven were New England born, one from Western Pennsylvania, two from Ohio and Iowa and of Quaker stock, one from Canada, of Scotch parentage, and one born in Virginia within thirty miles of Harper's Ferry, of Huguenot ancestry. John Brown himself was born at Torrington, Conn., in 1800, a Puritan of *Mayflower* descent, who had been farmer, tanner and wool merchant by occupation and business. John Henri Kagi, the Virginian, was by profession a lawyer; by occupation, a stenographer and journalist. John E. Cook, born in Connecticut, was college-bred, pursuing no business till he engaged in the raid. So with Francis Jackson Merriam, from Boston, who was possessed of a small independent income. Tidd, Anderson, the Coppes, the Thompsons, Hazlett, Leeman and Taylor were young men who had followed farming and laboring occupations. All were men above average intelligence. All of them had been aroused by pro-slavery aggressions in Kansas. Aaron D. Stevens, of Connecticut, had enlisted, before arriving at manhood, in the Regular Army as a dragoon. He served several years and finally deserted, after having struck his captain, in consequence of the latter somewhat unjustly punishing his (Stevens's) chum. He reached Kansas and settled at Topeka, just as the Free State struggle begun, changing his name to Whipple, under which cognomen he became a well-known Free State fighter. The effect of the raid it will be difficult to fully describe. It may truthfully be said that it angered the South and educated the North. It proved that slavery was an unsafe institution. It clearly showed that the Free States were ready to fulfill their Constitutional obligations, however distasteful. In Virginia the value of slaves was reduced by at least ten million dollars. The cost to the State was not less than a quarter of a million. The simple courage and religious calmness of John Brown and his companions, under trial, sentence, and awaiting execution, aroused a deep admiration where men still revered conviction and honored heroism. The effect of the raid was not only to widen the sectional breach, it served immensely in the intensification of Northern and, perforce, of national sentiment, crystallizing it finally into patriotism. At last, as chattel slavery disappeared with the defeat of secession, the war-song of the nation stirred the people's pulses, as its chorus proclaimed that

"John Brown's soul is marching on."

It will be asked again, as has often been done in the past thirty years, why John Brown attacked Harper's Ferry, what he expected to achieve, and how it was that he swiftly failed. Time has given a long perspective, and events have illumined all the shadows. As one who was by purpose, sympathy and association in full fellowship with the object sought by John Brown, and who had also been intrusted with the full design, the writer will be able, he believes, to make clear the whole movement, and to show that, from the point of view of those who participated in the raid, it was high-

minded, honorable and coherent, however audacious in conception and apparently reckless in execution. It is not for me to make a defense of John Brown's standpoint against slavery. It is enough to say that I fully accepted it.

John Brown, then, was not a raider or marauder; he was not a man animated by passion or perverted by grief. He absolutely believed in a just God, in liberty as His law, and in man's individual responsibility to maintain the same. So believing, he regarded chattel slavery as "organized piracy." He held that the slaveholders had perverted the republican institutions of the United States. With Thomas Jefferson, he could not help mourning for his country, and with De Toqueville, he was unable to see how slavery could be peacefully removed. He became, in his intensely quick, Covenanter way, a participator in the anti-slavery agitation. Himself a born soldier—a Cromwellian Ironside by nature, temperament and conviction—he naturally looked to action, and not to words. As a boy, he was aroused. As a man, he acted. Yet he would have nothing to do with any war that was not for liberty; and when living in Western Pennsylvania, from 1826 to 1835, he paid a fine rather than do militia duty. Even then he was reading all he could of revolutions and military history. He first definitely announced to his wife and elder children his intention of attacking slavery by organized force while living at Akron, O., in 1839, just twenty years before he lost his life in the endeavor. At that date he begun to frame papers and make plans. A most notable fact is that from first to last no one of his family ever denied him support in his great enterprise. The whole of their own lives, up to the day of his death, were molded upon the lines of his unselfish intention. To him were born, as the fruits of his two marriages, nineteen children. Dianthe Lusk was the mother of six children—John, Jr., Jason, Owen, Ruth and Frederick, with one babe, that died with its mother. Of the six, John, Jason and Ruth are still living—the latter two in Pasadena, Cal., where Owen lately died; the other lives at Put-in-Bay Island, Lake Erie, O. Mary Ann Day, as his second wife, bore thirteen children, of whom seven died in childhood, two were slain at Harper's Ferry, and four—Salmon, Anne, Sarah and Ellen—are living in Santa Clara County, Cal. Mrs. Brown died a few years ago. As a fruit of their devotion, the Brown family had three sons, with the father, "killed in the cause of Freedom." John Brown, Jr., and Salmon both served in the Union Army. So did Henry Thompson, husband of Ruth Brown, and he was also severely wounded at Black Jack, Kan. Two brothers of Henry were killed at Harper's Ferry. His sister, Isabella, married Watson Brown.

In 1851, at Springfield, Mass., John Brown formed his first organization. It was known as the "League of Gileadites," and was designed to unite runaways and their friends in resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law. The first sentence in the remarkable "Words of Advice" he wrote gives the key-note: "Nothing so charms the American people as personal bravery." The next illustrates the spirit which led him to Harper's Ferry: "The trial for life of one bold and, to some extent, successful man, for defending his rights in good earnest, would arouse more sympathy throughout the nation than the accumulated wrongs and sufferings of more than three millions of our submissive colored population." There were forty-five adherents in Springfield to the League. At this time Captain Brown was preparing to remove permanently to North Elba, in the Adirondacks, where he also organized

a branch. There was in existence, some years since, an ambrotype picture of John Brown and a colored man taken together. Brown's hand is on the negro's shoulder, who holds a little banneret with the letters S. P. W. on it. They stand for "Subterranean Pass Way," and represent a plan of John Brown for the assistance of fugitives. It was worked out in Ohio, became partially embodied in a movement known as the "League of Liberty," whose head-quarters were at Oberlin, O., and by Captain Brown it was revived and presented to the Convention of Colored Men, held at Chatham, Canada West, in May, 1858. Early in that year Captain Brown was in Detroit. A preliminary conference was held at the house of William Webb, on Congress Street. Frederick Douglass lectured in the city the same night. After the lecture, quite a number of active colored men met at Mr. Webb's dwelling, with John Brown and Mr. Douglass. Among those present were Elder Munroe, Cary, Isaac Shadd, Jean Baptiste, William Lambert and others. Lambert, now a very old man, was an early confidant of the captain, and had known him since 1840. At this conference Captain Brown presented his plans. Douglass opposed them, and Brown grew angry at his criticisms. Douglass said he would give money, if not other direct support. Baptiste wanted more determined measures. He was the anarchist of the party, and thought that to blow up a hundred churches and their congregations on a given day would be best. But Brown's plans were agreed to. From there he proceeded to the East, and held, at Rochester, N. Y., at the house of Frederick Douglass, the conference with Frank B. Sanborn, through which his plans were afterward made known to George L. Stearns, Dr. Howe and others. At this time it is most probable that Gerrit Smith was talked with. His private secretary, Edwin Morton, was most certainly taken into full confidence.

Some dispute has arisen as to whether or not John Brown named Virginia as his point of attack. Many of those with whom he communicated at the time were led to believe or infer that his intentions related only to Kansas and the consequences that, it very naturally appeared, might and would follow the civil strife there existing over the question of slavery.

When the conflict began in that Territory, John Brown's elder children, John, Jr., Jason and Ruth, with their families, Owen and Frederick, unmarried, all of them then residing in Northern Ohio, moved thereto, with cattle, household goods, etc., and taking up Government lands for homes on Pottawatomie Creek, near Osawatimie. They were immediately harassed by the Missourians, and in a short time appealed to their father for aid. Captain Brown knew his time had arrived. He did not go to Kansas as a settler; his elder children did, but he himself, with Salmon and Oliver, went to fight slavery, and to find and organize those who might be of the same mind as himself. It is unnecessary to dwell on the details of that conflict. John Brown soon became the most striking and heroic figure in the turmoil. Ever since he has been hated, deprecated and besmirched by some of the egotists on his own side, whose honors were more evanescent than those that time has showered upon the great Puritan. John Brown's fighting operations demonstrated his superiority. Men all over the North grew to serve him. Finally, there were men in Massachusetts and elsewhere, like Theodore Parker, Samuel G. Howe, George L. Stearns, Judge Russell, Frank B. Sanborn and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who were on John Brown's side. He was aided with means and arms, without question, though by no means largely, except as to George L. Stearns, to "serve the cause of liberty"

as judgment and circumstances might determine. Frank B. Sanborn, his latest biographer, was doubtless the only one of the group who was fully informed, but not until early in 1858. Captain Brown was in Massachusetts, New York and Ohio in the early Winter of 1857. He returned to Kansas in September of that year, and then formed the nucleus of his Harper's Ferry party. At that time he had engaged Hugh Forbes, an English Garibaldian, to train and drill a number of young men.

Captain Brown visited Topeka and Lawrence. He enlisted "Colonel Whipple," as Aaron D. Stevens was called; John Henri Kagi, correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*; C. W. Moffett, George B. Gill, Luke F. Parsons, John Edwin Cook, Richard Realf, George Plummer Tidd, William H. Leeman, Stewart Taylor, Jeremiah G. Anderson and Richard Richardson, the latter a colored man. Owen Brown was already in. These twelve formed the party that wintered at Springdale, Cedar County, Ia. This is a settlement of Quaker farmers. Hugh Forbes was to have joined them there. The Englishman, however, had from the outset misapprehended the movement. Colonel Forbes was gifted almost with genius in training men and organizing insurrectionary warfare. But he evidently had no wish to be engaged in a direct attack on slavery. Besides, it was not in him to understand John Brown. His necessities also worried him. As they could not be met, and he came to get insight into Brown's plans, he naturally revolted. Then he concluded to expose them, and went with his hot temper to public men like Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, Mr. Greeley and others. Finally, he was enabled to return to Europe. In 1860 he was identified with Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition. While in command of Messina, an American newspaper came to hand, attacking him for treachery to John Brown. It destroyed his reputation, and he disappeared almost immediately. I have heard nothing of him since, but desire to say that I cannot believe him to have been deliberately or intentionally treacherous. There were others in Kansas who agreed to join, but who were in 1857 detained by engagements. I was one of them. So also was Colonel Leonhardt and "Charley" Lenhart.

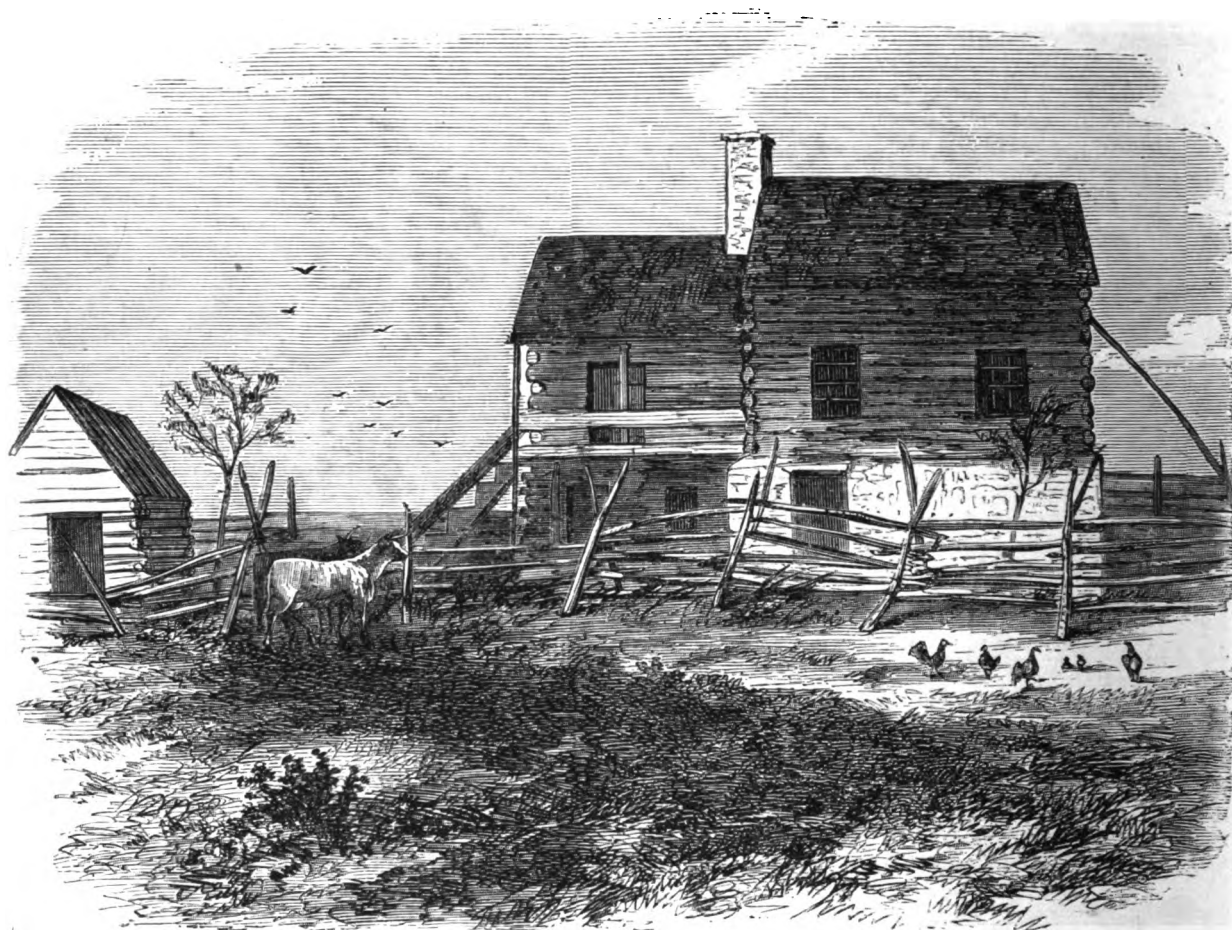
What followed after Forbes's denunciations is of importance. The captain took with him from Iowa to Ohio all of his party.

John Brown then busied himself with the gathering of his famous Chatham Convention, which met on May 8th, 1858. The Rev. William C. Munroe, a colored clergyman, of Detroit, was made Chairman, with John H. Kagi as Secretary. There were present, besides John Brown, these members of his Iowa party: Kagi, Cook, Stevens, Realf, Jeremiah Anderson, Moffett, Gill, Parsons, Owen Brown, Tidd, Stewart Taylor and Richardson. Stevens was still known as Whipple. The balance of the convention consisted of colored men. Among some of them were the well-known Rev. W. C. Munroe, I. D. Shadd, Thomas F. Cary, John A. Thomas and J. H. Harris, the latter of whom is now a leading citizen of North Carolina, and has served several terms in Congress. The convention was in session three days, and adopted the Provisional Constitution for the United States and the Declaration of Independence John Brown had prepared. No President for the Government under it was chosen, but John Brown was elected Commander-in-chief; J. H. Kagi, Secretary of War; Richard Realf, Secretary of State, and George B. Gill, Secretary of the Treasury. J. W. Loguen, of Syracuse, was named for President, but was not present to accept. A League of Liberty, to aid John Brown and his movements, was formed, of which,

at the time of the outbreak, Thomas F. Cary was Chairman, I. D. Shadd and M. F. Bailey, Secretaries, and William Lambert, Treasurer.

The convention having adjourned, the Brown party returned to Cleveland. The printing required was done at the office of the *Provincial Freeman*. From Ohio Gill went back to Iowa, Parsons and Moffett to Kansas, Cook to Harper's Ferry, where he remained, living and marrying at Martinsburg, until Captain Brown came down for the final act. Realf went to England, and was persuaded in New York, while *en route*, to withdraw. He returned some months after, landing in New Orleans, and remaining South until captured as a United States witness, at Tyler, Tex., in December, 1860. Kagi and Jerry Anderson went East with Captain Brown. Whipple, Tidd,

John Brown's Provisional Constitution and Ordinance, as adopted by the Chatham Convention, was indeed a remarkable production. It consisted of a preamble and forty-nine articles of one section each. In the preamble, slavery was declared to have been, "throughout its entire existence in the United States," a "barbarous, unprovoked and unjustifiable series of crimes. It involved the "perpetual imprisonment," "hopeless servitude" or "absolute extermination" of the enslaved. Therefore the latter, and those who were ready to help them, had the right of resistance. In pursuance of that right they framed and adopted this Constitution. It provided for a unique form of government, which no one will deny, on reperusal to-day, was prepared by one who had a very definite idea of what restraints, etc., might be



THE KENNEDY FARM, FIVE MILES ABOVE HARPER'S FERRY.

Taylor, Leeman and Owen Brown remained in Ohio till called again to join. Richardson remained in Canada; he never took any further part. Parsons was persuaded by Colonel William A. Phillips, of Kansas, to retire from it. Gill was reported sick. Moffett was without means to join Captain Brown. I started to do so, after receiving at Leavenworth, Kan., a letter, signed "Isaac Smith," directing me to report in Pennsylvania, for "mining operations," at a day not later than the 26th of October. There are many reasons for believing this to have been the date set. It was the 16th before I could be on hand, and at my destination I received a direction to wait. The next morning the country was alarmed. I could do no good, and, as a stranger from Kansas, would have been under suspicion. Soon after, I made my way to Boston, as a place of safety.

needed in such communities as fighting negro fugitives should form. In brief, a President and Vice-president, Commander-in-chief, Congress of one House, three Secretaries—State, War and Treasury—with a Treasurer and a Supreme Court of five judges, were to be chosen. All were to have a three-years term, except the General. Provisions for trial on impeachment were made. Rigid provisions for obedience, sobriety, industry and military service are found. The crime of rape, like that of spying, was to be punished by death. Non-slave-holders were to be protected; slave-holders to be held as hostages, unless they voluntarily made free their slaves. Funds were to be levied as an act of war, and all jewelry, plate, etc., were to be used, as safety or intelligence might direct, by the General's orders.

Article Forty-six was certainly remarkable. It declared :

THE JEFFERSON COUNTY COURT-HOUSE AND JAIL, AT CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA (NOW WEST VIRGINIA), SCENE OF JOHN BROWN'S TRIAL.—FROM THE CONTEMPORANEOUS PICTURES BY THE SPECIAL ARTIST OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



"The foregoing articles shall not be so construed as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State Government, or of the General Government of the United States, and looks to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to amendment and repeal; and our flag shall be the same that our fathers fought under in the Revolution."

The Constitution was almost entirely of John Brown's conception, rounded and smoothed by Kagi's clever pen and legal knowledge. A perusal of it must illustrate the idea that was in John Brown's mind — viz., that slavery itself was the Constitution-breaker; that having entrenched itself, force was necessary to its overthrow: those who used force were therefore loyal to the real and vital intent, design and ideas of the American Union.

"A Declaration of Liberty by the Representatives of the Slave Population of the United States of America" is another remarkable document, whose composition shows no other brain except that of the simple, intense, severe one of John Brown. It was modeled evidently on the Declaration of Independence. The first paragraph begins with the words, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary," and the second declares, "We hold these truths to be Self-Evident;" and so with each succeeding division of a long document, in which is quaintly but realistically set forth the many terrible reasons which chattel slaves, American or otherwise, in all ages, could find for the arraignment of owners and oppressors. These terms are synonymous, for whoso claims to own a human being has thereby taken the longest and most terrible step to that being's oppression. The quaint style is all of the Puritan character.

As it has often been published, I do not summarize. I recall this document, having once seen it, or a portion thereof. It was in Owen Brown's handwriting, full of the queerest use of capitals and italicized words, while the punctuation-marks were scattered as if sown by a sifter. What has become of it is unknown to me. It was, when found at the Kennedy Farm, where the papers and arms of the party were placed and then captured, pasted on white cloth and rolled upon a round stick, close-tied with a piece of twine. All these papers were carried to Richmond by the State authorities. I have gained no trace of them since the Civil War, and fear they were destroyed. Among the contents of the carpet-bag were at least two letters of my own, signed William Harrison, the name claimed by Albert Hazlett when he was captured in the Cumberland Valley and returned to Virginia by Pennsylvania, with a somewhat indecent regard for legal safeguards. He was first arrested as John E. Cook, then as Albert Hazlett, and turned over at last to the Virginia officers as William Harrison, having in no one instance been properly identified as a participant in the raid.

So much remains obscure of John Brown's actual plan of operations, that it will be necessary to make them clear. Von Holst, in referring to Captain Brown's tenderness of feeling, as evinced by his allowing the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad night train to proceed, because of the passengers pleading that their families would be alarmed, gives one of the immediate causes of disaster. The capture of the watchman on the railroad bridge was a cause of the early alarm excited. The detention of the train was the next and most important, as it involved the fatal act of permitting it to go on, when it soon reached the telegraph, and thus the news of the movement was scattered far and wide. The next delay, and the most fatal one, was in yielding to the appeal of the prisoners not to carry them away. Fire-balls of

tow had been prepared, but were not used, as intended, in the destruction of the bridge, etc. Unquestionably Captain Brown designed to make an early retreat into the mountains, and then raids into the valley below as early as was practicable. I have a theory, based on my knowledge of Captain Brown's health, that his will-force was slightly weakened at the critical moment by the physical effects of severe attacks of fever and ague or congestive chills. But more than all was his strenuous desire to prove to his prisoners, and through them to the country, that he, John Brown, was there as a liberator, and not as a marauder.

John Brown, Jr., confirms by a letter to Kagi, under date of September 8th, 1859, what the latter told me in Kansas, as to its being Captain Brown's plan to begin in the Spring; while Osborne P. Anderson and Barclay Coppoc, the latter in 1860 at North Elba, and former at Washington in 1869, informed me that the attack was precipitated by the growing alarm, in the neighborhood of Sandy Hook, at the presence of so many men at the farm hired by "Isaac Smith." Probably the arrival of Francis J. Merriam, with funds to spend, helped the determination. Mr. Merriam first learned of John Brown's movements through me, as did James Redpath also—as to the actual plan and place, at least. John Brown, Jr., in a civil suit some few years since, testified as to his father's plan of operations. They embraced, he said, "possession by small guerrilla bands of the mountain fastnesses and swamp country of the South as a base of operations; to use these guerrilla bands in making forays upon individual slave-holders, and carrying away such slaves to such strongholds as could be made available; seizing slave-holders and their families as hostages, taking such property belonging to them as could be made available either as subsistence, or in attack or defense; to thus render slave property insecure and, therefore, unprofitable. His forces were to be obtained partly in Canada, partly in the Northern and Western States, but chiefly from such slaves as could be taken and used for such purposes. They were to act upon the first plantation, then reach all the points seized as a base, and then to extend the operations and remove such base. The plan was formed as early as 1836, and made known to some of his associates at that period. It was first determined to put it into execution in the Winter of 1856-57."

In the Summer of 1858, John Henri Kagi said to me, when we sat in sight of Osawatimie, Kan., and he told me of John Brown's design, in reply to my ejaculation, "Great God! we shall all be slain," "Yes, Hinton, I know it; but the result will be worth the sacrifice—slavery will be smashed to pieces." In the scores of letters lying before me, written by the young men who made up that heroic band, there is not a single sentence of doubt or fear, nor is there a word questioning their captain's plan. I have brought these facts together, because Mr. Sanborn, on the authority of George P. Tidd, states that Captain Brown's sons Owen, Oliver and Watson were opposed to capturing Harper's Ferry, and yielded, as they believed, to certain death because their father had decided. Captain Brown undoubtedly anticipated the presence, by early morning, of a number of active and determined negroes from the "Lower Valley." John E. Cook had traversed it thoroughly during many months before the outbreak. A man of most sanguine disposition, free tongue, vivid imagination and the most audacious courage, he doubtless believed what he hoped, and gave to Captain Brown overcolored reports. It is proper to say here, as against John Brown's more recent detractors, that it is not probable that the captain entered Virginia at all,

while making his head-quarters at the Kennedy Farm. His time was fully occupied in completing his preparations, and with journeys on horseback to and from Chambersburg, Pa., some fifty miles distant, where he met Harriet Tubman, Frederick Douglass, Osborne P. Anderson, Frank J. Merriam and others, in the days that impinged upon the startling events he initiated. I speak of this because there is a deliberate effort being made to prove Captain Brown an untruthful man, and especially as accustomed to disgraceful disguises. Returning to Kagi's conversation with myself: Harper's Ferry was mentioned as a point to be seized, but not held, on account of the arsenal (and arms stored therein). The white members of the company were to act as officers of different guerrilla bands which, under the general command of John Brown, were to be composed of Canadian refugees and the Virginia slaves who would join them. It was not anticipated that the first movement would have any other appearance than a slave stampede, or local insurrection at most. The planters would pursue their chattels, and be defeated. The militia would then be called out, and be defeated. It was not intended that the movement should appear to be of large dimensions, but that gradually increasing in magnitude, it should, as it opened, strike terror into the heart of the Slave States by the amount of organization it would exhibit and the strength that it gathered. As to the question of removing slaves, Kagi distinctly told me that the design was, not the extradition of one or a thousand slaves, but their liberation where they were held in bondage. My friend spoke of having marked out a chain of counties extending continuously through the mountains, and into South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. The plan proposed small operations at many different points, striking alarm in every direction. Among the papers captured at the Kennedy Farm were maps marked in such manner as to show the nature of the plans named. Governor Wise informed the United States Senate Committee of Investigation that these maps had been sent to the Governors of the several Southern States. There is reason to believe that Kagi had passed over a considerable portion of the region indicated, which embraced the sections wherein the most slaves could be found, having regard to their proximity to mountains or swamps.

Owen Brown, after his escape, emphasized as well as illustrated the ideas entertained by the party when, on being asked what such a handful expected to accomplish, he took from a table near by a brown earthen bowl, and throwing it on the hearth, smashed it to pieces, saying as he did so: "*Put that together again.*"

The scenes in Virginia, after the defeat of the invasion, form a strange chapter in the history of the Old Dominion. Governor Henry A. Wise, Andrew Hunter, Mr. Boteler, and many other public men, were at the Ferry, gathered around the dead bodies of the assailants, but centring attention on the pierced and bleeding form of the prostrate leader, whose worn features and gray hair were bedraggled and drawn in agony. Yet, with what coolness and self-possession did he meet, as far as his weakness would allow, the eager interrogations to which he was at once subjected! It is to be borne in mind that men of the calibre of Henry A. Wise had no insults to offer the captured foe, in whom, perforce, they were compelled to recognize an heroic, if mistaken, man. But the general crowd were by no means so responsive. It is not to be wondered at that there were evidences on all sides of abject brutality. I have been several times to Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, and gathered many incidents, only to find, to my sur-

prise, that the later years have brought more bitterness to reminiscence and association than did the earlier ones. One thing deserves mention. It is that the few survivors who were, as officials and guards, brought the nearest to John Brown and his men, are still the most outspoken in admiration of their courage and devotion. I must make one exception. Andrew Hunter, then Prosecuting Attorney, has, within two years, published a somewhat rambling review of the Harper's Ferry raid. He leaves no doubt of his still lingering animus, and with a remarkable simplicity gives also a striking picture of the alarm which prevailed. He insists that there were armed forces marching to join John Brown at the time of the latter's beleaguering in the engine-house. He tells of letters being received after the trial, and while the seven prisoners were awaiting execution, which indicated that large numbers in the North were making ready to rescue them.

Mr. Hunter repeats, as a story worthy of belief, that Robert Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, reported that his corporation was asked to furnish transportation for 6,000 men from the North, who desired to be present at the execution of John Brown. No wonder Virginia believed it necessary, after crediting such yarns, to guard the captives with 10,000 militia. Frank Leslie's artist was about the only Northern man known to be present on that fateful 2d of December, though, unknown to the authorities, there was certainly one other there. Mr. Hunter also tells of a warning received from Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. I think I can give him some points thereon. After the opening of 1860, I succeeded in raising some money with which to organize a party in Kansas and elsewhere, having for its purpose the rescue of Stevens and Hazlett, who had just been tried and were to be executed on the 16th of March. I shall not enter on any details of this movement, except to say that some twenty persons, mostly from Kansas, were brought to Harrisburg, and afterward disbanded, mainly because Aaron D. Stevens and Albert Hazlett, awaiting death in Charlestown Jail, sent word to myself and comrades that it was not to be—"Blood enough had been shed, and they were ready to die." The attempt would probably have caused more fighting. Silas Soule, who died in the Union Army, was able in disguise to enter Charlestown, get locked up as an Irishman on a spree, and then communicate with our friends in the jail. In searching for a route by which to retreat, Joseph Gardner, another of the party, talked too freely with a frightened Quaker farmer. It is believed he was Mr. Hunter's informant. That was two months after John Brown's execution; and the whole force was less, as I repeat, than twenty. It was commanded by James Montgomery, of Kansas. Let me say, as one who knew, and who, since 1859, has carefully weighed all the facts, that there never was the smallest possibility of an attempt being made to rescue John Brown. He knew it, but had, as Mr. Hunter's paper shows, a sense of grim humor in leaving that gentleman and others differently impressed. John Brown believed that his death was worth more than his life, if



A JOHN BROWN
PIKE.



OWEN BROWN.



RICHARD REALF.

spared, could then be, to the great cause he had at heart. There was a strange little drama anent that belief enacted in the Virginia court-room, the nature of which Mr. Hunter naively acknowledged, when he said that he pressed the conviction of John Brown with all possible haste. I shall write of it farther on.

The immediate events as to the disposition of prisoners and slain demand some reference. The slaves held back as soon as they saw how the fight was going. But the masters pressed on savagely. I do not say this in criticism, but as a natural fact of the occasion. None of the party every doubted the character of the punishment, or the legal claims that would be enforced on their persons. Owen Brown, Barclay Coppoc and F. J. Merriam were left at the Kennedy Farm to guard the arms and stores,

consisting of 170 Sharp's cavalry carbines, the same number of Allen revolvers, with 950 pikes, 26,000 cartridges, percussion-caps, Sharp's primers, a keg of powder, some tools, a sword, and a small chest of medicines, lint, etc., with the carpet-bag of papers. These things were moved in the morning to a school-house, three-quarters of a mile from the Ferry. The rest of the party marched to the Ferry. Before starting, a council was held, and among other things, Captain Brown addressed them, closing with these words: "And now, gentlemen, let me impress this one thing upon your minds. You all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your life is to your friends. And in remembering that, consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you. Do not, therefore, take the life of any one,



CAPTAIN J. E. COOK.



GEORGE H. HOYT.

if you can possibly avoid it; but if it is necessary to take life in order to save your own, then make sure work of it."

After the arrival at and capture of the Ferry by the twenty men who went there, Osborne P. Anderson is my authority for the details given, though they were confirmed in 1860 by Barclay Coppoc and Frank J. Merriam, when we celebrated the Fourth of July over the grave of Captain Brown. Stevens, Leary and Green returned to the Ferry after the capture of Colonel Washington. No firing occurred on the night of the attack, nor until the early morning of the 17th, when the de-

tention of the night train caused the accidental shooting of Hayward, a colored porter. At sunrise, Tidd, Leeman, Cook, and fourteen slaves who had joined, were sent to the Kennedy Farm, to assist Owen Brown in the removal of the arms. William Thompson was afterward sent, to accelerate the movement. It was not until noon of the 17th that the militia attacked Captain Brown. They met with a warm reception, and the fight soon grew hot. Six of the men were assigned to the arsenal, as many to the rifle-works, and the balance were at the engine-house and the bridge. William Thompson was captured upon attempting to re-enter the works, shot,

Charlestown Jefferson Co Va, 2, Dec, 1859,

Lorn Case Esqr

My Dear Sir

Your most kind

& cheering letter of the 28th Nov is received. Such an outburst of warm hearted sympathy not only for myself; but also for those who have no helper compells me to steal a moment from those allotted me; in which to prepare for my last great change to send you a few words. Such a feeling as you manifest makes you to "shine (in my estimation)" in the midst of this wicked & perverse generation as a light in the world: may you ever prove yourself equal to the high estimate I have placed on you. Pure and undefiled religion before God & the Father is "as I understand it: an active (not a dormant) principle. I do not undertake to direct any more about my children. I leave that now entirely to their excellent Mother from whom I have just parted. I send you my "salutation with my own hands." Remember me to all yours, & my dear friends. Your Friend

John Brown

carried into Foulke's Hotel, then dragged out and thrown over the bridge, where his body was riddled as it lay in the water. Cook was with the three who had been left at the farm and school-house. Hence their escape. Hazlett and O. P. Anderson, after seeing their four companions slain at the arsenal, where they had been stationed, got out by the back and on to the railroad, and thence were able to cross the Shenandoah. A citizen whom they took prisoner declared that at least fifty persons had been killed in the fighting at the rifle-works and arsenal. Captain Brown, with the remains of his party, was then besieged in the engine-house. Hazlett and Anderson were, toward dark on the 17th, pursued by a small body of militia, but by rapid firing drove them away and effected their escape. Kagi was killed at the rifle-works. Copeland was captured there. Three slave men, who fought with them, were killed. Kagi's body lay on a rock for nearly thirty hours, and was during that time, wantonly, almost shot to pieces by the infuriated citizens and soldiers. It was, with others, buried in a shallow grave by the river-bank.

Charles Plummer Tidd, unable to re-enter Harper's Ferry after completing his work at the Kennedy Farm, succeeded in joining Owen Brown's party. With them he made his way to Western Pennsylvania, where he lived till the war broke out. Cook, while seeking food, was recaptured, taken to Virginia, tried there and hung, with Edwin Coppoc, on the 16th of December. Owen Brown and Barclay Coppoc made their way to Northern Ohio, where, in Ashtabula County, John Brown, Jr., with Jason and Ruth and Henry Thompson, were living on small farms. Hazlett and Anderson soon separated. The latter was aided to Canada by colored friends. Merriam was sent to Chambersburg by Owen Brown, and through the aid of a New York *Tribune* correspondent got on a train. A report of his death was sent out, to cover his escape to Canada. Barclay Coppoc remained in Ohio for some months, and then returned to his Iowa home. Richard Realf furnished the funds for his journey. He also gave Tidd some assistance. Behind them, in prison and awaiting execution, were Captain Brown, John E. Cook, Edwin Coppoc, Aaron D. Stevens and Albert Hazlett, with John A. Copeland and Shield Green, colored. I note as an interesting fact, that a brother of Copeland was one of the half-dozen men of color who were commissioned, during the latter part of the Civil War, as military officers. He was, at my instance and Major-general Samuel R. Curtis's request, made a second-lieutenant of artillery, in a light battery raised in Kansas, manned and commanded by colored men.

To illustrate the character of the men engaged, let me quote some few words from letters in my possession, written by them within the shadow of death. John Brown's letters have become almost a part of our current literature. I give a fac-simile of one, never before published, written, by its date, on the morning of his execution. It is probably the last words he ever penned, with the exception only of the significant declaration he wrote, and handed to one of his friends but a few moments before he left the Charlestown Jail for the place of execution. That stern and solemn prediction reads as follows:

"CHARLESTOWN, VA., 2 December, 1859.

"I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done."

I have in my possession, among many other autographs of his family and of the party, a brief letter of farewell sent to me as William Harrison, and received at

Boston on the day of his death. It bears date the 1st of December, 1859. The one which is given on page 701 in fac-simile is dated the 2d of December, as it shows, and was written shortly after Mrs. Brown had taken her last farewell.

John E. Cook, writing to a friend at Springdale, Ia., said, under date of December 15th, that "we struck a blow for the freedom of the slave. we failed, and those who are not already dead must die, and that upon the scaffold. One more day, and the scenes of life for me will close forever. Remember me kindly when I have passed the vale of shadows, where I hope in a few years to meet you."

Edwin Coppoc, writing to his uncle says: "That scaffold has little dread for me; for I honestly believe I am innocent of any crime justifying such punishment. By the taking of my life, Virginia is but hastening on that glorious day when the slave will rejoice in his freedom; when he can say, 'I, too, am a man, and am groaning no more under the yoke of oppression.'"

The letter from which this is taken bears date December 13th, the day before Cook and Coppoc made their attempt to escape. Cook's was written after the failure. And thereby hangs a little series of incidents. One of the youngest and boldest of Kansas Free State fighters in 1855-56 was Charles Lenhart, a printer of about twenty years of age. Cook was one of his closest friends. Lenhart disappeared from Kansas at the time of the Harper's Ferry outbreak. I do not know whether he designed to join it, but I do know that he entered Virginia, after the defeat, posed as a Missourian who hated Brown, obtained work in the office of the *True Democrat* at Charlestown, joined one of the militia companies, and was most active in both denouncing and guarding the "abolition" prisoners. He was able, after Brown's execution, when the vigilance was somewhat relaxed, to communicate with Cook. A plan of escape was arranged. Lenhart was on guard the night on which it was to have been attempted. That day, Mrs. Willard, wife of the Lieutenant-governor of Indiana, and Cook's sister, had taken of him her final leave. Her brother expected she would leave Charlestown at once, but taken ill after the interview, she was compelled to remain overnight. Cook on learning of this declined to make the attempt, being afraid Mrs. Willard might have been accused of complicity. Lenhart on the next night was unable to be on guard, and the prisoners were detected and foiled.

Copeland and Green, the colored men, bore themselves as well as their white comrades, and Copeland's letters to his wife and friends at Oberlin are possessed with the same calm courage as theirs. The two last, Stevens and Hazlett, proved equal to the measure set by their heroic leader and brave associates. In a letter to Mrs. Maxson, of Springdale, Ia., at whose house he and his comrades had remained during the Winter and Spring of 1857-58, under date of February 15th, 1860, Stevens wrote: "My trial is over, and I expect to make my exit from this world on the 16th of March. Whatever my fate may be, I am ready to meet it, trusting all to truth and justice. To die for loving the rights of man is rather hard, but it is sweet to bear."

Albert Hazlett wrote to Dr. Gill, of the same place, just before his trial, that "whatever may be our fate, rest assured that we will not shame our dead companions by a shrinking fear. They have lived and died alike brave men; and I hope we may do the same, and our souls, with no sin of intention upon their robes, may gaze unmoved upon the scaffold and the tomb."

Nothing is more certain than that they all had their

wish in that regard. They met death unmoved, without passion, and in the conviction that their dying was to be fruitful of growth for Liberty.

One more fact and I am done. Andrew Hunter, then Prosecuting Attorney for the County of Jefferson, Virginia, said in an article,* from which I quote, that "when John Brown was first brought out before the examining court, he openly proclaimed that he did not want any trial; that he had acted with his eyes open and ventured upon his expedition;" . . . that he stated, "openly and boldly, that he came for the purpose of putting arms in the hands of the slaves, and inciting them . . . to whatever extent might be necessary to establish their freedom." Again he says, that "certain counsel appeared for Brown from Boston. Immediately after their appearance and a short conference with him, his whole course changed." The Boston "counsel," of whom Mr. Hunter speaks in the plural, consisted of one young gentleman, Mr. George Henry Hoyt, who had arrived, expecting to meet Mr. Chilton, of Washington city, and Mr. Griswold, of Cleveland, O., and with them to act as junior counsel. His real purpose was to serve as a friend to Captain Brown in any messages and service, personal and family, he could render to one whom he and all others considered as a dying man. He arrived at Charlestown, not on "Saturday," November 7th, as Mr. Hunter says, but the day before, November 6th. Mr. Hunter further says, that Captain Brown had previously acquiesced in the appointment by the Court (Judge Parker) of Messrs. Botts & Green as his lawyers. I can give to Mr. Hunter the reason why there was a change in Captain Brown's manner after Hoyt arrived. Let me say, then, that it is untrue that John Brown ever acquiesced in the idea of his speedy trial and execution as an "insurrectionist." To have done so would have been moral and personal ignoring of his own position, and that is one on which a true estimate of his character very largely depends. He held that the slave-holders were in rebellion against the spirit of our laws and the interest of the Union. Besides, he was not a citizen of Virginia, and could not commit treason by an insurrection. Under the then laws of Virginia, the offenders in a slave insurrection could be indicted within five days, immediately tried, and after sentence be executed within three days. It was an attempt to carry out this process that John Brown strenuously resisted. It will be borne in mind that the captain sought to impress upon the minds of his prisoners at the Ferry that he was not there to raid or to plunder, but to liberate. He felt that his motives must be comprehended, in order, if he got off to the mountains, that he might secure the moral force of the feelings that would assuredly be aroused on behalf of the slaves who were seeking their freedom. When he failed and was a prisoner, he felt no less—indeed, even more strongly—the need of setting forth his motives and methods. He never doubted what would be the result to himself. He refused any plea, such as that of insanity, which tended to the saving his own life. But he wanted more time, in order to live long enough to convince the thoughtful and liberty-loving as to what he really desired. The astute leaders on the other side desired him to be convicted and hung as swiftly as possible, so that doubt might always rest upon his name, motives and character. Mr. Hunter says the trial was a fair one. Probably a "short shrift and a bloody one" would then have seemed the fairest to him. Otherwise he is wrong. What I am about to say, as to that trial, is upon the

authority of George Henry Hoyt, as often told to me and others. As far as can be, the statements have been verified by dates and reports of the period.*

On Colonel Hoyt's arrival at Charlestown, Va., in the forenoon of November 6th, he went almost immediately to the court-room. The trial had been in progress for two days. It commenced November 4th (Wednesday). Hardly had he announced himself to the Court, and taken a seat by his client, who lay on a cot in the court-room, when the latter informed him that there was an evident design to convict him and pronounce sentence on the next day, and then execute him by or on the following Wednesday. He was arraigned for treason and inciting insurrection against the State. As he did this, Captain Brown called Hoyt's attention to a paper on the floor, feet-trampled and tobacco-stained. It was picked up, and found to be a brief, or memorandum, written by John Brown for the use or guidance of the Virginia lawyers appointed as his counsel by the judge. It had been contemptuously flung away unused. In this brief, John Brown indicated his wish to have called as witnesses for himself the men whom he had held as prisoners. By their testimony he meant to show what he stated his purposes to be. This was his only aim; this his captors did not desire to have done. When the paper was found, Captain Brown, rising upon his elbow upon the cot, told the Court that he repudiated the Virginian lawyers. He declined their services, and accepted Mr. Hoyt's. [The brief I refer to is probably still in the possession of Colonel Hoyt's widow, who lives at Athol, Mass.] The plea of insanity made by the Virginians was the excuse for rejecting their services. Hoyt then moved for a delay till next day, in order, as he said, to have time to examine the Virginian statutes. The request was somewhat curtly, not to say uncivilly, refused. The trial went on, and shortly after Captain Brown called his young lawyer's attention to the fact that witnesses whom he had asked to be subpoenaed were reported as not to be found, when several of them had been seen in the court-room but a short time before. On this, Hoyt was able to make such a motion and arrangements as compelled the judge to adjourn till the next day. Mr. Hoyt consumed that day in very adroit and slow examinations of witnesses, and it passed without any conclusion. On Monday morning, the presence of Messrs. Chilton and Griswold in the court-room put a different complexion on affairs. Mr. Chilton, a Marylander, was able, from his knowledge of Slave State law, to meet at every turn the purposes of the prosecution. The arguments made destroyed the accusations of treason and insurrection. Finally the sentence of death assumed the ordinary aspect of a capital crime and its punishment. The appeal to the Supreme Court and the thirty days in jail, awaiting execution, became, as it were, a period of illumination. To it was largely due the full recognition of John Brown.

I now close this fragmentary review of a great event with the declaration that I have written frankly and without ill-will. I feel sure that I have written truthfully. There remains much unsaid, for the men who followed John Brown were all worthy of historical description. I may hope, in some other form than this, to present a careful portraiture of their acts and characters.

* That young lawyer afterward became lieutenant-colonel of a Kansas cavalry regiment, Attorney-general of that State, and a State Senator in the Massachusetts Legislature. He died some years since in Athol, Mass.

*New Orleans Times-Democrat, September 5th, 1887.



IN THE EARLY SUMMER DAYS.



THE ORPHANS.

AN ARTIFICIAL FATE.

By CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

PART I.—A MURDER MYSTERY.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

STEPHEN WARD laughed, a long, low, guttural laugh, with nothing of mirth or music in it.

"Your advice?" he exclaimed. "Do you know how unlikely it is that I shall ever ask you for it, or listen to it?"

"That's as you please, as I said before. You're likely to need some one's counsel, though, unless I am greatly mistaken in the powers your life at James Ward's home have given you."

The young man bowed his head on his breast. The

shadow in his eyes deepened; the scowl on his brow grew blacker; the sneer on his lips grew more and more intense.

"I suppose you're right," he admitted, surlily. "You have taken me from the only home I ever knew, and there must be something found in place of it. It was a poor home—a painful one—but—but— Do you know I heard some one say, once, that he thought hell would be better than annihilation? Do you know I agree with him? There was always food enough at Jim Ward's to

keep life in me ; I have had clothing enough to cover my nakedness ; I could find a corner, under the roof which sheltered his horses and oxen, to keep the winds and storms of night away. You've taken all that from me—all—all. What are you going to give me in the place of that ?"

"I'll tell you what I am going to give you in place of it, Stephen Ward," said Horace Gleason, firmly, though slowly, and conscious that what he was saying he would never have power—nor courage—to unsay : "I am going to give you the chance to study and learn, where you please and what you please, under public-school teachers—if you wish, under private tutors—if you prefer ; I am going to dress you as you may choose, giving you the finest and costliest raiment you may select ; I am going to give you money to spend as you may please, and as much as you please, and never ask you where it has gone, nor wh you want more ; I am going to make you learned, rich, powerful, and——"

"Oh, God !" mused the young man, under his breath, and in so low a tone that the keen and trained ears of the detective failed to catch the words ; "he is going to put revenge in my reach ; he is going to make it possible for me to see and enjoy such suffering as I have endured !"

"What is it you are saying ?" demanded Gleason, very sharply.

"I ? Nothing. I was only wondering when you will be ready to answer my question : *Why did you do it ?*"

"I'll not tell you now ; you wouldn't believe me if I did. Suppose you think of it as a way in which I mean to punish——"

"To punish ?" snarled the boy ; "God knows I'm with you, heart and soul, in that !"

Horace Gleason shuddered. His face paled.

"What sort of a being are you ?" he cried. "How does it happen that you have so much fierceness against your kind ?"

"I don't know—not fully. Sometimes I think Jim Ward must be responsible for it, and then I don't know. Sometimes I guess that I inherited it from my father and mother, and——"

"Have you any idea who they were ? Or who either was ?"

"No, sir, I have not," replied Stephen, falling into a respectful form of words, for a moment, and his voice taking on an almost respectful tone ; "that is, I have never had an idea—*until now !*" And his insolence more than balanced and canceled his half-respect of a moment before.

Gleason's face flushed. He saw the pitfalls that would inevitably be found in his future path—some of them. But he had not the will to turn back. Nor had he the desire ; he was beginning to enjoy the situation, much as the soldier enjoys meeting a powerful foe. He was beginning to wonder how long it would be before he would master this fiend to whom he had promised plenty and power.

As Gleason made no answer, the boy continued, after a moment or two of silence :

"It isn't more than five years since I knew Jim Ward is not my father. Before that, I used to wonder why he was so cruel a father to me, why he did not love me, why he did not let me love him. Before that, though, I had something of personal loyalty in my heart for him ; before that, I never wished him dead, and scorned myself because I had not the courage to kill him."

"But that is all over, now ?" suggested Gleason ; "you'll forgive him, now ?"

"Oh, yes," said the boy, "I'll forgive him now—when

I've once squared accounts with him. But let us not talk of him ; I'd rather not think of him unless I'm compelled to. No ; I know nothing of either my father or mother ; *do you ?*"

Horace Gleason shook his head. He said nothing.

A baleful fire burned in the boy's eyes. He said nothing. But Gleason saw the lad's lips fashion a word to which he gave no breath nor voice. The unspoken word was a most unpleasant one—the word "*Liar !*"

"Do you know," asked Stephen, malevolently, "that I'm going to make one or both of those individuals repent in hopeless sorrow for some of their sins—if I ever find them out ? What is my heritage from them ? Hate—hate—reckless and blind hate ! How they must have hated the world, and each other, and me, and God himself ! And I have it all—all ; all the hot, fierce rage that burned in their hearts burns in mine. They have themselves to thank for it, themselves and Jim Ward, if the fire ever breaks out and burns *them !* I hate *them* ; oh, yes, I hate *them !* I hate Jim Ward. I hate almost everything and everybody. I am not sure that I do not hate you. I hate——"

"But Love casts out Hate, and redeems and purifies that which Hate has polluted and perverted," whispered the detective, his tones almost tuned to the key of an agonized pleading ; "and you love—do you not ?"

"I—love ?"

"Yes, you ; do you not love Etta Elveys ?"

The boy's head was forward upon his breast, again, and some strange change seemed to have fallen upon him as he answered. And yet, his answer was a pathetic reference to the past ; he had no confession to make regarding her and his present or future.

"I *loved* Etta Elveys," was what he said.

"And you—you will marry her ?"

"I ? Marry her ? Do you mean—can you——"

"I mean that that is the one hope I have in all I am doing and planning for you. I make it no condition, understand ; you are as free as though I had expressed no wish ; I use no stronger word than *hope !* But—you will marry her, will you not ?"

"I will, if I can," responded Stephen Ward. He held out his hand. It touched that of Horace Gleason. For a half-minute the two hands were clasped warmly together. It was a strange ratification of a remarkable compact. "You—you mentioned punishment, I think ?" asked the boy, dazedly.

"I am not sure. Perhaps I did."

"You did not mean punishment for Etta Elveys ?"

"No, of course not. How can you ask such a question—when you love her ?"

"I—I don't know," faltered the boy ; "I don't know. I loved her ; I'm sure I loved her ; but—now——"

Something good, pure, noble, seemed struggling for place in Ward's face, for part in his life. In the half-expressed emotion, in his eyes and on his lips, Gleason saw more of hope—hope for himself and for Ward—than he had found before. He watched, eagerly, earnestly, with breathless attention, while the feeble flame of possible redemption flickered and flashed in the eyes of the one in whose power he had placed his life and his fortune and his honor. The divine power of Love—the greatest and most godlike of all man's powers for good—was making a mighty struggle for supremacy in the soul of Stephen Ward. Gleason watched the feeble flame, saw it brighten—lessen—brighten—darken—brighten—*fail*—and go out altogether !

"Another time—another day—he will find success," he dared say to himself.

But the boy rose, moved slowly to the door, and stood waiting for a moment.

"Please excuse me," he said, abjectly; "I will not be gone very long. But I wish to be alone a little; I wish to think. Marry Etta Elveys? Marry her? I had rather die than fail doing that. And still—I am not sure whether I love her now, or *hate her!*"

CHAPTER X.

RALPH GRANTLEY'S ERRORS.

BEFORE noon, Stephen Ward was clothed in as fine a suit of clothing as could be found in Riverdell. His feet were incased in neat shoes. The barber had made his hair and his struggling beard presentable. A good hat surmounted his well-shaped head. He had a fine watch and chain. A ring, more valuable than showy, ornamented one of his fingers. And, best of all, so it seemed to him, he had a very liberal sum of money in his pocket.

Mr. Horace Gleason commenced right in giving Stephen Ward the beginning of his "artificial fate," if he meant to cultivate in him a sense of manly and self-respecting responsibility—and had faith that he could do so. He did not buy Stephen's new outfit; he let the young man select it for himself. He was not asked to give advice, and he offered none. What he might have done, had the young man failed to show good taste in the selections he made, is perhaps a question. But, so far as personal attire and appearance were concerned, Ward had undoubtedly been a good observer, had had ideals, and was ready to imitate in good taste.

Mr. Gleason did not pay for what Ward bought; he permitted the young man to do that for himself. He did not even do as many another man might have done: hand Ward the money—with possibly something to spare—in the presence of the man who was to be paid; on the contrary, he took care to have Ward well supplied in advance, and gave him permission to buy unstintedly.

I am not sure that Mr. Gleason could be said to accompany young Ward at all. He exercised no control, manifested no sort of watchfulness. One would have gotten the idea, from looking at the two, that they were friends, on quite an equal footing, and that Gleason was modestly waiting, always in another part of the store, until his friend had made such purchases as he pleased.

The suit of clothes, with the shoes and hat, were purchased at the store of "Grantley & Son." A clerk waited on young Ward; Mr. Grantley conversed with Mr. Gleason.

"That's a fine revolver," said Gleason, pointing at a silver-mounted weapon in a show-case; "will you let me look at it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Grantley, taking it out and handing it to the detective; "and you may have it at a bargain, if you want it; I'll let you have it at exactly what it cost me."

"It seems to be the only one you have?"

"It is. I've never sold many. The people in this vicinity never find much use for them—or never did until Mr. Elveys was killed. Since then, I understand a good many have taken to carrying them—as a protection against a danger which they will probably never meet."

"I presume you go armed?"

"I? No. I never carried a weapon in my life."

"And your clerks—your son?"

Mr. Grantley shook his head emphatically.

"I wouldn't have any one around me who was guilty of such a practice as carrying concealed weapons," he said, positively.

"And yet, you say the custom is getting common here? And you seem to have sold out your stock?"

"I haven't carried any stock. I haven't sold a revolver since Elveys was killed. I haven't ordered one from the dealers. And I'm not going to. Let some one else sell the dangerous things, if they will, if they dare, putting them into the hands of hot-headed boys and grown-up cowards. I simply say I won't do it. Of course I don't want to lose on what I have, but I'd be more than glad to sell this one to you at cost."

"Why?"

"I don't quite like to say. But, if you'll let it be a matter entirely between us, I'll tell you. I've had that revolver, and one other, on hand for a long time. And I fear"—leaning forward until his lips almost touched Gleason's ear, and until his whisper could not have been heard by another person, had one been standing at the very elbow of either—"that the other was used in killing Elveys!"

"How is that?"

"First of all, the ball that killed Elveys fits the weapon that is missing (the weapons were alike, you see, and we've tried the ball in this one)."

"That proves nothing."

"Of course it doesn't. But I wish the ball didn't fit. I wake up, sometimes, from a horrible dream of trying it, praying aloud that it won't fit. But it does."

"How came the test to be made?"

"In the most natural way in the world. 'Had any revolvers been sold lately in Riverdell?' was the question the authorities had to ask. 'No,' was the answer all the dealers had to make; that was the answer I made. And then, I found one of my weapons missing, and that the fatal ball would fit this one—which is almost a perfect fac-simile of the other. Indeed, I think the only difference between the two is in the numbers; you see the number on this one? Well, the missing one was numbered one less."

"You speak of the missing weapon. What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say, and that's the most unpleasant part of the whole affair. I knew that I had seen the two revolvers, lying side by side in the case, within less than a week; I believe it was within a day or two. And I knew I hadn't sold the one that was gone. None of the others had sold it either, so they said."

"It couldn't have been stolen?"

"Hardly, though that seemed the only possible conclusion for a time."

"Your clerks might have been forgetful?"

"True, but we had a check on that. Every time one of them sells anything, a record is made on a slip of paper of the article and the price; this is done, in all cases, even when the sale is strictly a cash one, though you are aware that in a community of this sort a large share of our business is made up of credit transactions. Well, we keep these slips. And, in this case, though I knew I had seen the revolver within a week, we went over the entire accounts for a month. Everything was exact; the books were right; and, as if to assure us that there could have been no writing of a wrong name—no calling a revolver something else—there was no item in all that time that came nearer than within a dollar or two of the price of this weapon."

"And you've got no light on the subject?"

"A glimmer; but not much. Ralph, of course, was busy with matters connected with his sweetheart's bereavement, and I was more or less occupied in that way myself. The clerks did most of the examining of the

books and accounts. Ralph stuck for the theory that we should find the price of the revolver, just that, and no more nor less, associated with the name of some other article, and that it would be wise and safe to assume that some thoughtless person had written down the wrong name."

"And you say you found nothing of the sort?"

"Nothing."

"And then?"

"Well, one evening, Ralph came to me and said he believed *he* sold the revolver himself. He said he'd been haunted with the idea that that was the solution of the problem, for a day or two. He believed he could vaguely remember that some one came in, when he was busy, and asked to see a revolver. It seemed to him as though the person had purchased the weapon, paid him for it, and that he had tucked the money into his pocket, for a minute or two, while he finished whatever he was doing, saying to himself that he would record the transaction and put away the money as soon as he had time."

"And then he forgot it all?"

"It seems so."

"And the time?—the person?"

"His memory fails to help him in either of those directions. He believes that it was not more than a day or two before Mr. Elveys's death, but whether it was in the morning, or at noon, or at night, he cannot say. Nor does he have the least idea whether his customer was young or old—a man or a woman."

"A most remarkable affair indeed. I suppose, if the revolver had been regularly sold, you wouldn't think so much of the matter as you do? Your son's unfortunate mental lapse is the most peculiar feature of the occurrence, is it not?"

"I don't understand you, sir," replied Mr. Grantley, coldly; "you know my son is to marry Etta Elveys, do you not?"

"I have heard it so stated. It is to be hoped that this matter has not been much talked about—for her sake!"

Mr. Grantley flushed, and bit his lip.

"The authorities know of the revolver being missing. At Ralph's suggestion, they have been told no more. I don't know why I've been talking thus freely to you; it may be that your interest and your timely questions have led me on. It may be that I couldn't feel quite honest in selling you this weapon, unless you knew a little of the story of the other. At any rate, I am done. In the interests of the truth, which will come to the surface, sometime, in its own proper way, I must ask you to consider this conversation as confidential, and to respect the whole matter as a gentleman should; in a word, you must be as discreet as I have failed to be. And now"—a sudden suspicion flashing up in his eyes—"do you wish to purchase a revolver?"

"I do, and this suits me much better than any other would. And"—very gravely and solemnly—"I don't see how you could have done less than tell me what you have. Suppose I were to be arrested, charged with the atrocious crime of which some one has been guilty? Suppose the possession of *this* weapon were to be taken as evidence against *me*?"

"But that could never be."

Gleason laughed.

"You can never tell what may happen," he said, very gravely. "Suppose you were to die—or forget? Suppose some one of your clerks were to get it into his head that it was a revolver numbered as this is, instead of one number less, that was stolen? (I guess, Grantley, that 'stolen' is the proper word for us to adopt and

stick to.) Don't you see that I might find myself booked for an unpleasantly prominent part in a tragedy I know nothing of? Don't you see that telling me what you did was only your duty?"

"Yes, I believe I do."

"And now, will you please give me a receipt for the price of this revolver, stating the number in it?"

"Certainly."

"And see here, why not say that the weapon which was found to be missing, after the murder of Mr. Elveys, was the mate of this, but numbered one less?"

"That is right and proper. I'll do it."

The money was paid, the receipt was given, and put carefully away in Gleason's pocket-book.

Stephen Ward had finished buying his clothes. He had returned to that part of the store in which Mr. Grantley and Mr. Gleason were. He was standing just behind the latter.

"I suppose you can engrave my name on this?" asked Mr. Gleason.

Mr. Grantley smiled.

"I can do it after a fashion, I guess," he replied; "it won't be a very elegant job, though. It'll be better than any of them could do, though; Ralph, for instance, is a bungler at this sort of work."

Gleason turned to Ward.

"How would you like this?" he asked. "I'll make you a present of it, if you like, and have your name—"

"For God's sake, no! Mr. Gleason," cried the young man, with what seemed an unnecessary and an unnatural emphasis; "please don't ask me to own anything of that sort."

Horace Gleason remembered the young man's horrified earnestness long afterward.

"I'll keep it for my own, then," he said, quietly; "please engrave the name of Horace Gleason upon it."

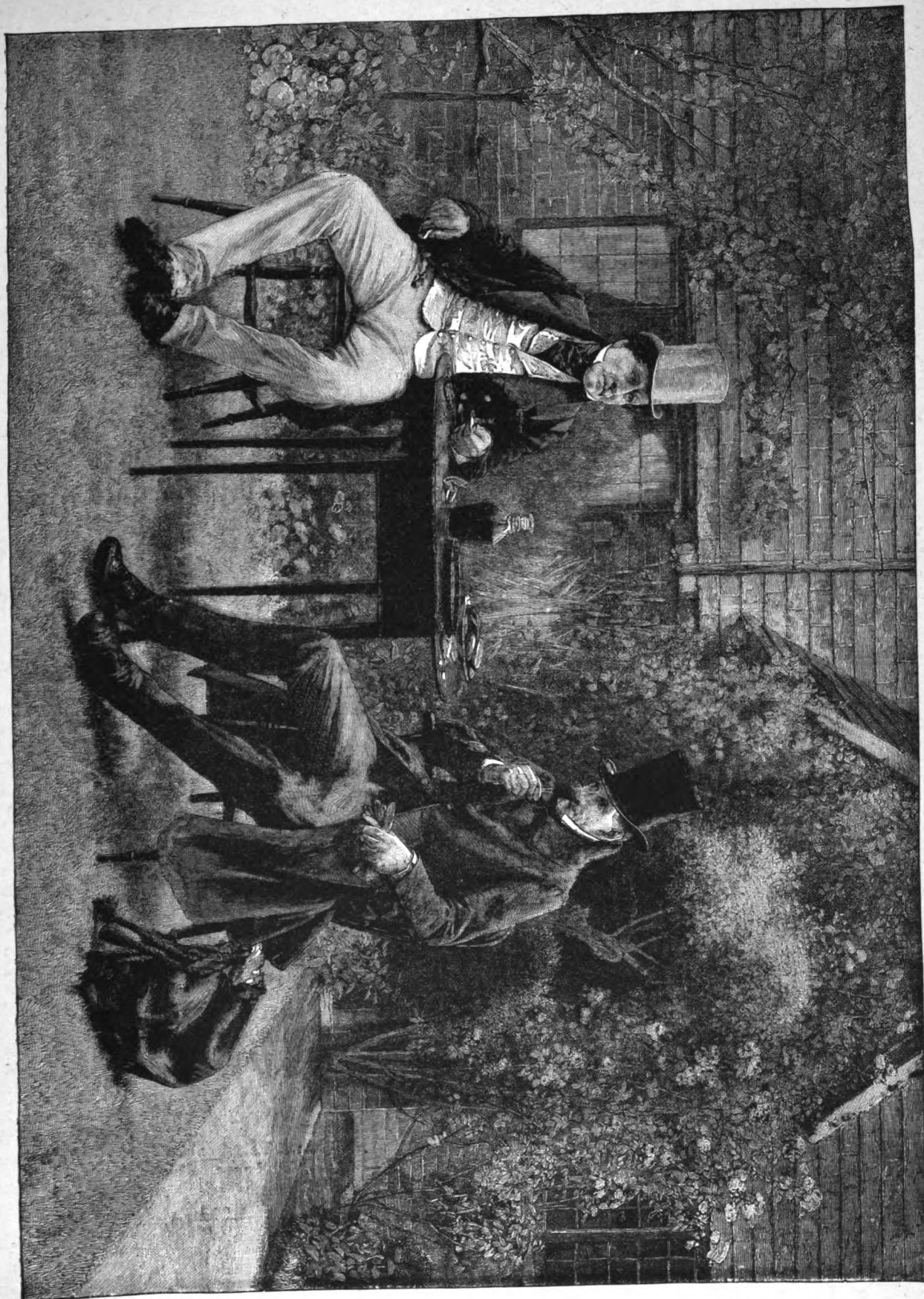
He waited while Mr. Grantley complied with his request; then he and Stephen Ward went out together.

Outside, the man fell a step or two behind the boy. He raised his eyes reverently to the blue depths of the hot Summer sky; for Horace Gleason was a gentleman who was in the habit of thanking the Almighty for his successes.

"God, God," he whispered; "I thank Thee for this day and hour. I thank Thee for this good omen, and this proof that I am doing only my duty regarding Stephen Ward. I would never have guessed that such a thing as this could have happened—never have imagined that so precious a bit of evidence could have come my way. I have the mate to the revolver that Ralph Grantley threw into the river, and I have a most valuable admission regarding it in the handwriting of Ralph Grantley's father. I—I shall not rest satisfied, of course, until I know a motive for this deed; I am too conscientious, hardened detective though I am, to stop short of that. But, John Grantley, careless and foolish John Grantley, I would need go no farther than I have, unless I chose to do so; I could put you on the stand, my talkative friend, and make you send your own son to the gallows!"

And John Grantley, his mind fully at ease again, went about his duties in the store, utterly unguessing what he had done.

Mr. Horace Gleason and Mr. Stephen Ward dined together. The former fully intended to exert himself to make the young man at his ease. He found it entirely unnecessary. The young fellow was a good observer (I think I have already mentioned that fact); he possessed wonderful powers of imitation; and when he



"CORKED,"—FROM THE PAINTING BY W. DENDY SADDLER.

fell into any error regarding any social usage or custom, he allowed his regret to be only slight and momentary. With a little culture, a little polish, a little education, the young gentleman would undoubtedly fit easily and naturally into the new place which had been found for him in the world.

Mr. Gleason spent almost the entire afternoon with Mr. Stephen Ward. They took a ride together, after dinner, in which it somehow happened, quite contrary to the detective's usual custom when he rode with a friend, that his companion took the reins. And so, they rode out of Riverdell on the side opposite the river and the bridge, notwithstanding the fact that Gleason had had a well-formed plan of driving over the river, and out to the scene of the tragedy which had brought him to the village.

If he had taken the reins—if he had driven where he intended—if— But he didn't! So why speculate regarding what might have been?

After the drive, the two men rested for an hour or two. Then they had a walk or two. Then they had supper. It was beginning, by this time, short though his acquaintance with Stephen Ward had been, to seem to Mr. Gleason as though this fellow had an unconquerable desire to be with him, all the time and everywhere—as though he had found a sort of morbid and uncanny liking for him—as though he cherished a childish unwillingness to be alone. Already the fellow began to weigh upon him; already he was wondering whether he should have had dreams about him at night—perhaps that the boy was sitting astride his chest, and keeping the breath out of him; already he was thinking of what years of this sort of thing would be—years, when he felt thus after less than a day of companionship with him. Surely the lad needed a lesson regarding his place and their mutual relations; surely he should have it.

"I have some writing to do this evening," said Mr. Gleason, soon after supper, "and so I'll say good-night. You know where your room is? Very well. I shall see you in the morning."

"If you please, Mr. Gleason, I'd like to come in and sit with you until you are ready to retire. I promise you I'll not interrupt or annoy you, and—"

Mr. Gleason shook his head.

"I want to be alone," he said, "and—"

"I don't understand that," pleaded the boy; "I can't understand it. I don't wish to be alone; I can't bear to be alone. And you said, this morning, that I was free to do as I pleased, and—"

Mr. Gleason smiled at the boy's illogical earnestness.

"I didn't mean that your freedom was to be at the expense of that of any one else," he said, kindly. "I want to be alone, and—"

"And so I must go to my room, must I, and mope until bed-time? Or retire now, and look up into the darkness until sleep comes? Oh, Mr. Gleason, if you would only let—"

"No!" he said, sharply and finally; "you must learn to give to others the freedom which is their right. Go down and talk with your friends; take a walk over the river, and out into the country; do what you please; go where you please; only let me alone."

"Mr. Gleason, if you don't let me stay— *In God's name, Mr. Gleason, please let me stay!* I have no friends, for I hate every one I know; I am getting to hate you—to hate you! And, unless you let me stay—"

But Gleason had firmly, if gently, shut the door in the boy's face. He heard the fellow go stumbling and swearing along the dark passage. He turned to his work,

much less at his ease than he had hoped and expected to be.

* * * * *

Mr. Gleason arose early the next morning—very early. He had not slept well at all. He had dreamt of Stephen Ward, just as he had feared he might; only that, in all the long series of fantastic visions in which his young *protégé* had figured, he had not found just the dream he had feared and fancied might come. He believed they had all been worse than that.

Mr. Gleason was ill at ease. A sense of some impending calamity seemed to hang over him like a pall. He threw open his window, looked out toward the glowing eastern sky, in which the coming sun would soon shine, and a dark bar across the heavens, low down along the horizon, seemed a blot of darkness across his heart and brain—his life—his soul.

What had his dreams been? He could not quite remember one of them. Were they responsible for his present feelings, or was it some earlier event that had brought this most unpleasant mental state upon him? He could not tell. He thought, grimly, of the fact that a physician, if called, would feel his pulse—to *help him locate the cause of a presentiment, forsooth!* He smiled, faintly, as he thought how a doctor would say he had eaten too much, or too late. He wondered just what they would give him—to take away his fear that this morning was not going to usher in, for him, a good day. He thought, as so many others have: "Tricks in all trades excepting ours! Humbug—humbug—" Well, his own life and work had been free, tolerably free, from that sort of thing, so he complacently decided. And—

Confound it! But why couldn't he remember those dreams? In them, so it vaguely seemed to him, he had been sending Stephen Ward down—instead of up, and—and—

Did he believe in presentiments? Why, no, of course not, only— (You know, kind reader, *we* do not—not until we have them.) If he had only said "Yes" to the boy last night, instead of "No." If he had only let him remain with him.

Mr. Gleason went hurriedly down-stairs, and out on to the street. He found Riverdell alive with the excitement of a new sensation—a sensation that sent him hurrying into the hotel, again, and up the stairs to Stephen Ward's room.

He pushed at the door. It was not locked. He silently entered the room, and walked over to the bed and looked down upon the sleeping boy.

One arm, bare to the shoulder, was lying on the coverlet, and the tears filled Gleason's eyes when he saw how thin and poorly nourished it was. On his breast and shoulders, half exposed as they were, were the marks of savage blows—some of them so fresh that they were not yet healed—some so old that one would have doubted it a mind which remembered when and for what they had been given would have room in it for much else. But his face? That seemed to have cast aside something of its burden of pain and woe during the night; it was almost peaceful now; it lacked only a little—some intangible thing—of being handsome. His breast rose and fell, quietly and peacefully; his pulse ebbed and flowed, free from the fever of passion or the cold of fear; he had never slept more calmly—not even in the years when he had not known how sad and sorry a world this would be for him—the years when he had been too young to miss the affection he had never known.

And, while Gleason watched him, the boy awoke. He opened his eyes. He smiled. In his smile there was

that which made the detective turn away his head, sick and faint. What? Who can tell? Who can analyze the flash of emotion which shines, one moment, in eyes which are full of gloom the next?

What? Let me guess, as Gleason did? None can do more.

Brutal satisfaction? Malignant triumph? Cunning concealment? It seemed all that.

No wonder Gleason turned away his head, a doubt in his heart that no short time would satisfy—a regret in his soul that would be eternal.

Jim Ward was drunk on the streets last night, blindly and wildly drunk. He was in no fit condition to attempt to go home alone at midnight, and no thoughtful friend would have allowed him to try it. It wasn't strange, all things considered, that he was found floating in the river this morning, and that some fluttering shreds of his clothing still hung to the bridge, from which he had fallen. His money, except what he had paid for liquor, was all found on his person. No sensible citizen of Riverdell, aware of this man's peculiar and secretive character, would have been likely to have said—or thought—any harsher word than “accident”—or possibly “suicide”—if it hadn't been.

But in Gleason's brain, the weary wonder and the unavailing regret followed each other to and fro: “Would Jim Ward have been found in the river this morning, if I had kept Stephen with me last night? Would to God I had let him remain!”

* * * * *

The next few days passed rapidly, and quite uneventfully, to the residents of Riverdell. Mr. James Ward was buried; Mr. Horace Gleason attended the funeral; Stephen Ward, asked to go as a mourner, absolutely refused to go at all, and rather had the moral support of Black and Gray and White because of so doing, though they would not allow themselves to say so.

“I couldn't do it, Mr. Gleason, I really couldn't,” had been Stephen Ward's statement. “I'm glad he's dead, and I've not yet learned to conceal my sentiments and to mask my feelings. Why, sir, I can remember the time when I hated myself because I was too great a coward to kill him!”

Mr. Gleason spent some time in making preparations for sending Stephen away to school. The young man made his own selection of the place where he would attend—an institution with a most excellent preparatory department, and a very fair college course—and with a well-founded reputation for doing particularly rapid and thorough work in the fundamentals and substantial of an education. The institution was located in the metropolis of the State in which Riverdell was situated, and was probably chosen because of its comparative nearness to that village. Mr. Gleason told Stephen that he should allow him as liberal an allowance as he desired; he would deposit money in one bank in the city in which the young man's school-work was to be done, and in one in Riverdell. He asked Stephen to say how much he would like for the first year, and to set the figure as high as he pleased. Stephen did so, and Mr. Gleason informed him that just double that amount would be placed to his credit.

“I shall wish to hear from you, sometimes,” said Mr. Gleason, “if you find it convenient to write. And I shall write to you as often as you do to me. I shall visit Riverdell, sometimes, and probably drop in on you at your work at the school, when I am in this vicinity. I'll give you my New York address before we part; any letter, or other message, will reach me when sent there. And, if

you ever want to see me, remember you've only to say so; and if you think a few vacation days in New York would give more enjoyment than to spend them all in Riverdell, why, you've only to come on and see me, and I'll do all in my power to make it pleasant for you.”

The regular work of the school to which Stephen was going was to begin in August. Mr. Gleason had enough ready money to furnish him liberally at the start, and promised to see to sending the necessary funds to the banks as soon as he returned to New York. So Stephen decided, and very wisely, that he would not delay his departure from Riverdell for more than a very few days; he would go to the city, secure his boarding-place, procure his books, become acquainted with the professors, and endeavor to get *en rapport* with the spirit of the institution before he actually became a student in it. Mr. Gleason was gratified at the evident interest the youth took in the future opening before him, and predicted great and satisfactory results. Stephen seemed to have forgotten hate and evil, for a little. A wiser man than Horace Gleason might have remembered that some powers, when they have been fully exercised, must lie dormant until time, longer or shorter as the case may be, has fitted them for action again.

Mr. Gleason did not call on Mr. Grantley again; he felt that, after the purchase of the revolver, it was quite unnecessary to do so. Indeed, he tore up his note of introduction to that gentleman—the note Ralph had written—and threw the useless thing away, the very evening after his remarkable interview with him.

Mr. Gleason did not call upon Miss Etta Elveys. It seems, to me, strange that he did not. It sometimes seemed strange to him. He was beginning to wait, with a sort of feverish impatience, the return home of the man he had compelled to make the journey to New York. Surely he had done all that any man could have done in making young Grantley's absence, and his own unsuspected character, of use in the matter he had on hand. He was ready for Grantley to return home—quite ready; he believed he should prefer having that gentleman go with him when he made his first call on Miss Etta; he had no supersensitive ideas of avoiding a gentleman, being unfriendly to him, or feeling constrained while in his presence—not unless he had a better reason than the fact that he meant, in due time, to be instrumental in having him hanged!

Mr. Gleason met Miss Elveys several times, though, of course, he did not speak. Once or twice he raised his hat to her, an act which indexed his natural chivalry toward the sex—an act which was a tribute of affection to the dead Elaine—and an act which made hardly more than a moment's fleeting impression upon her. It was quite the thing, in that small and rural neighborhood, for a gentleman to bow to a lady, when he passed her, whether he knew her or not. Etta Elveys might have looked at this man with interest, at least, if she had known that he was pondering the question of how she and Stephen Ward would look together, in the same home-like and domestic picture, and how much time and money—flattery and persistence—would be needed in order to induce her to try the experiment.

Mr. Gleason rather prided himself on his ability to read thought and feeling in the human face divine. Indeed, Stephen Ward's face was almost the first which had ever baffled him. Had he remembered that it is only when a man sees what he sees—not what he hopes—that his seeing is worth anything to him, he might have done fairly well with Ward. He imagined he did as well with Etta Elveys as he did ill with Stephen, and

I presume he was correct in thinking so. He saw her seldom, he met her casually, he passed her quickly; but he read in her face, or believed he did, a worry which was more recent and more doubtful than her sorrow for her father's death. She was waiting—longing—wondering—regarding Ralph's tardy coming. The detective wondered if he had telegraphed to her, and when, and what; it was a relief to feel that she carried in her face admission of the fact that no name had been given her in connection with the detective her lover had employed. It was a satisfaction to know that no one in Riverdell had the slightest idea regarding his actual business there. Even Stephen Ward, who had been told, was kind enough to think him a liar!

Stephen Ward went to call upon Etta Elveys, one afternoon. Had he asked Gleason's advice that gentleman would probably have offered to go with him—or advised him not to go at all. He would have had in mind, I doubt not, the unwisdom of an early assault in a campaign which is planned to be won by siege. Ward came home in a white passion, and none the less dreadful to see because of the dogged patience that showed from behind and beneath it. He had seen the lady at a window, as he went up to the house, and she had sent her servant with the word that she was "not at home—to him!" Looking into the young fellow's eyes, Gleason was sorely troubled. What was it that Ward had said?—that he didn't know whether he loved the girl now—or hated her? It would be a terrible fate to which to condemn Elaine's child—marriage with a man who hated her! And yet—he believed he had never known a Gleason to start to turn a furrow—and go back.

Mr. Black and Mr. Gray and Mr. White called upon Mr. Gleason. They were pleased to approve of what he had done for Stephen Ward, possibly under the misapprehension that it would result in Riverdell being rid of him, for which kind approval Mr. Gleason expressed himself as being thankful. They offered some advice, which Gleason listened to, and hastened to forget. They hinted their desires to know what his reasons had been, and the bored detective courteously ignored any knowledge of what they wished. It wasn't quite a satisfactory call, on either side, but it gave Mr. Gleason a definite social standing in Riverdell, much to the relief of several individuals who had been uncertain how to regard him.

Stephen Ward did not attend church on Sunday. It was the first time he had remained away since he could remember. He told Mr. Gleason, in tone and language which would have seemed humorous if they had been less earnest and pathetic, that he shouldn't be quite sure that his freedom wasn't a dream until he found he need not listen to a sermon unless he wished to. I fear Mr. Gleason would not have urged Stephen, even if he had been freed from the promise not to give advice when it was not asked. He certainly did not urge him, and I think the reason was that he was quite willing to go alone, hoping that by so doing he might have a seat in the Elveys pew again. I am certain that he did not enjoy the having to sit a half-dozen seats away from Etta Elveys that day, as chanced to be the fact.

And so—time went on. It was still early in the new week, but it was time for Ralph Grantley to come home, this afternoon, if he had made the best use of his time.

Mr. Gleason run over, that day, a list of Ralph Grantley's errors—so far as he knew them. He could have added something to his list if he could have looked into the mind of the impatient man who was almost home, and read the thoughts which were passing there.

"If only Etta hasn't told; if only Etta will not tell," was his mental cry. "The truth might ruin the innocent; the honest in thought and action may find it necessary to take a lie upon his lips to save himself."

No, Ralph Grantley, no; as sure as an omnipotent and all-wise God rules this universe, I tell you *No!* Errors—errors! All of them!

Beyond the harm a man has done himself already, and the harm he must yet meet because of that which he has done, in a universe in which justice is sure and God's watchful power eternal, the truth can never, never hurt nor harm! And, within the boundaries of the realms in which the God of truth rules, a lie's help is a broken reed, a barrier-wall of morning mist, a rope of sand!

CHAPTER XI.

THE WOMAN AT THE BRIDGE.

It threatened rain, the afternoon when Ralph Grantley came home. The detective looked at the clouds and laughed unpleasantly to himself; it reminded him of the night when he had searched the black pool under the Riverdell bridge; this would, undoubtedly, be much such a night as that.

The train was several hours late, so telegrams received in the afternoon stated; it could not be expected until well along in the evening; the exact time when it was likely to arrive was not stated at all.

There were few persons at the station, waiting for the train; why should there be? The threatened rain was beginning to fall. The night was growing darker and darker—if that were possible. No one had any idea that Ralph Grantley was likely to come, that evening, except Mr. Horace Gleason. How could they have? And had they expected his coming, or even been sure of it, would they have been in waiting for him? Why should they be?

Mr. Horace Gleason was there, of course; but he was under pay, you'll remember—though I'm not at all sure that he would have been there, that evening, rather than at his hotel, had he not had an interest in the Elveys murder deeper than the dollar has power to measure.

Mr. Grantley would be glad to see his son, to be sure. It may be that his long absence and silence had annoyed him a little. But home was a comfortable place in which to wait; I don't think Mr. Grantley would have been at the station, even if he had known Ralph was coming. You see, Riverdell had had as many as two shocks since the death of Edwin Elveys, and that tragedy was getting to be an old story. The whole world was moving on about as well without him as it ever had with him—to let any one except the daughter who had loved him so tell how it moved. Besides the woman on whose heart the heaviest blow had fallen—and the man whose hand had given it—who were there to take much thought of anything that happened so very long ago? Oh, no, Mr. John Grantley was not at the station.

Mr. Black was not there.

Mr. Gray was not there.

Rev. White was not there.

Stephen Ward was at the hotel.

Etta Elveys was not—

Oh, yes, *she was!* Etta Elveys was there, sitting in white-faced silence, with a womanly patience, in the little waiting-room. Horace Gleason made a hasty and ill-tempered remark regarding her, under his breath, when he saw her, and wondered whether she expected her lover this evening, or whether she was simply in the habit of coming there whenever the train was due. He—



PAWNSHOP CONTRASTS.— AFTER THE PAINTING BY CARL ZEWEY.

he didn't much care. On the one hand, to come every day was a fact that made the Ward matter less promising; on the other, if she had had word from the fellow, it was going to be next to impossible to manage to have an interview with him without having her delay it—and possibly make a scene. No, he didn't much care which was true. But he must know. He would.

A young fellow employed about the station gave him the desired information—the young lady came regularly every day; she had told him, not a half-hour since, that she was beginning to think some accident had befallen young Mr. Grantley.

The train came within fifteen minutes from that time. Three men got off—two strangers and Mr. Ralph Grantley. They were the only passengers for Riverdell. Mr. Gleason was on the platform, and opposite the front door of the rear car, when the train stopped. Miss Etta Elveys, from her place in the waiting-room, had some distance to go, and was not less than a couple of minutes tardy. I fancy she'd have received a hearty greeting, had she been near when Ralph left the train. As it was, however, he almost stumbled into the arms of the detective as he stepped upon the slippery station-platform.

"Grantley," said the detective, guardedly, taking him by the hand, "I must see you at once, and I don't care to have any one else know you've come until I've had a talk with you. Walk slowly along—here, in this direction. I'll overtake you in a half-minute."

The three persons who had arrived in Riverdell would have impressed one as being exceedingly unsocial. You remember where Grantley got off. Wasn't it strange that one of the others left the train by way of the front door of the second car, and stood loitering upon the platform? Was it not remarkable that the other, now as aimlessly employed as the one I just mentioned, came out of the rear door of the rear car? The latter, as Grantley passed him, in obedience to Gleason's whispered request, looked stolidly and impassively past him—at Gleason. He caught Gleason's slight nod, so slight, indeed, that only a watchful eye would have seen it, and—remained as stolid and impassive as ever!

Gleason hardly stopped, scarcely more than slackened his pace a little, as he came opposite the man at the rear of the train. He did not look at the man who stood there. He scarcely spoke above his breath.

"Signal him on! New York! That's all!" he said.

The train was already moving. The man at the rear raised his hand, slightly, for an instant. The two got on board, and were hurried away.

A moment later, Gleason slipped his hand into Grantley's arm, and they walked leisurely away together.

They didn't look back. If they had—

But they didn't.

And history would be an endless task, either in the writing or the reading, were it necessary to stop and write "If" whenever it would belong on any mile-stone along its road.

"So this is the man he meets?" said Etta Elveys to herself, looking after the detective and her lover; "this is the man he meets? And instead of meeting me? This is the detective, is it? He has been sent, has he, not brought? And he has had more than a week here, has he, while I have waited in suspense, and wondered at silence? This is the way Ralph keeps his word to me, is it? This is the way in which he keeps his telegram-made appointments? This is the way he seeks an early interview and consultation with me? I trust Ralph Grantley fully; I love him wholly, despite what he did

with my dead papa's commands. But I distrust and hate this detective he has hired—this Mr. Gleason, who has lifted that dreadful Stephen Ward out of the appropriate sphere of life in which God had placed him—this gentleman who sent that same wretch to call on me—on me! Yes, I hate Mr. Horace Gleason; I have decided on that, for good and all. I think one might be unwittingly and unwillingly trapped into being a liar in conversation with him. But, I presume he's fitted to do the dirty detective work a case like this necessitates! I've no doubt he's just the man for that! And—I wonder where they're going? Suppose I turn detective for myself, for a time? Suppose I follow them?"

She drew her water-proof cloak closer about her, and quickened her steps a little. She did not dare come very near to them, not near enough to hear a word they said, for fear she should be heard and seen. She simply kept them in sight—two vague and indistinct shapes in the rainy darkness—two blacker blots on the blackness of the night. She felt very brave, did this little woman, and very resolute, and she smiled at the idea of "shadowing" the great detective. If he had known what she was doing, I presume he would have smiled, too!

The two men had exchanged a few sentences in the first few yards of their walk—during the time before Etta Elveys had decided to follow them. It is as well, perhaps, for us to make a record of what was said.

"So you did have me watched, did you?" demanded Grantley, indignantly.

Gleason laughed.

"When did you find it out, my dear fellow?" he asked.

"Find it out? I'm not sure I've found it out at all. Only, I've wondered, half the way home, why those two fellows were always so near me. When I went forward to smoke—they went forward to smoke; and usually one of them would either sit with me, or just behind me. When I went out, at meal-time, for a regular dinner, there they would be, one, at least, at the table with me, and the other a little nearer the door. When the fare at a lunch-counter was to my satisfaction, one would eat at my elbow, while the other walked about on the platform, outside, or munched a sandwich just inside the door. I had a middle berth in the sleeper, of course; these fellows preferred end berths—one in the front and one in the rear. And so I ask you, Were they shadowing me?"

Gleason laughed again.

"I wonder that so keen an intelligence as yours should stoop to ask an answer to that question. Of course they were."

"And why?"

"I'll tell you: because I wanted to make sure of knowing where to find you—if anything happened to prevent your return to Riverdell; because I wanted to be able to know where you'd been and what you'd done while you were away out of my sight."

"But I hired you?"

"Exactly."

"And it couldn't be possible that I——"

"My dear Grantley, the first qualification of a good detective is a mind that admits *anything* as possible—a mind that will not say 'No,' when a connection between the highest character and the lowest crime is suggested—not until he has investigated, and has a reason for his answer. In this case, though, put ordinary prudence as the reason for having a couple of shrewd fellows follow you from New York to Riverdell; put the desire—a natural one on my part, you'll admit—to do as I pleased for a few

days, as the reason I had for sending you back to New York."

By this time the two men were well started on their walk; Etta Elveys had adjusted her gait to theirs, and was following closely. She found her resolution strengthened, when she discovered that they were selecting the darkest and least-frequented streets, and that neither Grantley's home, her home, nor the hotel, was a present objective point in the mind of the detective.

"To do as you pleased for a few days?" repeated Ralph; "I should say so—with a vengeance! What is this mad thing you've been doing regarding Stephen Ward?"

"How do you know I've been doing anything?" demanded the detective, sharply.

"How do I know? Because the matter was considered of importance enough to warrant its being telegraphed to the newspapers. I read quite an account of the young man's luck."

"Ah? Then I needn't explain."

"I say you must explain. I hire you to come on here, to find and punish a criminal. And behold—you pick out the fellow who first found Mr. Elveys dead, and raise him from abject poverty to wealth and honor. I say you must explain. I say you shall!"

"Are you in such a hurry, then? True, Stephen Ward was first at the dead man's side, in the morning. Are you anxious for me to find—find soon—the last one who saw him alive, at night?"

Ralph Grantley winced and shuddered. Horace Gleason could feel his arm tremble beneath the pressure of his hand.

"I—I am cold," he faltered; "cold and tired and hungry. I am shaking as though I had an ague. Let me go home. Let us finish our conversation in the morning."

"It cannot be; I——"

"You are protected from the rain; I am not. I am drenched to the skin. The wet seems freezing the very marrow in my bones. I——"

"You forget that it is July, do you not? You fail to remember that the rain is warm? the night sultry?"

"I can't help it. I am chilled through. I am weak—nervous—unhinged. I—I wish you hadn't seen fit to send those two men from New York with me; I wish you had lied to me, and said my suspicions were unfounded. I tell you I must go home; I tell you I will."

"And I say you must not—shall not. I am going to have a talk with you, before you're bothered and pestered by your friends. No one knows you've returned; no one need know, until morning. And, in the meantime, I'll tell you what I've done here; you want to know, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, I want to know; of course I want to know."

The two men walked on then, though more slowly than before, and for a time in silence. I suppose each was studying how much he should say—and how little; Grantley with his erroneous decisions regarding truth and falsehood uppermost in his mind; Gleason with his professional pride giving challenge to his skill. Etta was following them closer now, more fearlessly now, for the ways they went were darker and darker.

Out of the village, on to the long, high bridge, and on—on—to the farther end of it.

"I can't go any farther," said Ralph Grantley, stopping short, and seemingly smitten with a chill again; "and I won't. Over there—there——"

"Well, over there Edwin Elveys was killed, was he?"

"Yes, and—and——"

"You wish to turn back?"

"I do. I'm utterly unnerved. I couldn't bear to go out there, any farther, in the darkness, and——"

He paused. Etta Elveys had followed so closely, for the last few minutes, that she had heard all that had been said on the bridge. She stood there, now, not sixty feet from them, her heart almost still, her lungs almost breathless. This possibility was something on which she had not counted. Suppose she should be discovered? Suppose they were to see her, as she had seen them? Follow her, as she had followed them? Overtake and speak to her, or even follow her home? What then? Would this night escapade be a pleasant thing to explain to the man who had been hired to hunt down the person who killed her father? Would it be easy to make it understood, as a right and proper thing, by the man whose wife she had promised to be? And—if they turned—they would see her—there was no question of that!

She looked about her, at the bridge—its trusses and its braces. Right here, almost under her, a transverse beam, six inches square, projected from beneath the floor of the bridge, and extended some eight feet beyond the floor and the railing. A heavy iron rod extended from its outer end, diagonally in and up, and was connected to the truss some distance above the railing. The railing was not very high here—not very—and the girl shudderingly wondered whether it was here that Jim Ward went over to his death. A vertical rod extended, here, from the floor of the bridge to the heavy iron-work of the truss, above her head. She had only to climb to the top of the railing, holding by the vertical rod, steady herself by one hand, while she groped and found the slanting rod, and then swing herself off and down—down, until she could touch the wet and slippery beam with her feet. That done, she would have a place where she could crouch and cling, unseen beyond a doubt, while the two men passed her by—the two men she feared, just now—the man her money would pay for his services and his talents, and the man she had promised to marry!

Only that to do? Only that? I tell you, reader mine, you would have shrunk from the feat, even in dry daylight. A slip, a misstep, a false hold, a sudden dizziness—and there was the end! I fancy some criminals would rather stand and be taken than try the doing of it. Etta Elveys, pure and innocent and true, believed the risk a wise one. She had forgotten just how far it was said to be to the water. She was glad she didn't know.

Fortune favored her in her project, so far, at least, as time was concerned.

"Have a cigar?" said the detective to Grantley; "you'll find it soothing to your nerves."

"No," replied the young man, shivering; "I don't think I could enjoy it now."

"You'll excuse me if I light one?"

"Certainly."

And so, while the two men loitered for one to light his cigar, at the expense of several matches and much time, on account of the wet and gusty night—and with their eyes blinded to what was beyond the narrow circle of illumination made by the matches, because of the very brightness which suddenly flashed up close at hand—the girl had time to do the rash thing she contemplated.

She caught the vertical iron rod firmly in her two hands, and—Her hands slipped; her gloves were ruined.

She tried again, and succeeded better. She put her foot on the first horizontal rod of the iron railing—the other on the second—the first one up another step, and on to the third rod—and—her foot slipped off—she hung

only by her hands—her wrists were cruelly wrenched and twisted—her delicate palms were dreadfully cut and lacerated! She cried aloud; she could not help it.

"God!" cried Grantley, shrinking closer to the detective; "did you hear that? It sounded like the cry of a dying man!"

"As you think a man's dying cry would sound, I suppose you mean?" corrected and questioned the detective.

"I—I—to be sure. And I thought it sounded like the voice of an Elveys."

"And I—" But the detective did not finish. Was it the imagination of these two men, playing their senses false, or may two lines of life give so much of their characteristics to the single life which springs from theirs that listeners find, even in the voice, the tones they have known best and longest? Horace Gleason thought the tones of Elaine Vernon thrilled in that cry. But he busied himself with his cigar, and never thought of Etta Elveys.

And she? She did not shriek again. She would have died first!

Once more she climbed up the railing. The rain beat mercilessly upon her face, and chilled her hands cruelly. The wind tore and tugged at her, as though to end her, and this history of hers, together. She reached for the slanting rod, found it, clutched it, and swung herself off from the railing and hung suspended over the pitiless river. She looked down—down—caught sight of the white tops of the waves below, and shuddered; she almost went to them, in that sudden moment of dizzy fear.

She recovered herself, and her good sense. Had she done this same thing, once before, in her girlish days, with an admiring group of her schoolmates looking on and applauding? Or was it some one else who had done it? Or was it an experience she had had in some other age—some other world? She believed she had seen this thing done some time before, or had herself done it. Was it likely so wild an action would have suggested itself to so quiet and sedate and sorrowful a woman as she now felt herself to be, had not memory had something to do with it?

She slipped slowly down—down—ah! how the friction hurt her! How the iron seemed to burn its way into her flesh!

She swung her feet to and fro, hunting for the beam. She found it—slipped from it—recovered her hold upon it, and settled herself in a most cramped and uncomfortable posture, to wait until the men should go by. She little guessed how long her waiting would be.

"The cigar has a vile flavor," complained Gleason, before he had taken a dozen full whiffs—before he had walked a dozen steps—and he tossed it into the river. "Here," he continued, stopping opposite where Etta was hidden, and leaning his back against the railing; "suppose we stop here and say all we have to say. We're safe from intrusion and eavesdroppers here, if we would be anywhere in the world."

"That's true enough," replied Grantley, "though I don't just fancy the place."

He imitated Gleason, by leaning back against the railing of the bridge.

"Why don't you fancy the place?" queried Gleason.

"It's the scene of the most contemptible act I was ever guilty of committing."

"Ah? And a cowardly one?"

"I don't know. Why, yes. I suppose it was."

Grantley and Etta were thinking of the torn letter.

Gleason was thinking of the revolver he had found in the river.

"It's the scene of one man's death, I suppose," said

the detective, slowly and reflectively; "they found Jim Ward down there; and there were scraps of his clothing on the bridge, just here, and——"

"Jim Ward? Is he dead? I hadn't heard that. When did that happen?"

Gleason told him.

"I say, Gleason," cried the young man, impulsively, laying his hand eagerly on the detective's arm; "don't you think Stephen Ward killed him?"

"Every one says it was an accident," replied Gleason, coldly; "Jim Ward was drunk when it happened. You don't like Stephen?"

"I? No. How could I? How could any one?"

"He's had a terrible life; one might pity him, though he did not like him."

"Is that so? I don't know. There used to be rumors, from time to time, that old Jim abused him. I think there was talk of a legal investigation, once, but it blew over or was hushed up. People believed the hints and rumors—and may be the fellow's complaints, too—were exaggerations; they thought it likely he deserved all he got; and if not, why, he was only Stephen Ward!"

"I pity Stephen Ward."

"I should judge so, basing my opinion on what you've done for him. What have you done it for?"

"You must excuse me, Grantley; I decline to tell you."

"Has it anything to do with—with—this Elveys murder?"

"It has as much as this to do with it: I should never have known of the existence of Stephen Ward, if I hadn't come here on this business."

"I wish you hadn't come."

"I sometimes wish so myself. It's too late to think of that, though. When I've once commenced an investigation, I go on until I reach some sort of a conclusion."

"That's all right. But the question now is: Will you let Ward alone? Will you let him return to the level where he belongs?"

"No, sir, I will not."

"If you don't, Gleason, I'll——"

"Easy—easy—young man! You've a nasty temper. You'll be doing something to be ashamed of, one of these days, if you don't learn to control it. You're a fool to threaten. You can't frighten me. And as for harming me—I'll put on the gloves, or take the foils, with you, to-morrow, and show you what I *can* do, and what you *can't*!"

"You'll at least say that what you've done for Ward has nothing to do with the Elveys case?"

"What could it have to do with it? Have you a vivid enough imagination to tell me that? Suggest any possible connection, and I'll do my best to show you your folly."

"Well, then, he loves Etta Elveys."

"Well?"

"And she's my promised wife."

"Well?"

"And I'd like him kept in his place, and——"

Gleason turned on Grantley like a flash. He caught him roughly by the arm. His words came rapidly. They seemed hot with suppressed passion.

"And are you afraid to trust your sweetheart's word?" he demanded. "Are you fearful lest this outcast, starting now, should overtake and pass you? Do you fear to take your chances, praying bravely, *May the best man win*?"

Grantley shook himself from under the restraining hand of the detective. He shivered. But his face was



ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

hot and flushed, and the blood was beating like a torrent in wrist and temple.

"I don't know," he groaned; "that is, of course you're quite right—quite right. I tell you, I'm sick—sick! I have a fever. I have never felt like this in all my life before. I must go home."

"Yes, my dear fellow, you shall go home—in a short time—a very short time. But are there no questions you'd like to ask me first? I supposed you'd like an early and a full report."

"Questions? Yes; I think so. But I don't know what ones. I can't seem to think clearly. What should I ask?"

"Ask me with whom I have talked regarding this matter."

"Why, certainly. That is the very question I've been planning to ask you first of all. I—I suppose you've talked with—with—my father?"

"A little, but in a very general way."

"You used my letter of introduction?"

"No; I destroyed it."

"You told him who you are?"

"My name? Do you mean that? I introduced myself as Horace Gleason."

"And your profession, of course?"

"Of course—*not!*" said the detective, with emphasis; "I did not tell him that."

"Ah?" with a long-drawn breath; "and who then? I suppose Black and Gray and White know all about my business with you—and yours in Riverdell? One cannot do much in Riverdell without their knowledge and approval."

"Indeed? Well, whether I've done much or little is a question for the future; its present consideration is neither here nor there. But what I've done has been without the knowledge or consent of those three worthy gentlemen; not one of them knows I'm a detective."

"And—and Etta Elveys? Does she know? You have talked with her? She has told you—told you—"

"She has told me nothing, if there is anything to tell. I have not talked with her. She does not know my business."

"There is no one, then, and——"

"There is only one."

"And he—she——"

"He is Stephen Ward."

"Ah? And——"

"And he believes me a liar. No, Ralph Grantley, were I to leave Riverdell in the morning, no one would ever guess why I came here."

"And your chief object in coming here alone was to work, for a time, unknown?"

"I have worked for a time, unknown. But, if you want a true answer to your question, I'll give it to you. That was not my reason; you know it was not."

"I can think of only one other; it has haunted me for many long, long days and nights; it is that you suspected *me!* Was that your reason?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you suspect me now?"

"I do."

"And think you have reason for your suspicion?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Grantley, I *know* I have."

"You're frank, to say the least."

"I can afford to be."

"Though we are alone here, and your errand in Riverdell is unknown?"

"Frankly and honestly, Grantley, I like you the better for that suggestion. Some fellows, in your situation,

would have made a sudden assault—and taken their chances. You've been kind enough to put me on my guard, only it happens that I don't need your hint. I'm armed; my weapons are handy; I'm strong enough to handle two like you, the best day you ever saw; I'm quicker than any one can possibly be who hasn't had the practical experience I've had. So, while it's pleasant to think, after what you've said, that you'll not be mad enough to try to shoot me, stab me, or toss me into the river, it is a satisfaction to me to know that you couldn't do it, if you did try."

"You—you—say you have reason—evidence?"

"Yes; quite enough to hang you, Ralph Grantley."

"That's absurd; you're trying to play with me. It is quite impossible that that should be true. And if it were, you wouldn't be telling me; you wouldn't be putting me on my guard."

"As to the quality of my evidence, you shall be allowed to judge of it—after that, a jury may have a chance at it, too, most likely. As for the rest, there are cases where putting a man on his guard can help him none; be sure this is such a case. There are cases in which a full knowledge of the whole evidence against him—in its pitiless perfection—is not a small part of the punishment meted out to a man; be sure that this is such an one."

"But why—why? I am to marry Edwin Elveys's daughter. I am honest—upright—respected; why should I have lowered myself to do a deed like this? Why should I have sold my soul in this way? What price have I had for such a crime?"

"Ralph Grantley, God knows. I do not. Perhaps I never shall. It is not necessary for the law to find the motive, in order to punish the crime which has been proven a fact. I shall not be satisfied until I know why. But, if all legal efforts fail, so may mine. I may never know. God knows."

"And—and—what do you mean to do?"

"I'll tell you, Ralph Grantley; I've brought you out here to tell you. I'm going to give you one chance, and only one; you needn't ask me why, for I'll not tell you. Remain here, appear on the streets in the morning, mingle with your friends and family, and I'll have you under arrest before noon. I'll go to Etta Elveys, and tell her that which will keep her from visiting you at the jail in which you await trial. I'll go to Black and Gray and White, and I'll have them pitted against you within an hour. I'll go to your own home, and your own father shall admit that you are red-handed. I'll——"

"But the alternative, Mr. Gleason," hoarsely asked the stricken man; "what is the chance you promised?"

"That you go away; that you hide yourself from your family and your friends; that you become unknown and forgotten."

"And if I do?"

"Then I keep my evidence to myself."

"Forever?"

"No! While I please!"

"And why? why?"

"Questions are useless. I told you I should not tell."

The young man raised his head, proudly; a load of some sort seemed to have rolled from his shoulders; he had feared that the detective suspected him—and he had trembled; now he knew it—and he smiled. Men may face Death bravely, standing in his very presence, who tremble at his name!

"Innocence should find a way to prove itself," he said.

"True," answered Gleason; "if you are innocent—stay!"

"But time—years—might establish truth, when a little time would leave error triumphant."

"You may assign any reason you please for going," said Gleason, coldly; "I imposed no such severe condition as that you should say why you go. You have only to go. That is all."

"I will never—never go."

"As you please. Shall I go on, now, and tell you the evidence? Or will you wait until you are given your preliminary examination?"

"I'll hear it now, by all means. And, if you'd kindly find a motive——"

"With your permission, I'll try."

"In what way?"

"By asking you a few questions."

"Very well; ask them."

Very well? Is it very well, Ralph Grantley? Once more you have a chance to tell the truth, and so save for yourself something from the wreck which is coming. Once more you have a chance to do what should have been done long ago—to say what should have been said long, long ago. Ah! Ralph Grantley, you cannot guess how eagerly the ear of the woman at the bridge is listening to catch every word; you do not know—you cannot know—that the possible horror of long years of silence hangs on the issues of the next few moments, depends on whether you tell the plain and straightforward truth—or fail to tell it! You do not know that Etta Elveys is waiting—watching—hoping—and that fear has not yet entered into her pure soul. You do not know that she is ready to draw herself up, spring over the railing between you two—as she would leap any obstacle between you, in whose placing you had had no part—and put her arms around your neck, in spite of what Horace Gleason may think or say or do—if you only tell the truth!

Did you not say, sometime, that innocence will find a way out of any difficulties? Did you not believe it?

And do you not know, when the worst comes to the worst, that men's laws and men's vengeance can put no disgrace on the soul in whose case they have fallen into error? Is not the future—beyond the grave—as real to you as the scenes of this sorry world are? And do you not know that not even the hangman's cunning can kill the soul?

If you are innocent, Ralph Grantley, be wise; take your chances against all the powers that Gleason can gather or the law levy. You know that God's eye is upon you—that His ear ever listens; speak in that knowledge; speak as frankly and truthfully as you would—not daring to do otherwise—if you only knew Etta Elveys was just at your elbow! Oh, Ralph Grantley, Ralph Grantley, between any two roads, at the parting of which you now stand, the choice which loses you Etta Elveys is the unwise one; you had better, far better, take one which would lead you up the gallows stair—if you can have the eyes of the woman at the bridge lighting you all the way!

(To be continued.)

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S DEBTS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD was a poor man all his life, for the reason that, until shortly before his death, he had never paid off his early liabilities. The fortune left him by Mr. Brydges Williams cleared them off, and he paid every penny he owed. Lady Beaconsfield's fortune was hers only for her life, and she was not able to leave him anything of importance; but in the early part of his married life she assisted him with his election expenses, and except for his marriage, the probability is he could never

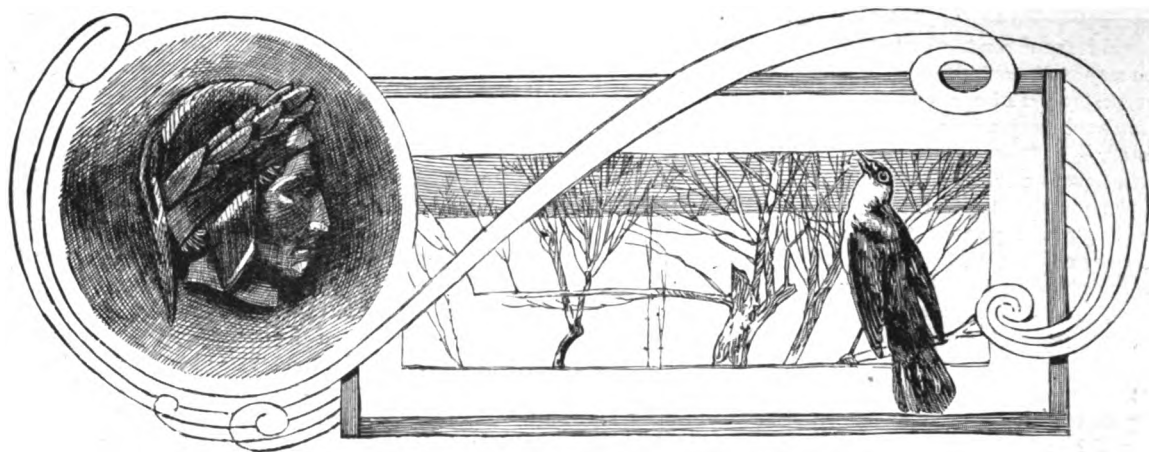
have stemmed the tide of money difficulties which always hampered him.

In the first days of their friendship Lady Beaconsfield must have helped him largely, for a very circumstantial story was told by the Conservative agent at Maidstone, for which place Lord Beaconsfield sat—that at his first election, when things looked bad for the Conservative candidate, and the Liberals were spending their money freely, Mr. Disraeli came into the garden behind the Star Hotel, the Conservative head-quarters, and throwing himself down on the grass, declared that he should be beaten, and that if so, his career was over, and he was ruined. Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, who was sitting there, attempted to cheer him and raise his hopes; but finding that course unsuccessful, she took the Conservative agent aside and, giving him a large sum of money, said, "Spend that, and more if you want it—all that is necessary; but Mr. Disraeli *must* be returned." Mr. Disraeli was returned by a large majority, and, if the truth were known, no doubt Mrs. Wyndham Lewis paid still more highly for the privilege of getting him in.

DICKENS'S MEDDLESOME FRIEND.

It is hard to understand how Dickens put up with Forster. The great novelist was a good man of business, even before he came in for the inestimable privilege of Forster's guidance; but after the "h'arbitrary" person took him in charge, he was always treated as a more or less helpless infant, and he accepted the situation with a comical patience that was all his own. Forster interfered in Dickens's literary affairs, in his monetary affairs, in his business affairs, in the minutest of his social affairs, and, most of all, in his family affairs. How the incubus was endured none can tell. Sometimes Dickens kicked, and told his mentor some very salutary truths; there then ensued a quarrel of some duration, and a good deal of verbal sparring by no means light in character; but in the end Dickens's real esteem for his bearish friend's sterling character always caused him to relapse into amused tolerance.

One example of Forster's colossal capacity for meddling would be reckoned as incredible, had not so many people been present when the "h'arbitrary" philosopher made an exhibition of himself. At a somewhat large dinner-party, Dickens happened to mention that he had five children. The meddler could not resist the chance, so he shouted, "No, you have not! You know you are wrong by one. You have only four living." This tremendous piece of impudence was doubtless uttered with a purpose; it meant, "You may think that there are some matters which you can decide without my assistance, but I assure you that you are quite wrong." Dickens smiled and said, mildly, "My dear Forster, you must really allow me to know something on that point!" We should think so, and we should have thought that the polite astonishment of the assembled guests might have curbed the exuberance of the ineffable meddler; but he seems to have gone on gayly to the bitter end; and he closed the proceedings by writing a biography of Dickens which may be better described as "The Autobiography of John Forster, with Incidental References to Charles Dickens." So strongly did this most heroic of meddlers wish to thrust himself forward, that he compelled those who loved Charles Dickens to publish a collection of beautiful letters which proved that our great man did not depend, as it were, for the breath of life upon the active and commanding Forster.



A BALLADE OF JUNE ROSES.

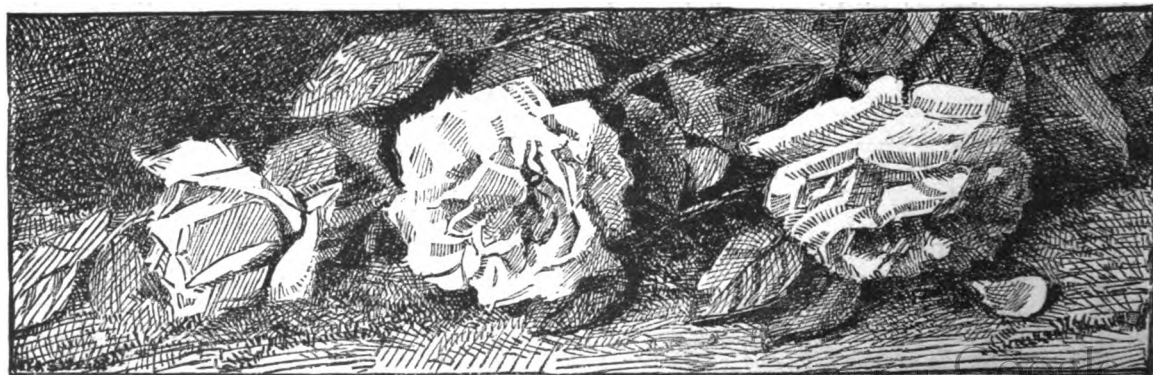
Roses are climbing, roses are clinging,
 Over the trellis they twine and try,
 Tendril and bud and blossom are swinging—
 Swinging slow as the soft winds sigh,
 Breathing sweets as the breeze blows by;
 And swaying tree-tops are crooning a tune,
 And the gold-green leafage is tossing on high—
 And it's ah! in my heart for a rose of June.

Under my window the nightingale's singing—
 Singing Love's gospel of melody,
 And the day that is dead o'er the heaven is flinging
 A glory of grief that the day must die;
 And heavy with dew the roses lie:
 And night comes out of the sea, and the moon
 Is round and red in the far-off sky—
 And it's ah! in my heart for a rose of June.

O bourgeon and blossom, sweet roses, each bringing
 Thy strains to the chorus of rose harmony!
 Soon the nightingale southward her flight will be winging;
 Blow roses and blush, till the fallen leaves fly
 In eddies of dust and twigs yellow and dry,
 For drooping and dying come soon, too soon,
 And the breeze through the branches will moan and cry—
 And it's ah! in my heart for a rose of June.

ENVOI.

At dayspring Love's a sweet rose-bud—ay,
 And a full-hearted crimson glory at noon;
 But Winter is waiting, and night is nigh—
 And it's ah! in my heart for a rose of June.





AFTER ALL.

THE apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage-door the grandsire
Sits, pale, in his easy-chair,
While a gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
A fair young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come
Of the flying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire speaks, in a whisper:
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
The rosebuds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still,
There's a nameless grave in the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits, alone;
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

"TO BE LET, OR SOLD."

BY SIBELLA B. EDGCOMB.

"THEN, we may consider the bargain concluded?"

"Certainly," and the handsome young Russian noble glanced indifferently, as he spoke, in the direction of the time-piece gracing the house-agent's mantel-shelf. Apparently the striking of the bargain referred to was not regarded by himself as a matter worthy of much consideration.

"You have succeeded in renting upon wonderfully moderate terms, let me tell you."

"Indeed!" and again the listener spoke coolly and carelessly. "That's a landlord's fashion, of course," he added, "of looking at things. Personally, however, I am tolerably satisfied."

"Satisfied! So you ought to be!" fell growlingly from the agent's lips, five minutes later on, when he was once more left alone. "It's a ridiculous bargain, then—no doubt about it," and in true Russian style, as also an evidently somewhat excited frame of mind, the speaker began to pace energetically from one end of the extensive apartment to the other.

Three short and also strangely happy months passed away, and at the expiration of such space of time an event had taken place in the life of the, however handsome, also not by any means rich, Paul Varoff. He had in the meanwhile married, and a prolonged sunshiny honeymoon, spent beneath an Italian sky, had, alas, only too soon come to an end. He and his sweet bride had at last taken their place as man and wife in the attractive but antiquated Russian city; and as it would seem, this gaiety and that, this special mode of entertainment and the other, threatened to render their lives one entire round of pleasure.

It was the first evening of their abode within the home which has already been spoken of, and which had also been duly repainted and set in readiness for its new occupants. The Russian beauty was delighted with everything, as in duty bound; expressing herself thus, with, too, every show of sincerity, as she threw herself gracefully into a low, reclining-chair tenanted by her dressing-room. They had just returned from a gay evening entertainment, and Paul decided in his own mind that never had Vera appeared to greater advantage.

"A peaceful home; just after one's own heart!" she exclaimed, softly. "How happy we shall be in the new home!"

"Ay, ay, of course," and Paul Varoff laughed; then added, "I have an important note to write—I sha'n't be long about it."

Already he had disappeared from the room and was on the way to his study, at the far end of the corridor. He started suddenly.

Yes; of course. That was Vera's voice.

Already he had hastened back again. The door stood open, and he entered hurriedly.

There stood Vera, a strange, scared expression depicted on her face.

"Ridiculous!" as Paul exclaimed, it must be confessed somewhat impatiently, when his wife had sufficiently recovered breath to explain. "The door," he added, "not having been properly closed, naturally enough opens wide—falls back, of course, as far as possible; and you—nervous little Vera!—take it into your head to imagine, I know not what."

"But, Paul!"

"Absurd, I repeat."

And then the last speaker sought to turn the tide of conversation into cheery channels, and all at once remembered a strange personal adventure of long ago.

Yes; this recital would indeed serve to interest Vera.

"But you escaped, my Paul? Tell me—how did you manage it?" she broke in, at the end of a long recital, her dark eyes, as she spoke, flashing with curiosity.

No answer came, however. By a mere coincidence, it seemed, the eyes of both speaker and listener turned simultaneously in the same direction. The gaze of each rested upon the door already referred to, which in precisely the same silent manner as before, and also just as steadily, slowly but evenly fell back once more to its utmost limit.

"Ridiculous!" again exclaimed the master of the abode—in, however, a widely different tone to that which he had employed previously. "It's the lock, of course, out of order. Won't work. A locksmith, however, will soon settle that little business." And even as the words fell, he was trying to investigate the cause of the "fuss," as he would term it.

"Queer! The lock is in the very best working order possible. See, Vera!" And he hastily turned the lock in question backward and forward.

Vera saw this fact plainly enough. At the same time

she felt, it must be confessed, far too much disturbed in mind to acquiesce by word of mouth.

"It's just a coincidence," concluded the puzzled Paul Varoff. "The door has been seized this special night with a peculiar sort of fit, we must take it for granted. At any rate, the affair isn't worth another thought on our part, my Vera."

"I'll write my letters here, however," he thought—this out of consideration for his wife's nervousness.

Already an hour had passed away in silence, and Vera—still thinking—yet lay, half sleepily, on the reclining-chair.

Again both started up, and this time advanced anxiously.

"Yes; it's myself, *bahrinne*" (my lady); and a native peasant-woman—the only servant at present in the, comparatively speaking, small establishment—rushed breathlessly into the room. "It's Marusha, it is; but whether I'm awake or asleep—yes, *bahrinne*—that's the question."

"Why, what's the meaning of this?" demanded her master, angrily.

"It's the doors, then," pursued the terrified woman. "They—that's two of them, I mean, at least—have no more idea of remaining closed than I have of getting a wink of sleep this night."

"What! Doors in the floor above?" Paul demanded, excitedly. "Why, what an extraordinary house, to be sure!"

"It is," rejoined the half-dazed peasant, "and no mistake about it, either. By your leave, too, I'll quit tomorrow. First one door opens, just of its own accord, and I, like an innocent peasant-woman that I am, at once close it, as any sensible person would. No sooner, however, have I done so than door number two opens, in precisely the same fashion, just opposite me."

"You are quite sure of this?" asked Paul, resolutely. He felt now, intuitively, that he must solve this problem, difficult as it might be to do so.

The peasant crossed herself now three times, in true orthodox fashion, bending her head upon the occasion of each repetition of the act almost to the ground.

Then rising up suddenly, she exclaimed:

"It's of no use in the world sending me back to my room, *bahrinne*. The house is bewitched, and that's the truth."

The intense amount of superstition indulged in by members of the Russian peasantry does not by any means serve to fortify the mind in cases of either dismay or alarm, and Paul Varoff realized this fact full well.

Superstition, as regarded himself, was wholly alien to his nature. Why, however, such strange vagaries existed in the house, as they most certainly did—why those several doors not only opened voluntarily, but alike closed again in the same weird, unpleasant way, puzzled his brains not a little.

Vera, on her part, had forthwith expressed an urgent wish that they should remove into another abode. Though not in the least superstitious, like Marusha, she had become exquisitely nervous as a result of these certainly unprecedented and mysterious "doings," if such a term may be employed.

Noiseless the disturbance in question certainly was; but all the more, perhaps, exciting and bewildering on that account.

A conference with the landlord did not, either, serve to explain—still more, improve—matters. He was extremely sorry, as he expressed it, to be compelled to listen to his new tenant's complaints, and could not

account for the extraordinary circumstance in any way. Wished he could; and more words to that effect.

"And you have never before had any complaint of the kind brought to your notice?"

The house-agent hesitated a moment—a fact which the other at once noted.

Again he plied the same question—lightly, however, and also in a different form.

"There have been complaints, certainly," admitted the agent; "but I have always, as a matter of course, made light of them. It was my duty—you understand? People in this world are occasionally odd."

"Admittedly."

"Also, at times, highly imaginative"—came significantly, the agent meanwhile glancing steadily at the complaining tenant.

A sense of exasperation all at once took possession of the puzzled Paul. He would certainly probe deeper, he resolved.

"The house has hitherto let well?" he asked, quietly.

"Well, then, to make a clean breast of it, it hasn't. Why is a perfect mystery. I see clearly that you are determined to find out everything; so it's of no use my endeavoring to fence any longer."

Paul Varoff coolly nodded, approvingly. In reality, however, he felt anything but cool within, so great was his curiosity to hear more.

"Other tenants, then, have simply quitted the house suddenly, after only a day's stay there; not even seeking explanation at my hands. I permitted the idea that an unusually active imagination—say, perhaps, also a diseased one—might in each case be the sole cause of the entire disturbance."

"Improbable—very!" was the listener's ironical remark.

"Give a dog a bad name"—you know the rest of the proverb. Now, listen to me," and the agent spoke emphatically. "This house in question has been let over and over again—scores of times—and upon every occasion promptly vacated. Not rising property, you will say. Certainly not. You seem, however, to be a man endowed with strong common sense—quite an unusual appendage in this world—as also marked resolution. Solve this problem, then, for me; and I'll—"

Paul Varoff shook his head emphatically, and laughed.

"Impossible!" and his tone was eminently disbelieving. "I happen, you see, to be no wizard, sir agent. There's no chance whatever for me—none in the world."

"The only living creature who seems to have a liking for the house is a Spanish fellow who once lived there, with his wife, upward of six months. He would probably, too, have been there to this very day, had I allowed him to purchase the property out and out."

"You wouldn't do so?"

"Certainly not. He only offered a tenth part of what the property is worth; and what's more, wouldn't give a single additional cent."

"Strange! if his fancy were really so much taken by it."

"Well! That's the story, then."

It was at first arranged that Paul and his wife should change their quarters the following day. Vera had, however, so far steeled her nerves as to remain there until another suitable residence could be found.

"The last night!" as she said, emphatically. "How thankful I am! And yet—" with a strange, inexplicable air of mistrust.

"The last night, indeed, of our stay in this mysterious abode!" echoed her husband, heartily.

Again an inexplicable chill swept across the heart of each. The door immediately opposite again opened, then closed once more, this time with a heavy bang; and to the utter dismay of those who listened, a similar sound of vigorous clashing, as if of more than one door, reached their ears at that moment from the floor above. Vera's already overstrained nerves had now reached tension-point. Never, not even in the dead of night, had the disturbance reached this demonstrative climax.

"I'll just tell you what it is, good master"—and a steady-going, also extremely matter-of-fact, German maid entered the room abruptly, an air of great indignation marking her deportment. She had only the day before appeared upon the scene, taking the place of the panic-stricken Marusha. "I'll tell you what it is, both of you; we must find out the cause of these mysterious doings; and find it we will! Ghosts! I don't believe in them one bit. Never did. Suppose, now, we just work our brains, all of us, as honest-minded, respectable people should."

Vera looked at the decidedly cool-headed speaker an instant, as if aghast. She—a simple serving-maid—taking it upon herself to suggest that the mystery was possible of solution!

"Do as I say"—came again, resolutely. "Brains are intended to be used, not 'turned,' as folks term it, by the first sight of that which they can't understand."

A short half-hour later on—thanks, as it really seemed, to Greta's inspiring and also unquestionably non-believing theories—the master of the house was hard at work, his box of carpenter's tools close at hand. Greta held the candle quite near, and amidst the stillness cast by the shadows of night watched, with keen and wistful eyes, each expression that flitted across Paul Varoff's face.

"We are no farther now than we were before," observed the latter, after a prolonged investigation. "The mystery is evidently inexplicable."

"And you've no more faith in yourself and your own powers than that, have you?" demanded the German looker-on, now hotly, and also in astonishment. "You actually intend to let circumstances master you! I myself would be ashamed to say so, although only a woman."

The perplexed listeners simply stared at Greta a moment.

Her resolute persisting in expressing non-belief as regarded anything supernatural in the affair exerted a wonderfully propelling influence over both.

"Cut out the panels!" she cried, excitedly. "Remove the locks entirely, every one of them. Tear down the very walls! Anything! As a man, prove that your mental powers have not entirely deserted you."

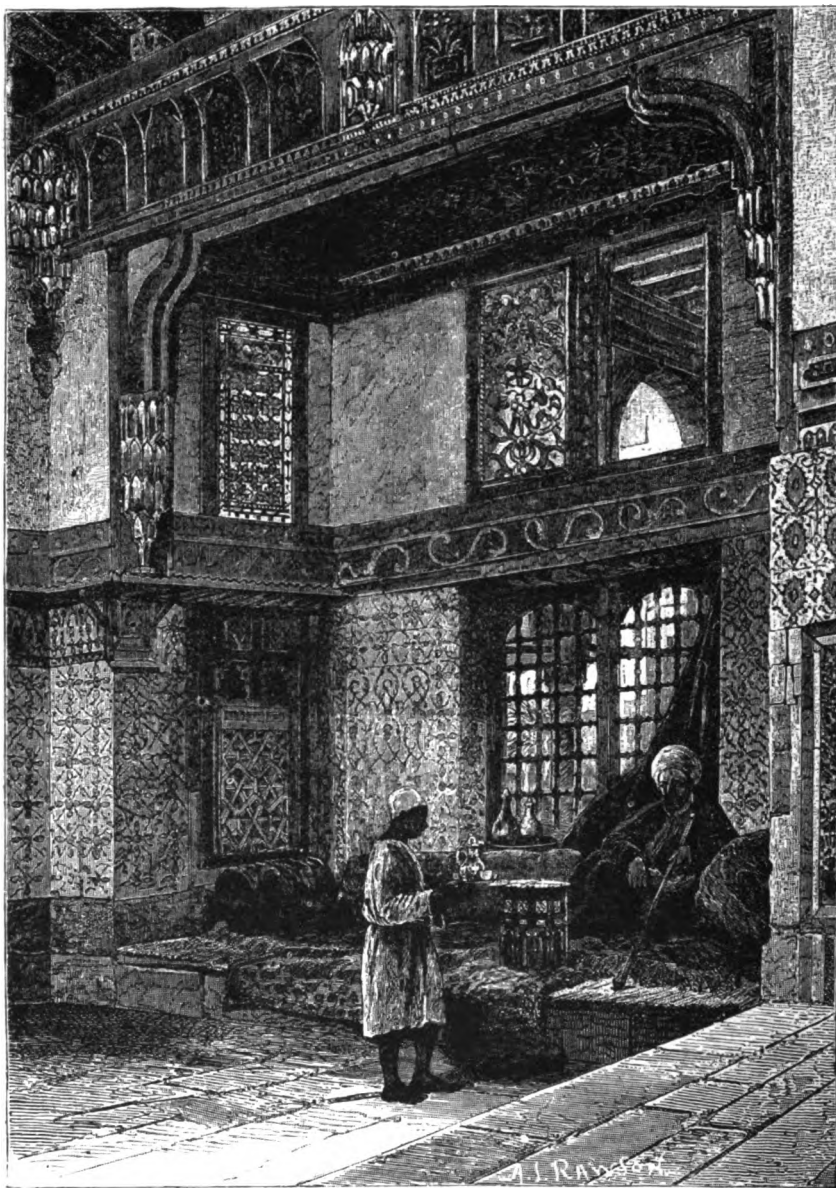
It was a moment in Paul Varoff's life which, somehow, he should never forget—the simple and matter-of-fact woman urging him on to solve the problem which, as regarded his own personal judgment, seemed wholly incapable of solution.

The time passed on. The witching hour of midnight

had long since been tolled out by many a city church-bell, all around.

And then a loud cry, significant of delight and, yet more, untold satisfaction, escaped from Greta's lips; and Paul, for his part, was standing face to face with his eagerly watching and overexcited wife, too triumphant to venture even a word. The mystery was solved.

The house-agent's office, next morning, presented its wonted appearance. Would-be tenants came, and others, similarly intentioned, went away; some having



SOME COPTS IN OLD CAIRO, EGYPT.—THE COPTIC PATRIARCH'S DIVAN.—SEE PAGE 726.

made bargains to their own entire satisfaction, and others having only sought, in turn, to cancel arrangements previously made.

"A word with you, please," and Paul Varoff entered the office in question as coolly and deliberately as he had done only a few short days ago. "I have a fancy, sir agent—a strange one, you will probably consider it—to buy the little property, which you rented me last week."

The listener paused deliberately, threw down the cigarette which he had been smoking, and simply waited, as it seemed, for more. Had a thunderbolt fallen, he could not have been more taken by surprise.

"All right, all right"—came at last. "I am pleased to have you as a purchaser—out and out, I mean. Ha! ha! That is to say if terms suit, of course."

"Exactly," was the reply of Paul Varoff to the agent.

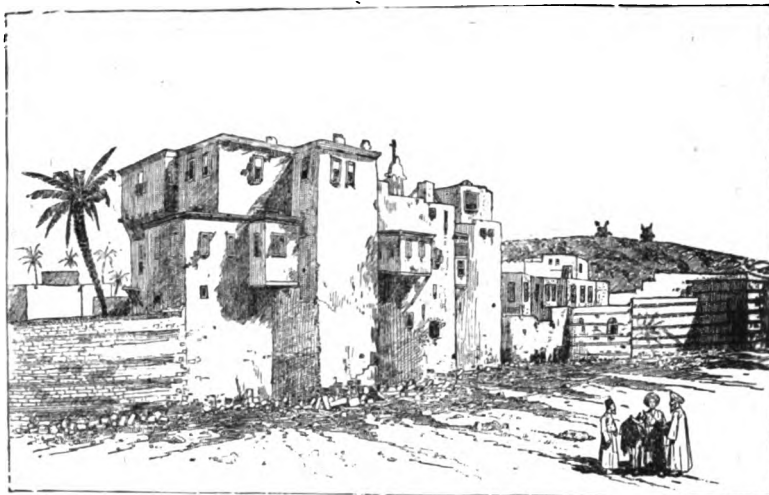
"Well, then—ten thousand rubles. You will close at once, I know. The property is offered for a mere trifle, in fact."

"I am aware"—came stiffly. "But I do not offer you even one thousand. Quite impossible! Remember the serious drawbacks in the house. You have forgotten."

"Drawbacks! Well, yes; if you choose to call them such."

Paul nearly smiled, in spite of himself. "Tolerably unpleasant ones, too," he observed; "but it occurred to me that, perhaps, on that account I might be able to buy up the whole thing at a cheap rate. The fact is, my wife—for some special reason of her own, I suppose—has taken a particular fancy to the house. Queer, isn't it? But there's no accounting for taste—specially, perhaps, a woman's."

"You don't say so!" and the agent's face actually shone with a sense of satisfaction. "A particular fancy of the lady's indeed! You certainly ought, then, to further her wishes in the matter. I have had another offer, however—strange to say—for the house this morning. A



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE ROMAN FORT AND THE CHURCHES.

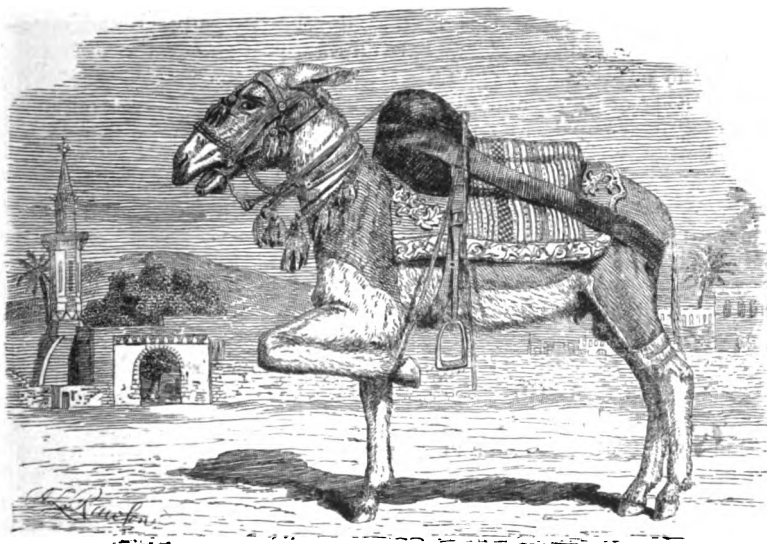
Spanish gentleman—odd, extremely!—seems bent upon purchasing; naming, too, precisely the same amount which you have yourself volunteered. A peculiar case—very. Though, however his heart is set upon buying, he is also positive in not going a cent beyond the sum named. The fellow, I do declare, almost seems to take it for granted that I must do what he asks."

"You have accepted this man's offer? If I am not mistaken I met him only a few minutes ago outside your own door."

"Accepted! No; I haven't, then. He played me an unhandsome trick some years ago. He left the house in an unpardonably grimy condition, causing me considerable annoyance; and to tell the truth, I don't intend to forgive him yet. He can wait!"

"Accept me as a purchaser, then, in his stead. I outbid the Spaniard by a hundred more rubles. A mere nominal addition—I grant it. Say, have I carried the day now? My little wife at home"—and Paul Varoff's eyes beamed with an apparent sense of keen satisfaction—"how glad she will be when all is settled!"

Before the hands of the clock on the mantel-shelf, already referred to, had marked the hour of noon, the last speaker had duly bought the desired abode; for, too, as all his friends told him, an actual nothing. The agent, in his desire, as he mentally expressed it, to get the house off his own hands somewhat satisfactorily, seized the present opportunity and agreed to part with it upon the terms offered. A steady and respectable tenant at last, as also purchaser out and out, was, he considered, a chance not to be lost. The said property had for years past—ever since the Spaniard's exit, in fact—lain under a dreary and uncomfortable stigma. "Haunted!" Such was the not only dismal but mystic word ever attaching, however ideally, to its rooms and passages. Such, too, were the words, printed in large letters, though only in imagination, which had served to discourage the ordinary tenant-seeker from making his abode therein.



THE DONKEY "YANKEE DOODLE," TIED NATIVE FASHION (MOSQUE OF AMROO IN BACKGROUND).

"It's the last piece of news I should ever have expected to hear," as the agent mused in self-congratulatory fashion—"that this special bit of property would ever be sold—to a sensible, quiet-going man, too! There's no accounting for fancy, however, in this world."

* * * * *

"Quite a triumph of mind over matter, my Vera!" exclaimed the exulting husband. "We have purchased the house for a mere song, I tell you. What with the Spaniard's special genius for cunning," he added—"a character which he assuredly deserves—as also Greta's persistency in the fact that brains are made to be used, we have been enabled to make one of the best strokes of business that could have befallen us. The matter, I intend, shall be a secret no longer. Why should it?"

A bold and daring attempt, indeed, as every one declared, when the statement was first made public, on the part of the once Spanish renter. At first, in fact, many failed entirely to believe in its truth; so incredible and intricate seemed the details, as related in the ears of plain, ordinary-going men and women.

The truth, however, was only too self-evident. The tenant, of now so many years ago, yielding to unconquerable promptings of greed, had decided upon effecting that which would, as he hoped, forever serve to bring the house into what might be termed unfavorable repute, thus reducing its value to a very low point. With supreme shrewdness and cleverness—a cleverness worthy, assuredly, of a better cause—he had, unknown to any one else, constructed within that particular portion of each wall, side by side respectively with nearly every lock, a simple aperture, and from which, again farther back, projected a slight but carefully concealed spring. A slight wire, attached to each spring, had with consummate skill been carried from that one self-same spot, up-stairs or down, as the case might be, until reaching a small specimen of mechanism imbedded in the earth just outside one of the garden-railings. The tiny struct-

ure worked, as it had been at last discovered by the resolute and also persevering Paul, in self-acting fashion; only requiring, like a clock, to be wound up once a week—a feat which the wily constructor never failed duly to accomplish, at an hour when night cast its witching mantle over everything.

Thus wound up, the apparatus performed its part with considerable ease. At certain fixed periods—each period varying in length from, say, ten minutes to a couple of hours' duration—the conducting-wire, as it may be termed, was suddenly urged forward. As a result, such pressure acted, secretly, however, upon the lock itself. The door consequently slipped open—silently, as a rule, but upon the recurrence of each seven days with a sound, as already described, of vigorous clashing.

"Rather a clever piece of business altogether, wasn't it?"—so the investigator declared—"and I rather think I deserve quite as much praise for my own part in the transaction as the originator did for his skill, however badly employed."

"Well, at any rate he didn't carry the day, and succeeded in getting the house for himself. It was a deep-laid plot certainly."

"Not too deep, however, for Greta to resolve upon fathoming!"—and Paul spoke heartily. "Use your brains always!" Yes; of course. That's the way to do, Vera. Only to think, though, that we owe her all our good fortune!"

* * * * *

"The idea of all this having happened," mused Greta to herself. "A queer thing brains are, indeed! It seems to me, however, that they just as often do harm in this world as good. But to be frightened of what one doesn't understand! 'Tis that which puzzles me. It's generous of them, however, to remember me in that handsome way. They possess heart, too, I suppose, as well as brains," she soliloquized, emphatically; tossing, as she spoke, a handsome sum of money from hand to hand.

SOME COPTS IN OLD CAIRO, EGYPT.

By A. L. RAWSON.

THE old, old story of hopeless love, disappointment and sad, regretful memories is my theme. But it is best to commence at the beginning.

I was a guest of Dr. James Grant, at Cairo, Egypt, in 1874, and was prompted by him to visit some of the out-of-the-way places in the vicinity of that renowned City of the Kalifs. There have been four cities, or four quarters, to the City of Al Kaheerah (The Victorious), all built since the general of Omar, Amroo, conquered the Egyptian Province of the Byzantine Empire, in A.H. 21 (A.D. 639), each built by a different ruler. Their ruins are more or less traceable. The first was named Fostat (The Tent), because Amroo pitched his tent there on his arrival at the bank of the Nile, and is now known as Maas el Ateeka (Cairo the Ancient); the second was El Askar (The Camp), built by the Abbasside Kalifs, from A.D. 868, and now marked by the ruined Mosque of Tooloon, the Turk, who declared the independence of Egypt from the Kalifs of Damascus, and who was the first to unite Syria with Egypt—he was also the first ruler to encourage the fine arts, especially that Oriental style which is now called Saracenic; the third site was El Katai (The Wards), also founded by Tooloon; and the fourth, now the City of Cairo, where the Fatimee Kalifs built a mag-

nificent palace, whose description sounds like passages from the "Thousand and One Nights," and around which the princes of that day built dwellings and streets of shops. They have all disappeared, and the only remains of that age (969-1171 A.D.) are the mosques of El Azhar (971) and El Hakim (990), besides scattered fragments of palaces and mosques here and there.

After those builders came the Mamlooks, Turkish and Circasian rulers, until the time of Mohammad Alea. This outline of the history will give a hint of the ever-busy Orientals. But my time was, in that visit, given chiefly to a study of Fostat and its surroundings, including the ancient Coptic churches inside of or near the Roman (built on an ancient Egyptian) fort named Babylon (Babylon). Six Coptic churches and a Greek convent occupy not quite one-fourth of the space within the inclosure; a Jewish synagogue and residences, cemeteries and gardens the rest.

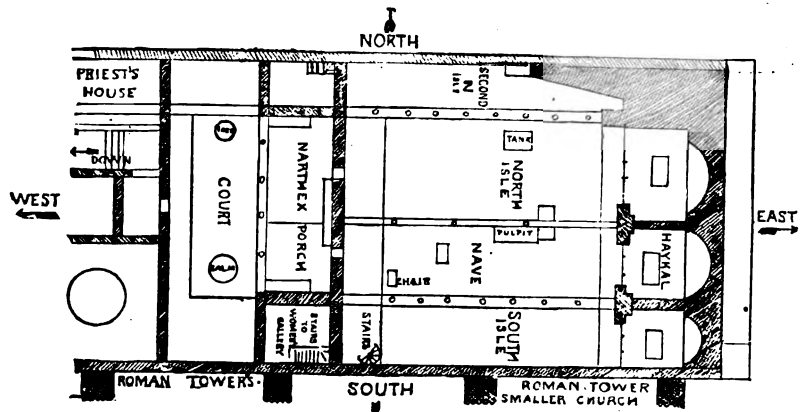
I hired a donkey with the usual attachment, a boy, and ambled over the hot sands from the Ezbekeyeh to Fostat, as early in the morning as the boy and the donkey could be persuaded to move. The Straw (Tibn) Market and the Aqueduct of Solomon the Magnificent afforded interesting sketches, as did also the gardens "watered with

the foot" near by. Wandering from one subject to another, the work of Amroo attracted my eye, and kept me busy nearly two hours portraying its venerable ruins. While there, the English artist, Varley, came and chatted in a delightful way about his many years' sojourn in Egypt, sketching and painting the Pyramids, ruins and landscape views, selling almost every picture to a traveler.

He knew about the Coptic churches and convents, but found nothing picturesque in them, although he had been inside the most famous two or three; and told me that if a visit was intended, it would be necessary to get a written permission from the Patriarch in Cairo, and said that even then I could not feel sure of admission, because, some years since, a traveler or visitor in search of treasures carried away some valuable things (a cup and a small plate of silver) without leave. "However," he now continued, "if you wish very much to go inside some of the old rookeries, I will see what can be done. There is a Coptic school near here, two of the teachers in which are daughters of the Patriarch, and we may be so fortunate as to find them willing to do our errand. I say our, because I begin to feel curious as to what would have moved you to come out here to this hot and dusty place, expecting anything within those whited walls to pay you for the time and labor."

We found the school in session, and two young women, descendants of the ancient people of the Pharaohs, in charge as teachers. One of them welcomed my friend with a smile, which suggested to me that a fit name for her would be Victoria, for I saw at a glance that he had been conquered, and by her. The sister was more beautiful, but not so quiet and womanly. She was quite girlish, and seemed to enjoy her sister's conquest over my friend.

We were promised a permit from the Patriarch for the next day, and were to be at the school promptly at its opening hour. Then, lest I might not ever see her again,



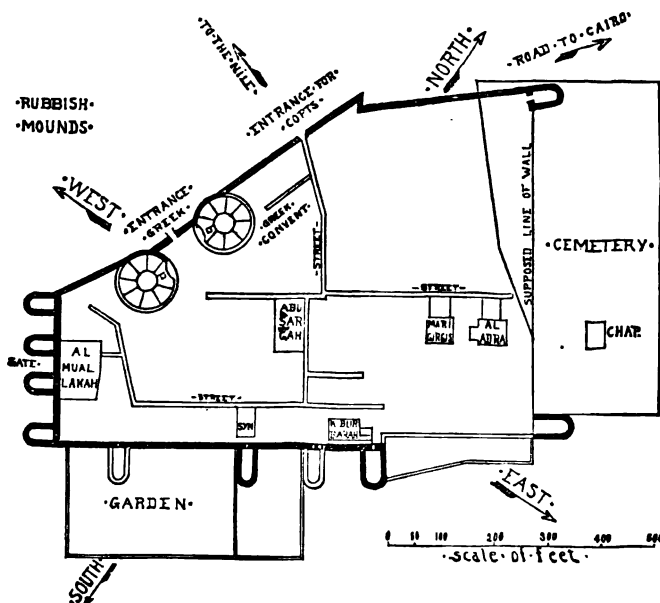
PLAN OF THE HANGING COPTIC CHURCH, AL MUALLAKAH, OLD CAIRO.

I asked permission to sketch her face, which was granted in such plain words that, when recalling them after returning to Dr. Grant's, and showing him the sketch, made me feel the great danger I had been in, of losing—well, my head, of course; having been married seventeen years, and having a wife living, I had, as may be presumed, nothing else to lose. It may be that we poor men are better supplied with hearts to lose in Oriental countries, for I noticed that some men of means in the East had suffered the loss of a heart on two, three, four, or even—in the case of a pasha—of unnumbered accidents, as we might reckon by the number of flowers in his domestic bouquet.

The slight outline reproduced on page 729 gives a mere hint of her finely molded features. After fifteen years, I believe her image is as vivid and charming as ever. What dreams came to me that night! How I teased an old priest of the great temple at Luxor for his daughter's hand, and was refused because I did not know how to worship the unseen gods through the help of images of animals, real and imaginary; and awoke to hear Dr. Grant say that Mohammad had called for me an hour ago, and my breakfast waited. I might have shivered at the name of Mohammad, if it had not occurred to me that it was the name of the donkey-boy. A further reflection was, that since the Arabian prophet never knew the ancient Egyptians, priests nor maids, he would not trouble himself about this one, and that helped me to conclude that, after all, my artist friend, Mr. Varley, had already had six years the start of—well, we might say any other lover. What a goose I might have made of myself!

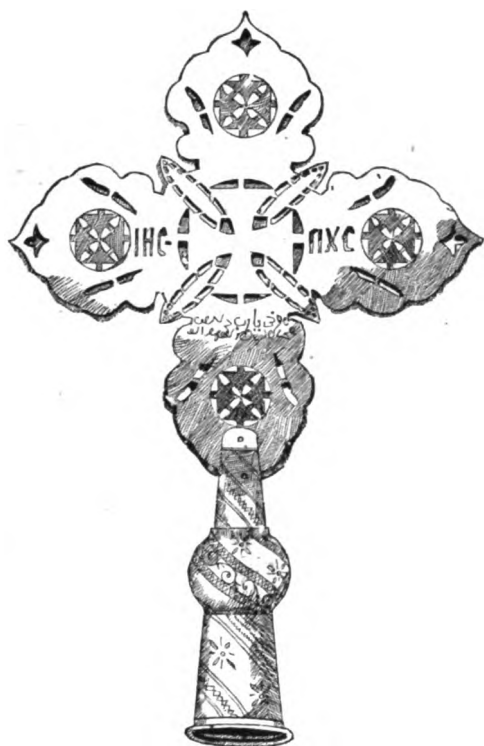
The Patriarch's signed and sealed permission was a literary curiosity, written in an alphabet of Greek and Coptic letters, in the Coptic language, with explanations in Arabic. I have regretted ever since that I did not make a fac-simile copy of it, as I did of the seal. After signing my name in the corner, as directed, the paper was given to the custodian of the Church of Al Muallakah (The Hanging Church), who opened the door for us with a key that was about two feet long, made of iron, and verily it was a dangerous weapon, for attack or defense.

We found a ready admission, thanks to the pretty school-teacher; but a party of Englishmen, who applied an hour later,



PLAN OF COPTIC CHURCHES AND GREEK CONVENT, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD ROMAN FORT AT CAIRO.

did not fare so well. The Patriarch's permission was apparently all right, but that white-haired keeper of the "muftach" would not find that precious instrument—



HEAD OF SILVER PROCESSIONAL CROSS.

misalaid, carried off, invisible. Anyhow, it did not appear. Offers of silver keys, circular, and bearing the device of the Sultan's treasury, or mint, did not relieve the case; but when the image of Mari Girgis (St. George) appeared on a bright English sovereign, a duplicate key (?) was found by the kind keeper's son. I noticed on several other days that the image of Mari Girgis works wonders. The soil has increased in the streets until one has to go down several steps to the level of the lower floor of the space under the church. In the court-yard are two fine date-palms, growing in huge earthen pots, the soil being at least thirty feet above the

street below. The aloe is supposed to exert a magical power against the evil eye, and two of these precious trees are carefully cultivated in the court-yard. The drinking-fountain near the door is small, but is well supplied with Nile water, cooled in porous jars.

In the porch a part of the wall is painted to imitate colored marbles, and some spacious benches of wood, handsomely carved, are placed against the walls for the comfort of visitors. Coffee and chat are the refreshments.

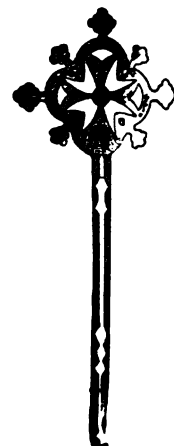
A small grove of columns of white marble, with one of dark basalt, are arranged about the nave and three aisles, as shown in the plan.

Some of the columns have a small cross incised, or relieved, near the capital, like those in the margin, which were cut there at the time of the consecration of the church. A silver dedication-cross, seven inches wide and high, is nailed to a marble column on the left of the sanctuary. Its polished arms may be seen from nearly every part of the church.

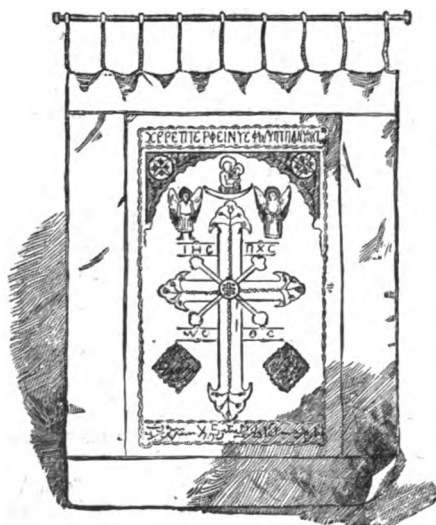
—The finest piece of work in the church is the pulpit (ambon), supported by fifteen very slender marble columns. Each pair are identical, but no two pairs are alike in form or detail or ornament.

We were shown the relics of certain celebrated saints, whose memory is revered by all Copts, and whose names are Mari Girgis (St. George), Tadroos (Theodore), Baskharoon, and Abu Ishak (Isaac). Their bones are wrapped in many coverings and cased in silk brocaded with silver threads.

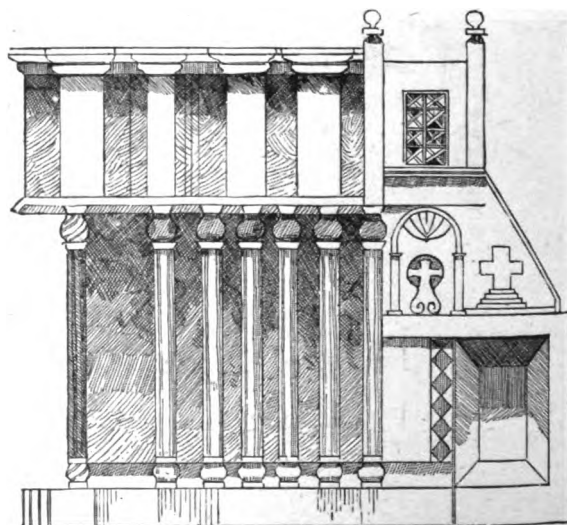
At another visit we were attended by the school-teacher, who gave us an explanation of a number of paintings that hung on the walls. The most curious of them was a Virgin seated before the three chapels found in the east of nearly every Coptic church, before each of which hangs an Arabic lamp of fine design; the roof of the church is shown as having twenty-nine little domes, each with its cross; and thirty-four saints, each bearing a cross and palm leaf or branch, form a circle about the Virgin. Victoria said the picture was painted about a century since. Another showed Abu Nafer with a palm and fountain, a third a patriarch, and a fourth



BENEDICTIONAL CROSS.



EMBROIDERED CURTAIN.



MARBLE PULPIT.

an angel. This might have been a saint and no angel, although his face bore a very pleasant aspect. The artist has given him a small and delicate hand, and a robe that is curious and unusual in style.

Some few of the columns had figures of saints or of patriarchs painted on them, but they were nearly invisible from dust and general neglect. Victoria said her uncle was held in high estimation for his learning in church history, and that he taught that the Copts had preserved a more ancient and a more excellent style of art, as representing early Christian affairs, than could be found in any other country. Some of the most valuable had been saved under a disguise of a poorer painting, which had served as a covering during such times as when the Muslims persecuted the Copts and destroyed their best works of art. Later the covering picture had peeled off, or been removed by a cleaner, and there was found, for instance, the fine painting of the altar-casket at the Church of Abn-s-Sifayn, which is dated, in Coptic, 1280 A.D. Pictures have been used in Coptic churches since the time of the Patriarch Cyril, 420 A.D., but sculptured images never. Makreezee, the Arabian, says that a zealous iconoclast in the eighth century broke the crosses, defaced the pictures, and rubbed off the frescoes from the walls. Again another



THE COPTIC PRIEST.

zealot, Theophilus, in A.D. 860, cleared the churches of pictures. In an Abyssinian church, near Fostat, there were formerly paintings dated as early as 760, but they have all disappeared with the church. In the Church of Abu Sargah, near this, are some pictures made in the eighth century. And so on, that young daughter of a priest of the Nile country (who would have made Moses a real helpmeet), chatted about the decorations and furniture of Al Muallakah, until a little Coptic fiend (school-boy) poked his head from behind a screen and said something that recalled her from the long ago. A riot was in full progress in the school. Sixty ruffians (to be) had found that one teacher was only fun, and they made the best of their opportunity. We could hear the merry noise from the door of the church. It was quieted on Victoria's appearance, and

our *cicerone* returned. Our beautiful guide showed a slight flush of excitement after her return from quelling the outbreak among the young knights of the black-board, and when she stood before a screen to describe its beauties, I could not keep back my admiration, for she was then really fascinating. My eyes followed her every motion, and my ears attended every word, while her voice made music far more melodious than choirs or flocks of singing birds. Varley was silent with adoration



THE COPTIC SCHOOL-TEACHER.



WARDER (THE ROSE).

I would have envied his happiness in her presence, only I was equally delighted.

She said that the screen was unique so far as she knew, and she had often been in the different churches in Cairo

bronze are many centuries old, and were originally finely wrought by the chaser.

The processional cross, shown in the engraving, is usually made of silver, and inscribed in both Coptic and Arabic. It is also used in giving the benediction, in baptism, and in other solemn acts of worship.

In the elaborately carved Patriarch's seal the Patriarch is shown seated, with a cross (of gold) in his right hand, to which two keys are suspended as symbols of his supreme office. In the left hand is a crozier. The twelve apostles are arranged as a border.

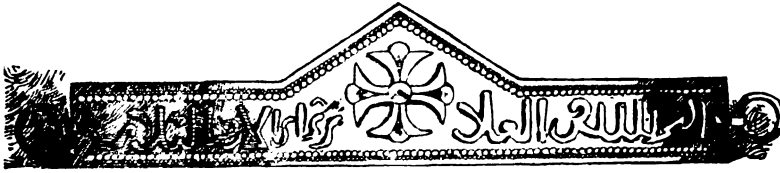
Some of these processional crosses

are of gold, or silver gilt, and enameled. One fine specimen was evidently of Arabic workmanship, and probably five or six centuries old. The design was outlined with thin brass soldered to the body of the cross, which was gold, and the enamel was filled in with a variety of colors. The enamel was very hard, and, it is said, is superior to any made in our day. The enamel used by Arab workmen in jewels is of a fine, hard quality, clear in color, and very durable. Enamellers in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere in this country have expressed a strong desire to know the secret of its preparation. I have not been able to learn it, although many attempts have been made.

We were so fortunate as to be present at a marriage ceremony, and have an opportunity to sketch the bridal crown. The material is silver, a thick plate, on which the ornaments and the inscription, as shown in the engraving, are struck up from the back, and chiseled in certain parts to complete the required forms for the letters, which spell the sentence, "Glory to God in the Highest." The small Arabic texts at the ends give the donor's name and sentiments. The bridal crown, or marriage-diadem, is worn by both parties to the contract, and is considered a very important part of the ceremony. In some churches it is of solid gold, in others silver gilt, and a few are of plain silver, as here engraved. One very fine specimen was laid aside among other treasures in the Patriarch's house, and was shown us by Miss Buktur, when I ventured to inquire if she had reserved such a beautiful piece of work for her special use. Her reply was, "I may use it some fine morning, by special request," and as she spoke her eyes were turned toward my friend Varley, who was sensibly affected and could not entirely conceal his agitation. Could she—such a divine woman!—be a coquette?

If not, why was it that the artist did not complete his design, and ally himself with this splendid daughter of the race of the Pharaohs? He was not made of the sort of stuff that composed my nature, or—Ah, it may have been that Miss Buktur, noble daughter, etc., had a mind of her own, and also may have been, and perhaps still is, proud of her race descent and exclusive in her marital ideas.

That very evening, when showing my sketch of the Greek convent in the Roman fort, Fostat, I spoke of the young woman to Dr. Grant, when a friend of his, who happened to be present, said: "These Coptic girls have a substantial, womanly beauty, far beyond, and far more enduring, than belongs to any others in this climate. They are also said to be very social and



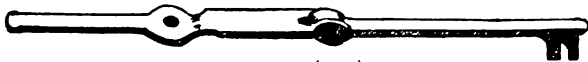
SILVER CROWN FOR BRIDE AT MARRIAGE.

and Fostat, and had heard accounts of the screens in all the others in Egypt. The style of the ornaments showed the influence of Arabian ideas; the rich scrolls interwoven with Coptic letters were formed with ivory threads inlaid in ebony; other scrolls were in cedar panels, and the frame-work is also cedar. The broad spaces are cut into star-like rays, and inlaid with broad and narrow thin bands of ivory, so arranged as to let the light from the lamps shine through them, producing a very mellow and rich effect. The design seems to change, like a kaleidoscope, as you move from one place to another. It is 7 feet wide, 10½ feet high, and is dated from the eleventh century.

In answer to an inquiry whether there were any embroideries in the church, Victoria led us before the "hail-kal" door, where hung a silk curtain with scrolls and Coptic texts, cross and Greek inscriptions, figures of the Holy Virgin and Child and two attendant angels, and Arabic explanatory texts, all embroidered on green ground in many bright colors, enriched with threads of gold and silver. The curtain was suspended from a silver-gilt rod by many narrow bands of silk braid.

The altar-covering was of silk, a dull purple, embroidered with small roses in many colors, brightened with silver threads. Intending a compliment, I asked if she had done any of this work with her needle, when she said that the curtain was at least a century old in some parts, the original work having been mounted on a new silk curtain a few years since. The altar-covering is new, and was made by the nuns in Dayr Tadroos in the Harat-ar-Room.

Miss Buktur (Coptic for Victoria) served us on several visits to Al Muallakah and other churches, where she described their peculiarities and differences in construction and variety of furniture and priestly vestments. One fact was surprising. In none of the Coptic churches was there a crucifix, while in all crosses abounded everywhere, and a small hand-cross was always ready for use in ceremonies. In some cases the work was artistic and ornamental. A cross of wood inlaid with medallions of mother-of-pearl was considered a very valuable relic



MUFTACH (KEY).

of several centuries ago, in the Church of Araba Shanoodah. Another was of ebony inlaid with scrolls of silver threads.

The little crosses used in benedictional ceremonies are of peculiar and sometimes beautiful designs. Those now in use are nearly in every instance of silver, without gilding, inlaying, or other ornament than the form and incisions, as shown in the engraving. Those made of



INCISED CROSS.

domestic among themselves, but they seldom or never marry outside of their communion. They are wise, for it is more than likely that their education is as limited as is their habitation, which is circumscribed within a very few hundred feet of high, excluding walls, where little light enters and there is only one small, low doorway for communicating with the outer world of humanity, which to them, probably, seems like a vast Babel of lost souls. It would, in my estimation, be very risky to take one of the fading race for a wife."

I waited a day or two before trying to learn what effect this conversation had on my artist friend. We had accepted an invitation to visit the interior of the Great Pyramid by night, in company with Dr. Grant, Wayne-man Dixon and some English engineers, and Mr. Varley and I determined to profit by an early visit, sketching, and looking about among the tombs and the ruins of the Great Temple near the Sphinx through the day. The party were to enter the Pyramid after sundown, to avoid the troublesome Bedouins, who do not venture out of their tents after dark; at least, they keep out of the Great Pyramid, which is a blessing to night-explorers.

As noon approached, a Bedouin girl appeared, and said, in very good native English: "Mister Barley, dinner ready."

"Come," said my friend, "let us lunch, and loaf at our leisure."

And he led the way to a tomb, cut in the solid rock, where, after cleaning out the sand, he had fitted a door, laid a carpet, hung a hammock, and with a small table and a few chairs had made a home, which he had occupied more or less for six years. The Bedouins, who tented near, cooked for him, and supplied milk. Fruit and vegetables were brought by the *fellahs*, or the Arab boys or girls, from the villages in the Nile Valley below. Shayk Homzee, who claimed the right of levying tribute from every visitor to the Pyramids, on the plea that he was custodian, had a fair daughter, whom Mr. Varley had taught to read and write, both in English and Arabic, and was then beginning with her in French. She brought the milk and barley-cakes for our lunch. Figs, melons, pomegranates and other fruits enriched the table.

When the lunch and the Arabs had been disposed of—that is, both had disappeared—I ventured to inquire if he supposed Miss Victoria would go with us on a visit to the two Coptic convents, Mari Girgis and Al 'Adra, the next day.

"I have been thinking," said he, "that since I have been away from England more than six years, it might be well to make a trip in that direction."

"To get *trousseau*, and other requisites?"

"To avoid the necessity for such things that might arise here if——"

"If you do not adopt the sentiments, or reasoning, of the stranger whom we met at Dr. Grant's."

"Exactly. What do you think of marriage between different races?"

"Who knows the race of the pyramid-builders, its origin, affiliations, and its differences, if any, from the Aryan, as ours is called?"

"What do you hold on the question of a marriage between two different religions? You are both nominally Christians. A few differences as to forms and ceremonies are of no real value when the main tenets of the faith are the same."

"I see! I see! There is no real barrier to our union, except her own free will. She says that we differ in so many things that I would soon tire of her. What can I say more than promise fidelity——"

"Eternal, of course. But now, really, have you studied this girl?—or woman, for a woman matures much earlier in this climate—have you sounded her mind for any possible dark corners, where ghosts may lurk, and some day scare you, unexpectedly?"

"Do you mean, have I suspected her of having superstitions which will horrify and make me despise her, when discovered?"

"That is what I meant."

"Do you refer to her religious teaching?"

"No. True religion destroys superstition, as sunshine dispels morning vapors. But Egypt is saturated with curious and mischievous superstitions, which occupy the mind to the exclusion of better thoughts."

We passed a busy and laborious night in the Great Pyramid; and what with climbing to the King's Chamber, descending the slant passage to the Well, measuring each stone in the ascending passage-way, and making a diagram of the floor and side walls, we were very tired when the rising sun met us as we emerged from the entrance. After a few hours' sleep, Varley and I went to Fostat, where Miss Buktur was found willing to again pilot us through the ancient rookery. This time it was called Mari Girgis.

St. George is honored with a reception-room (*mandarah*) that was at one time decorated with beautiful wood-carvings and wall-painting. Fire destroyed the church nearly a century since, and the new building is in no sense a reconstruction. The plan and design are copied after Greek models, and the decoration is coarse and tawdry. Victoria said this church was built for the fops and dandies, if one is to judge from appearances. The original church was built in 684 A.D.

We were shown into the Church of the Virgin (Al 'Adra), which is near Mari Girgis on the north side. The most curious thing we found there was a glass lamp of Arabic make, an outline of which is given on p. 732. The medallions on its sides were fine specimens of grotesque art. The priest was a typical holy father, and we sketched him in the priest's vestment, called "*shamlah*," which was embroidered with crosses in bright red and yellow silk, having symbolical Coptic letters in the ends of the arms of each cross.

A few years before our visit, the priest (not the one we sketched) sold to a visitor a MS. of the Gospel of John, said to have been very old. Since then the church has been supplied with modern copies of their ancient books, and the originals have been removed to a place of safe-keeping.

Then Victoria said: "If you really wish to see the Gospels that were once in this case, you must do my father the honor to call at his divan, where in the morning I shall take pleasure in showing you the most precious treasure."

The divan of the reverend dignitary is very much like many others in Cairo, enriched with fine wood-carvings, more or less ancient, colored and gilded. What a magnificent and beautiful city Cairo must have been, in the days of the Fatimee and Mamlook Kalifs, filled as it was with splendid mosques, gorgeous palaces and spacious bazaars! A traveler in the eleventh century (Naseer-i-Khusran) says that the houses of the well-to-do merchants, as well as those of the wealthy princes, were five or six stories high, and were built with such care that one might fancy they were enriched with precious stones, instead of being made of plaster, brick and paint. The halls were paved with marble, porphyry, serpentine, and other rare stones, in intricate and admirable patterns. The inner doors were inlaid with

ivory, ebony, cedar, and other fine woods. Stained glass enriched the windows. The gardens were filled with fruit-trees, and watered by fountains of running

water, supply from the Nile. The divan was carpeted with rich and costly stuffs from India, Persia and Syria.



GLASS LAMP IN AL 'ADRA.

The Patriarch of the little Coptic community cannot be said to live in any such fine surroundings, but yet there are evidences of the olden time on every side.

The engraving of the Coptic Patriarch's divan will give as good an impression of the scene as can be had without color.

Since the visit of the Hon. Robert Curzon to "The Monasteries of the Levant," very few rare or ancient MSS. have been seen in Cairo. Rich travelers, thieves and other devourers of books have carried away all except such as are required for church services. The Patriarch's library has Coptic MSS. of the Psalter, Lectionary, Gospels, Consecration of Priests, Monks, and other Orders in the Church; altars, fonts and holy oils; Liturgies, Euchologion, Funeral Services, and Lives of Saints, dated from the twelfth century down. Most of these books were mere curiosities, since only the marginal notes which were in Arabic could be read by any of our party. The Patriarch himself was absent on a visitation to the Convent of the Pulley. The ancient MS. of the Gospels promised us by Miss Victoria was found to be incomplete, for many pages are missing at the beginning and at the end, but what was left was interesting as a specimen of writing of the fourteenth or fifteenth century.

Miss Victoria said she would, if we desired her, show

us a "textus" case with the MSS. found in it when it was opened, a year or two since. We did wish to see, and it was brought out.

What a pretty picture we saw! The handsome, queenly young woman bearing in her white hands a silver box, seven by four inches and an inch thick, studded with hundreds of round-headed nails of silver, and crossed and ribbed all over with inscriptions and ornaments, raised (*repoussé*), polished, and the alternate lines and the border gilded. The box was made of sycamore-wood, and had been broken open, for there were no hinges. It was opened in the presence of the Patriarch and several other persons, including Miss Victoria, and the only inclosure was one leaf of a Gospel in Coptic, and a dozen fragments of leaves from two to four inches across. The precious relics were returned to the casket, where they are yet, probably. Offers of its weight, wood and all, in silver, or even in gold, were of no avail, for His Highness the Patriarch discovered his own name, engraved in small letters by the ancient artist, or, it may be, owner of the case, and wished to keep it as a memorial of the name, of which he felt honored.

I had heard the title of Patriarch, as it is pronounced in Arabic, many times—*batrak*—and never felt any symptoms of unusual respect for it; but when the lovely lips of the beautiful Coptic maid spoke it, referring to her father, who was absent, it had a musical cadence which thrilled me, and I involuntarily fell to musing on the august appearance of the venerable head of the most ancient branch of the Christian Church.

At that moment a clapping of hands announced the entrance to the house, in the room below, of some important personage. Every one present assumed an attitude of profound respect. A man of middle age, with hair raven black, entered quickly and greeted the assembly—who numbered six, besides Mr. Varley and me—with a benediction, when Victoria ran to him and kissed his hand, saying, "Anba" (father); and then she seated him and introduced us. He had been prevented from setting



ST. STEPHEN.—FROM A PAINTING IN THE CHURCH OF ABU SARGAH, IN THE ROMAN FORT.

out for the trip to the Convent of the Pulley by some business with the Pasha, and was delighted to see his English friends. When informed that I was from Amer-

ica, he inquired where under the sun could a place of that name be hidden, but remarked, before a reply could be given: "It does not matter. God has so little regard for those who remain obstinately without the fold, that even their habitation is unrecorded." So I hastened to explain that Mr. Varley and I were both English in origin and language, and as his regrets were relieved, he forgave us for having existed so long without his permission.

That evening, when conferring with Mr. Varley, and comparing notes, he told me that he had an uncle in New York; and when I said I knew him by name, Mr. Varley, who was called "Reddy the Blacksmith," our mutual friendship increased rapidly. The next day he gave me a sail in his *dahabeeyeh* (yacht), and we sketched, chatted and feasted on fruits all the day long, enlivening the hours now and then by a reference to the sweet scion of Pharaonic stock, which he proposed to transplant beyond the Gates of Hercules, far away on the bosom of Atlantis, into a new Garden of Hesperides, Albion's Isle.

I must have teased him with classic allusions, for he was silent now and then, when I considerably left him to muse, and worked on my sketches. He was naturally kind-hearted, and forgave all my sins as to the Coptic maid.

My days in Cairo were numbered, and the convents, churches, artists, maids, and even the majestic mysteries, the Pyramids, must be left behind, for my face was turned northward.

Beautiful remnant of an ancient race; charming in person and manner, lively witted, womanly and lovely—to look upon. Her religion is also a remnant of an ancient faith; charming in its rites and ceremonies, and interesting in its peculiar tenets and ritual, and as a spectacle gorgeous to look upon. Its language, both in its alphabet and vocabulary, is a union of Greek and Egyptian, apparently a relic or survival of Ptolemaic and early Christian times. What treasures there are in the store-chambers of her mind cannot even be imagined by any one not thoroughly conversant with her speech, which is commonly Arabic. Whether gems or trash—who can tell?

"My friend," said I, "how is she different from the silver 'textus' case which she showed to us yesterday? Very beautiful in exterior charms, but is there any real treasure within? How can she be a genuine relic of the ancient Pharaonic race, when neither she nor her father, nor her father's fathers, for many generations, have a single word of the ancient speech of the pyramid-builders? She thinks in Arabic; her manners are molded by her Arab neighbors, her feelings and her sentiments

are akin to those of her kind, and her superstitions are—"

"Hold on!" he cried. "I cannot, dare not listen further. You frighten me. A word more may drive me mad. I am bound up entirely in that feminine mystery, and cannot see how it is possible to free myself, even if I was convinced it was my duty; and I am not convinced. I believe the casket has more than a few fragments in it, and that Miss Victoria, as you call her, if she has an opportunity, will develop into a most noble and lovely woman."

How could I hope to whistle down the wind?

When, some days after, I bid good-by to Dr. Grant, I found a note there which ran as here:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: My trip to England must be postponed. I had a long talk with 'Sladatac' (His Highness) the Patriarch, and presented my case, with this surprising result: I am to become a Copt! Incorporate myself with the ancient race, at least formally, by joining its communion. Then, if my probation is satisfactory—you know what next. To say that I am in paradise is inadequate to express my feelings. My best wishes for your safe arrival home. Remember me to my uncle. Yours, etc., VARLEY."

"P. S.—A messenger from the *Batrak* brings me a note, cancelling the conversation of yesterday. I recall now what you told me about his early life in the Convent of St. Anthony, near the Red Sea. How could a man who has been brought up and educated in that circumscribed monks'-nest ever have one broad idea of the world beyond his immediate vicinity? I am in the shadows again. I shall try to induce her to elope with me. My *dahabeeyeh* will take us to some safe place, where we can be united, and freed from the domination of a—never mind what. If she refuses, you can expect to see me at Alexandria, next steamer-day, to sail with you."

I took steamer at Alexandria for Port Said and Joppa, and journeyed alone.

Some weeks later I learned that he sailed up the Nile in his *dahabeeyeh*, but without a companion other than his Nubian boy, who was an excellent cook. The Arabic proverb says, "The next best thing to a good wife is a good dinner." Varley worships his Diana from afar.



ZAYNEB, DAUGHTER OF THE SHAYK HOMZEE.

THE famous Lord Eldon had occasion to discharge a coachman whom he suspected of purloining his corn. Receiving a letter from a merchant inquiring into the man's character, his lordship replied that he was a good coachman, but he entertained suspicions that he had cheated him. The man came soon, to return thanks to his lordship for procuring him so excellent a place. "My new master," said he, "was contented to find I was sober and a good coachman, but, as to cheating your lordship, he thought the Fiend himself could not do it."

LUNAR INFLUENCES.

BY A. W. BUCKLAND.

"THE influence of the moon upon vegetation is an interesting problem awaiting solution. A recent writer upon the subject mentions that wood-cutters in Cape Colony and India insist that timber is full of sap and unfit to be cut at full moon. Another observation of lunar influence in Cape Colony is the rapid spoiling of meats, and other provisions, when exposed to moonlight, though this may be due to the fact that the light serves as a guide to insects."

Before treating of these influences, which we believe to be worthy of scientific inquiry and investigation, we will just glance at the numerous superstitions still lingering among us in connection with the lesser light which rules the night, and see whether we can discover a few grains of reason in the apparent absurdities.

When you first see the new moon, you must courtesy, and turn your money for luck. It is thought unlucky to see the new moon through the window, or over your left shoulder.

"If the new moon you see
Neither through glass nor tree,
It shall be a lucky moon to thee."

A Saturday moon is always unlucky, for the weather will be bad during the ensuing month; but to see the old moon in the lap of the new betokens fine weather. If the crescent moon lies on her back, she holds the water in her lap; but if the horns are upright, the water will be poured out, and it will be a wet month. You should cut your hair in a waxing, and your nails in a waning, moon. Herbs should be gathered when the moon is full, and you must kill your pig when the moon is waxing, or the meat will shrink in cooking.

These are the principal superstitions relating to the moon, and they seem to fall naturally into three parts: the first of which may be traced to moon-worship, the second to the influence of the moon on the weather, and the third to the effect of moonlight upon plants and animals.

The worship of the moon is probably as ancient as that of the sun. In most countries the sun held the first place, the moon being regarded as his consort; but in some ancient religions the moon was regarded as the chief divinity, and was the male element, the sun becoming female. This metamorphosis is still to be traced in many languages, as in the German; but, either as brother and sister, or husband and wife, the sun and the moon have held sway over mortals from the earliest times to the present day.

If we look to the attributes assigned to lunar deities, we shall find they are almost always associated with the chase; thus the attributes of Artemis, the moon-goddess of the Greeks, and of Diana, her representative among the Romans, are the bow and quiver, arrows or a spear, stags and dogs. We may therefore conclude that moon-worship originated among hunters, and that the horned divinities, met with so frequently in ancient sculptures, have some connection with the moon, the horns representing the cusps of the crescent moon.

We find the Assyrian and Egyptian goddesses thus adorned, and it would seem, from various notices in the Bible, that the Hebrews were given to the use of "round tires like the moon" (Isaiah iii. 18) as head-ornaments. It seems probable that these round tires may have resembled those golden ornaments found in Ireland and in ancient Etruria, and called *lunulae*. It is certain that the

Hebrews, like most Eastern nations, thought much more of the influence of the moon than we do in our colder clime. The new moon was ushered in by the blowing of the silver trumpets, and by special sacrifices.

But we search in vain in Eastern lands for any notices of superstitions connecting the moon with the weather, for it is only in a variable climate like our own that the weather is watched with solicitude, and it is by no means clear, notwithstanding the *dictum* of astronomers and philosophers, that in our section of the globe the moon is wholly devoid of influence upon the weather; for, when we consider that she regulates the tides, and that, at least on the sea-coast, the extremes of the tides certainly bring about atmospheric changes, these changes may truthfully be assigned to the primary cause—that is, the moon. The extent of the change would, however, naturally depend greatly upon the direction of the wind and the degree of humidity of the atmosphere at the time; but we believe there is enough influence traceable to the moon to justify to some extent the weather-prophecies of our ancestors.

When, however, we turn to the influence of the moon upon plants and animals, we find the minimum effects in our cold, variable climate, and the maximum in hot countries under clear skies. Yet even here, perhaps, the moon may have more effect upon the growth of plants than we are willing to recognize; and, as regards animal life, every keeper and attendant at a lunatic asylum knows how much the unhappy inmates are excited at full moon, and the howlings of dogs on moonlight nights show that they, too, are affected in some way. It is, therefore, possible that there may be some truth in the old wives' notion, that pigs should be killed when the moon is waxing. As regards the growth of hair, we cannot speak positively, but we have often noticed that the nails grow more rapidly when cut during the waxing period of the moon. These things are not superstitions, but may be proved or disproved by experiment, and it would seem to be worth while to test experimentally those lunar influences which modern philosophy is too ready to reject, simply because they were Old World beliefs.

In the blessing accorded to the tribe of Joseph, through the mouth of Moses, we find especial mention of "the precious things put forth by the moon" (Deut. xxxiii. 14), and certainly, in hot countries, it is well known that vegetation is largely dependent upon the moon. We have been told by planters in the West Indies that the growth of sugar-cane during moonlight nights is twice as great as when there is no moon, as may be proved by the distance between the knots, or divisions. The Chinese attach great importance to the influence of the moon, so timing the sowing of the seed as to insure the greatest amount of moonlight for the springing corn.

The appellation of "moon-struck" is, amongst us, a term of ridicule, but in hot countries it is a reality, and no one would think of sleeping unsheltered under the influence of the light of the full moon. A curious effect of the influence of the moon on animal matter is well known at the Cape of Good Hope. A favorite food among the colonists is a fish called snoek (*Thyrstiles atun*). This is not generally eaten fresh, but is cured in a particular way by the Malays. Now, if this curing takes place during the time when the moon is at the full, and the light of the moon is allowed to fall upon it when drying, all who partake of the fish thus cured are seized with a swelling of the face, not particularly painful, but very disagreeable and disfiguring, and the un-

happy snook-eaters wander about like so many grown children afflicted with mumps.

From these few instances it will be seen that the influence of the moon is not altogether mythical, and further research may show that our ancestors were justified in attributing to the silver planet a share in controlling the forces of nature greater than will be admitted by modern philocephers; and that, even in changes of weather, it is at least possible that the moon may have some influence, although only at new and full moons, when the tides are highest. That the weather should be affected by an eclipse, as many suppose, can scarcely be imagined, since an eclipse is only a passing shadow; and when we come to the absurdities of courtesying, and turning money at the new moon for luck, we see only the lingering survival of old customs and beliefs which, even in this century of enlightenment, cannot be wholly eradicated; for in every human heart there still seems to be some little dark corner given up to superstition, and probably even now, as related by Aubrey (1678), some of our countrywomen may be found to sit astride on a gate or stile, the first evening the new moon appears, saying: "A fine moon, God bless her!"

THE PILOT'S DEATH-OMEN.

By D. K.

"I SHALL die to-night!"

Lieutenant Reval stared. The Chinese shot were indeed rattling like hail upon the French flag-ship's decks, but surely Pilot Thomas was not afraid of them.

"It's my birthday, you know," resumed the Englishman, "and that's the day I'm to die."

"Like Cromwell, Shakespeare, King Harold, and other great Englishmen, eh? But, having weathered so many birthdays, why should *this* one wreck you?"

"My birth-mark," replied Thomas, "was only to fade at my death. Well, look here."

Reval started and turned pale. The broad red spot on the pilot's brawny arm was gone as if it had never been. The Frenchman's forced laugh was a sad failure, and he felt the redoubling of the Chinese fire just then a very seasonable interruption.

Thicker and thicker rolled the smoke, louder and louder grew the din. The whole air seemed quivering with the scream and whoop of round shot and shells. The ship was girdled with a ring of dancing flames, answered by the blaze and crackle of a ceaseless fire from the shore. Men fell almost unseen, and death came blindly, no one knew whence or how.

But the dauntless Frenchmen laughed as they fired and loaded, even the wounded retorting with faint cheers the shrill yells of the enemy. Down in the waist on the starboard side (the hottest place of all just then), several reckless fellows struck up the old French song, "*Le Coq Français est le Coq de la Gloire*," which may be thus translated:

"The rooster of France is a rooster most glorious.
He quails not, whatever mischance he may meet;
Full loudly he crows in the fight when victorious—
Still louder in peril, and gloom, and defeat!
Crow, over crow!
He's always just so,
And that's his best quality, beating or beat.

And now the Chinese fire began to slacken, growing fainter and fainter till at last it all but ceased, while a fierce red glare through the billowy smoke showed that the town, or a part of it at least, must be in flames.

The battle seemed well-nigh over, and Lieutenant Reval was just going up to the pilot to joke him upon the failure of his gloomy prophecy, when suddenly there came a flash and a roar, a sharp cry, and a rush of men toward one spot on the officers' bridge.

"Reval, my poor boy! are you knocked over?"

"Only wounded," said the brave young lieutenant, writhing his white, pinched features into a faint smile. But poor Pilot Thomas lay dead beside the wheel, still clutching it with his stiffening hand.

DARWIN'S THEORY OF CORAL REEFS.

"ACCORDING to Mr. Darwin's theory, which has been almost universally accepted during the past half-century," says a recent writer in *Nature*, "the corals commence to grow near the shore of an island or continent; as the land slowly sinks, the corals meanwhile grow upward to the surface of the sea, and a water-space—the lagoon channel—is formed between the shore of the island and the encircling reef, the fringing being thus converted into a barrier reef. Eventually the central island sinks altogether from sight, and the barrier reef is converted into an atoll, the lagoon marking the place where the volcanic or other land once existed. Encircling reefs and atolls are represented as becoming smaller and smaller as the sinking goes on, and the final stage of the atoll is a small coral islet, less than two miles in diameter, with the lagoon filled up and covered with deposits of sea-salts and guano. It is at once evident that the views now advocated are, in almost all respects, the reverse of those demanded by Mr. Darwin's theory. The recent deep-sea investigations do not appear in any way to support the view that large or small islands once filled the spaces now occupied by the lagoon waters, and that the reefs show, approximately, the position of the shores of a subsided island. The structure of the upraised coral islands, so far as yet examined, appears to lend no support to the Darwinian theory of formation. When we remember that the great growing surface of existing reefs is the seaward face from the sea-surface down to twenty or forty fathoms, that large quantities of coral *débris* must be annually removed from lagoons in suspension and solution, that reefs expand laterally and remain always but a few hundred yards in width, that the lagoons of finished atolls are deepest in the centre, and are relatively shallow compared with the depth of the outer reefs, then it seems impossible, with our present knowledge, to admit that atolls or barrier reefs have ever been developed after the manner indicated by Mr. Darwin's simple and beautiful theory of coral reefs."

THE LAST OF THE ROMAN CARNIVAL.

THE carnival of Rome as Goethe and Andersen and Hawthorne described it, with its wild, spontaneous mirth, its masks, its intrigues, its comedies and tragedies, exists no longer, and even the conventional carnival we have had for the last ten or fifteen years is dead and buried till the whirligig of time may again bring it to the surface. In the meantime we have in its place a certain number of odious days when the shops are shut and the streets are full of rabble, so that it is equally disagreeable to walk or ride in the town. On *Giovedì Grasso*, ironically called "Thin Thursday" by the Romans, this year the most detestable practice of throwing *coriandoli* prevailed, and you could not cross the Corso with-

the risk of getting a chalk-pellet square in your eyes or having your coat whitened. As for the *mocoliti*, whose twinkling sparks used to illumine the Corso by thousands as the evening shades fell over the last day of the carnival, causing joyous shouts as each endeavored to extinguish his neighbor's light, these were represented last Tuesday by a few miserable tapers dispersed here and there in the balconies. Indeed, the only distinctive features of the Roman carnival are the *veglioni*, the masked balls at the theatres, to which—to the honor of old Roman tradition, be it said—ladies can go alone, masked or unmasked, without a male escort, and without fear of any annoyance. They may glide unnoticed through the crowd, in black domino and mask, or, under some gay disguise, they may *intriguer* and mystify to their hearts' content, as long as they keep their voices

deal of dancing—e.g., in Casa Nathan and in the Doria and Pallavicini palaces; but the doors of the great houses of Borghese and Barberini remained closed, *et pour cause*. A month ago the last prince of the Barberini name lay on his pauper bier in the Church of San Bernardo (in accordance with the vow of the confraternity to which he belonged), and since then a girl of sixteen has been the only representative of the proud family of Pope Urban VIII., whose heraldic bees swarm up his statue at St. Peter's and over the buildings he erected in Rome.

AN American newspaper correspondent recently enjoyed the honor of an interview with Li Hung Chang, the Premier of the Chinese Government. He reports the great statesman as being much displeased with the



REPRISALS.

Tradesman (to old gentleman, who has purchased lawn-mower)—“Yes, sir, I’LL OIL IT, AND SEND IT OVER IMM—”
 Customer (imperatively)—“No, no, no!—IT MUSTN’T BE OILED! I WON’T HAVE IT OILED! MIND THAT! I WANT NOISE! AND, LOOK HERE—PICK ME OUT A NICE BUSTY ONE. MY NEIGHBOR’S CHILDREN HOOT AND YELL TILL TEN O’CLOCK EVERY NIGHT, SO—(imperatively)—I MEAN TO CUT MY GRASS FROM FOUR TILL SIX EVERY MORNING!”

at the regulation falsetto pitch, without experiencing an impertinent answer or an insolent proposition. So it was formerly at the Apollo, the old theatre on Tiber's banks, now being destroyed to make way for the new embankment; and so it is now at the Teatro Costanzi, where the *veglioni* this carnival were particularly brilliant. The different clubs, too, give capital balls; that of the Artists' was, as usual, very crowded and amusing enough, though there were not so many costumes as I have seen. As usual, those of the Spanish artists were the best. An Aragonese, with short petticoats, showing shapely feet in pale-blue slippers; and a “Maja,” with high comb, mantilla and training skirts, both played their parts so well that they mystified everybody, till their voices betrayed them; and a good background was afforded them by a room painted with the Moorish tiles and arabesques of the Alhambra. In private houses there was a good

conduct of the United States Government in excluding Chinese from this country. And he intimated that if the Chinese were not shown greater consideration, China would retaliate by excluding all Americans, including the missionaries, from the Empire. There are many Americans who favor the restriction, and some who favor even the prohibition, of Chinese immigration to this country, who feel that the course pursued by Congress and the Administration in reference to the Chinese during the recent campaign was discreditable to this nation and needlessly irritating to the Chinese Government. To influence a few votes, not only have the commercial and religious interests of Americans in China been imperiled, but also their lives. It is important that the objects desired by the United States be secured in some manner by which the interests of our citizens or the missionary work in which they are engaged will not suffer.



"'ELINOR,' HE SAID, AT LAST, SPEAKING SLOWLY AND GAZING OUT OVER THE WATER, 'YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE MINE IN HEART, IN THOUGHT, IN ALL BUT NAME.'"

FUGITIVE HEARTS.

By M. M. CASS, JR.

"WHAT a gray day!" mused Blake, buttoning his coat more closely as a flaw of wind swept the forward deck. "Gray, dripping clouds; a gray, dreary river, and misty, gray, granite domes. An Ossianic landscape. And I must chance to set out on such a morning for—the Summer. A vague quest, indeed. I could seek through life for the Grail, or for any other definite object; but this search for a dream, a motive, a hope, not even a well-defined ideal—I am Quixote, not Galahad. I suppose my quest will end with some woman, when I find her; most quests do. Yet old John, the gardener, says, 'There is a warl' fu' o' wimmen folk.' But old John is essentially commonplace; lacks height and depth; is a flat surface. Any other flat surface would fit old John. His ideal is an *a posteriori* creation, based on his knowledge of Betsey. And mine? Well, the fact that I have one is evidence—to me—that she exists. But would I be hers? I think so. Yes, that follows. And so, too,

I follow. Sunlight will some day gild these 'hills of Morven,' and some day the 'light that never was on sea or land' will glorify my life. But what is it Gautier says?—'Delay not too long or the flame will burn the altar.'"

His monologue was broken by a handkerchief blown skurrying across the deck. Intercepting it, he restored it to an elderly lady of refined and quiet mien, who thanked him with smile and bow and rejoined her companion. Of the latter he caught a glimpse, and involuntarily stepped forward, her face seeming so entirely familiar. He halted, however, when her large, dark eyes met his for a moment, and turned away without recognition.

"Who is she? Where have I seen her?" he said to himself, over and over, watching them as they walked to the bow of the steamer. When they passed aft, he gazed again intently, but only to find that no one feature

seemed as familiar as the whole, as in cases of mere tantalizing resemblance. Masses of glossy brown hair; deep, brown, luminous eyes; cheeks tinged with brown and red; daintily gloved hands; a slender, exquisitely developed form; an unconscious queenliness of carriage, and something more—that subtle, intangible something which differentiates faces—that soul-light shining through. Surely he had somewhere met her; yet the more he analyzed her face, the more he marveled where.

Being of a methodical turn of mind, he then began an exhaustive review of places where he might have seen her—town, sea, city and mountain, all without avail. Yet when he walked aft to obtain another glimpse, the same irresistible impression returned—some place, some day he had met and known her. Returning after a brief interval, he failed to find them. They had retired, perhaps for rest, or perhaps—he blushed to think—annoyed by his scrutiny. Where were they going? At what place would they leave the boat? Some one on board might know. On the lower deck he found the elder of the ladies having their trunks checked. And so, after her departure, he learned their destination; and so it was that the Bresden Springs Hotel secured another welcome guest at that somewhat obscure inland resort.

As there were but few boarders, Mr. Raimon Blake soon enjoyed a speaking acquaintance with Mrs. Aldan, by whom he was at last introduced to "My daughter Elinor."

They came from the South, and had never before been farther North than Washington. Now, as Blake had never been South beyond that point, and not frequently as far, he seemed forced to give up his theory of their prior acquaintance. And yet, with her rare smiles or occasional gleams of her dream-haunted eyes, there ever came to him a quick, inexplicable glimpse of a scene, a life, a delight, somewhere—like those lightning-flashes of recollection which sometimes, in the dull routine of day, come back to tell us that we dreamed last night.

Of these perplexing experiences he had not spoken to Elinor, much as he sought her society—had not spoken, as he had no explanation to offer. "The doctrine of the transmigration of souls cannot explain it," said he; "that Hindoo imbecility, with its chain of incarnated experiences, hampering the human intellect with the clumsy mechanism of an animal brain. Nor even that Pythagorean absurdity which would keep a man beginning ever at the foot of the ladder."

And so the days rolled on, bringing a more intimate acquaintance with Elinor, which ripened into friendship, perhaps into love—he could not tell. For who shall say where love begins? Where the lilac of sunset skies blushes into rose? Where the blue of darkening twilight deepens into purple and jet?

One night, after hours of sleep—how many he knew not—he found himself suddenly, without apparent cause, alert, wide-eyed, and completely awake. It had not been a struggling back of the spirit, taking possession of his faculties one by one until all were under control; but he was clear-minded instantly, as an electric light routs shadows from a darkened room. He had stepped from his sleep-life into his waking life before the experiences of the one had been clouded or obliterated by the other—while his recollection of events was still intensely vivid. He had been singing, and the echoes of the melody still lingered in his heart. Knowing the transitory nature of such memories—how in the morning they are dim, like ancient photographs, or faded wholly—he sprang from bed, groped his way to the table, and wrote down in the dark a hurried memoranda of the *locus* of his dream:

Broad halls flooded with light; a winding, graceful stairway; the involuted figures of a carpet in which crimson and gold predominated; and through a wide casement, a placid river curving sinuously afar among hazy, Indian-summer hills. Over all was shed a splendor of light and coloring for which he had no words—"the light that never was." She, too, was there. He seemed to know her by another name—a soft, sweet, musical word, lost to him now. He had felt the touch of her rosy fingers as they stood looking out on the dreamy hills; he had felt the delicious thrill of her warm, sweet lips as they had leaned together instinctively in their wordless contentment. Then, lifting their voices, they had begun to sing. But here he was baffled. Most of the song had passed beyond recall; and the strange, exquisite air seemed, each moment, on the point of escaping. Time and again he sung it to himself, hoping to fasten it in his memory; and then, for the "insubstantial pageant" was fading, he returned to his couch and slept.

In the morning his notes brought back his dream with a vividness which made it as real as any experience of yesterday. In the light of this revelation, as he believed it, of his dual, parallel lives, many perplexing incidents of the past were made clear—melodies which he found in his heart on waking; places curiously familiar when visited, as he thought, for the first time. And more than all, he had now solved the mystery of those haunting gleams, flashing and fading too quickly to be caught on the mirror of memory, yet so bright while they endured as to leave life dark and sad when they had flown.

"And why?" said he. "Is it not a rational theory? As long as the spirit remains in the body, we are awake and conscious. Its departure is the reason and cause of sleep. Its final leave-taking, when the 'silver cord is loosed,' that is the close of life under earth conditions. Mine cannot be an isolated case, except that I may recall my dream-life with more or less distinctness than others. If it were real to me, it must have been real to Elinor also. But did she bring back a recollection of it? Probably not; I should have lost mine but for my midnight notes. If I could awaken her remembrance of the same events, that would be proof, and crystallize these speculations into a belief."

That evening, in the twilight, they strolled down through the clover-meadow to the edge of the lake, and rode out on its calm waters. After awhile conversation ceased, and Blake, allowing his boat to drift idly among the lily-pads, revolved in his mind the experiences of which he had planned to speak.

"How nice it is of you," he said, at last, "not to expect me to talk. Do you know that is a measure of friendship? Good friends can sit together in silence a long time contentedly, and it often happens, too, that their thoughts are traversing much the same ground. They are thus in voiceless communion. And so, it is not only the presence, but the impress of the other's thought, which makes a double reverie so delightful."

She made no response, and, after a moment's silence, he again began, slowly, gazing abstractedly over the water.

"Perhaps I know where your thoughts have been," said he. "There is a melody which you can almost recall, a dream-song that haunts you." And then, changing his form of speech, he continued, as if musing: "I see two standing hand in hand by a broad window. Behind them, the hall is flooded with a warmth and brightness like the glow of last sunlight. In front, a flower-starred lawn touches the margin of a smooth river, winding away through amethystine meadows. Where

it is crossed by the sun-path, it glows like beaten gold, and beyond, with a paler shimmer, disappears among misty hills. As I watch them, with a common impulse their lips meet and cling, and then, arm in arm, as the sun goes down, with one accord, with one unspoken thought, they lift their voices in song—a hymn of love and peace and joy." Commencing with the remembered words, softly he began to sing :

"After long days and weary deserts wended,
Far rising rivers shall mingle at the sea.
After long doubt——"

Almost in alarm, he ceased, and gazed at his companion. Her voice had joined his as naturally as any maiden might follow softly in a song she loved. The scenes and events described had been so familiar to her, that the strangeness of his knowledge of the circumstances had not crossed her mind. Meeting his startled, inquiring glance, for a second she seemed in bewilderment, and then, as the full meaning of the incident flashed upon her, with an expression of utter sorrow she buried her face in her hands.

"Please take me home," said she, with a trace of sobbing in her voice.

Blake was no longer able to restrain his emotions.

"Oh, Elinor, my own, my dream-love!" he whispered.

"You are, you must be, mine on earth, in this life—in all lives. Speak, my love, and tell me it is so."

But she neither raised her head nor answered, except to repeat, imploringly :

"Please—please take me home!"

Seizing the oars, Blake rowed to the beach in silence, drew the boat partly from water, and reached his hand to help her alight.

With averted eyes she stepped forward, ignoring his outstretched arm until a lurch of the boat rendered assistance necessary, and he felt her slender fingers quiver uncontrollably in his grasp.

As she stepped upon the sand, he again sought to detain her, holding her hand and imploring her to speak.

Tears streamed down her cheeks, and she looked pitiful in her misery, as she replied :

"Oh, my friend! You must not ask me. Please take me back; I must have time to think."

Kissing her hand fervently, he released it, and she sprang away through the narrow meadow-path. He followed just behind, and as they approached the hotel, advanced, placing her unresisting hand on his arm. Yet no word was said, save "Good-night," when they reached the porch.

Blake sought his room early, but heard the village clock strike one and two and three before he could banish thought of what had happened. He then sank into a dreamless sleep, from which he did not awaken until long after his usual hour.

"Why, good-morning, Mr. Blake," said Mrs. Connor, roguishly. "I presume I owe this pleasure of a late breakfast with you to your walk to the railway-station with our friends. A departure somewhat unexpected—to the rest of us."

With a quick apprehension of the truth, Blake simply replied that he was later than usual; whereat Mrs. Connor continued :

"I think Elinor was sorry to leave, as she had contemplated spending at least another month here."

"They changed their plans very suddenly," observed Blake.

It was really true; they had gone to New York city, the great, throbbing heart of the continent, where paths

are so easily crossed and lost. Further than this no one knew. How should he trace them? He knew their home city, of which Elinor had very often spoken, and thither, after much reflection, he resolved to go. Not but that he was well aware that she had left to avoid their further meeting; but he also knew that in all the world there was only one love for him, one hope, one promise of happiness, and that lay in finding her. Then, too, though he could not conceive her reasons for flight, it somehow did not seem as strange as it might, but almost a natural turn in the tortuous course of love. And quite as natural, too, that he should follow.

"I have a Grail to seek now," he said, almost jubilantly. "Sweeter its vain quest, sweeter its unfulfilled hope, than all the world beside."

A fortnight later found him in her native city. Not that he much expected to find her there, but to learn her whereabouts, or something bearing on the mystery of her abrupt departure. The name Aldan was well known, and he was readily referred to a Dr. Levene, who had managed Mrs. Aldan's property since the death of her husband. Levene, they said, could be found at the old-fashioned, tree-embowered Aldan homestead, in a quiet portion of the town.

Sending in his card, the doctor met him courteously, and begging him to be seated, excused himself long enough to seal and send a letter, then turning, said, politely :

"And now, Mr. Blake, how can I be of service to you?"

During the interim Blake had watched the doctor narrowly. He was large, well formed and featured; but a quick, cold eye, a self-possessed, decisive manner, and was apparently near his fortieth year. Thus much any one could see. What Blake felt was, that his host's courtesy veneered a resolute, heartless nature; that he was a man of singular force, and one who would not allow himself to be greatly hampered by conscientious scruples.

"I was referred to you, doctor," began Blake, "as doubtless informed of the whereabouts of Mrs. Aldan, whose address I desire to obtain."

"Indeed," replied the doctor, with a penetrating glance, "I think I have not heard from her since the 14th of the month; and I believe I may pardonably add that Mrs. Aldan really knows so little of her own matters that I could doubtless save you trouble, if you desire to see her on business."

"I can scarcely call it business," answered Blake, pleasantly—"merely a desire to learn her last place of sojourn in the North."

"You have seen her recently?" said the doctor.

"Quite recently," responded Blake, coolly.

"And neglected to obtain her address before you parted?"

"I failed to see her before her leave, as I had intended," was the reply; for though resenting the doctor's inquisitiveness, Blake desired to be conciliatory.

"And she left no address?" continued the doctor. "Perhaps not considering your business as of sufficient importance to demand another interview."

This blandly uttered intermeddling irritated Blake, especially as he somehow fancied the doctor understood that the object of his search was Elinor, not her mother.

"I shall not dispute your ingenious inferences, sir," said he, nonchalantly. "Mrs. Aldan can doubtless judge of the importance of my business, if you will kindly furnish me her address."

"I have no reason to believe that I have her present

address," replied the doctor. "She is quite inclined to move from place to place."

"Her address of the 14th will answer my purpose," answered Blake, his eyes beginning to glitter a little balefully.

As no further evasion was possible, the doctor leaned back in his chair, looked at his guest a moment, and then began, with tantalizing deliberation:

"I think, Mr. Blake, from my present information, or, rather, lack of information, as to your object in seeking her, that I am justified in declining, for the present at least, to furnish you the address you wish."

"It does seem strange, even at times to me. It is strange," replied the doctor, with mocking pleasantness. "A peerless, perfect woman, and—well, I may say, a commonplace physician. I appreciate your natural surprise, sir, and am inclined to show you the evidence."

"You can show me nothing except the door," responded Blake, excitedly. "If Elinor has married you, it has been through coercion or—or villainy. She is not yours in heart nor, as far as I know, in name. I shall unravel this, sir." And so speaking, he strode toward the door.

"Ah!" said the doctor, a wicked, half-amused smile showing his perfect self-control. "You interest me, and I will—yes, I will inform you that the ladies were, at last advised, at Dune-field-by-the-Sea, where Elinor will doubtless be pleased to receive an acquaintance of her husband's. Perhaps a note from me would be of service to you? No? Well, then, I will bid you good-morning."

And, smiling cynically, he bowed his visitor out.

This interview left Blake in no pleasant mood, and he was also so hopelessly perplexed by her asserted marriage that he had not entirely realized what a death-blow had been dealt his plans and hopes.

"My only hope," he said. Yet the doctor, whatever had been his motive, had given the address, and to Dune-field he hastened, determined to be guided in the future by what he should hear from Elinor's own lips.

He found it a little seaside hamlet, with one large hotel, on whose register he easily discovered the entry, "Mrs. Aldan and daughter."

"Why was her name not given?" said he, with sinking heart.

It was early afternoon; the long piazza was almost deserted. Blake sat gloomily meditating, when he heard a slow step, and saw Elinor coming down the porch, her

gaze resting listlessly on the dimpled sea. For a moment she stood in reverie, pathetic in its wistfulness; then, in response to an intense gaze, glanced up at Blake.

Her face grew slowly pale and paler, and then—for he had sprung to his feet, advancing—she bowed silently, and mechanically took his proffered hand.

"Come out on the beach," said he, and with no further word they walked away side by side. Avoiding bathers and playing children, they passed on, each busied with thronging thoughts. As the way grew rougher, he placed her hand on his arm, but still no word was said. Her sad eyes seemed oblivious to her surroundings, and Blake's handsome face was worn and furrowed by sombre thought.

Passing a jutting bluff, he seated her on a low ledge,



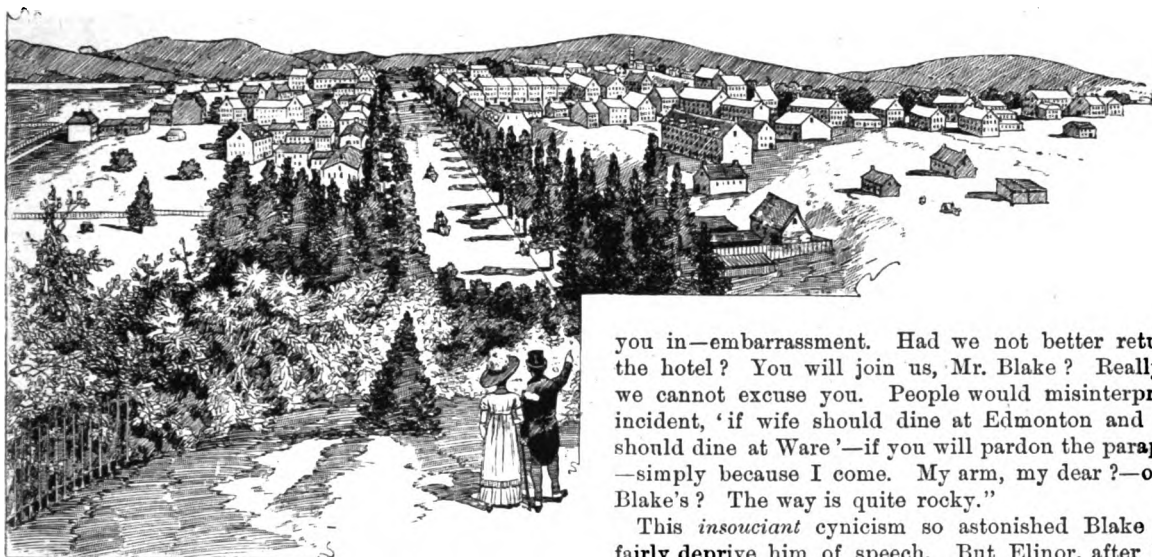
HISTORIC HOUSES IN WASHINGTON.—COMMODORE DECATUR'S HOUSE AND TOMB.
SEE PAGE 745.

This made Blake's blood boil, and he rejoined, hotly: "I will then ask you, sir, one further question—the reason of your refusal? I await your further insolence."

The doctor sneered, but almost good-humoredly—a sort of amused ferocity—and then replied, deliberately:

"I think I will answer that. The wealth and confiding natures of Mrs. Aldan and Elinor render them the easy prey of all sorts of adventurers, and I have a double incentive to vigilance—first, to protect the estate which is under my management; and again, my desire, as Elinor's husband, to secure her from annoyance."

"Elinor's husband! You!" exclaimed Blake, fiercely, scarcely realizing what he said. "You! Preposterous! infamous!"



WASHINGTON IN 1813. (HISTORIC HOUSES).—SEE PAGE 745.

and threw himself on the sand by her side. For a moment he remained silent.

"Elinor," he said, at last, speaking slowly and gazing out over the water, "you know that you are mine in heart, in thought, in all but name. You know that it is only with and through each other that we can hope for happiness. You know that we are wedded in spirit, made for each other, and bound with a bond which no accident of earth can loosen or sever. And knowing all this, with our eyes opened to the truth as by miracle—why do you not fly with me—not from me?"

She turned her deep eyes on him with a look of intense reproach and pain.

"Raimon," said she, "you should have spared me this. You knew—you know my answer. You have learned from other lips what I sinfully had not strength to tell you. I had found until then so little of joy in life. You know all, and you know how—how cruel you are!" She paused, turned her face seaward, until the wind had dried her tears, and, becoming more tranquil, continued, pathetically: "I ask you now, my—friend, that you neither seek nor see me again. Trust me, and leave me until fate shall open the way for our happiness. Then I will send for you. Promise me this. Oh, Raimon—oh, my friend! Trust me, pity me, and promise."

With streaming eyes, she held out her hands as in farewell.

Covering them with kisses, he whispered the promise, and then, with a quick sense of the emptiness of the future came also a thrill of exultation, of pride, in his sacrifice—a martyr-inspiring elevation of sentiment which taught him that life and pain and death were as feathers in the scale with duty.

"A charming tableau," said a pleasant voice, and turning with a start, they beheld the sardonic face of Dr. Levene, who had rounded the base of the cliff and approached noiselessly over the sand. "I was really tempted to withdraw, I felt myself *so de trop*. You now see, my young friend"—and he looked at Blake—"how correct I was in my intuition that your business could have been as rationally—or shall I say as properly?—transacted with the husband. And you, too, Elinor," he continued, assuming a voice and look of playful reproach; "you know I have often told you that your sympathetic heart would some day involve

you in—embarrassment. Had we not better return to the hotel? You will join us, Mr. Blake? Really, sir, we cannot excuse you. People would misinterpret the incident, 'if wife should dine at Edmonton and Blake should dine at Ware'—if you will pardon the paraphrase—simply because I come. My arm, my dear?—or Mr. Blake's? The way is quite rocky."

This insouciant cynicism so astonished Blake as to fairly deprive him of speech. But Elinor, after listening in silence, queenly and unabashed, turned to Blake and spoke.

"Perhaps I owe you, my friend, a further word of explanation. Dr. Levene does not misjudge me; he has no grievance, and will complain of none. He knows that the conditions of our contract have been kept inviolate, and will be. And now, my friend, farewell. My mother and myself leave Dunefield this evening. We go abroad. When conditions are altered, I will send for you. Until then, trust me, and good-by."

"Mr. Blake," said the doctor, with quizzical courtesy, lifting his hat politely, "if our ways must now diverge, it only remains to say adieu. I need hardly add that my wife's friends are mine, and that I shall be always interested in knowing you better. Good-by, sir, good-by." And together this strangely united couple, this travesty of the holiest relationship, walked away over the glistening sands.

Baffled, mystified, without plan or present hope, Blake made no effort to see her again. Finding, after a month or so, that his aimless wandering simply changed the monotony of old place and face for new ones, he returned to his home. It was late in the Fall when a chance news-

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HOUSE IN WASHINGTON.
(BUILT BY HIM IN 1792.)

paper item gave a new and intense interest to his life. Goodwin Aldan, wrongly accused of crime, had come back to his home, established his innocence, and threatened with vengeance the man who had not only directed suspicion toward him, but coerced his sister into marriage, and thus obtained control of her coveted property, by the threat of yielding her accused brother up to justice.

Young Aldan, however, had found the doctor battling with a still more relentless enemy—a deadly fever, contracted at the bedside of a charity patient; for two of the doctor's qualities, which might easily masquerade as virtues, were his intrepidity and his professional anxiety to relieve physical suffering.

"Quite like you, my boy, to air your safe bravado by a sick-bed. I trust soon to be quite at your service," said the doctor, weakly whispering, yet with his old, unconquerable insolence. When, however, he at last left his bed, he was beyond earthly vengeance.

* * * * *

Elinor was still abroad, though it had now been three months since fate had broken her cruellest of all bonds—a vow where love is not. Day after day Blake patiently awaited the summons to join her. Would she write? Should he expect her to take the initiative, and send for him? Would she not shrink from it as unconventional, unwomanly? Might she not fear that his love had been simply an unabiding fancy? Yet he had promised to wait and trust.

Finally there came a communication without signature—a place, a date, and a verse of song; new, yet old, and strangely familiar—the missing words of the haunting melody which they had seemed to sing as they stood with clasped hands gazing out on the radiant river and soft, blue hills of dream-land:

"After long days and weary deserts wended,
Far rising rivers shall mingle at the sea.
After long doubt, oh, love, thy quest hath ended;
Fugitive heart, thy home is here with me."

So it was his summons came. Another week, and they wandered arm in arm through aisles of odor and blossoms; watching the broad, crimson sun sink into the waves, blending the rose and gold of a sunset sky with the gold and glory of a Summer sea.

"Elinor," said he, "my love, how favored are we beyond other mortals, how happy beyond our hopes! We, who have blended our real life and our dream-life as sunset melts the sea and sky together. We who have found on earth the goal of hope, the Holy Grail of love."

She found no voice for answer, but through their misty lashes he caught the gleam of joy-lighted eyes lifted to his; and lifted to his were flower-sweet, loving lips, which clung in their long content, as once before when love for a moment unveiled the portal of life to be.

Then, as the upper red rim of fire fell beneath the waves, and the wings of twilight shadowed the fading sea, two voices, softly singing, floated out through the listening leaves:

"Fugitive heart, thy home is here with me."

A REPORT comes by way of Germany that a novel use of electricity has been made in India, for the prevention of the intrusion of snakes into dwellings. Before all the doors, and around the house, two wires are laid, connected with an induction apparatus. Should a snake attempt to crawl over the wires, he receives a shock of electricity, which either kills or causes him to retreat.

HISTORIC OMENS.

TRIFLING incidents have sometimes preluded great events, as, for instance, when the officers of Hannibal's army were heard to laugh by the soldiery on the morning of the battle of Cannæ, and the joyous sounds were welcomed as a harbinger of victory. In times of national crises, especially, the air of troubled States becomes thick with signs and prognostics, every one becomes a soothsayer or interpreter of dreams, and every event is hailed as a bright or black one. "Hollow blasts of wind, seemingly at a distance, and secret swellings of the sea," says Bacon, "often precede a storm." Thus the unknown author of "The Vision of Piers Plowman," who wrote in the reign of Edward III., surprised the world by predicting the fall of the religious houses by the hand of a king; Erasmus foretold the destruction of the rich shrines, the Regent Murray was solemnly warned by John Knox not to go to Linlithgow, where he was assassinated, and George Fox claimed that he had a distinct prevision of the fire of London—an event to which many allusions may be found during the era of the civil wars.

The celebrated Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, had been forewarned that when he should see a wolf and a bull engaged in combat his own death would quickly ensue. Years passed away, and he had penetrated into the market-place of Argos, a city to which he had been laying siege, when, lifting his eyes, he beheld among its consecrated statues the effigy of the very conflict he had been taught to fear. The prediction at once returned to his mind, and though he took the precaution to remove the royal diadem, he was, within a few moments, struck down by a tile from the roof of an adjacent house. This prophecy regarding Pyrrhus brings to mind one very similar in English history. Henry IV. had been told that he would end his days in Jerusalem, and the King interpreted the prediction in the sense that he was destined to fall, amid the flattering glories of victory, in the act of setting free the Holy City from the dominion of the infidel. But the saying was brought to pass in a manner altogether different. He was seized with mortal illness while performing his devotions at the shrine of the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, and borne thence to the abbot's apartments. On coming to himself he inquired where he was, and was told in the Jerusalem Chamber, on which he called to mind the intimation he had so long before received, and resigned himself to his fate.

The whole story of the life of William the Conqueror, from the sailing of his fleet from Normandy to the battle of Hastings, is marked by superstitious incidents. On arriving at Pevensey, the Duke landed last of all; the moment his foot touched the sand he made a false step and fell on his face. A murmur arose, and voices cried, "Heaven preserve us! a bad sign;" but William, rising, said, quickly, "Why do you wonder? I have seized this ground with my hands, and so far as it extends it is mine, it is yours." So also when Caesar slipped and fell on landing in Africa, he is reported to have exclaimed, "Land of Africa, I take possession of thee." A similar story is related by Froissart of Edward III., who is said to have fallen with such violence on the sea-shore at La Hogue that the blood gushed from his nose, and a cry of consternation being raised, the King answered, quickly, "This is a good token, for the land desireth to have me." These occurrences recall what Ségur tells us, how when Napoleon arrived on the banks of the Niemen (June, 1812), his horse fell and threw him, and a voice was heard to cry that it was a bad augury. The following day, no sooner

had the Emperor crossed the river than the wind rose and the rolling of thunder was heard, and many beheld in the fiery clouds which gathered over their heads a presage of the troubles which would ensue upon the invasion of the soil of Russia. In arming for the battle of Hastings, Duke William by accident put on his coat-of-mail hind part foremost. It was an evil omen to his followers; but, said he, "the sign is a good one, for as the hauberk has been turned about, so will he who wears it be turned from a duke to a king." The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, refused to officiate at the coronation of the invader of another's rights, and the Norman guards, mistaking the acclamations of the spectators for a tumult, fell upon the people without the abbey; in the deeds of wrong done that Winter's day when he was crowned, men saw a presage of what William's reign would be.

Many were the forebodings of evil derived from the occurrences connected with the coronation of Charles I. When a child in his cradle at Dunfermline, an angel, it was said, had descended from heaven, and covered him in a bloody mantle. When proclaimed at the gate of Theobalds, Sir Edward Zouch was reported to have used the words, "*dubitable* heir to the throne," instead of *indubitable*. On the day of the coronation, the royal barge in which the King proceeded to the palace shot on beyond the appointed landing-place, and, dashing into the stairs belonging to the back yard, which were dirty and inconvenient, stuck fast ere it reached the causeway. "This was taken to be an evil and ominous presage." When the Archbishop presented the King to the people, no voice was raised nor cheer answered, and more unlucky still was the text of the sermon preached by Senhouse, Bishop of Carlisle, "I will give thee a crown of life." In later years, at the trial of Strafford, at which Charles was present, the silver top was observed to fall from the King's staff. On the day on which he was crowned, the monarch was clothed in white and not in purple, as his predecessors had usually been, and this, whether due to the advice of Laud, or to the lack of a sufficiency of purple velvet in London at the time, was afterward regarded as having brought on him the misfortunes which had been predicted of old for the White King. Herbert, in his account of the funeral of Charles, remarking the downfall of snow which covered the pall and converted its blackness into a robe of innocence, adds: "Thus went the White King to his grave."

Baxter notes the terrible thunder-storm on Charles II.'s coronation-day, which reminded him of the previous coronation, when he had been a boy at school, and sorely affrighted by the earthquake, which was among the day's portents; but Pepys remarks that the people did not take much notice of the thunder and lightning on this occasion—a presage which was accounted as nothing, compared with the tottering of the crown upon the head of James II., a sight which the Queen herself beheld with dismay, and the rent flag which fluttered upon the White Tower, torn by the wind, as the signal was given that he was crowned. Nor was it less an omen to the superstitious that the royal arms should have fallen, on the day of the coronation, from the window of one of the metropolitan churches. At the subsequent banquet, the champion, after challenging, was moving toward the King, when he fell all his length in the hall—a sight at which the Queen remarked, says Prynne, "See you, love, what a weak champion you have?"

Ominous signs were not wanting at the coronation of George III. Thus the sword of state was forgotten, the Lord Mayor's sword being borrowed in its stead, and the

great diamond fell from the crown to the ground—an incident which was subsequently regarded as a foreboding of the loss which took place in the separation of the American colonies from the mother country. The King complained of the ceremonial irregularities to the Earl Marshal, Lord Effingham. "It is very true, sire," was the blundering reply, "that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible"—a story which brings to mind a like awkward remark made by the beautiful Lady Coventry (one of the Gunninges) to George II., to the effect that the only sight which she was eager to see was a coronation, at which His Majesty was good-natured enough to laugh heartily.

It has been remarked that there is nothing in modern history more analogous to the fatalities of the Greek drama than the singular presages relating to the death of Henry IV. of France. A Spanish friar and almanac-maker (perhaps acquainted with the details of the plot, for rumors of the event were rife, both in Spain and Italy, before it took place) predicted the death of the monarch in clear and precise terms. The coronation of the Queen had been deferred as long as possible, owing to a prophecy that the King would not survive the event a day. The ceremony was performed on May 13th, 1610, and the following afternoon the monarch was pierced to the heart by Francis Ravallac. The morning of the fatal day the King was observed to be exceedingly pensive. The attendants strove to divert his melancholy, and their master did his best to fall in with their well-meant pleasantry, remarking, however: "We have laughed enough for Friday—there will be weeping on Sunday." A few days before the catastrophe the Queen dreamed that all the jewels in her crown were changed to pearls, and that she was told that pearls were significant of tears. Only three days before Henry III. of France was assassinated he also had a dream in which he beheld the coronation-ornaments smeared in blood, whereat he was so terrified that he gave directions to the sacristan of St. Denis to take especial care of the regalia.

Louis Philippe was never allowed to assume the title of Valois, being known instead as Duc de Chartres, on account of an evil omen attaching to the former name, originating in the appearance of a spectre to the German princess who succeeded the poisoned sister of Charles II., through whose daughter, by the way, it is that the House of Savoy has pretension to the English throne.

Omens derived from names have been common alike in ancient and modern times; for example, the change of name from Maleventum to Beneventum. When Napoleon was lying before Acre, in the Spring of 1799, he received dispatches from Egypt, in which was reported the loss of a Nile boat, which had been blown up by its commander lest the wounded who thronged its decks should fall into the hands of the foe. For the loss Napoleon cared little, but the name of the vessel filled him with alarm—it was *l'Italie*; and in it he read that the Italy which he had conquered was lost to France. So, indeed, it proved; and a few months after, the French in Egypt learned, for the first time, that all that Bonaparte had won in 1796 had been lost by Massena and others.

The history of the Bourbons presents anew the picture of a fated house, such as the one which long ago, in Thebes, afforded to Greek observers a spectacle of such dire auguries. Omens keep unfolding themselves at intervals, and, as we recall the events of the time,

—"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng upon the memory
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire."



THE OLD CAPITOL PRISON.

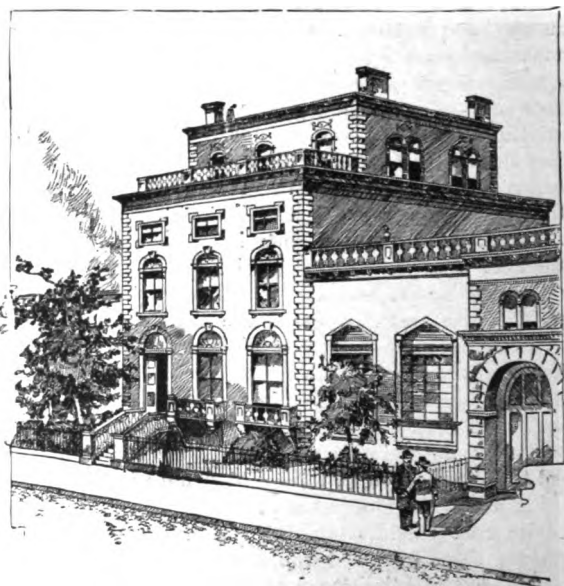
The fatal pollution of the marriage pomps on the recognition of Marie Antoinette in Paris is familiar to us all; and an omen no less portentous was found in the fact that the first objects which met the gaze of the new-made Dauphiness were series of groups from the most tragic section of Grecian art. The next similar alliance between the same empires—that of Napoleon with Maria Louisa—was overshadowed by like unhappy omens, which were followed shortly by no less unhappy results.

DECORATIVE ART.

Art that is essentially decorative has a natural analogy with essentially lyrical poetry. A form of versification once chosen, the necessary conditions of meter and rhyme become to the poet, as the qualities of his material to the artist, opportunities, not restrictions; not only opportunities for beauty of meter and rhyme, but for an emphasis on the utterance of his thought not attainable outside that form of verse. He is no poet who finds rhyme and meter hamper his imagination, nor is he who is not inspired by the conditions of his material a decorator. From the exalted position assumed to-day by realistic painting, decorative art seems to run some risk of being shouldered into a secondary, insignificant place. It can only be saved by its material, as poetry by its lyrical qualities from the assumptions of realistic prose. We must sing, and must have fresh words to sing; and as a song may touch our hearts as nearly as a novel, we shall not care to think of it as on a lower artistic level than the stories we get from the circulating library. Less elaborately imitative of the details of reality it will certainly be, but there is room in it for as much of art, and perhaps, in a more highly distilled form, for as much of nature, too. And so, with the adornment of our rooms and the windows that we fill with color in our churches, we should not, if we can help it, wish that, though different from, they should be intellectually beneath, the pictures that we pay dollars to look at now and then. Art, then, can

express itself, not only in the completely flexible *media* that admit the so-called realism of representation, but in materials that impose their own limits. In art, as in life, there is nobility in, and compensation for, self-restraint, as well as for the wise acknowledgment of external restraining necessities. Thus the actor, for instance, who reveals too soon the whole compass of his emotional resources has lost his hold over us, the really impressive man showing us that only at the culminating instant—perhaps not the whole of it even then. Many human interests cling close to the productions of the decorative arts of the home and fireside, which enshrine memories of happiness or sorrow, gratify innocent vanities, recall

pleasant hospitalities, and teem with homely every-day associations. It is to their advantage, as well as to their possessors', if, beyond this, the art in them is of a vital and clear-speaking nature that is intelligible, not only after their death, as it were, to the connoisseur who entombs them in a collection, but during their life-time to the people who possess and live with them. In this direction we have made great all-round progress in the last twenty-five years, having struggled pretty clear of the worst period of decoration that ever existed. A comparison of the furniture, curtains, carpets, and the like in general use now, with those of a quarter of a century ago, has been too often made to need repetition here, but one vital point in the change is well worth noting. People not only use better colors than they did, and more graceful furniture, but they appreciate them, taking real pleasure in the soft colors of their curtains and dress materials. The artistic revival has run its course, gained its nickname, been taken up by society, satirized, and dropped; but the preference for delicate color over crude survives it, and remains a permanent possession.



DANIEL WEBSTER'S OLD HOME.

HISTORIC HOUSES IN WASHINGTON.

BY W. A. CROFFUT.

In several particulars the City of Washington is certainly unique.

It is the only city in the world whose site was originally selected and located for the capital of a nation, St. Petersburg having been founded by Peter the Great, ninety years earlier, not primarily as the official seat, but as "a window to look out on Europe."

It is the only city in the world that was laid out by civil engineers before a house was built, ample provision for a population of half a million having been made while it was an impenetrable swamp.

It is the only city in the world whose streets occupy one-half of its entire area, fifty-three per cent. being thus appropriated, while neither Paris nor Berlin has much more than half this proportion.

It is the only city in the world whose streets are satisfactory, and it has more asphaltum pavements, as smooth as glass, than all other cities in this country put together.

It has also a greater number of public parks than any other city in the world, and in front of ten thousand of its residences are ten thousand little plots of land, used and occupied as private lawns, but owned by the United States Government.

It contains within its borders more places of historic interest than any other American city, and it has a current intellectual society that is unequalled. Great generals, famous naval officers and distinguished statesmen select it as their homes on retiring from service, and its official burial-ground is thick with the graves of men whose names are illustrious.

The view of Washington in 1813, given on page 741, was taken from the Capitol, just before it was burned by the British. Up from the foreground was a mile of Pennsylvania Avenue, flanked by Jefferson's graceless and fantastic poplars, and at its end the White House, presided over by "Dolly" Madison and calmly awaiting its doom.

On the streets of Washington still stand the quiet homes where the most masterful Americans have lived in private life—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Adams the younger, Jackson, Randolph, Clay, and the houses where Benton and Webster practiced law: and the very spots are every day visited where Sumner was struck down to

unconsciousness, where Calhoun died in his house on Capitol Hill, where Decatur perished miserably, where John Quincy Adams expired (the Speaker's room of the House of Representatives), where Secretary of State William H. Seward was attacked by Payne, and where Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield were assassinated.



THE OLD SEWARD MANSION.

Let us pass in review a few of the historic houses still standing at the nation's capital, and omitting the many which, within a few years, have been destroyed.

George Washington was in public service about half of his life, and while in command of the American armies he refused all salaries from the Government; but he was shrewd and acquisitive, and property constantly augmented in his hands. He died in 1799, one of the two or three richest men in America, and was called "a millionaire." Here is a schedule of his property, drawn up by himself some years before his death, and it does not include his money in bank, his personal and household

property, or his live stock, worth \$50,000. At one time he owned a hundred horses and five hundred head of cattle :

LANDS.			
Location.	No. of acres.	Price.	
Virginia.....	20,128	\$222,520	
Great Kanawha.....	40,366	200,000	
Maryland.....	1,119	9,829	
Pennsylvania.....	234	1,404	
New York.....	1,000	6 000	
N. W. Territory.....	3,051	15,251	
Kentucky.....	5,000	10,000	
Alexandria.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	4,000	
Winchester.....	$6\frac{1}{4}$	400	
Bath, or Warm Springs.....	2	800	
Washington, D. C., 6 lots.....	—	19,192	

STOCKS.			
United States 3 & 6 per cent.		6,246	
Potomac County, 24 shares		10,666	
James River County, 5 "		500	
Bank of Columbia, 170 "		6,800	
Bank of Alexandria, 20 " to free schools....			
" " 5 "		1,000	

The only house that George Washington ever built is still standing, within five hundred feet of the Capitol, on North Capitol Street, near B. I do not think a picture of it has ever been published previous to the one given on page 741.

It stands exactly where Washington erected it, but, in grading, the thirty-foot bank on which it stood has been dug away, and two additional stories have been added underneath, making a five-story building, which now carries the sign of "Hillman House." The two stories were added by Commodore Wilkes, after his capture of Mason and Slidell, he having come into possession of the property by foreclosure of mortgage. Wilkes's widow, by the way, still keeps a boarding-house on F Street.

I am permitted to record, before passing, that Washington, while shrewd and far-seeing, sometimes made mistakes in his financial ventures, like ordinary mortals. He bought as a speculation several acres out on the East Branch, at twelve cents a square foot, but that part of the city has never thriven, and the property can to-day be bought for one-fourth the sum he paid. To these acres he alludes in his will as follows: "Nos. 5, 12, 13 and 14 (the last three water lots) on the Eastern Branch, in square 667, containing 34,438 square feet, at twelve cents, costing \$4,132. For these lots I have refused \$3,500. It has since been laid out into proper-sized lots for building on."

They have been completely "laid out" ever since, and the owner would like a chance to refuse one-half of \$3,500 for them.

It is said that Washington occupied the residence portrayed during parts of three years, once after the adjournment of Congress (at Philadelphia), and again after he had retired from the Presidency, and was here superintending the building of the capital and Capitol.

Lady Washington's parlor, on the lower right-hand corner, and the bedroom immediately back of it, remain exactly as they were, excepting some changes of furniture suggested by a desire not to tempt the commercial traveler, who might also be a relic fiend. An ample fireplace, high ceilings, small window-panes, quaint panelings, and antique wrought-iron braces to fasten the window-blinds open or shut, these alone speak of the old days and help the imagination to recall the illustrious personages who dwelt here. Mrs. Susan Wallace, who lived near, says: "General Washington used to walk out every fine day, attended by his secretary, and dressed in black, with a cocked hat. The general's coach, light-

carriage and chariot were all cream-colored, and painted with figures on the panels."

The "old home of Daniel Webster" was the residence of the great banker, W. W. Corcoran, recently deceased, whose distinguished financial career was crowned at last with a record of splendid philanthropy. For more than a score of years he lived here, and dispensed his largesse, the leading and most honored citizen of the capital. The great house, with a spacious wing on each hand, stands on the upper side of Lafayette Park, across which it looks to the White House. The grounds in the rear form the finest private garden and park in Washington.

This mansion was built by the father of ex-Governor Swann of Maryland, who was succeeded in its occupancy by Daniel Webster, when that statesman became Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Mr. Fillmore. Mr. Webster was luxurious in his habits, and hired the best house in Washington in the same spirit that induced him to feast upon terrapin and champagne. He always lived ahead of his income. It is reported that he was generally behind in the payment of his rent. I am told that one of the earliest messages that ever went over the Morse telegraph was from the godlike Daniel to a friend in New York on whom he was accustomed to draw: "Send me thousand dollars immediately; shall give party next week."

He was very lavish in his expenditures, and did more to set the fashion of costly official entertainments than any of his predecessors. After Mr. Webster's death, and during the Civil War, the mansion was occupied by Montholon, the French Minister, who kept up its convivial reputation.

A mansion that visitors always look at twice, at least, is that where Stephen Decatur lived, and where he died a pitiful but disgraceful death. It stands on Lafayette Park, diagonally across the street from Webster's old home, a solid double brick house, spacious but unpretentious. Decatur had built it out of the prize-money received from his gallant captures of British vessels in 1812, and on its walls were pictures of his great and victorious battle with the *Macedonian*.

Out of this house he crept at dawn on March 22d, 1820, with a cloak about him and his box of dueling-pistols under his arm. The sailor had necessarily been away much, and his early departure did not excite remark. He was forty years old, handsome, rich, popular, and at the top of fame. Down the avenue he went, to Beale's Hotel, on Capitol Hill, and there breakfasted with Bainbridge, his second in the duel, and his evil genius.

Two hours later, beckoned on by a false sentiment, he lay stretched on the field at the old dueling-range at Bladensburg, and Commodore Barron, his antagonist, lay near by with a bullet through his hips, pathetically calling out, "I forgive you, Decatur!"

The dying hero of the War of 1812 was borne back in his blood to the mansion he was proud to have reared with the proceeds from duels on the sea, and there, in the midst of his frenzied family, he miserably died at midnight. Barron survived his wound, and dragged out a crippled and paralyzed existence, and Decatur's widow found refuge in a convent.

Decatur was the aggressor from the first, and he perished at the hand of the victim whom he had insulted and persecuted.

After this tragedy, the house was occupied by many prominent persons, among whom was Judah P. Benjamin. Benjamin refurnished it luxuriantly, brought his young French wife there, and entertained magnificently in the days immediately preceding the war.

The present owner and occupant is General Beale, and General and Mrs. Grant were often his guests during their visits to Washington.

Lafayette Square is the historic centre of the city. There Adams's Cabinet, the first to live in Washington, erected their homes across the street from the White House, where their great chief presided.

James Monroe, when he returned from France and became Madison's Secretary of State, occupied a house still standing unchanged at the lower corner of the square, on the same block with the Decatur mansion. It is a sober and dignified residence, worthy of a place in the republican court, and its nearest neighbor, across the street, is the Executive Mansion. This "Monroe house" is of plain stucco, painted white, and the windows are shaded with green blinds. A semicircular flight of steps leads up from the walk. After Monroe's time, General Jackson occupied this house when in the Senate. Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, also lived there. He was the father of Mrs. Montgomery Blair. Vice-president Colfax made it his home while he presided over the Senate.

Three doors above lived Daniel E. Sickles, the rich and popular young Member of Congress from New York, with his beautiful wife. From these windows he saw the object of his jealous hate, Philip Barton Key, standing in front of the club-building on the other side of the square, and thence he went in midday and killed him. In the club-building Key died.

This club-building was erected as a residence, early in the century, by Commodore Rodgers. After his death it passed through the phases of fashionable boarding-house and club-house, after which, in 1861, Secretary Seward selected it for his domicile, and occupied it during his term of office. It was in the right-hand room of the second story that he was lying helpless, on that April 14th, 1865, when Payne, the assassin, mounted to his chamber and assaulted him with a huge knife as he lay in bed. The house excites continual interest.

It has been recently occupied by the United States Commissary Department, but is now undergoing repairs, and will be the Washington residence of Hon. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State.

A little farther up the street, on the north-east corner of the park, is a large square house where the widow of President Madison resided from the time of her husband's death. Although a Quakeress, she is one of the sunniest memories in Washington. It was the etiquette of New Year's Day to call first on the President and his family, and then on "Dolly Madison," who lived here till her death in 1849. It is now the home of the Cosmos Club.

Diagonally opposite the "Madison house" is the fine brick residence where Lord Ashburton lived while negotiating the great treaty that gave us peace with England by defining the boundaries of Canada.

In the next house dwelt for many years Charles Sumner. This and the residence of Senator Pomeroy have since been combined as an Annex to the Arlington Hotel.

Perhaps the most interesting private residences in America are those that have been constructed in the "Old Capitol Prison." It has a distinguished history. Built in 1800 as a tavern, to board the new-coming Congressmen, it was badly managed and failed to pay, and was closed by the sheriff just before the War of 1812.

After the Capitol was burned by Ross's despoilers, the old tavern was bought by the Government, the inner partitions removed, and halls constructed for the sessions of the Senate and House of Representatives. Here,

in cramped quarters, sat both Houses of Congress for thirteen years. Here Benton, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Randolph and Jackson began their memorable record. Here, on the iron balcony which the upper door formerly boasted, were inaugurated Presidents Madison and Adams. From its doors John Randolph and Henry Clay went forth to fight their duel.

When Congress vacated the building for better and permanent quarters, it came to be called the "Old Capitol." It became first a boarding-house, and in its back parlor Calhoun died. Then it sheltered a private school for some years, and later degenerated into a rather disreputable tenement-block.

In 1861 it was confiscated, and turned into a prison for State offenders. Here the notorious Belle Boyd spent some of her time. Here sundry gentlemen now in the Senate and House were confined as traitors. In the back yard many Federal soldiers were shot for murder and other offenses, and here Wirz was hanged.

A few years since, after suffering many vicissitudes, it was bought by a speculator and converted into three spacious and elegant residences. The widow of General Dunn now occupies the corner house, the next is Senator Evarts's, and the third is the hospitable home of Judge Stephen J. Field.

Nobody looking upon these quiet, dignified, respectable residences, now, would ever imagine that they had witnessed many tragedies and been the scene of a legislative drama in which centred all the hopes of a young nation.

There are few cities of 250,000 inhabitants whose original farm-houses are still standing in the midst of busy streets. Washington is one of these exceptions.

Till within a year the Dudington Manor House escaped the touch of the vandal and spread its broad wings on Capitol Hill, typical of the hospitality that reigned there when Washington was a Virginia colonel.

David Burns's cabin still attracts visitors to its bosky site, down near the Potomac, a quarter of a mile back of the White House. Burns was a thrifty and obdurate Scotchman, and he was one of the original owners of the site of Washington. A majority of all of the department buildings are now on his old farm. Where the White House stands was his "upper barn."

The enriched farmer never was on good terms with the Father of his Country. It is recorded that the latter spoke of Burns as "a testy and obstinate old man." And it is known that Davy, meeting General Washington one day, and having some words with him, broke out with, "Maister Washington! I con sae to ye that ye'd never ha' bin naeboddy ef ye hadn't 'a' wedded wi' the rich Widder Custis!"

Congressman Van Ness married Marcia, Burns's pretty daughter, and built the fine and spacious mansion that still looms imposingly near it.

Interest is taken in this house, also, because of the report and belief that it was the head-quarters of Wilkes Booth and his gang of conspirators, and that it was their first intention to kidnap President Lincoln, convey him to its secluded cellar, and hold him as a prisoner through whom to dictate terms. Some testimony tending to show this was introduced at the trial of the conspirators, in 1865, but the allegation was never distinctly proved.

On Fourteenth, near F Street, towers the tall brick residence of the venerable Mrs. Stone, which is chiefly notable for having been the home of Jefferson Davis while he was Secretary of War under President Pierce. It is a curious fact that his pew in Epiphany Church, around the corner, was afterward occupied for years

Edwin M. Stanton. Mr. Davis took his furniture with him when he moved out of the house. The high old polished mahogany chairs now in the parlor once belonged to Thomas Jefferson, and some of the silver was owned by Mrs. John Quincy Adams, who lived around the F Street corner, directly opposite the Ebbitt House.

Thomas Law, brother of Lord Ellenborough, Chief-justice of England, having made a great fortune in India under Warren Hastings, brought it to Washington, and lost the most of it in the erection of houses where they were not wanted. In 1798 he married Elizabeth Park Custis, one of Mrs. George Washington's grandchildren, who took advantage of her husband's absence in Europe to assume male apparel and consort with the officers at the barracks, whereat a divorce followed. A huge pile of Law's building may still be seen, unoccupied from year to year, back

Madison, and the building was the Executive Mansion for several years. Here the undersized fourth President, supported by his handsome and vivacious wife, Dorothy, or "Dolly," as she was called, held their New Year's levee in 1815, and their subsequent famous balls; and here the great Treaty of Ghent was signed, in the circular room over the vestibule. Here, also, President Monroe and wife spent their first Summer and Fall, and the house saw some of the gayest gatherings of those festive days. The Octagon now shelters the Hydrographic Bureau of the War Department; and Commodore Bartlett revises maps in the room where our unnecessary war



DAVID BURNS'S CABIN.

of "Butler's Folly," and within a block of the Capitol. Another well-preserved brick mansion that much attracts the attention of strangers is the "Tayloe Octagon," a block above the War Department on New York Avenue. John Tayloe, one of the three or four richest men in America, came to Washington the same year that Law made his appearance, and began an imposing structure. He had married the daughter of Governor Ogle of Maryland, and enjoyed an income of \$75,000 a year—even greater than Washington's.

In 1814, when the White House was burned, Mr. Tayloe placed his "Octagon" at the service of President

with Great Britain came to an inglorious end, and Lieutenant John C. Frémont compiles coast-soundings where, almost fifty years ago, his father, Lieutenant John C. Frémont, and his mother, Jessie, came to dance from the mansion of Senator Benton, north of "the Avenue." Thousands of soldiers who belonged to the Army of the Potomac, during the war will only too vividly remember "Kalorama Hospital," on the bluffs back of Washington, and the superb mansion that was its centre and headquarters; but its history will surprise most of those who were then its inmates. It was built about 1795, by Major Gustavus Scott, a gentleman comparatively unrenowned. Scott died in 1800, and the place was sold to Colonel William Augustine Washington, a nephew and aid-de-camp of the first President.

In 1805 the distinguished diplomat and poet, Joel Barlow, occupied Kalorama. He had returned from ten years in Europe, full of honors and wealth, and now, discarding political ambition, he settled down to finish his historic poems, "The Columbiad," etc. The next year, his friend Robert Fulton came to Washington, and accepted his hospitality. Barlow encouraged his

dream of steam navigation, and, in a barn back of the house, Fulton made his first steam-boat, in 1806, local joiners and blacksmiths doing the work. The boat was launched in the mill-pond on Rock Creek, and the experiment was pronounced a success, a year before the launching of the *Clermont* on the Hudson.

In 1811, Mr. Barlow was appointed, by President Madison, United States Minister to France, to settle the standing quarrel; and receiving a summons from Napoleon Bonaparte, on arriving at Paris, to meet him in Poland, he at once advanced thither. The Emperor meantime became fatally entangled with the Russians, and in the retreat from Moscow, Barlow was surrounded and overrun, and perished of the shock, near Cracow, in December, 1812.

Commodore Decatur was an intimate friend of the Barlows, and, after his death at the hand of Barron, a costly tomb was erected over his remains at Kalorama.

Since the above was written I have strolled out to Kalorama, and find, to my astonishment, that the far-spreading mansion has been recently destroyed by the iconoclast of suburban "improvement." Where but a few months since rose the massive pile overlooking Washington, Georgetown, and President Cleveland's rural retreat, "Oakview," are now only a mass of crumbled bricks and mortar and the melancholy *débris* of ruin. We passed on beyond to Rock Creek, that still babbles under

the hill, through the broken mill-pond where, eighty years ago, Fulton launched his first steam-boat. The old mill-wheels have dropped to pieces, but the water still ripples over the rotting dam, and at the side a sluice-full creeps away among the weeds.

On Pennsylvania Avenue, just below the Corcoran Gallery, and directly opposite the War Department, is a vast square house, with a flat face of a dirty-white sandstone. It was built in 1820, and fifteen years later Frank P. Blair bought it, having been peremptorily summoned from Kentucky to start a Jackson organ. During Jackson's warlike Administration nobody stood nearer to the throne than Blair, and his residence was for years the headquarters of American Democrats. In 1845-46 George Bancroft rented the house, while he was Secretary of the Navy; and succeeding him came the elder Tom Ewing, Secretary of the Interior in Taylor's Cabinet.

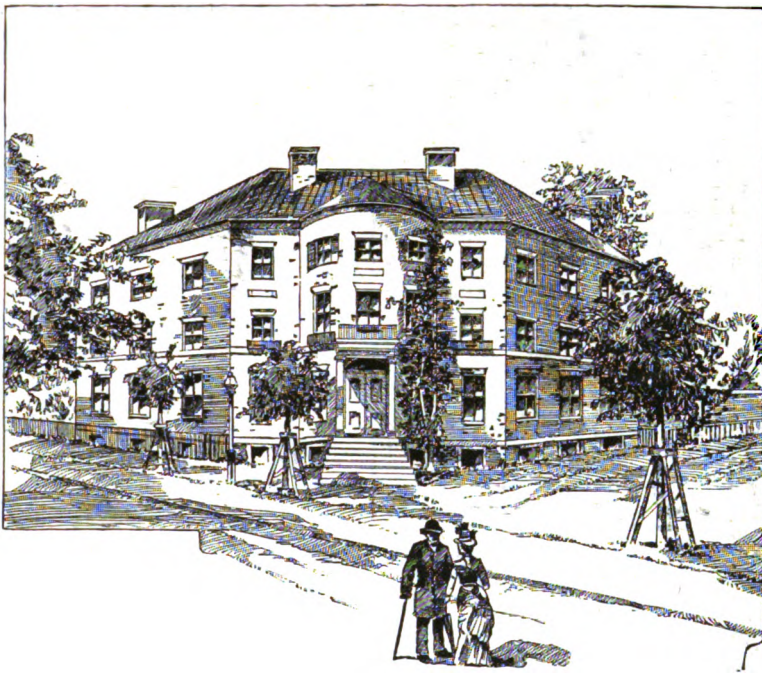
A noted wedding took place there at this time—the marriage of Ewing's daughter Ellen to Lieutenant William Tecumseh Sherman, who, nearly twenty years later, became the hero of "the march to the sea," and Commander-in-chief of the American armies. President

Taylor and his entire Cabinet were present, as were Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Thomas H. Benton, and a host of noted men. Three months later Taylor died, and Ewing surrendered the house to his successor under Fillmore, Tom Corwin, of Ohio. Corwin dwelt here several years, and dispensed a hospitality that was only too liberal, and is still recalled and discussed by the ancient sybarites of the capital.

Several of these old Washington houses are "haunted." Kalorama was haunted for several years, and servants refused to sleep there. Davy Burns's cottage is haunted yet, and the spectral four-horse team of Colonel Van Ness gallops around it every dark night. The Blair mansion is said to be haunted, and a voice that sounds like Tom Corwin's is frequently heard in its corridors.

One other fact remains to be stated: with all its architectural beauty, with streets and parks of which it may be justly proud, and with an exceptionally intelligent

and cultured population, Washington has not yet had enterprise enough to mark with a tablet a single one of these historic buildings; and no one of the tens of thousands of visitors who annually turn hither their pilgrimage can tell, on passing, who lived in them, or died in them, or get the faintest hint of any of the dramatic deeds that have occurred within their walls.



THE "TALOE OCTAGON" (MADISON'S EXECUTIVE MANSION).

In June, 1868, Rochefort had published his first *Lanterne*. "Some

foreign correspondents led my director, M. de Villemessant," writes Rochefort, "to fear for the *Figaro's* very life, should he continue to have recourse to my pen. Compelled all at once by the attraction of the abyss, I wrote to the Home Minister asking leave of becoming myself the editor of a political paper—my petition consisted of one string of laudatory formulas. To have done with me once for all, thought I, the Minister's best plan would obviously be to grant my request. Scarcely, however, had I posted my letter than I was seized by fright. If the Minister is as cute as his friends make him out to be, he will surely answer 'Yes.' Happily, though, M. Pinard was sharp—but not so clever as he was supposed to be—and he tritely refused to countenance my project." Being now formally forbidden to establish his "paper," Rochefort went to Brussels, where he at once began publishing the *Lanterne*—defending it as well, sword in hand, by three successive duels—one with Prince Murat, another with M. Baroche, the last with M. de Cassagnac. Upon his return to Paris he founded the aggressive, uncompromising and brilliant *Intransigeant*, with which his name to-day is associated the world over.

HOW WOLVES CAPTURE WILD HORSES.

WHENEVER wolves associate together for mischief, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is no less curious than amusing to witness their ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang, squatting, are looking on at a distance. After some time spent this way the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves.

At this stage of the attack their frolicsome approaches become very interesting; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the hamstrings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one to the throat, the other to the flank—and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled.

Instead of springing forward, or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round, without attempting a defense. The wolf before then springs behind, to assist the other. The sinews are then cut, and in half the time I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless—the victory is won. At this signal the lookers-on close in at a gallop; but the small fry of followers keep at a respectful distance, until their superiors are gorged, and then they take their turn unmolested.

THE SPIRIT OF SPECULATION.

"New lamps for old!" was a tempting cry;
Where Pleasure beckons, her followers fly;

But, for ardent emulation,
For headlong hurry that naught can restrain,
Is there aught like the modish Pursuit of Gain,
Which fires the mixed multitude drawn in the train

Of the Spirit of Speculation?
A winsome Spirit, though wild on the wing,
A Siren, and sweet are the songs she will sing
In the ears of all who listen.

How her smiles invite! How her tresses float
In an aureate trail! How her votaries gloat
On her Danaë charms, and delightedly dote
On each golden note

From her argent throat!
How they glow, and gleam, and glisten,
Those eager eyes of the hurrying throng,
Thralls of her witchery, slaves of her song,
Suppliants keen for her kisses!

Follow, follow! The foot that hears
That Golden Witch hath no time for fears.
And Folly follows, nor stops her ears

With the wax of the wise Ulysses.
A motley troop, but toward one goal,
Moved as though by a single soul.
Beauty draws by a single hair,
But each of her looks is a separate snare,
Floating far in the ambient air.
What is the largess she showers there?
Scrip unlimited, stock and share!
Bubbles to hold?
Mere rainbow gold?

Out upon prudence! Be brave and bold!
No faint heart ever won this fair dame,
With hands like Ophir and eyes like flame.

A "*belle d'une sans merci*"?
Pooh! The timid are tame o'ermuch.
She at least hath no gifts for such

As fear her face and flee.
Let them toil in the beaten groove,
Thralls to the Labor they feign to love,
Delve and drudge,
And mouth the fudge
That Thrift doles out to the dolts who trudge
Through Gain's long path, when the fools might fly,
Winged like the Witch of the wanton eye.

Life is short and Labor long.
Leave dull toil to the dusty throng;
This is the way for the shrewd and strong
The slow-hived wealth of the molling mase,
The plodding Issachars, each an ass
Born to grind in the mills of Class,

Make garnered gift
For the wise whose thrift
Is to live on the load that the many lift,
To dredge in the true Pactolean drift,
The stream flows on, but its channels shift;
The wise breast not the flood, but band
The keen of sight and the swift of hand
In Monopoly of the golden sand.

Which years deposit and moments sift,
The Witch knows well, would she only say,
How the harvest of decades is reaped in a day.
Follow, follow! Let her not slip,
Wooers of fortune, thralls of the "tip,"
From Mammon's mansion and gambler's den,
Lights of the pencil, stars of the pen,
Plungers, flutterers, women and men,
Hangers on to the giants of gain,
Parasites in the Gold King's train,
Slaves of the "Ring," and dupes of the Rein;
From court, church, counter, come forth, come forth!
No lode-star ever, set high in the North,

Ever so drow,
Pointed so true.
No Siren ever so sang, so flew;
No Circe mustered so motley a crew
From every rank, craft, station.
Harpy is she, or Ariel?

Do her votaries know? Can her victims tell?
But, known or not, she is worshiped well,
With gold for altars, its chink for bell,
The—Spirit of Speculation!

ZENOBIA OF PALMYRA.

ZENOBIA, the Queen of Palmyra and the East, is one of the most remarkable characters of past ages. No one knew better how to combine imperial magnificence with rigid economy. With great sagacity she blended clemency with the claims of inexorable justice. All the neighboring States dreaded her power and sought her alliance. While she artfully assumed a certain degree of homage to imperial Rome, it was manifestly her design to erect for herself an independent monarchy, which should rival Rome in splendor and bid defiance to its power. The title she took was "Queen of the East."

Aurelian, who was then Emperor of Rome, was fully conscious of the formidable character of the foe he was called to encounter. Placing himself at the head of an army of veterans, he rapidly traversed the broad plains of Asia until he reached Mesopotamia, the central region over which Zenobia extended her sway. At length he reached Palmyra, the capital of Zenobia's dominions. The Queen had made all possible preparations for her defense. As the Emperor in person pressed the siege, he was himself wounded by a dart.

As the siege progressed, with many reverses, the waga

in Rome made themselves merry over the unavailing struggle of their Emperor with a woman. Aurelian evidently was stung by the sarcasm, for he wrote to the Senate: "The Roman people speak with contempt of the war which I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and of the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her war-like preparations of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons. Every part of the walls is provided with two or three *ballistæ*, and artificial fires are thrown from her military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage."

At last Aurelian was induced to the ignominious measure of offering terms of compromise. But the haughty Queen refused his proffered terms with disdain. Zenobia trusted that famine would soon compel the Roman army to repossess the desert. But the perseverance and generalship of Aurelian triumphed. Large reinforcements, with abundant supplies, came to his aid. Zenobia, finding her fortunes desperate, attempted to escape from the city by flight. Mounting a fleet dromedary, attended by a few friends, she stealthily passed out of the beleaguered city at one of the gates which the besieging army did not command. The vigilant eye of her foe, however, detected her flight.

Zenobia had reached about sixty miles from Palmyra, and was just crossing the Euphrates, when she was overtaken by a troop of Aurelian's light horse, seized, and brought back a despairing captive. Her subjects now lost all heart, and the capital soon surrendered. The conquerors loaded themselves with all the precious spoils of the East. Leaving a garrison of 600 archers to hold the reconquered province in subjection, the remainder of the army prepared by slow marches to return to Europe.

The doom which Zenobia knew to be before her was too dreadful for a woman to contemplate with composure. Her heroism, in this terrible hour, deserted her. The ferocious soldiers clamored for her blood; and she knew that if her life were spared it would be only that she might be carried a slave to Rome, to grace the triumph of her victor. She ingloriously betrayed her friends, and endeavored to shield herself by imputing the resistance she had made to Rome to their influence. Upon their heads she directed the vengeance of the implacable Aurelian.

When Aurelian returned home, after subduing all the enemies of the Empire, a triumph was granted him such as Rome never witnessed before. Twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and two hundred of the most curious and rare animals of Asia and Africa led the procession. The wardrobe, jewelry and gorgeous adornments of the palace of Zenobia were conspicuously displayed. A long train of ambassadors, obsequious and humble, from the unnumbered subject nations dwelling in the East, dressed in the most brilliant costume of their various courts, riveted the gaze of the millions who crowded the pavements of Rome. They were followed by an almost interminable concourse of slaves, for Rome enslaved all her captives.

The victories of Aurelian had swept around the world. In this wretched throng were to be seen young men and maidens from nations whose ferocious bravery had more than once caused Rome to tremble. There were Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians and Egyptians. Rome paid no regard to the color of the skin, or to intellectual culture, or to opulence, or to social rank; but indiscriminately enslaved all the captives taken in war. There were ten herculean women, dressed in the highest trappings of military art, who were desig-

nated as Amazons. They were selected from the Goths, and the assumption was that they had been seized from amidst the carnage of the field of battle.

But most conspicuous of all in this triumphal procession was Zenobia herself. Every eye was fixed upon her. She toiled along on foot, dressed richly, exceedingly richly, in the Eastern costume, with flowing trowsers, a yellow tunic, and a robe of imperial purple. Her form, of exquisite symmetry, was shackled, and at the same time decorated with fetters of gold. A heavy golden chain was suspended around her neck, by which she was led by a slave. Her dress was so profusely embroidered with glittering gems that she almost tottered beneath their weight. While she thus toiled along on foot, the chariot on which she had formerly rode through the streets of Palmyra, embellished with all the luxury Oriental art could command, was drawn empty behind her.

The triumphal car in which Aurelian sat supreme, to enjoy this barbaric and ignoble triumph over a woman, was drawn by four stags and four elephants. The Senate in their robes of office, and the nobles in the regalia of their rank, followed. Then came in solid column a countless throng of Roman citizens.

Games and festivities of all kinds were blended with this gorgeous triumph; sixteen hundred gladiators, for successive days, amused the Roman populace in the cruel spectacles of the amphitheatre.

LIGHT AND FRESH AIR IN HOUSES.

In an apartment scarcely bigger than a bonbon-box in Paris the scents from the kitchen are seldom perceived. But in a mansion in New York these odors meet you on the threshold, accompany you up the staircase, and banish any appetite which you may have brought with you for either luncheon or dinner. This discomfort would be effectually removed if the kitchens were placed on the topmost floor, with a small lift running up and down to them. There is too much eating in all our houses; too many servants sleep in them; the air is not admitted freely enough; fear of burglars keeps the whole dwelling hermetically sealed all night, and the atmosphere cannot be freshened even by all the incense burnt and perfumed waters blown about the reception-rooms. Without fresh air and fine and true lines of architecture in a house, no decoration avails anything; its ornament is only like gold and silver brocades on a hunchback's shoulders.

POPE'S BOYHOOD.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744) was born in Lombard Street, May 21st, 1688, the son of a Catholic linen-draper. His father retired from business immediately after the poet's birth, to a place called Binfield, near Wokingham. Pope, with features carved as if in ivory, and with the great melting eyes of an antelope, carried his brilliant head on a deformed and sickly body. Partly for this reason, and partly because of his position as a Catholic, the boy had no regular education. He was taught by the family priest, went to two schools in short succession, and then returned home to stay at the age of twelve. The alleys of Windsor Forest now became his school-room. A neighbor, Sir William Trumbull, seems to have introduced him in 1705 to the aged dramatist, Wycherley. But before this Pope had begun to write, and to devote himself heart and soul to literature. In 1703, or earlier, the poet was writing an epic of

"Alcander," four books of which survived until late in the poet's life, and were at last reluctantly destroyed, so he told Spence, by Atterbury's advice. In the same year,

through an arduous task of nearly nine hundred lines, but the verse is usually good, and often splendid. Unless Pope touched it up very much in later years,



THE SPIRIT OF SPECULATION.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 750.

at the age of fifteen, he translated the first book of the "Thebais" of Statius. This still exists, and it is an amazing production. Not merely is it an extraordinary instance of perseverance to find so young a boy persisting

this translation is a prodigy. The paraphrases from Chaucer belong to the year 1704 or 1705, and those from Ovid to 1707. By this time Pope was launched into literary society.



"THE HINDOO STEPPED FORWARD, AND SIGNING THEM TO STAND ASIDE, THREW THE CAGE WIDE OPEN, AND OUT INTO THEIR MIDST, GROWLING AND SHOWING HIS TEETH SAVAGELY, CAME ITS STRANGE INMATE."

THE WOLF-BOY OF ALLAHABAD.

A STORY OF NORTHERN INDIA.

BY DAVID KER.

"ARE there any wolf-children ever caught near here? I *should* like to see one," said Frank Archer, a young Englishman who was making his first tour in India, and ready to believe any marvel of the "mystic East."

"Wolf-children?" echoed Captain Latimer (the officer with whom he was staying), looking as if he did not quite understand the question.

"Yes, those children who get carried off and nursed

by wolves, you know, like Romulus and Remus. There's a whole lot about them in this chapter."

And, turning over several leaves of the book of Eastern travels which he was reading, he pointed to the following passage: "One of these wolf-children was captured by hunters in the jungle of Onde. They had seen this curious animal running with the mother-wolf and several cubs, and had then tracked them to their den. They

succeeded in taking the creature alive, though the wolves tried to rescue it and followed the hunters for some distance. The child snarled and growled like a wolf, and tried to bite. It could not stand erect, and was so savage that it had to be kept in an iron cage. It was covered with short hair, and when clothes were made for it, it tore them off with its teeth.

"Many people came to see it, and amongst others, a woman whose child, aged eighteen months, had been carried off by wolves, seven years previously. By certain marks she recognized her lost little one, and gazed in horror at the monster. It lived for a year, eating voraciously (but only of raw flesh) and munching bones like a dog. It never learned to speak, but would give a hoarse growl when any one came near it.

"The other instance (also a well-authenticated fact) was of a wretched child taken by hunters at Muzaffarnugger, and brought down to Meerut. It was a boy about five years old, running on all-fours. Its hands and feet were quite hard, and it was very savage, snarling and showing its teeth continually. It would eat nothing but raw meat, and that only when left alone."

When Frank stopped reading, Captain Latimer seemed to meditate for a moment, and then said :

"Ah, to be sure! I understand now. Well, do you know, it's a curious thing that that's just what I was going to speak to you about. I heard last night that a native hunter has caught one of these wolf-boys, not far from here, and brought him into the town. I meant to tell you about it before, only it slipped out of my head somehow; I thought that perhaps you might like to see the creature."

"I should rather think I would!" cried Archer, excitedly; "one doesn't get such a good chance every day. Where's he to be seen? I'll go at once."

"Oh, if that's all," said Latimer, "you needn't take any trouble about it. If you want to have a look at this zoological youngster, I'll just send and tell the fellow who captured him to bring him into my *compound* (court-yard) after dinner this evening, and then we can examine him at our leisure. And now ta-ta, for I've got to be off."

So they parted, the captain hurrying off to his duty in the fort, while Frank Archer took a drive through the town of Allahabad (where he found plenty to look at), halted for a few minutes at the spot where the bright blue waters of the Jumna rush into the thick yellow stream of the sacred Ganges, and then went on to call upon Major Vernon, the commandant of the native garrison, to whom he had a letter of introduction.

Brimful as Archer was of the wonderful wolf-boy whom he was expecting to see that evening, he had not been five minutes in the major's company before he poured out the whole story, to which the old commandant listened in perfect silence, with a very curious expression upon his bold weather-beaten face.

"And is this exhibition to come off to-night, then?" asked he, at length.

"To-night, after dinner," replied Frank.

"Well," said the major, "such a show must be worth looking at, and I should like to see it. Would you mind telling Captain Latimer that I shall try and look in at his house this evening, between seven and eight?"

Archer gave the message on his return, and the captain declared that he should be delighted to see Major Vernon, but his face wore a look which rather belied his words, and somehow gave Frank the idea that he would have been much more delighted *not* to see Major Vernon on that particular evening.

Dinner-time came at last, and there were plenty of guests at the table; for, either to compliment Archer or to do honor to the wolf-boy, Captain Latimer had invited at least a dozen friends to witness the entertainment. Dessert was just over, and the guests were sipping their coffee in the veranda, when a shouting was heard outside, mingled with the beating of a native drum; and then there came striding up the court-yard a tall, wiry Hindoo with a long gun over his shoulder, followed by two native coolies bearing a huge wooden cage, inside of which appeared the famous "wolf-boy" in all his glory.

The porters set down the cage in the middle of the court-yard, while Archer and the other guests crowded eagerly round it to have a peep at the young savage. But the Hindoo stepped forward, and, signing to them to stand aside, threw the cage wide open, and out into their midst, growling and showing his teeth savagely, came its strange inmate.

He was, indeed, a startling object. He had the limbs and features of a young boy, but his whole body, and even his face, were covered with a thick coat of yellowish-gray hair. His small, black, deep-set eyes had the sullen, stealthy, sidelong glare of a trapped wolf, while his hands and feet seemed to have swelled and hardened into something between a paw and a hoof.

All the guests were loud in their expressions of wonder, and Frank Archer, after standing motionless with astonishment for a few seconds, whipped out his pocket-book and attempted to make a sketch of the wild boy, which resulted in his producing something that looked very much like a three-legged dog with a hat on. Meanwhile the small native drums kept up their monotonous roll, answered by the wolf-boy with a succession of angry snarls.

Suddenly the tall Hindoo made a sign with his hand, and instantly Captain Latimer's native cook came forward with several small pieces of raw meat, which he threw down before the wild boy, who seized and devoured them greedily.

But just at that moment Major Vernon, stealing up behind the cage, struck a match, unperceived by the rest, and held it to the shaggy hide of the young monster, which instantly burst into a blaze. Up sprang the wolf-boy into a terrific howl, and, throwing off his skin like a great-coat, stood revealed as Captain Latimer's native errand-boy, Hussein Ali, whom a closely fitting mat of dried grass had transformed into a wolf!

A roar of laughter broke from the whole company, while both Latimer and Archer looked extremely foolish, the captain being vexed to find his trick detected, and Frank utterly ashamed to have been so easily made a fool of.

"Don't take it to heart, my boy," said Major Vernon, laying his broad brown hand kindly upon Archer's shoulder. "You're not the first man who has been taken in by a silly joke; but let this be a warning to you to trust books a little less and your own eyes a little more."

THE MANGOSTAN-FRUIT.

THIS is produced by *Garcinia mangostana*, Linn., which belongs to the Gamboge family (*Guttiferæ*). It is a native of the Malay Archipelago, where it is extensively cultivated. It has also been introduced and is cultivated in the southern and eastern provinces of India, but it does not there attain to such perfection as in the Malay Islands. It appears to have been introduced into Eu-

gland in 1789, and it first produced its fruit in the gardens of the Duke of Northumberland at Syon, Isleworth, in 1835, from whence it was figured by Sir W. J. Hooker in the *Bot. Mag.*, t. 4847, where it is also well described.

It is a large tree, with a freely branched conical head. Leaves oblong-elliptical, acutely pointed, entire, glossy, of a leathery texture. Flowers near the extremities of the shoots, solitary, on very short peduncles, of a dull-red color, and about the size of dog-roses. Fruit spherical in form, a section of which would be about three inches in diameter, and for which the tree is most highly esteemed, although it possesses other virtues which gain for it great favor. The fruit is largely used as an article of food, it is very luscious and wholesome, and with the last is one of the best tropical fruits. Dr. Abel, in his description of the fruits of Batavia, says: "First in beauty and flavor was the mangostan. This, so often eulogized by travelers, certainly deserves much of the praise bestowed upon it. It is of a spherical form, of the size of a small orange when ripe, reddish-brown, and when old, chestnut-brown. Its succulent rind is nearly a fourth of an inch in thickness. It contains a very powerful astringent juice, and in wet weather exudes a yellow gum which is a variety of gamboge. On removing the rind, its esculent substance appears in the form of a juicy pulp, having the whiteness and solubility of snow, and of a refreshing, delicate, delicious flavor. We were all anxious to carry away with us some precise expression of its qualities, but after satisfying ourselves that it partook of the compound taste of the pineapple and peach, we were obliged to confess that it had many other equally good but inexpressible qualities." It is stated that any quantity of the fruit may be eaten without deleterious effects, and it is given with sweet oranges to persons affected with fevers; and, according to good evidence, Dr. Solander, in the last stage of a putrid fever at Batavia, found himself insensibly recovering by sucking this delicious and refreshing fruit. According to Dr. Garcin, in honor of whom the genus is named, "It is one of the most delicious of the East Indian fruits, and a great deal of it may be eaten without inconvenience; it is the only fruit which sick people are allowed to eat without scruple." Mr. A. Wallace (*"Malay Arch.,"* page 84), in describing Sarawak, says: "A cool spring under an overhanging rock just below the cottage furnished us with refreshing baths and delicious water, and the Dyaks brought us daily heaped-up baskets of mangostans and sunsats, two of the most delicious of the subacid tropical plants."

The bark of the tree is astringent. A decoction of it is used by the natives in dysentery, etc., and the Chinese prepare a dye from it.

A STRANGE DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE.

THE following true story might almost be ranked with some of *Æsop's* fables, under the name of "The Man, the Lion and the Baboons." It is related by a credible witness, Mr. Charles Holland Lillie, who was traveling in South Africa. The fact that lions have been observed, on other occasions, to be intimidated by baboons is mentioned in standard works of natural history. Our correspondent writes: "We were outspanned by the spring of Mooi-fontein (Beautiful Water) in Bechuanaland, our business being that of traders in wool, feathers and ivory. We had come thirty miles through the *veldt*—a long pull for the oxen—and we therefore determined to rest the entire day at this grateful little patch of verdure and water. Our camp and equipment consisted of two

large hooded buck-wagons, with about thirty draught-oxen, thirteen Caffres, and our two selves—that is, Nieland, the Dutch trader, and myself.

"It wanted rather more than an hour to sundown, when Nieland turned to me and said: 'I am going to walk as far as that "kopje" (hillock) and see if the cattle are on the other side; the "boys" ought to be bringing them in now;' and away he went. It was our practice, as it is the general custom of traders and travelers, to have the cattle home and tied up to the 'dissel-boom' of the wagons for the night; then, by lighting a couple of fires and leaving the dogs loose, we generally considered ourselves secure from nocturnal intruders, though we heard them plainly enough, and often saw their star-like eyes peering at us from the gloom.

"The kopje, as they call small hills in Africa, was probably farther away than Nieland had imagined, for he was some little time in reaching it. Some of the Caffres were squatting by me, where I stood by the fire cooking our supper, and watching Nieland, as he walked slowly across the heated, shimmering plain.

"Arrived at the kopje, he ascended it a little, looked on either side of him, and then made his way round to the other side of the hill. He had accomplished more than half the distance, and was out of sight of the camp, when he took another survey. As the kopje was broken, uneven and rocky—bad for walking—his eyes had been bent on the ground. When he raised them for a more extended view, he was horrified to find that he was being watched by an immense lion—a great tawny brute, with a black mane and flashing eyes. The animal was a little below him, standing on the level ground.

"Nieland stood perfectly still, startled into absolute immobility, fascinated by the danger of his position. In those few seconds, which seemed to him hours, he was bitterly blaming himself for having left his gun behind; and naturally his hand had gone to his belt, hoping to find, at least, his trusty revolver, but to his utter dismay he was armed with nothing better than a hunting-knife.

"The lion did not advance, but stood as if waiting for a movement on the man's part; and the man did the most natural thing under the circumstances. With his face to the foe, he slowly and cautiously began to retreat up the hill-side. What he hoped for he was scarcely conscious of, except, perhaps, that he might climb some point inaccessible to the four-footed beast; but it was almost hopeless work, owing to the nature of the ground and his constrained position.

"He had not made any great progress when he heard a confused grunting and jabbering away behind him. Half turning his head he glanced quickly round, and saw a troop of baboons. Along with the man's movement the lion had advanced. Here the man was between two fires, the lion in front and the baboons behind—formidable creatures these, as he knew them to be, possessing enormous strength and having the characters of morose and ungovernable temper.

"The jabbering increased, interspersed with shrill cries of rage; and presently Nieland was aware that the baboons were leaving the heights above and descending to where he was. Up to this moment he had stopped his slow ascent, but now he remained stationary, in a crouching attitude, and drew the knife from his belt.

"The baboons came, leaping and running on all-fours, down the sides of the stony kopje, and soon they were round Nieland in a kind of irregular circle. There they staid, in knots of three and four, and raised the most unearthly din—barking, screaming, shouting and beating

their breasts—such a tumult as the man had never heard before.

"The lion had stopped; he had done more, he had even retreated a little way; and then, putting his nose close to the ground, he uttered a sharp, short, angry roar. 'Thank Heaven!' thought Nieland, 'they will hear that at the camp, and will remember that I am away!'

"The baboons, great, powerful, hairy fellows, now redoubled their hideous noises, jumping about their allotted stations in the greatest excitement. It really appeared as if, with bristling eyebrows and angry, distending mouths, they were making the most scornful allusions to the King of Beasts before them.

"The lion stood there, angry, baffled and perplexed, lashing the ground with his tail; then he began to run, in quick strides backward and forward. Every time he put his head down the noise of the baboons increased. When he stood still, and throwing his head back, gazed at them, their exclamations died away; but they became, if possible, more alert and watchful than ever.

"The baboons seemed to gather closer together, still keeping Nieland in the middle of the circle they had formed round him. The lion retreated again and roared; then some of the foremost baboons descended, with redoubled noises, to the lower ground, while others filled their places.

"The lion backed still farther away, till he had reached a respectable distance; here he staid, and looking round, put his nose down, and sent forth a terrible roar, that reverberated along the echoing ground. After this, turning for the last time, he trotted off, to the heartfelt relief of Nieland, who was imprisoned now no longer, for, as the mighty beast disappeared, the baboons broke up their protective circle, ranged themselves in groups and extended lines, and commenced digging for the roots and earth-ants—an occupation which they had probably been engaged upon before the Dutchman appeared upon the scene.

"Nieland clambered round the hill-side to the spot he had originally left, from which he could not only see the camp, but also that we were already coming in search of him.

"The oxen came in half an hour after you started,' said I, 'from the opposite direction; then I heard what sounded like roaring. After that——' Here I paused, for I could see, through the sunburn on his skin, that he was ghastly white. Luckily, Amatonga, one of the Caffre boys, was carrying a canteen newly filled; so I gave Nieland a long, refreshing draught of water. 'God be praised!' exclaimed the Dutchman, pressing my hand. 'I'll tell you later.'

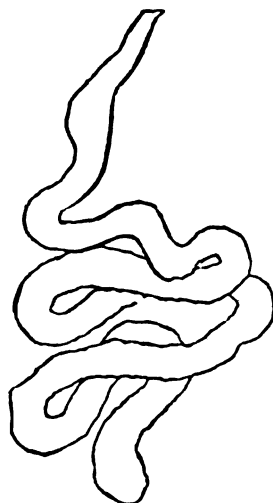
"We hurried back into camp, for the short African twilight was fast deepening into night. Round the camp-fire, that evening, Nieland told me the story of his adventure and his deliverance as I have set it down here. After the recital was over, the Caffres being warned, our guns were carefully loaded, and other precautions were taken.

"We two men spent a very long time, wrapped in our 'karosses,' by the blazing fire, discussing the curious problem of Nieland's deliverance. Whether the baboons were more frightened at the lion than at the man, and so associated themselves with the man for protection; or whether they, by some subtle instinct, had recognized

the man's fear, and had come to his assistance—which seemed the more likely explanation—and both the human being and the brutes, with a knowledge of each other's terror, formed a tacit mutual protection society against a common enemy, there seemed to be an alliance that ended as soon as the danger was past. My friend was inclined to believe in this latter theory; and pointed out that the baboons had opened a path for him in their circle, and witnessed his departure with the greatest tranquillity. But, whatever the cause may have been, Nieland was naturally thankful; and never afterward, when we were shooting along the banks of the Modder River, would he kill any of his friends the baboons."

THE GIANT EARTH-WORM OF GIPPSLAND.

THE recently issued first part of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria" contains an elaborate essay by Mr. Baldwin Spencer, the newly appointed Professor of Zoology in the University of Melbourne, on the anatomy of the giant earth-worm of Gippsland, the largest earth-worm yet known. This worm, of which some examples attain to the extraordinary length of six feet, was first described by Professor McCoy in 1879, and named *Megascolides australis*. It belongs to a peculiar Australian group, of which five species are now known. Mr. Spencer gives us the following general account of its habits: "Of all the species of *Megascolides* yet known, this one seems to be the largest, and is apparently confined to Gippsland; it is, when found at all, somewhat abundant, and lives principally upon the sloping sides of creeks. At times it is found beneath fallen logs, and may be turned out of the ground by the plow.



MEGASCOLIDES AUSTRALIS.

"When first seeking it, we were somewhat puzzled by some of those who were evidently well acquainted with the worm assuring us that the entrance to its burrow was indicated by a distinct 'casting'; whilst others, evidently equally well acquainted with the animal, were quite as positive in asserting that it never produced any 'casting.' Whilst searching, we found what I believe to be the explanation of the contradictory statements, and soon discovered that the surest test of the presence of the worm underground was a very distinct gurgling sound, made by the animal retreating into its burrow, when the ground was stamped upon by the foot. When once heard, this gurgling sound is unmistakable, and we at once learned to regard it as a sure sign of the worm's presence.

"The worm very frequently lives in ground riddled by the holes of the land-crab, as it is popularly called; this animal has a small circular burrow leading down to a chamber hollowed out underneath, containing a pool of water, and through these chambers the worms' burrows frequently pass. The 'crab' almost invariably has a large conical 'casting' at the entrance to its hole, and may raise this to a height of even a foot and more; but the true worm-burrow never, so far as yet observed, has any 'casting' at its entrance, and all trace of this is wanting where the crab-holes are absent. The very frequent association of the 'crab' and worm leads to



THE CHLORIS.—FROM A PAINTING BY R. SORBI.

the idea that the latter forms a cast; but one of the most noticeable features of the ground, which is at times riddled with 'worm-burrows' only, is the entire absence of 'castings.' What the worm does with the immense quantity of earth which it passes through its body I cannot at present say, and it must also be noticed that only on very rare occasions can any trace be detected of leaves dragged down into the burrows.

"It is no easy matter to extract the worm without injury, owing to its length, the coiling of the burrow, the rapidity of movement which it possesses when underground, and its power of distending either the anterior or posterior ends of the body, or both.

"Directly the burrow is laid bare, the worm is seen gliding rapidly away, and often producing the curious gurgling sound as it passes through the slimy fluid always present in a burrow containing the living animal. Sooner than allow itself to be drawn out, it fixes, if held in the middle, both ends of its body by swelling them out till they are tightly jammed against the sides of the burrow; under these circumstances pulling merely results in tearing the body. The worm has been described as brittle, but this term is most inapplicable, as its body is very soft, and capable of a great amount of extension before tearing. Its curious smell, when living, resembling somewhat that of creosote, has been already observed by Professor McCoy, and, when dead, it is worse than ever, and very strong and characteristic; the body, in decaying, passes into an oily fluid which, we were assured by one or two old natives of the district, is very good for rheumatism. Fowls refuse to touch the worm, living or dead.

"When held in the hand, the worm, in contracting its body, throws out jets of a milky fluid from its dorsal pores to a height of several inches; if the burrow be examined carefully, its sides are seen to be very smooth, and coated over with a fluid exactly similar to that ejected from the pores. Whatever be the primary function of the fluid when within the body-cavity, there can be no doubt that it has the important and, perhaps, secondary function, when it has passed out of the body, in making the burrow-walls smooth, moist and slippery, and of thus enabling the animal to glide along with ease and speed.

"The worm, in its burrow, moves rapidly by swelling up its anterior or posterior end, as the case may be, and then, using this as a fixed point, in doing which the *setæ* perhaps help, though to a minor extent, it strongly contracts the rest of its body. In the next movement, the end free in the first instance will be swollen out and used as a fixed point, from which expansion forward can take place. These changes of motion follow each other so rapidly that, in the burrows, the appearance of continuous gliding is given. Outside the burrow, when the whole body-surface is not in contact with the earth, the worm makes no attempt whatever to move, lying passively on the ground. Any one who only sees the worm removed from its burrow imagines it to be of a very sluggish temperament, and can form no idea of its active and rapid movements when underground.

"So far as locomotion is concerned, its *setæ* seem to be of little or no use to it. The *perichæte* worms, on the contrary, when taken from the burrow, move along on the ground with remarkable speed, certainly using their *setæ* as aids to progression.

"The burrows of the large worm measure three-quarters to one inch in diameter, and in disused ones are often found (1) casts of the worms, or, rather, what are probably the earthy contents of the alimentary canal, with

clear indications marked upon them of the segments of the body; and (2) more rarely cocoons. The latter measure one and one-half to two inches in length, vary from light-yellow to dark-brown in color, according to their age, and contain only one embryo each, which I have at present only been able to obtain in a somewhat highly developed state.

"The cocoon itself is somewhat thin, and made of a tough, leathery material, with a very distinct, stalk-like process at each end; it contains a milky fluid, closely similar to that found in the body-cavity of the worm.

"It is interesting to note the fact that at the present time we know of three especially large kinds of earth-worms; that, of these, one comes from South Africa, another from the southern parts of India and Ceylon, and the third from the south of Australia. We know as yet little about the distribution of earth-worms, but the same laws which governed the distribution of other animals must also have governed theirs, and it is just possible that these great earth-worms may be the lingering relics of a once widely spread race of larger earth-worms, whose representatives at the present day are only found, as occurs with other forms of life, in the southern parts of the large land-masses of the earth's surface. Possibly careful search will reveal the existence of a large earth-worm in the southern parts of South America."

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

AN English Parliamentary paper has just been issued, containing an account of British cases of hydrophobia treated by Pasteur within the preceding two years, the records being supplied by the Pasteur Institute. This return shows that in 1887 there were sixty-four British subjects treated at the Pasteur Institute. Of these, five died—viz., Lord Doneraile, who was sixty-seven years of age, whose limbs were bitten in ten places, whose wounds were not cauterized, and whose injuries were received from a dog recognized to be rabid by a veterinary surgeon; John Hagden, aged eight years, another victim, was bitten four times in the head by a dog recognized to be rabid by the experimental test—he was not cauterized, and he died from rabies, during treatment, six days after being bitten; Martin Cahill, aged thirty, not cauterized, Albert Kirkham, aged five, and Frederick Lindly, aged twenty-five, both cauterized, but all three bitten by animals recognized to be rabid, died each within one month of being bitten. In the year 1888 M. Pasteur had twenty-one British subjects under his care. No deaths occurred among them.

It has long been understood that consumption was a communicable disease by contagion. No one who has felt the vitiated air of the bedroom of a person in an advanced stage of tuberculosis could doubt this, or fail to perceive the danger surrounding the devoted friends who assiduously nurse such patients. Such devotion may or may not have its reward, but it surely is wrong to subject unsuspecting and disinterested persons to infection from this cause by shutting them in a ship's state-room with a consumptive taking a voyage for his health. Two or three cases where the disease has been contracted from ship room-mates in this manner have lately been published; and it is imperative, not only that travelers should be on their guard against such a danger, but that the captains of ocean steamers should provide entirely separate quarters for consumptive passengers, where the contagion of their disease may not injure healthy ones.

It is well known that the aurora has a period of eleven years, corresponding to that of terrestrial magnetism and of sun-spots. It has recently been proved that the magnetical phenomena have a period of twenty-six days. This fact suggested to Mr. J. Linnar the plan of attempting to find a corresponding period in the frequency of the aurora. He subjected the hourly observations of the polar stations at Posseskop, Jan Mayen and Fort Rae, in 1882-83, to an investigation, and found a very distinct period of this length, the *maxima* and *minima* of which corresponded exactly to those of the magnetic period. From this fact Mr. Linnar concludes that the connection between aurora and terrestrial magnetism is still closer than has been heretofore supposed.

A FEW months ago the President of the United States addressed a letter to the Maritime Powers of the world, asking their co-operation in a conference to be held (at a date and place yet to be fixed upon) to consider some means of uniform signaling at sea, which shall render collisions less liable to occur than under the present system. It is announced that Great Britain, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Denmark, the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden, Brazil, Uruguay, Chili, Japan and the Sandwich Islands have signified their intention of sending representatives to this conference.

ONE of the most important archaeological explorations conducted, of late years, in Western Asia, is that of M. and Mme. Dieulafoy, who were sent by the French Government to explore the city-sites of ancient Media and Persia. Their first point of attack was Susa, the grand capital of the ancient Persian Monarchy, which, during a long dynasty, ruled all of the world then worth having between the Indus and the Danube. The excavations, which were carried out with great difficulty, on account of the fanaticism of the inhabitants, have yielded valuable results from an archaeological as well as from an historical standpoint. The palaces of Artaxerxes and of Darius have been excavated, and it is now possible to reconstruct the plans of these magnificent buildings. The objects collected during these excavations have been transported to Paris, and form one of the most interesting departments of the new galleries of the Louvre. The collections contain polychrome bass-reliefs from the royal palace, representing lions and warriors, and potteries of the first or second century of our era. Besides architectural remains, numerous inscribed cylinders, ivory, bronze and clay objects have been found. The palace, a model of which is being made, was a magnificent building, rising on a platform sixty feet in height, protected by walls, and accessible only on the south side by a large staircase.

INDIA-RUBBER is coming into use for paving, as a competitor with asphalt. The *Engineering and Building News* (London) devotes an interesting article to this new pavement, which is the invention of Herr Busse, of Linden, Prussia, who has introduced it in Hanover. "He used it first in the Summer of 1887, for paving the Goethe Bridge, which has a surface of about 1,003 square meters, or 10,764 square feet. The new pavement, it is stated, proved so satisfactory that 1,500 square meters (16,146 square feet) of ordinary carriage-way in the city were paved with it last Summer. The Berlin Corporation, being favorably impressed with the new pavement, has had a large area paved with india-rubber as an experiment, and the magistracy of Hamburg is likewise trying the pavement. It is asserted that the new pavement combines the elasticity of india-rubber with the resistance of granite. It is said to be perfectly noiseless, and unaffected either by heat or cold. It is not so slippery as asphalt, and is more durable than the latter. As a covering for bridges it ought to prove excellent, as it reduces vibration; but a question may be asked as to its cost. The expense must be heavier than that of any known pavement."

DR. P. S. SCLATOR, the eminent ornithologist, has just exhibited to the Zoological Society of London one of the rarest and most curious birds of South America—the hoazin (*Opisthocomus cristatus*), of British Guiana. The special peculiarity of the species is found in the wings in the chick, which are used for climbing purposes. The fore limbs in the young birds are well developed, and there are short but very sharp curved claws on the rudimentary thumb and finger; these two digits appear to have a separate power of motion, and by their aid the young climb about the branches in a quadrupedal manner, after leaving the nests. These singular structures, which may be regarded as unique in birds, are reduced to mere horny tips in the adults. The feathering of these hoazin is peculiar, being continuous over the entire surface, and not in tracts, as usual in other birds. When living, the hoazin has an odor like that of wet hides, which causes it to be generally disliked, though it is eaten by some of the German immigrants. Its habits are peculiar, feeding on leaves, which are regurgitated and masticated, after having been first swallowed.

SOME interesting figures with reference to the growth of electric railways were presented at the late convention of the National Electric Light Association, in Chicago. In February, 1889, to which time these figures had been brought up, there were 53 electric railroads in operation in the United States, with 41 more unfinished. Forty-two of these roads had been incorporated at that date. The roads in operation were running nearly 430 cars, with 340 more building. The total length of single track used amounted to 295 miles, with 275 miles more contracted for. These figures (which show an increase in themselves during the preceding six months of fifty per cent., or more) exhibit a story of prosperity and rapid growth in the electric light and power industry which is very remarkable; and it is no wonder that a national association of engineers and mechanicians peculiar to this new apparatus for illumination and locomotion should come into existence, and find itself of great value to all the members.

THE universal interest now felt in the United States in the question of naval armament renders the experiments of English naval engineers in this direction worth attention. A long-continued series of trials that have been conducted at Portsmouth, with the view of determining the respective merits of compound armor and of solid steel armor as a protection for battle-ships, have just been brought to a close. Only two Sheffield manufacturers sent in compound samples for competition; but the number of steel plates forwarded for trial amounted to eight, from as many makers, being two less than were expected. The ten-inch plates were attacked by steel and Palliser projectiles, at a range of thirty feet; and although two of the solid steel armor-plates, at least, underwent the crucial ordeal with satisfactory results, the superiority remained with the steel-faced armor now adopted in the English Navy.

THE next annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Toronto, from August 27th to September 3d, and an unusually interesting time is anticipated.

THE announcement recently made, that Professor Kruss, of Munich, had succeeded in decomposing nickel and cobalt, proves

to be erroneous. What he has really done is to obtain from these two elements a third one, which existed in them as an impurity.

"NATURE" says that a technical laboratory for special instruction in dyeing and bleaching has just been opened, in connection with the University College, at Dundee, Scotland. This technical portion of the chemical department consists of a completely fitted dye-house, a laboratory, and a museum for technical samples, more especially connected with the textile industries of the district. Practical instruction in the dye-house was begun by Professor Percy Frankland last week.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

LIFE is a conundrum that sooner later all must give up.

SHE — "Why, Charlie, what a pile of letters! *Billets doux*, I suppose?" HE — "Not at my time of life, dear. *Billies* overdue."

UNCLE HARRY — "Well, Johnnie, and how did you like the ride on Uncle Harry's knee?" JOHNNIE — "Oh, it was very nice; but I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday."

FRIEND — "I should recommend you to drink a cup of hot water every morning, soon after getting up." INVALID — "I always do that where I board; they call it 'coffee.'"

"We have not chairs enough for our company," remarked Mrs. Highflyer to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, my love, but a little too much company."

ELDER SISTER — "Oh, you fancy yourself very wise, I dare say, but I could give you a wrinkle or two." YOUNGER SISTER — "No doubt—and never miss them!"

MISS SMITH — "Did anybody call this evening, Bridget?" BRIDGET — "Yes, miss; Moike O'Shamus and Tim Blarney." MRS. S. — "What? I don't know them." BIDDY — "They called on n.e. mum."

At a recent school-examination the inspector, among other questions, asked the scholars to spell the plural of "child." After several minutes of collective thought, a scholar held up her hand, and forthwith spelt the required word—"T-w-i-n-s."

"DID you hear about the burglar who was arrested this morning?" "No. What for?" "For breaking into song." "Is that so?" "Yes. He got through two bars when some one hit him with a stove."

"JUST throw me half a dozen of the biggest of those trout," said a citizen to a fish-dealer. "Throw them?" inquired the dealer. "Yes, and then I'll go home and tell my wife I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

VERA WILEY — "I'm afraid it would be better not to speak to papa just yet, Jack. Wait until next week." JACK DORR — "But why?" VERA WILEY — "My milliner's bill will be in then, and he may look upon your suit with more favor."

COLLEGE FUN. — Professor (roused by violent ringing in dead of night) — "Well, what is it? What's the matter?" Student — "One of your windows is open." Professor — "Which one?" Student — "The one you are looking out of."

A LITTLE UNCERTAIN. — "You will let me go to your wedding, will you not, dear?" said one girl to another. "Upon my word I can't promise. My folks are in such a rage about my wedding, that I am not sure they will even let me go to it myself."

"I saw your new play last night, Charlie," remarked a friend, "and I was delighted with it, save one thing. You killed your characters all off in the last act." "Well," answered the young playwright, "what could I do?" "Why, kill them off in the first act."

A WIFE wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel; but he refused saying, "I've lived long enough to know that one woman is as good as another, if not better." "And I," retorted the exasperated wife, "have lived long enough to learn that one man is just as bad as another, if not worse!"

PROFESSIONAL PRIDE. — A Parisian thief was lately arrested at his lodgings. The rooms were full of valuable objects. "Where in the world did you scrape together the money to buy all these valuable articles?" inquired the astonished detective. "Sir, I never buy anything," replied the thief, with a noble air of self-possession.

A VERY bright three-year-old girl in a Cambridge kindergarten was selected to "show off" the merits of the school, even for mere babes, to a party of visitors, and was asked to count. She reflected credit on her home by doing it as follows: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king!"

TRUTH AND FASHION—AN ALLEGORY.

Truth, one fine day, confronting Fashion, said,
"Why dress in finery from foot to head?
Look upon me!—I nothing wear at all,
And, trust me, the convenience is not small."
"Yes," replied Fashion, "but your nakedness
Involves you in some scrapes, you must confess;
Who'er you visit, be he rich or poor,
In that scant costume, shows you to the door."

NINTH INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.

A PAPER OF GREAT INTEREST, READ BY

A. L. A. TOBOLDT, M.D.,

ASSISTANT DEMONSTRATOR UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, EDITOR "MEDICAL CLIPPING AND NEW CHEMICALS," ETC.

THE famous fountain of health at Carlsbad, in Bohemia, which has been the refuge of invalids for five centuries, is certainly well worthy of a careful study. My experience with this remedial agent has been such that I may truly say that no remedy which I have ever employed has given me so much pleasure and profit as this particular one.

My opinion as to mineral waters generally, and Carlsbad in particular, which is probably shared by the majority of the profession, has been that much if not all the therapeutic action may be traced to change of scene, to the strict diet enforced, to out-door exercise and the large quantities of water drunk. Starting with this opinion, I undertook a series of experiments with Carlsbad Waters, such as are exported by the authorities of the City of Carlsbad. Selecting a number of chronic hypochondriacs whose afflictions had baffled all my previous efforts as my subjects, I was truly astonished to not that, although no rigid diet was prescribed, and only a limited amount of exercise was indulged in, I obtained most remarkable results—the complexion, even after a week's use, began to clear up, the step became more firm and elastic, and, what was more, the entire host of hypochondriacal complaints seemed to vanish like mist. These surprising results bade me pause, and I then set about investigating the subject more closely, arguing that it certainly could not be the water alone that produced these effects. The diet and exercise having been left entirely out of consideration in several of the cases, I proceeded to use the Crystallized *Sprudel Salt*, which, being obtained by evaporating the waters, I thought must surely be the remedial agent. But alas! when I came to use this, by dissolving it in ordinary water or in carbonic-acid water, I invariably failed to get so prompt an action, and in the majority of cases utterly failed to get that peculiar therapeutic effect which I had obtained from the exported mineral waters themselves. There was something at fault with either my argument or the *Sprudel Salt*. On looking up the subject, I found that at Carlsbad the salt was only recommended and used as an addition to the Mineral Waters, to act as a purgative when the waters failed in that respect. The analysis of the salt, I found, did not tally with that of the Mineral Waters; so, for a time at least, I fell back on the use of the exported Carlsbad Waters, until my attention was called to experiments made by Dr. Jaworski, of Krakow, with "*Sprudel Salt* in powder form." I then determined to give this a trial, still convinced that it was not the water, but its contained salts, that produced the therapeutic effect. The chemical analysis of the *Sprudel Salt* in powder form certainly more nearly corresponded to that of the mineral waters, and upon trial I found that I could obtain almost the same effect with the *Sprudel Salt Powder*. The first case upon which I tried it was so unique that I was literally dumfounded at the result. A woman who five years before had weighed but 75 pounds had in that time increased in weight to 190 pounds—a gain of 115 pounds. She came to me for treatment, laboring under all the symptoms that would naturally be expected from such an enormous increase in weight. I put her first upon the Crystallized *Sprudel Salt*, only to be disappointed; when, after several weeks, I used the *Sprudel Salt* in powder form, I was really startled to note the effect. In eight days—i.e., from Wednesday to the next Thursday—she lost sixteen pounds, an average of two pounds per day, and was, in consequence, losing all the symptoms she had so much complained of. The woman had in the meantime been indulging in her customary diet, even to drinking several glasses of beer daily, and, being a market-woman, she had been debarred from taking any extra exercise. This, then, verified my theory, that if there was any therapeutic action in Carlsbad Mineral Waters, it ought to have the same effect without the usual adjuncts of a Carlsbad cure—namely, diet and exercise. In the very next case, a mild one of diabetes mellitus, the sugar disappeared entirely after its use, the patient only abstaining from fresh fruits, and that because it caused too great a looseness of his passages. How the *Sprudel Salt Powder* acts in diabetes mellitus I am unable to say, and must content myself with stating facts only. I will not tire you with a recital of any more cases. Sufficient, I think, has already been said to warrant calling your attention to a remedial agent that,

in one form at least, has been known and used by the profession for the last four centuries.

The Springs of Carlsbad are located in Bohemia, and have been known to the profession ever since the fourteenth century, and have been gaining in their favor ever since. The Waters of Carlsbad have only been imported into this country in bottles for the last few years, and lose nothing of their efficacy through export. These waters, which issue from fifteen different springs, have all the same chemical composition, differing only in the amount of free carbonic acid which they contain, this depending upon the temperature at which the water reaches the surface, there being a difference of 40° Réaumur between the different springs. The hotter the water the less carbonic acid it holds in solution, and *vice versa*. The taste of the water is pleasant, slightly saline. The Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form is easily soluble, pleasant and permanent.

As to the difference between the Crystallized and *Sprudel Salt Powder*, I would say that both are obtained by evaporating the Carlsbad Mineral Waters: but the powder is, while still moist, exposed to the carbonic acid so abundantly given off by the springs, and in consequence differs from the crystallized in containing more carbonates and less sulphates. In fact, it contains all of the soluble constituents of the waters, and hence more nearly represents the Carlsbad Mineral Waters themselves.

In addition to this, the Crystallized *Sprudel Salt*, being hygroscopic, frequently causes inconvenience on this account. The *Sprudel Salt Powder*, on the contrary, occurs in a fine granular powder, and is proof against all atmospheric changes.

The effect of the waters, and of the *Sprudel Salt Powder* dissolved in carbonic-acid water, or ordinary water, being so near alike, may be treated of together, and be summed up as follows:

Locally, upon the stomach and bowels they produce a stimulating, alterative effect, and they also act as a sedative to the gastric nerves.

They neutralize the acids of the stomach, its normal acidity, according to researches of Dr. W. Jaworski, returning sooner after the use of the Mineral Waters than after the use of the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt*, powder form, in solution.

After several doses have been taken they act as a mild purgative, partly by increasing the peristaltic movements, diluting the contents of the bowels, dissolving toughened mucus, bile, and hardened fecal masses, and partly also by increasing the intestinal secretions; hence at times such copious discharges. During the continuance of the treatment there is an increased development of gases in the gastrointestinal canal, which cause frequent odorless and tasteless eructations and the passing of flatus having the odor of sulphuretted hydrogen.

The urine is generally increased in quantity, and, after a varying length of time, is rendered neutral or alkaline. The urea and uric acid are, according to the researches of Dr. Seegen, much diminished, whereas the phosphates are greatly increased in quantity. So-called brick-dust sediments in the urine, when present, disappear after several days' use.

The secretions of the skin are also increased, and sometimes altered in character. The skin frequently exfoliates, causing the complexion to become much clearer—an effect very noticeable in patients having freckles. After the use of the Carlsbad Waters or the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form for a few weeks, the patient becomes brighter, and the previous dullness gives place to a clearness of intellect, of thought, feeling and fancy much exceeding that existing previous to the beginning of the treatment.

Most patients lose flesh, especially those who are very corpulent, whereas thin and delicate patients who take much nourishment are apt to increase in weight.

Other effects noticed are the disappearance of old inflammatory deposits, especially in the fibrous tissues. Old rheumatic or gouty nodules I have known to disappear entirely; also inflammatory thickenings around the uterus and its appendages. Upon the system generally a marked increase of tissue-metamorphosis is noticed.

As to the diseases for which Carlsbad is recommended, they are so numerous that I will not take up your time in enumerating them.

Suffice it to say that it may be used wherever an alkaline mineral water is indicated, especially where there is lack of tone in the gastrointestinal tract, as in *dyspepsia*, deficient or perverted *biliary secretions*, *jaundice*, *chronic constipation*, etc.; where accumulations of fat, especially in the liver, other organs, or under the skin, are to be disposed of; where there is that peculiar dyscrasia known as the uric acid diathesis, as in *gout*, *rheumatism*, *gravel*, etc., and where inflammatory deposits, especially in the fibrous tissues, are to be removed, and in that peculiar and so little understood disease, *diabetes melitus*.

Carlsbad may be said to be contra-indicated in all wasting diseases, especially those of the lungs, and those involving a great amount of suppuration, and in all acute febrile diseases, especially inflammatory and infectious diseases, etc.

As to the mode of administration: The dose of the imported Mineral Waters may be set down as two to three glasses of about six ounces each, drank slowly in the morning an hour before breakfast, another glass during the morning or afternoon, and one or two before retiring at night. The dose of the *Sprudel Salt*, powder form, is about one teaspoonful dissolved in a glassful of water, taken three times a day, either one hour before or two hours after meals. If taken with the Carlsbad Water, one teaspoonful of the Salt with the first tumblerful of the water, taken in the morning, will suffice. When taken hot the effect on the bowels is less marked.

well, and in diseases other than of the stomach it is even to be preferred.

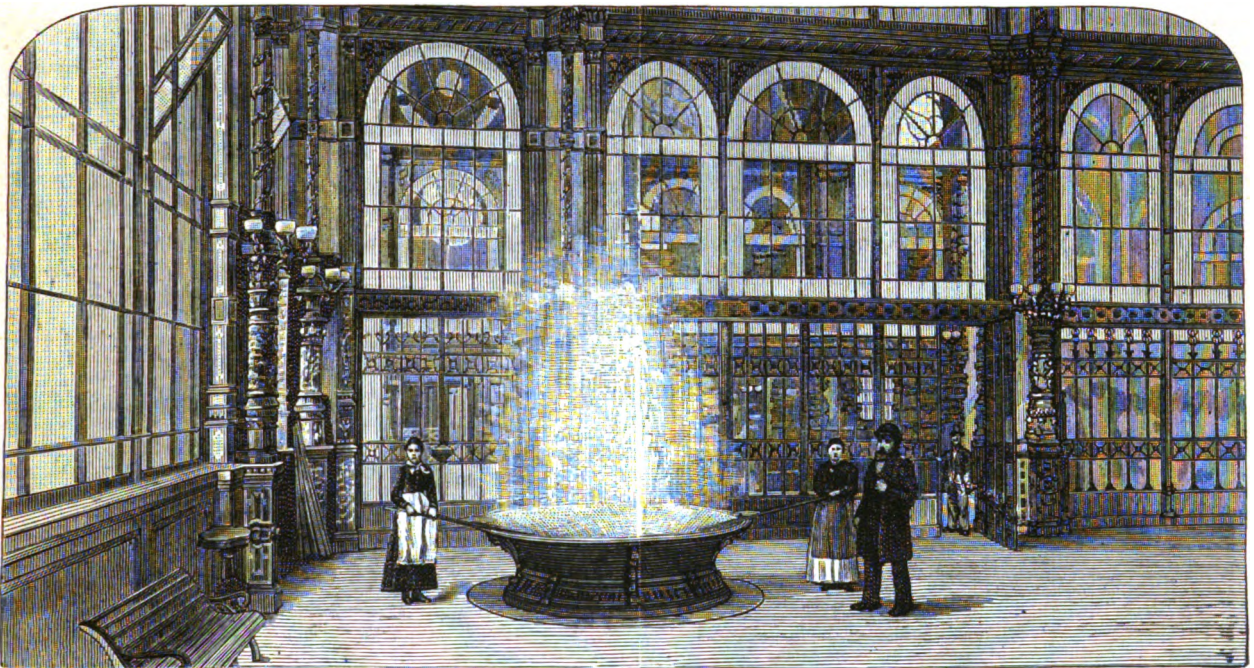
Furthermore, I would say that the Carlsbad Mineral Waters and *Sprudel Salt* do not differ in the least from any other remedial agent of well-known properties; that their effect is uniform and to be relied upon independently of any adjuncts of treatment, such as diet, exercise or water.

In none of the cases enumerated was there any particular diet prescribed. The patients were allowed to choose for themselves, and to eat whatever their appetites craved.

Only in one case (No. 7) a hypochondriac took riding-lessons for one week, and then abandoned them entirely until two weeks after the treatment, when, as he expressed it, he had more heart to go about among people and enjoy himself. The other cases took very little, if any, exercise outside of that required by their respective callings.

As to the matter of taking the Carlsbad Waters or *Sprudel Salt* solutions hot or cold, I would say that most patients preferred taking them cold; and as there appears to be the advantage that taken cold there are no so-called head symptoms, and a more decided purgative action, I have invariably given cold the preference, only using them hot in cases of diarrhoea, when I did not desire the purgative effect.

The foregoing would then prove conclusively that the Carlsbad Waters, as well as the *Sprudel Salt Powder*, are *bona-fide* remedial



SPRUDEL.

As to diet, experiments of Dr. E. Hlawacek and others, as well as my own, prove that any diet otherwise not contra-indicated by the disease may be indulged in during the continuance of the treatment.

The effect of exercise, although not found essential, is a factor which, I think, ought not to be lost sight of, especially where the disease is caused by sedentary habits. Experiments made by Dr. W. Jaworski prove that exercise hastens the passage of the waters from the stomach into the intestinal canal. The experiments made by Dr. Jaworski also proved that the normal acidity of the stomach returns sooner after the ingestion of the Mineral Waters than after solutions of Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form; hence diseases of the stomach are generally best treated by the Mineral Waters, whereas the *Sprudel Salt* in powder form is to be preferred in diseases of the other viscera, such as *intestinal canal*, *spleen*, *kidneys*; in *adiposia*, *diabetes*, etc., although this rule does not hold good in every case.

In conclusion, I would say that the Carlsbad Mineral Waters, as exported by the City of Carlsbad, being the natural product, is, of course, much to be preferred where the quantity of water is no objection, particularly in diseases of the stomach. Where, from any cause, two or three glasses of water cannot be taken, then the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt*, powder form, answers the purpose equally

agents, independent of the usual adjuncts of treatment. But I would not here be understood as making light of or ignoring them; their value has been proven many years ago, and who has not himself seen the benefits of copious draughts of water, well-directed exercise, change of scene, etc.? If these can be had in addition, well and good; if not, a Carlsbad treatment need not, therefore, be dispensed with.

In conclusion, I would say that the experiments were made with the genuine imported Carlsbad Water and *Sprudel Salt*, which is bottled under the supervision of the City of Carlsbad, and has the signature of Eisner & Mendelson Co., sole agents for the U. S., and Loebel Schottlaender, sole licensee of the Spring, with the seal of the City of Carlsbad on the neck of every bottle. It would be folly to expect any reliable action from any of the numerous imitations sold here in bulk or in bottles.

A. L. A. TOBOLDT, M.D.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

One bottle of genuine imported Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt*, powder form, will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar.

Dr. Toboldt's Lecture in full, with table of cases treated, mailed free, to any address, upon application to Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents for the Carlsbad Springs, 6 Barclay Street, New York.



DR. HENRY RICHARDSON ROGERS.

I R. HENRY RICHARDSON ROGERS.

PROBABLY there is no man professionally before the public whose life has been so eventful and full of interest as that of Dr. Rogers, whose portrait appears on opposite page; in fact, a good-sized volume of interesting incidents relating thereto might be compiled for the benefit of the American reading public, but a short biographical sketch must perforce take the place of the more pretentious, and as yet unpublished, book.

The parents of Dr. Rogers resided in New England, and while avoiding as much as possible personal details other than relating to Dr. Rogers himself, mention must be made of his renowned great-grandfather, the late Moses Richardson, of Concord, prominent in the Revolutionary era as one of the Minute Men, and in whose honor has been erected a magnificent monument, testifying to the high esteem in which he was held by rich and poor alike.

We pass by the school and college period of Dr. Rogers' life as being unmarked by any events particularly noticeable, and find him at the age of nineteen a commissioned officer in the Volunteer United States Navy during the Civil War.

At that time, as many will remember, the fire of patriotism was kindled in many a breast, and forsaking the pursuit of intellectual study for that of the ruder but infinitely more exhilarating and manly one of warfare, Dr. Rogers served worthily in the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and at the battle of Fort Fisher. To demonstrate to the reader in how short a space of time a good officer's work well done is noted and appreciated, he was actually in command of a squad of men from his ship, joining on shore that body of sailors and marines who were filling that memorable order of Admiral Porter, to "Charge the fort with cutlasses and revolvers alone," but which turned out to be a *ruse* by which General Terry was permitted to make his terrific and successful attack, carrying all before him, and capturing the fort after a prolonged struggle. No doubt the doctor was "tired of war's alarms," and the scenes of bloodshed he had witnessed caused him to think that the more peaceful domestic fireside had attractions of its own which were not so apparent when participating therein as when brought into sharp contrast by the sterner methods of warfare. But it was not until the war ended that he resigned his commission and turned his footsteps into the paths of diplomacy and active international service, by assisting the Peruvian Government in the transportation of two light-draught monitors, purchased by that country, to their future destination, Callao, Peru.

Now, for the first time, misfortune befell the doctor. He had passed unscathed through the most sanguinary war of modern times, and in peace found greater danger than that experienced in his soldier days.

By the mismanagement of the Peruvian captain commanding the convoy to which Dr. Rogers was attached, a terrible collision occurred.

It was off the north coast of Cuba, in the Bahama channel, when the vessel on which the doctor was sailing ran into one of the monitors above referred to, with the most disastrous results, the latter sinking in ten minutes, and nine lives being lost. The small monitor, now helpless on account of the loss of a convoy, rescued the survivors of the ill-fated vessel, and being in immediate need of coal, the weather also proving most unpropitious, put into a small port in the Island of Cuba known as *Norango*, or *Orange Harbor*, then one of the strongholds of the insurgent forces, who were at this period fighting for liberty.

The officers and men were well received and cordially treated by the islanders, who rendered them all the assistance that lay in their power; and, after several trial-trips, and some help, the vessel was enabled to proceed to the Island of St. Thomas, one of the Windward Islands of the West Indies, where Rogers left the fleet and returned to New York.

Again did Fate ordain that the doctor's path should lead him into the field of battle.

A revolution had broken out in Hayti, and the Haytian Government having purchased the United States gun-boat *Pequot*, Rogers was appointed to serve in the capacity of Lieutenant, and once more set out in search of fresh adventures and excitement. The vessel was re-christened by the Haytian Government, and now bore the awe-inspiring name of *The Terror*, and a terror indeed she proved, by act as well as in name, being officered and manned entirely by those who had served in the late war, and who were consequently thoroughly well up in the artifices and methods of modern warfare; in fact, the vessel became the stay and prop of the Haytian Government, and President Salnave was frequently heard to observe that his trust and hopes rested in this ship and her crew; but alas! his trust was shortly to receive a bitter shock, and his hopes to be ruthlessly overthrown. The chief in command proved unworthy of the great confidence reposed in him, and was the sole and true cause of her capture by the insurgents, and the direct cause of the condemnation to death of Rogers and his fellow-officers, who were drawn up in line in front of a strong guard who carried loaded guns. Providence must have watched over them, for, although the New York papers stated that the officers had been shot, such was not the case, a happy though accidental chance preventing this wholesale massacre.

After being struck down by yellow fever—previous to which, however, Rogers had been raised to the command of one of the Government's new ships—the doctor appears to have attained the summit of his ambition inasmuch as adventures by land and sea are concerned; even excitement grows wearisome, and adventures pall on one when they form the routine, as it were, of one's life, and when commonplace, every-day incidents come as a surprise and relief in the midst of the constant strain of worry and bustle entailed by active service; but not only on this account did the doctor once again return to New York.

For some time past he had been pondering over a great and philanthropic project. He had long been a devoted student of medicine, and the very interesting and remarkable investigations and the practical knowledge he had sought and displayed on various occasions prompted him to take to the medical profession permanently, so that by giving to others the benefit of his experience he might confer upon the recipients a boon almost price-less in value.

Well, he is here in our midst, resolved to devote all his energies toward the bettering of the human frame, toward rendering many lives happy which from various causes have long been miserable, to bring joy and comfort to families whose homes are saddened by sickness; and, in fact, instead of fighting the elements and the enemies of his country, to pursue the noblest of his battles, and to combat the strongest of all enemies, that fell destroyer of mankind, *Disease*.

The result of the doctor's labors in the study and successful practice of medicine for a number of years is to place four of his most valued remedies on the market for sale.

The picture of Miss Gertrude H. Draper, which appears below, is that of an apparently healthy and handsome young woman. It is thus she appears to-day, but when, some time ago, sick, helpless and hopeless, she commenced taking the Royal Remedies, neither she nor



her friends ever dared to hope that her complete restoration to health would ever be accomplished. Her unsolicited testimonial, which is printed below, tells us in her own plain and grateful words of her marvelous recovery, caused by Rogers' Royal Remedies.

TO DR. HENRY R. ROGERS, 41 ESSEX STREET, BOSTON, MASS.:

MY DEAR DR. ROGERS: I have just learned that you are about to place before the public your wonderful medicines, to which I owe so much. It appears to me that I should be wanting in honesty if I did not help you make known to the world their marvelous power and efficiency. When I remember how I came to you, not only expecting but actually longing for death as my only hope of relief, and when I reflect on my improved and happy condition now, both of mind and body, I cannot resist the desire to help, in my little way, bring your remedies before those whose condition may approach what mine was.

I was suffering from impoverishment of the blood, my skin had a ghastly pallor, I could not bear to look at myself in the mirror, and I was such a victim to nervous prostration that my life, which is now such a delight to me, was a heavy burden. When I remember that neither in the balmy air of California nor the tropical heat of Cuba could I find relief or appetite, that everything failed until I tried your Royal Herbs and your other magical preparations, is it any wonder that I want to express publicly my gratitude to your skill and my tribute to your Royal Remedies?

Before taking them I was a sick, helpless, hopeless woman, to whom every sunrise brought added pains and anguish. Now, thanks to your Royal Remedies, I am another woman, full of hope, strength, courage, and gratitude to your professional skill and your Royal Remedies. How well I remember when I felt better for the first time in years, after taking your Royal Herbs! I began to take them, hoping little, expecting less, for had not many eminent physicians pronounced my case beyond cure? To sleep quietly and restfully, to be actually hungry, to eat not only without discomfort, but with actual pleasure and perfect digestion, to be able to look at myself in the glass without weeping tears of hopeless mortification—in a word, to compare myself as I am with the wretched being I *was*, can any one wonder that I want to proclaim throughout the land that all this transformation was caused by Rogers' Royal Herbs, and that to its continued use now, and to the Royal Nervine and Tonic also, do I owe my daily increasing strength and physical comfort.

If any one doubts or questions the immediate and lasting benefits of your Royal Herbs and your other Royal Remedies, just refer them to me.

Yours, with life-long gratitude,
CANTON, MASS., January, 1889.

GERTRUDE H. DRAPER.

Dr. Henry R. Rogers says a few words about his Royal Remedies.

TO THE PUBLIC:

41 ESSEX STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

After many years of practice, during which I have used all kinds of medicines, old and new, I came to the conclusion that the great difficulty, as well as the great desideratum, was to secure a combination which would prove most effective for good. After many years of patient study and research, and of practical experiment, I discovered what is known now as Royal Herbs, and this marvelous combination brought with it such positive and con-

vincing proof of its efficacy, that it seems really more of a revelation than a simple discovery or invention of my own.

This combination, which I have called Royal Herbs, has proved to be the panacea I was seeking. It is made entirely of natural herbs, a large portion of which are grown and imported solely for me from Eastern countries. They are Nature's own remedies for Nature's ills.

They have never failed to justify the confidence I and my patients implicitly place in them.

There are no remedies like the Royal Herbs to eradicate from the human system the poisonous substances which form the germs of disease, and there are no combinations that will so surely and speedily alleviate suffering.

By careful and conscientious analysis I find that most of the so-called "blood purifiers" and "liver remedies" contain a large per cent of bichloride of mercury, iodide of potash, nitric acid, etc., all of which are powerful poisons, but which may at first produce symptoms of apparent relief, though they eventually destroy the whole internal organization. They more surely kill than cure.

It has been my aim to replace these injurious concoctions by some harmless natural remedy, and this I have accomplished in Royal Herbs and Royal Nervine Tonic, which act in conformity with the natural functions of the human system.

I have thoroughly tested these remedies in my private practice, as well as among those nearest and dearest to me personally, and with such uniformly gratifying results that I have profound confidence in recommending them to the public, believing they will relieve and cure many of the ills which afflict humanity.

Yours, very truly,

HENRY R. ROGERS.

Miss Gertrude H. Draper, who had been declared hopelessly incurable, had been for years a victim to the far-reaching and excruciating pains attendant on serious kidney and liver troubles. Prominent physicians in Boston, San Francisco and Havana had despaired of relieving her sufferings, and had declared themselves utterly unable to restore her to complete health. Her blood was so impoverished, her nervous system so run down, her appetite so variable, her indigestion so miserable, that many times, despite her Christian resignation, she almost prayed for death.

This was her condition when, at the suggestion of a friend, she placed herself under the care of Dr. Henry R. Rogers. After the first few doses of *Royal Herbs*, Miss Draper's nervous headaches began to disappear; for the first time in years she *wanted to eat*, and did eat without discomfort. Additional doses of this marvelous medicine produced still more amazing results. Her nervous system was restored to its normal condition, her appetite increased, her strength returned, the dreadful constipation, which had brought untold agony in its train, disappeared, and Nature acted in its own gentle, regular way.

And this wonderful change was caused by Rogers' Royal Herbs and by Rogers' Royal Nervine and Tonic, which Miss Draper uses still, and which are filling out the once attenuated form, and flushing with health, and consequent happiness, her once sunken and pallid cheeks.

It is Rogers' Royal Herbs, just the same pure remedy which is now offered you, which will cure constipation, give a perfect and natural action to the stomach and bowels, strengthen and invigorate, and in making you *healthy*, make you *happy*, too, for it will clear your skin, brighten your eyes, sweeten your breath, fill out your sunken figure, and yet, wonderful to relate, it will reduce superfluous flesh! This may seem at variance with the laws of physiology and medicine, but it is strictly true in regard to Royal Herbs, for so nicely are its ingredients blended, so delicately are they adjusted to meet the requirements of loss and supply in the human system, that it becomes a regulator of all the functions of assimilation and secretion.

Royal Herbs may, therefore, be taken every night for years with benefit and safety, both by those who are high liverers and those who follow sedentary lives.

Royal Herbs is thus invaluable to all, for it promotes excretion, removing poisonous substances from the system, while at the same time so *nourishing* are its properties as *food*, that no weakness nor loss of strength results from its *free action* upon the bowels.

Cleanse your system and *purify your blood* by a constant use of Rogers' Royal Herbs.

All first-class druggists keep Rogers' Royal Herbs, DRY and LIQUID, but if the one to whom you apply does not, write direct to the Rogers Royal Remedies Co., 41 Essex Street, Boston, Mass., and it will be sent you at once, free of express charges, on receipt of the price, \$1.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Rogers' Royal Herbs is unequalled. The tea prepared from the Royal Herbs cures all skin diseases by eliminating all impurities of the blood. It opens the pores and the other natural sewers of the body, freeing the system from all poisonous matters.

There are no poisonous substances in the Royal Herbs to injure the system. It acts, not by forcing or opposing Nature, but by aiding Nature's functions to perform themselves.

Rogers' Royal Herbs is not a purgative. It acts gently, gradually and naturally, and is a positive cure for constipation.

Few women at this trying season fail to feel the need of a palatable tonic which will give tone to the stomach, purify the blood, regulate the bowels and stomach, and, as a direct consequence, bring the glow and bloom of health to the rounded cheek, the freshness of youth to the complexion, and the brightness of health and happiness to the eyes.

All this and more, too, will result from a continual and judicious use of Rogers' Royal Herbs and Nervine Tonic, which are unequalled for purity of ingredients and power of producing the desired results.

The immediate cause of *Sallowness, Itching, Eruptions, Pimples, Tetter, Blotches, Salt-rheum, Blackheads, etc.*, is due to an obstruction of the pores of the skin, by which perspiration is arrested and confined in and under the skin. External applications may aid in their removal, but can never accomplish it. Such defects are not, like beauty, "skin deep." Their origin lies deep within the system. The blood must be purified, a free circulation must be produced, impoverished blood must be enriched, a heavy, sluggish, heated blood must be cooled and thinned, the natural action of the bowels must be restored, and "good digestion must wait on appetite," as Shakespeare tells us. All this is accomplished by the use of Rogers' Royal Herbs, by which a thin, unhealthy, dyspeptic and sallow woman may be enabled to bloom like the rose, and be an ornament to her home, a delight to her husband and a blessing to herself in health and content.

Rogers' Royal Herbs combines excellence with purity. Only try it. If its continued and judicious use does not accomplish all that is promised, do not buy it again.

A visible improvement should follow the first few doses. If it does not, however, continue its daily use for some time. *Even the most stubborn case must yield to Rogers' Royal Herbs and Nervine Tonic, which have never failed.*

TESTIMONIALS.

DETROIT, MICH.

DR. HENRY R. ROGERS, DEAR SIR: Please send me half a dozen packages of *Royal Herbs* and a half-dozen bottles of the *Royal Nervine*. Nothing I have ever used has done me so much good. My headaches have ceased entirely, that feeling of utter fatigue and indifference to everything, even my business, has disappeared, and I awake each day full of energy and spirit. I feel that I owe this amazing change entirely to you and your *Royal Herbs*. When I began taking the *Royal Herbs* my appetite was miserable, my liver torpid, my bowels irregular and inactive, and my general condition without life or energy. Now, thanks to *Rogers' Royal Herbs*, I am literally a new man. You can refer to me any one who wants an indorsement of your wonderful *Royal Herbs*. I am not selfish enough to willingly deprive any one of the benefit of my experience with your *Royal Remedies*. Inclosed please find check for goods ordered, which please send at once.

Yours, truly,

CHARLES HENRY LOZUR.

I have been a great sufferer from heart-burn and water-brash, the worst form of dyspepsia, but could get no relief. It had grown so bad that I was positive dread for me to go to my meals. My suffering was so great after eating that life had lost all its pleasures, and I could find no relief until I met Dr. Rogers and commenced taking his *Royal Herbs*. I must say it has performed wonders with me, for I can now eat my meals and enjoy them without any after distress. The Herbs took all the bile out of my stomach, and caused my liver to act freely, so that I am now *entirely well*. I hope, Dr. Rogers, that your *Royal Herbs* will have a great sale, for everybody ought to have it who is suffering as I was.

Yours, very gratefully,

MARY E. LEWIS.

684 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

DR. HENRY R. ROGERS, DEAR SIR: Is it true that you are about to put upon the market those wonderful preparations you have so long and successfully used in your private practice? If it is, I want to add my earnest recommendation, and tell you what they have done for me. Your *Royal Herbs*, which I have taken for a long time, has completely conquered my stubborn stomach troubles. Once I could not eat without dreading the after distress. My digestion was wretched, and when I dared satisfy my hunger, the most violent irritation of the stomach and an awful headache followed. I have taken your *Royal Herbs* faithfully, as directed, and I feel splendid. I not only eat, but enjoy my meals, and no distress nor headache comes to make me suffer. I would like to tell all the world what Rogers' Royal Remedies have done for me.

Respectfully and gratefully,

MRS. M. A. DRAPER.

CANTON, MASS.

DR. HENRY R. ROGERS: It gives me real pleasure to testify to the value of your *Royal Herbs*. They have done wonders in clearing my stomach, opening my bowels, and giving me an appetite. After each dose I feel as fresh and light as air. Indeed, I was never so well nor so cheerful in all my life as I have been ever since I began to take *Rogers' Royal Herbs*.

Yours, most truly,

MARY CAMPBELL.

CANTON, MASS.

We guarantee all of our remedies to be all that we claim for them, and will cheerfully refund the money to any one who takes them as we direct without receiving benefit.

Rogers' Royal Nervine Tonic allays nervousness, gives rest and refreshment to the tired brain, invigorates the wearied body, and not only soothes, but permanently removes all irritation of the nerves.

It is an unfailing cure for sleeplessness.

It corrects the digestive organs.

It increases and regulates the appetite.

It prevents flatulency or gas in the stomach after eating.

It is extremely palatable to the taste, and attractive to the eye, resembling a rich, red wine—but it is *guaranteed to be absolutely free* from all injurious substances.

It destroys the craving for strong drink, substituting for that injurious stimulation the *splendid exhilaration* of good digestion, free circulation and perfect health.

When your brain is overworked through strain of anxiety and press of business, when your head throbs with a sickening pain, *Royal Nervine Tonic* will give new vigor to the nerves and build up and reinvigorate the whole system in the same way as if the partaker thereof had benefited by a sharp walk or ride on horseback.

Royal Nervine Tonic is warranted on the manufacturers' professional honor to be *absolutely free* from all mineral or poisonous drugs.

It is made of the best and purest vegetable materials, and the company not only permits, but desires, any reputable chemist to select any one of the *Royal Remedies* from the general stock for the strictest analysis, to prove that they contain *no substance whatever* in the least degree injurious.

Do not permit your druggist to foist upon you some other preparation when you ask for Rogers' Royal Nervine Tonic. Insist on having it alone. If it cannot be procured near you, write direct to the manufacturer, Rogers' Royal Remedies Co., 41 to 45 Essex Street, Boston, Mass., who will send it at once on receipt of the price, \$1, free of express charge. Rogers' Royal Herbs sent by mail. All other Royal Remedies by express. For sale by druggists.



EXPECTATION.—FROM THE PAINTING BY NICZKY.

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